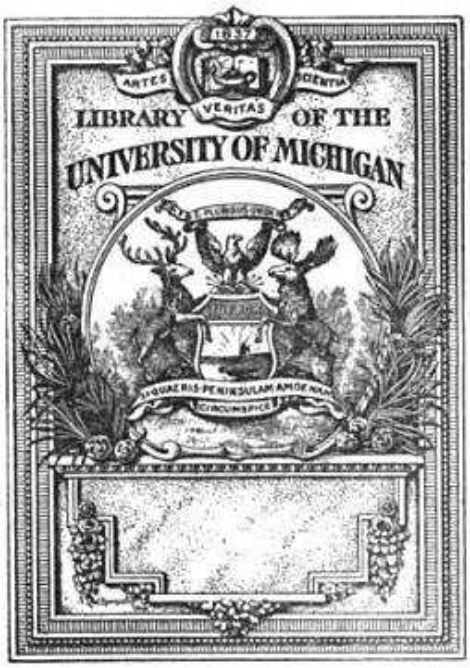
B 489172

Digitized by Google

D-3-4



Digitized by Google

AP
4
T2

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH

MAGAZINE,

FOR

1850.

VOLUME XVII.

EDINBURGH:
SUTHERLAND AND KNOX;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON; AND JOHN ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.
MDCCCL.

Digitized by Google

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

PAGE.

Academy, Exhibition at the Royal 355
Dom Alured, the Canon of St Paul's 270
Amicitiæ Shakesperianæ, No. III 165
Archæology in England 641
Arts, Fine 442
Ashley, Lord, his Address to the Queen on Sunday Post-office Regulation 447
Assurance Offices 327, 392, 455, 518, 582, 645, 711, 771
Banking (See Savings Banks) 365
Brczwezmcisl, A Night in 607
Craigallan Castle 599, 659, 721
Crime, Causes of in the Metropolis 329
Colds and Cold Water 705
College Reminiscences: Dan Looby's Début . . 484
Cotton Trade and Protection, The 636
Drunkenness, Scottish 547
Epping. Origin of the Hunt 528
Exeter, The Bishop of 318
Franchise, Hints on 1
————, Supplementary Hints 117
Greek, Debates on the Question 506
Gustave and his Dog 763
High Farming 44, 713
Hungarian War 510
Hyperboreana 73
Indian Archipelago, British Policy in 88
India, How to Develop the Resources of . . . 201
Jeffery, Francis 239
Jews, Admission of, into Parliament 427
Journalism, A Chapter on Provincial 424
Legends of Ulster; by Frances Brown:—
The Dear Lease 30
The Midnight Procession 97
Madden's Infair 148
The Rath Dream 292
The Wreckers of Fannet 242
O'Reilly's Improvements 557
O'Donnell's Penance 754
Limits of Party Discipline 265
Literary Register and Literature, 55, 125, 191, 254, 319, 388, 452, 516, 576, 644, 703, 765
London as it was and as it is 759
Lover's Melancholy 681
Memoirs of Colonel Albert Brenton, An Extract from 208

PAGE.

Montaigne, An unpublished Letter of 168
Naseby Fight 538
Needlewoman, Ellen Linn, The 465
Oakley Common, History of 336, 400, 631
Obituary Notices 66, 133, 199, 261, 328
Oxonian, An Irish 612
Page of St. Ladislas, The, an Hungarian Tale . . 50
Paris, Notes from 387, 451
Peel, Sir Robert 457
Pencil of the Sun 625
Peter *versus* Paul; a Pig-row at Malta . . . 381
Pirates, A Brush with on the Coast of Africa . . 541
Protection, The Farmers and 438, 471

POETRY:—
Allanore, a Christmas-tide ballad 741
Anti-Rationalism; by W. T. R. 123
Autumn Fruit 667
Bachelor's Tale 689
Beatrice 598
Chorus; by J. B. D. 179
Death Feud 399
Dives and Lazarus 412
Epigrams; by Civis Universitalis Glasguensis . 124
Eos 680
Falls of the Clyde 758
Francesca di Rimini 269
Fragment. Schiller 274
Goblin Broom 298
Gross and Neit 305
Hast thou forgot that beauteous Night; by W. H. . 63
Lament for Sir Lancelot 680
Lays of the Ragged School 407
Legend of Good Women 624
Love's Metamorphoses 284
Man and the Animals 720
Martyr Patriots 206
Moorland Grave 215
New Song for the New Year; by Colin Rae Brown . 62
Peasant to his Lord, The 343
Rosette. Beranger 611
Roseneath 215
Roi d'Yvetot 463
Rosemary for Remembrance 527
The Shepherdesses. From Goethe 274
Shorn Lamb 630

Digitized by Google

POETRY :—(*continued.*) PAGE.
Sonnet of Sonnets 753
On Westminster Abbey 124
Such a Getting out of Town 423
The Talisman 505
To ——; by W. C. Bennett 105
William Tell 562
Railway and Joint-Stock Intelligence . 64, 131, 259
Revolutionary Revelations 299, 414
Roundheads before Pontefract, The . . 702, 743
Royalist's Daughter, The 306
REVIEWS :—
Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains. By the Rev. T. Grierson . . . 372
Chalmers, Life of Dr. Vol. I. and Vol. II. . 7, 490
Galileo, Tragedy of Galilei 106
Glendower, Owen; or, the Prince of Wales . 103
Hungary, Travels of an Englishman in, during the last Century 173
In Memoriam 499
Italy, Narrative of Scenes and Events in. Pepe 408
Italy, Young. By A. B. Cochrane, Esq. . . 747
Leigh Hunt, Autobiography of 563
REVIEWS :—(*continued.*) PAGE.
Light and Darkness. Mrs. Crowe . . . 695
Loyola and Jesuitism. By Isaac Taylor . . 226
Notes of a Traveller. S. Laing . . . 649, 730
Papacy under Napoleon. Pacca . . . 285
Prelude. W. Wordsworth 521
Salmon, The Book of. By Ephemera . . 372
Scottish Cavalier 248
Turkey, The Devil in 690
Ward, Biography of Plumer 479
Savings Banks 275
Sculptures of the Modern Athens . . . 110
Silver Ring. A Blotted Page from a Pawnbroker's Day-book 179
Session of 1850, End of 573
Sinners and Sufferers 674
Stein, Baron 668
Taxes on Knowledge 234
There and Back Again 17, 137, 216, 344
University Reform 585
Walpurgis Night, Phantasies of 360
Winter Pictures from the North of Europe . 37, 88, 154
Wordsworth, William 393

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1850.

HINTS ON THE FRANCHISE.

THE franchise will be the framework of a debate in the next session of Parliament. The feeling evoked by the National Financial Reform and Complete Suffrage Association is not strong, but it is respectable. The noise made by the agitation is not deafening; but the claim is substantial, and is pressed by parties of some weight—by men with votes and influence, to whose arguments members must lend a willing audience as "hustings days" approach.

The period would be well selected for the settlement of the franchise movement on some permanent basis. The work must be done at some early date; and, on prudential motives, a quiet season should be chosen for its completion. Cottagers might teach statesmen wisdom on this and on other questions. Thatched roofs require repairs; but the thatcher does not linger idly beside his straw until the rains fall and the storms rise, to make the roof tight, for he prepares in autumn's stillness for winter's tempests. The most intelligent politicians might go, with advantage, to the peasants' school, for they alone wait until troubles come before they provide a remedy, that would prevent their occurrence, if applied at the right hour.

The franchise of this country embraces so many qualifications that an inquirer loses himself, or his judgment, in the labyrinth. The qualification of England would serve no good purpose in Ireland and Scotland, for the forty shillings freehold of England is unknown in the other two kingdoms. In the latter country, two hundred shillings are required, in political qualifying, to stand, instead of forty shillings in England. The franchise in Ireland is more desultory, and depends very often on the caprice of valuators. Difficulty is experienced in getting on, and at least equal difficulty in getting off, the roll of voters. A registered man has no immunity against death; but, for political purposes, he is scarcely allowed to die. His name, like a licensed house, has a virtue in it, although the original occupant may be buried for six months. The body that, by the laws of nature should be dust and ashes, walks hale and hearty to the poll, and votes for the highest bidder—unless some great political end, or some religious object, perhaps some bit of threadbare quackery, revives the lost and nearly forgotten man.

In England, the freemen form a powerful body in borough registries; but in Scotland no similar representatives of the working classes exist—and the Scotch operatives require to display no regret on that account, for the English freemen often do things discreditable to themselves. The ten pound rental of London, and the same rental in Thurso or Galway, are very different qualifications. Money is of less value in large towns than in old rural boroughs. Therefore, the man who pays six pounds of rental in the good town of Elgin is probably better to do in the world than a ten pound householder in Edinburgh. Government clings to a qualification of stone, but declines to make it more than nominally uniform. Inequalities of this description can never be entirely obviated, but arrangement and care would reduce their present inconsistencies.

Their recapitulation is an unpleasant and also an unprofitable and provoking mode of spending time. They are not defensible, and they are not defended. Their authors and supporters only decry any disturbance of the country at present. Let ill alone, they say, because some persons have been doing mischief at Turin, or in Mesopotamia, or in Bokhara. The day will never dawn on this side of the millennium, in which, somewhere, unreasonable men will not be doing and asking unreasonable things. The British people are not to be considered as guarantees for all the human family: they cannot be justly punished for any crimes except their own. Political privileges should not be withheld from them on account of riots done by the Baden-Badenese; or because Red Republicanism circulates through French workshops. Should the operatives of England, and especially of Scotland—since those of England may buy freeholds—be politically disfranchised because they are poor? The negative is the answer by everybody; but many add, that for their own sins they suffer. They are ignorant, improvident, or intemperate; and, on these grounds, a general sentence is issued against the whole body. The inconsistency of this conduct is remarkable, for although the artisan who tipples has, for tippling, his citizenship shred away, yet the licensed dealer who supplies his artificial cravings, and generally drinks deep himself, is a privileged man; and all the other persons who minister the means of debasement are exalted into voters, because their trade requires or their profits enable them to pay ten pounds and upwards of annual rent.

The argument against the concession of the suf-

Digitized by Google

frage to the unenfranchised, because many of them consume part of their earnings in a most objectionable manner, is worthless; except against the evil-doers themselves, and better or wiser men should not be punished for their misdeeds. The spirit of our laws has said for centuries, that ten guilty men should escape rather than one innocent person be punished. The administration of the electoral law punishes many innocent persons to prevent the escape without punishment of many who are guilty.

Various schemes have been propounded to reform the law, and to extend the franchise to all competent persons. A five pound franchise, household franchise, a moral and intellectual franchise, have been advocated with various degrees of zeal. The first would be, probably, supported by many of the Whigs; the second is a premium on early marriages, and calculated to exclude thrifty bachelors who have some stake in the well-doing of the nation, and intelligence to give effect to their motives; the third is, doubtless, the most complete and advisable scheme, but it is troublesome, and Government officials hate trouble, while it is also liable to abuse—a counter qualification that might compensate its administrators for some objections.

A franchise of five pounds would not carry the same objections in principle as one of ten. The difference between five and ten in this case is more than one of degree. Sanatory reformers who have studied the circumstances of all towns, with populations ranging over ten thousand, will admit readily that in nearly all of them an artisan's family may obtain a house, or part of a house, suitable to their real necessities, for a less annual rent than ten pounds, but not for less than five. This is a broad distinction in the character of the two rental qualifications. Ten excludes economical and industrious families; five includes all of them who are not suffering severe calamity, or do not follow an overdone trade. Ten pounds yearly is four shillings weekly—a higher proportion than should be paid for rental out of any income under twenty to thirty shillings weekly; and a higher sum than that for which persons with a better income can obtain sufficient accommodation in many of the largest towns; while five pounds annually is two shillings weekly, a payment for rental absolutely necessary to all who receive twelve shillings of weekly wages or upwards, and who properly, in their circumstances, discharge in their families the duties owing to them, and to society on their account.

A five pound franchise is not, therefore, a palliative of the present system, but involves a new principle. A rental of ten pounds yearly would be, for many families, a deed of misthrift; while the payment of five pounds is a certificate, in the great majority of cases, that just precautions for health, and the culture of the moral feelings, have been adopted. The line would not include many deserving persons amongst the peasantry and country labourers, although it is desirable that they should pay five pounds annually, that their cottages should be increased in value by allotments of land, in all cases sufficient for this purpose. No classes would gain more by the adoption of this principle than the owners and tenants of farms, because it would improve the character of farm labourers in many respects. It would give a tremendous blow to nocturnal trespasses for sinister objects; and game preservers should have it in their minds with that view. It would also secure steady labourers, and an abundant supply at hay and harvest seasons, for which farmers should support the allotment scheme.

The franchise would also exclude some trades that are overdone. The wages paid in various departments of the weaving business prove the trade to be in bad circumstances. It may answer, and even do well, on the Irish or the Saxon systems, where it is pursued in conjunction with the cultivation of small farms; where the weaver considers it as a supplementary branch of support, in which the aid of his family can be profitably employed; but as the sole means of support in large towns, or in any other quarter, very few branches of hand-loom weaving are at present advisable professions.

A household franchise is indefinite, and contains no element that could induce a wise man to stop at that point, short of universal suffrage: for what is a house? Is it a single room in a six pair attic, or one of the pyramidical mansions at Prince Albert's gate? Is it a hut or a mansion; or where is the line between the two; which divides between houses, and hovels, or lodgings? Mr. Hume once defined a householder to be a rate-payer; but in the great majority of towns and rural districts, persons occupying less than five pounds worth per annum of houses or lands, are not rated, and by this definition, would be placed on the terms of a five pound franchise. Another objection is presented by the fact that in many quarters a strong opposition has been formed to rating on rental, from good motives; and supported, we believe, by strong reasons. Heritable property should not be alone required to bear local or general taxation. Dividends from the funds, interest from mortgages, professional incomes, and profits from trade, will all be involved in the vortex of local rating. Precarious incomes are to be considered in a very different light, and dealt with entirely in a different manner from incomes derived from property; but they are liable to some share of general burdens, and are unlikely to be long exempted. In this change, however, small incomes, like small rentals, will be practically exempted, and the class of persons inhabiting houses cheaper than five pounds of annual rent would be left off the roll of electors, in return for being left out of the local rate collector's list.

These remarks are intended only to show the practical working of a household suffrage with a rate-paying clause. It is said by Mr. Cobden, who has adopted it from Mr. Hume, to be an old Saxon practice—to have all the advantage of precedent—and to be therefore dear to Englishmen. We cannot discuss the question in that form, for the anxieties of Englishmen for this or any other system of franchise cannot be exactly ascertained; but we wish them to know the precise meaning of a household franchise, under the qualification of rate-paying. It is a five pound qualification in almost all towns, and may be higher in some other

Digitized by Google

places. It also embraces the condition of a twelve-months' residence prior to voting, which would necessarily exclude lodgers in a great number of cases, for they are a movable class, who enjoy their freedom with apparent zest.

Universal suffrage is definite. It leaves little room for cavil or doubt. If the parochial registrar has discharged his duty, a youth has merely to live on with the certainty of becoming qualified. The Charter contains, indeed, a moral qualification —it denudes those persons who may be convicted of crime. That form of expression is very general, and might be interpreted to include many persons. The law might recognise, as crimes, transactions which are not at present within its grasp. Still, this system is more explicit than any other project, and has received some support on that account alone, apart from all other considerations. Those amongst its advocates, who believe that it will form the next step in advance, refuse to take a single hop in any other direction, or to contemplate any route to their journey's end except the straight path which they have chalked. They probably forget the character of mankind; they seem never to have learned that men who cannot be driven may be led. They are unwilling to *finesse*, and they have a heart-hatred of expediency. The franchise at twenty-five would be deemed by them an invasion of natural privileges; although there is nothing more natural in twenty-one than in twenty or in twenty-two, in twenty-five or in thirty. It is an arbitrary line adopted by the public for general convenience; but another generation will have the same right to believe that males reach their majority at eighteen as we have to fix on twenty-one. Precedents exist: For the purpose of the "chief magistracy" of the throne, eighteen was named as the majority of an illustrious lady. "All males from eighteen to sixty," is the extreme call to arms. Eighteen is the verge, on the cradle side of life, where militia liabilities commence by our present law. Therefore many arguments might exist for eighteen, while another generation might take the next septennial period; and, for legislative purposes, some nations struck the age qualification farther into life.

The public require merely a convenient rule whereby they may attain self-government, and regarding which few good citizens shall be able to say that they are excluded by circumstances over which they have no control. For this great end of suffrage agitation, no necessity exists to stand stiffly upon any prescribed mode. The object in view being once reached, we need not quarrel regarding the way. To those parties who believe that twenty-one has an exclusive claim for adoption, no alternative remains. They are bound over by their creed to twenty-one, without any change or compromise, and they cannot seek the adoption of a different system. The number of this class is comparatively few, and the great body of followers of twenty-one are merely jealous of new schemes, because, having often been cheated in past times, they are reluctant to run risks for the time to come.

Our object being to ascertain different means by which a large number of persons can be brought together with some prospect of immediate success, we notice all the schemes before the public. Intellectual and moral suffrage is now scarcely ever mentioned. It is considered as an unattainable degree of perfection in politics, which those who sigh for will vainly seek. That is its general character, and it is the worst character, nearly, that a great political scheme could possess. The general prevalence of this opinion must lead to its realisation. People will not labour for, and will grow not to love, the unattainable; and before the prevalent impression could be rubbed out, we suspect that a generation would be carried away. Except for that fear, an intellectual and moral suffrage carries many recommendations, and removes various objections. The mere title conveys only a small idea of the object sought. An intellectual suffrage might be fixed high; and the moral addendum might be complex and troublesome. Any legislators who had a desire to confuse the system, and render its working difficult, could propose means for that purpose; but a simple and efficient scheme might be readily contrived. The art of reading and writing legibly would not prove a high intellectual suffrage; and if its existence compelled many persons living in a state of gross ignorance to remove that reproach, the world would be better for a deed which had not made them worse. The registries of England show that many males, to the extent of nearly two-fifths, sign with "a mark." The fact is infamous; and we believe nothing regarding the fitness of these men to elect representatives on any sound political reason. They might confide in their neighbours, and do well; exactly as a blind man may follow his dog and be safe; but they cannot form an intelligent opinion on their own account. We know that men have made money who were never at school. Men have been known even to do a large business who could not write a day-book. We have met individuals who knew much of the world, past and present, and yet who could neither read nor write. Still, we have no reason to make a rule by deductions from phenomena, and we believe that few zealous friends for an extensive suffrage would deeply regret if an intellectual suffrage, in the simplicity of merely reading and writing, were conditional to any scheme of making up the electoral roll, provided they could obtain a guarantee for its fair administration. Many of them revert in argument to the natural right, and insist that it should not be broken; but they say, very clearly, that the only natural right in the case is, the will of the majority, who have a right to make conditions calculated to improve individual happiness and to secure the public good. "Taxation without representation is tyranny," is a saying that does not possess a literal but a general interpretation. Many persons are taxed who can have no share in the appointment of representatives. Rich minors, of promising genius, possessed of great information, aged twenty years and eight months, may miss an election with our septennial parliaments; and yet are not the objects of special tyranny. Females, in or out of business, who have no male delegate or representative, pay taxes, and cannot be exempted; yet they are not electors, and very few individuals, indeed, propose to enfranchise them. We are not sufficiently imbued with Mahommedan dogmas to excuse their

Digitized by Google

omission on the score of intellectual inferiority. The readers of this magazine could scarcely accept that argument, for since its commencement it has been deeply indebted to the pens of females for a great proportion, probably one-half, of its most interesting papers. We see before us a rich treat in a scientific work, published anonymously, and yet unread. We expect great delight from its perusal, founded on the instruction and pleasure derived from its predecessor. Both volumes are written by a lady, who chooses at present to conceal her name; but three-fourths of her readers, or more, ascribe them to some active and eloquent professor, some gentleman in black, whom the Government would have deemed a windfall for the Chair of Natural History, in one of their new Irish colleges; and who would not have thanked them for this presentation. The exclusion of females from electoral lists must be defended on some other field than that of intellectual efforts; and is a matter of convenience assented to, and enforced by, nine-tenths of the parties affected by its existence. We must grasp the spirit of the old Saxon saying, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," instead of losing time in splitting hairs or nice distinctions re-regarding rights natural or acquired. The time has come to seek the rights; and when they are obtained we can settle their characteristics at leisure. A fair and full representation of the people will cover all that the rule quoted requires, by whatever means that representation be obtained. The Charter itself embodies a moral qualification; the claimant for the franchise must be unstained by crime. It does not clearly lay down the law on this topic, which it broadly announces. Is the man who has been convicted of crime to be permanently excluded from the rights and the roll of citizenship; or must his exclusion run only during the currency of other parts of his sentence? A different scheme from either of these might be adopted, and the franchise could be withdrawn for a definite period in addition to the punishment otherwise affixed to crime. These questions are not idle inquiries, tending to no practical end; for they must be answered and cleared away if ever the Charter be put in the form of a Parliamentary bill, under the care of the leader in the House of Commons. They are practical questions for which those in charge of the measure must make practical answers, and put them in the statute if their movement be successful. A moral qualification must always proceed upon the convictions of criminal courts. It must differ materially from an intellectual qualification, although they are generally coupled. The intellectual must be an affirmative, and the moral a negative. The former must proceed on something possessed, and the latter on something avoided. Other plans have been proposed, but they are all attended with insuperable objections in principle, or serious difficulties in working. The law must afford the test. For that purpose the law can be amended. Some persons have alleged, with much apparent propriety, that a clever man who squandered intemperately the money that should support himself and his family in comfort, is an enemy to society, and a criminal. Their conclusion is inevitable; and we could see no sound reason for refusing, or deferring to give the police a right to seize all drunkards seen in the act, to bring them before the magistrate, to fine them, and, if the public consented, to cross their names in the electoral rate, and suspend them after two, three, or more transgressions, for a time. If the majority adopt that rule; or if the present Parliament, or any similar Parliament, in passing a suffrage bill, insert clauses of that nature, we can see no great objection to their conduct. They will punish a vice that increases our poor-rates, our police rates, our criminal charges—and is, in fact, the cause of three-fourths of the sums levied on these heads being requisite. It has the office of paternity to a large portion of our public begging; it is closely connected with all the overcrowding, the straw beds, the gross ignorance, the incipient crime, the sanatory defects, and the fatal epidemics of large towns. Drunken fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, made Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt." They had more certainly to do with it than the proprietors of shops for cheap needlework. They have done more and worse than that; for they have succeeded in making many drunken wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters; and females, once given over to intemperance, are the most helpless and hopeless specimens of a fallen and degraded humanity. No good objection, therefore, can be stated to any course calculated to discourage this vice, and to affix a stigma on its followers; but "the Charter" leaves this matter open, and casts on the legislature the responsibility if it do not classify all crimes under their proper names. Our criminal law is in a most imperfect state, and many positive crimes escape with a light punishment. To this intellectual and moral qualification for the franchise we have given already space disproportioned to its chances of adoption under existing circumstances; although both additions might be made with marked advantage to any scheme of franchise, and both are under fair restrictions, and, in the way and to the extent we have described, quite practicable.

The employment of the forty shillings freehold qualification in England points the way to a measure, which, without being objectionable to any party, may form the basis of a compromise, on fair terms, of an intermediate system that may be made, if it works well, and the country be brought into a prosperous state, a final measure. The forty shillings freehold qualification is confined to England; but no rational ground for opposing its extension to Ireland and Scotland exists. We may at once state here our insuperable objection to a bane already entering into, and corrupting, the forty shillings franchise in England. Societies have been formed for the purpose of advancing money, by mortgage, on these freeholds. We care not whether these societies be under the patronage of the Member for the West Riding, or the Member for Warwickshire. Even although both these honourable gentlemen should have some responsibility for their existence, yet their effect is only "swindling made easy." Political swindling is not considered quite so bad as the same article in trade, but we do not think it calculated to improve public morals. This description of qualification for the franchise should be free. Our Saxon ancestors did not contemplate burthened freeholds; and the procuration of forty shilling freeholders who are debtors on their property, to a large extent, is only another system of fictitious voting, similar to that practised in Scotch counties.

All classes in the three kingdoms should have liberty to qualify upon holdings of this nature, if they

Digitized by Google

were not burthened by debts. The public know nothing of private transactions, and cannot tell what money a man may be due on open accounts or bills; but when money is raised on the security of property, the latter should be deemed as alienated for any political purposes. One man may lend money to another man, or give him credit in business, on the understanding that he possesses property, and with arrangements of that nature the world is not concerned; but when property is put aside as a special security for a special payment, the owner has no right to anticipate a qualification to vote on ground, or any other property, that really is no longer at his disposal. This rule should be applicable in every case, and to all descriptions of property and qualifications connected with the legislature, so that our political system might be founded on truth. We assume, therefore, that the three kingdoms may obtain this forty shillings franchise with the provision which we have stated. Mr. Cobden told a Bradford audience that an American in Paris, to whom he related the state of this qualification, held up his two hands in astonishment over the idea of an Englishman complaining of exclusion from the franchise while this 40s. freehold system remained; and Mr. Cobden shared this astonishment in some measure. The qualification is good so far as it goes; but it cannot be obtained for its value in all localities; and in others freeholds of this minitude cannot be obtained for money. To many persons they are entirely useless, unless four or five owners can join together to let their portions to one tenant. To other parties they are extremely valuable, for they afford ground for a cottage, a cottage-garden, and a small allotment which can be well wrought in leisure hours, aided even by children at school. Artisans in villages of all descriptions can render their freeholds economical possessions, if they are obtained in the neighbourhood of their employment. Sobriety amongst the colliers would stud the coal districts over with little ownerships and cottages of this character, and cover many political qualifications, if the landowners would divide parts of their estates for this purpose. The iron districts would be mapped off in the same wholesome style. Lanarkshire and Staffordshire might have several thousand voters of this description. Tradesmen employed in rural affairs could qualify with the same kind of property. All villages, or small towns in counties, should be surrounded with a belt or ring of freeholds. The movement is in every way healthful. It binds the electors to the soil, and even to a particular locality. It would give employers security that the employed were in the right position—too rich to be trampled on, and too much interested in their neighbourhood to become wantonly, insolent. It would give the state electors, too numerous to be bought, and so far interested in the country that they would necessarily give votes calculated, in their opinion, to secure the public well-being. The men would have a stake, and to them a large stake, in the land.

A very numerous class can never judiciously avail themselves of this qualification; and some provision, on the same principle, should be made for them. Upon a twenty-five years' purchase, a freehold, to yield forty shillings, must cost fifty pounds. The latter sum, invested in the country, may therefore be considered as the real qualification. An artisan in a large town cannot judiciously buy land. He is ignorant of its management; he has not even the pleasure of seeing his property mismanaged. He cannot use, and he should not speculate; he may lose his earnings, but he is unlikely to increase his riches by that course. For him, therefore, the liberal terms of the legislature are offered in vain. The most sweeping clause of the Reform Bill does not include him, although he may work laboriously or skilfully, and spend with equal care. For him some new scheme is therefore requisite. He needs also some open door for getting fairly and fully within the Constitution, upon easy terms; and we believe that a plan can be devised for attaining this object, without infringing the principle of the forty shilling franchise, but by fitting it into the present state of society. The principle adopted by the legislature, on the calculation that we have already given, is remarkably simple. A man is required to possess fifty pounds, not in cash, but in property. Any man, from a political purpose, may be enabled to exhibit fifty sovereigns; but the law requires some proof that the property is his own. This is a very proper view of the case, and we have already shown a disposition to have the law not relaxed, but tightened in that respect. Still we can see no imaginable reason for confining the qualification to land. At the period when the forty shilling franchise came first into use, land formed almost the only permanent property, and money was more valuable than now, of which we reap, so far as this qualification is concerned, some advantage. Circumstances have now altered greatly, and other descriptions of property are of equal importance to the country as land—equally dependent on, and equally promotive of, its prosperity. On that account, other kinds of property should be invested with the power of conferring the franchise; and thus all classes of society might profitably become voters. We shall enumerate some of those investments that might be advantageously added to freeholds.

Deposits in savings banks, which are avowedly purchases in the national funds, must be, for national purposes, a peculiarly good investment on which to found a qualification—better even than land itself; because a more precarious property, although, at present, one perfectly secure. In this case, a deposit of £60 to £70 would be requisite to give a free annual income of *forty shillings;* and £75 would not be too high a sum to fix as the equivalent of a forty shillings freehold—because a deposit can be readily converted into money, while land, perhaps, may not be easily sold when its owner requires to realise his means. The depositor would require to be otherwise qualified as to age, and the various conditions common in every case; but then the deposit receipt, or his pass-book, intimating that he had that sum to his credit for twelve months before enrolment, should secure at once the entry of his name on the electoral list, with liberty to vote next day, if an opportunity occurred. As he would vote upon this deposit, the production of his qualification should be required whenever he desired again to exercise that privilege. He might be compelled to draw out his deposit, and, in that case, his privilege would cease, only to be renewed if he again lodged a similar sum for the same period previous to voting. In the event of a partial reduction of the sum—of one-half for example—

Digitized by Google

the full amount would require to be re-invested for one-half of the full period—and other sums drawn to be re-lodged for a corresponding time, prior to the renewal of the qualification.

Building societies should furnish those members with a qualification who derive the requisite income from their funds, under similar conditions and provisions to those which we have already described as applicable to deposits in savings' banks. The money invested in this instance, to yield a clear income of forty shillings, should not exceed twenty-five years' purchase.

Property, although not freehold, should convey this. In Scotland a large amount of this property is held on what may best be described as leases renewable for ever, at an annual rental. In all those cases where the real interest exceeds the annual feu duty by the sum mentioned, the electoral privilege might be conceded. We deem that every species of property, fixed in the country, and not requisite in the management of a man's business, or not used in his household, but strictly to be regarded as economised, should be placed, for political purposes, on the footing of freeholds. We would even yield an equal privilege to annuitants from the national stocks, although that form of investment is commendable only in peculiar cases. To the holders of life policies current for a considerable period, even although not of the value of £50, this right should be conceded, because nothing can be more desirable than the extension of this practice. All our readers may know that £50 paid in premiums will not render a policy worth £50. An insurance company will not repay all the money that they have received; but an arrangement of this matter could be easily accomplished. We suggest the idea, which we once did formerly, as the means of improving the position of the unenfranchised, who desire political privileges, and gratifying their wishes in that respect at the same time. The leading principle recommended by us now was also advocated in our pages a considerable period since. Twelve months' reflection has confirmed our opinion that the plan is practicable. The most extreme suffragists, who will take no step short of the great leap, can derive no harm from the measure while it lasts. The Conservatives and Whigs, who are nervous from the fear of property being invaded, or wild measures being rapidly adopted, must be reassured by a franchise formed on the acquisition of property. They may believe that fifty pounds is, to a man who has earned the sum by hard labour, no inconsiderable amount. He will guard it with the care bestowed by the rich stockbroker on thousands. They should not overlook the indirect advantages of the system. Many of the artisans in this country struggle honourably to attain independence. For what other purpose are their benefit societies formed, and their building societies promoted? Why have they collected nearly thirty millions of money in the national security savings banks? How is it that whenever a system of life assurance suitable to their means has been offered, they have embraced it in considerable numbers? The desire for independence is the prompting cause in all these cases. Such desires would be sharpened, and these efforts would be immeasurably increased, by attaching to success the reward of citizenship in its fullest meaning. The poor rates in the three countries are very high, and they are increasing rapidly. This measure would check their increase, and make it a reproach, for a man who had enjoyed health and tolerable employment for several years, not to be a voter and the owner of property.

The legislation of the House of Commons perpetually affects labour, and it would be satisfactory to have the opinions of the best men amongst the working classes embodied in their votes. The friends of native industry, on all sides of the house, would thus have an opportunity of hearing the opinions of the industrious on their various projects, by the most constitutional means.

The objections of the disfranchised to this system of suffrage would have great weight if the plan were a final settlement; but they would stand here on the ground which the Duke of Wellington said we occupied regarding the corn laws—if the plan do not answer, we can change again. The only difference between this property qualification and universal suffrage is seven years on an average. The artisan who, by the one scheme, would slip out of his indenture on to the registry, would have, by the other, to fight his way—to deny and to discipline himself for seven years. A determined saving, week after week, of half-a-crown, would accomplish the object. If these savings were the price of the franchise and freedom, it would not be too high; but when they are to be made for the benefit of the economist, for his own and his family's independence, we see no hardship except the delay of this septennial period. But how many septennial periods have passed in the effort to obtain the required extension of the suffrage? Seven times seven years and more have passed away since the late Earl Grey, before he had attained a coronet, and while a member of the House of Commons, introduced a measure to enact universal suffrage. Aged men recall the days of their youth and manhood—the period of Henry Hunt, of William Cobbett, and Sir Francis Burdett, when they struggled from New-Year's Day to Christmas, in the hope that the next year would witness their great Reform Bill. We might easily now flatter hope by saying that next year, or the next, the barriers will be broken down; but we know not that they will, and we say not that they will stand perpetually. Some of the recent continental efforts have not been so successful as to warrant the expectation that they will soon be imitated here. And yet in no quarter have the representatives of the people, chosen amid extreme excitement, by a majority, adopted any measure adverse to the rights of property, injurious to the fundamental interests of society, or likely to confirm the evil impressions regarding their policy entertained by their former rulers, and by many who only looked at and watched European movements. But the blood shed, the misery caused, and the business prevented, by political changes on the Continent, have damped the feeling in their favour here. The time is therefore favourable to the adoption of a measure that would make no violent change—that would teach as it enfranchised—give independence where it gave votes—would create habits of economy, and ensure respect for property—would animate with an honest ambition all the unenfranchised, and inspire them with self-reliance and perseverance. The indirect benefits of this plan are more desirable than its direct results; for we believe it capable of gradually exhausting pauperism, as it

Digitized by Google

contributed to swell the number in possession of political rights. It would not work for some years with great rapidity; but each operation would have a double character, for all whom it elevated into the political registry would be lifted from the probability of pauperism, from the fear of degradation, into a position of hope and of independence, and put into possession of a real and substantial interest in the empire; in addition to the interest which all men feel who live under its laws, contribute to its revenue, and have their employment, where their fathers lived and died, within its dominions.

LIFE OF THE LATE DR. CHALMERS.*

MANY years must have passed since the death of any man in Scotland excited that sad sensation caused by the demise of Dr. Chalmers, and many years must pass again before death can produce a similar result by a single stroke; for we have no man with a character yet earned or formed, so high in general estimation as that his removal would be felt in the same extent to be a national calamity. The circumstances attendant on the death of Dr. Chalmers were well calculated to increase its effect. The body with whom he was immediately associated had passed towards the close of its annual assembly, when death came to him noiselessly, and without a warning. He literally fell asleep; for, left at night in health, he was found at morn in death. No premonitory symptoms of bodily or mental weakness had prepared his friends for the loss that they were to sustain. His pallid features bore no vestige of a struggle with the last enemy; and death, in this instance, was very like "translation." All men were saddened by this change; for even those who were uninfluenced by religious considerations, felt still that a man great in science, wielding an immense influence by the weight of personal character alone, of undoubted benevolence and pure motives, had passed away, and left a place that would not be soon occupied. It was curious and instructive to mark the haste with which death smoothed down feuds, and healed animosities, amongst various religious bodies. Few men had ever mingled more than Dr. Chalmers in polemical and semi-political discussions. His opposition to any cause had been long deemed a serious hindrance to its success. No party felt themselves safe before his marked disapproval, and many whom he opposed were irritated under his arguments. At some period of his long and active career, he had been led into opposition, nearly to all the various denominations, except that with which he was at his death connected. Yet the general benevolence of his character had always soon effaced these breaches; and even his rebukes breathed a spirit of love and truth. The posthumous publication of several works, and especially of his short commentaries, has increased the esteem in which he was long regarded in religious circles. We mention these circumstances as calculated to increase the responsibility of his biographer.

It was some time since announced that his life would be written by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, and he has several qualifications of a special kind for this work. He was in terms of the most perfect intimacy with Dr. Chalmers, and he has the most complete access, not merely to all his papers, but to those of his opinions on public questions, that, though unwritten, must live in the recollection of the members of his family. Dr. Hanna is a native of Belfast; and although he was, previous to the disruption, a parochial minister in the Scotch Established Church, yet his freedom from early prejudices and feelings may, on many topics connected with Scotland, which will necessarily come under his notice in the second and subsequent volumes, enable him to adhere closely to the part of a fair and candid historian. Dr. Chalmers' life is intimately woven into the history of all national movements, from the day when he aided to form a small Bible Society at Kilmany, to his last evidence on the site question, before a committee of the House of Commons. His biographer must have been, from his earliest years, acquainted with Scotch ecclesiastical movements: the son of a minister who was long justly considered the leader of the evangelical party amongst the Irish Presbyterians, and who retains, in extreme old age, no small influence amongst that body; Dr. Hanna must have grown up familiar with ecclesiastical proceedings and questions of interest in Scotch affairs, yet in a manner not so likely to warp the judgment as might be fairly expected, and must be cautiously watched, in one who has lived amongst the actors in party movements from infancy, and gradually imbibed strong opinions regarding them, even before his reason can have made an intelligent decision on their merits. Dr. Hanna is a particularly unobtrusive man, but his literary abilities will enable him to use fully and well the rich materials in his power. As editor of the *North British Review*, to which Dr. Chalmers regularly contributed, he had the best means of ascertaining his relative's impressions regarding the current of events towards the close of his life; and the last volume of the work is likely to be the most interesting.

It may be considered a curious chain of events that has given the narration of this life—that of Scotland's greatest son, in the first part—of our century, to an Irish gentleman. It seems to accord completely with one of those objects that we know to have been very near to Dr. Chalmers' heart in his lifetime, the strengthening of the link that once, more obviously even than now, bound Ulster to Scotland, and Scotland

* Vol. I. Edinburgh; Sutherland & Knox.

Digitized by Google

to her earliest and greatest colony. Historians allege that the Scots were originally a colony from Ireland, who settled in the western division of Scotland; and that before their name was given to this country, it had belonged to Ireland. No doubt exists respecting the original connection, although its nature may not now be altogether intelligible. The intercourse between countries separated at one point by a channel of twenty, and at another point of ten miles, must have always been considerable, and we meet its consequences in many pages of Scotch and Irish history. Still is shown, on the borders of Ulster, the spot where the rash but chivalric Edward Bruce fell, in his attempt to drive the English out of Ireland. When, at a long posterior period, James the First of England determined to colonise part of Ulster, from England and Scotland, a large body of the undertakers, and their tenants and retainers, came from Scotland; and their descendants now occupy a great part of the north-eastern counties, forming the majority of the population. At subsequent periods, when persecution reddened its sword and erected its gallows in the West of Scotland, men fled in great numbers, with the love of truth and freedom as their heritage, from the western counties to Ulster. To these circumstances, and the probability that the tenets of the Culdees were never entirely forgotten and obliterated in the North of Ireland, may be ascribed the formation of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which has its centre in Antrim, Down, and Derry; and the general prevalence of Protestantism in Ulster. Dr. Chalmers was intimately conversant with the history of that body, and sincerely desirous for their prosperity. He found them closely associated with the doctrinal history of the Church of Scotland; and was, probably, gratified by their adherence to the Free Church at the period of the disruption. Six years ago, Dr. Chalmers visited Ireland, we believe, for the last time, and resided for a considerable period at the beautiful village of Rostrevor. He had previously experienced weakness, arising, not improbably, from the excitement of the period. His residence at Rostrevor, and the air of the Mourne Mountains, had contributed to restore his strength. We met him one day, when on his way homewards, in a curious position for an invalid: the top of one of the range of high mountains that environ Belfast on the north-west, and seem to have been cast up between it and Lough Neagh. The summit of the Cave hill commands a sweep of great extent on every side; and, on a summer afternoon, when the sun's rays sparkle on the distant waters of Lough Neagh, Lough Strangford, and the Channel, yields one of the most superb views in our islands. The busy town beneath, with its fine river, covered with ships of many flags, and every form, gradually widening into Belfast Lough, and the latter losing itself between the Copeland and the Maiden Islands in the Channel, with the Scottish hills in Galloway for a background to the east; or the same river, winding its course up the fertile valley to Lisburn, now lost for a long distance, to be again revealed between corn fields or through trees in a narrow line of silvery brightness, and its densely peopled banks, away from the ocean to its source, studded with little towns and numerous villas, catching the eye amid its many cottages, sometimes clustered round a tall chimney, or gathered together at the corners of bleaching fields, that seem, even in July, to have a covering of snow; or over the Castlereagh hills, on the south-east, to Lough Strangford, with its many islands chequering its wide expanse of water, surrounded by many pleasant villages, so hidden and out of the way of the world as scarcely to be known; or the sharp and distant summits of the Mourne Mountains, raised by their Maker like a barrier between the dark South and the black North; or the corner of wide Lough Neagh and the Ban River, carrying away its waters to the north, and the Derry Mountains closing up the scene to the west; or the vast expanse of bleak country, broken apparently here and there by streaks of green and yellow, seeming like crevices, only because we cannot look into the wide, and sometimes fertile, but always densely peopled vales of Antrim, and Slieve Donough to the north-east, rising cone-shaped like a sugar loaf, lonely and alone in its pride: any one of all the prospects from the Cave Hill, when the sky is blue, and the summer day nearly done, is worth the stiff journey upwards twice repeated; and all of them together form a scene that, as a whole, cannot often be excelled, and in which there are points that scarcely can be rivalled. Dr. Chalmers loved eminently the works of God. Few men have ever enjoyed them more. A scene like that was to him a rich festival. His mind acquired more than its wonted exuberance amidst the beautiful or the sublime in the works of Creation.

Very few disciples of Christianity ever grasped more completely the idea, "My Father made them all." But looking over this wide scene in the best part of Ireland, he could not fail to remember the misery and sufferings that occupied a large part in the history, and the moral aspect, of a land singularly rich in natural resources, and lamentably poor in their application. No shadow of the coming famine, fever, and sorrows, of 1845, and the subsequent years, then darkened the island; yet, in many districts, plenty and want, heartlessness and suffering, dwelt together. He was no sectarian in the narrow and objectionable meaning of the title, but he held warmly his own tenets, because he could not yield a cold and frigid assent to any principle of faith; and, remembering his own country, and the changes accomplished there in a single century, ascribing them in a great degree to the religious principles that prevail in Scotland, he believed that the same creed might form similar minds to work out the same results in Ireland. No Irishman, of whatever creed, could love the man less that the warm wishes of his heart were concentrated in one of those expressive and fervent ejaculatory prayers, containing in ten words the force and strength of a hundred, with which his journals and Sabbath readings have rendered the public familiar. Dr. Chalmers, it may be remembered, suffered reproach in advocating the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill. He prized the friendships he had formed in society, but while valuing them warmly, they were never permitted to sway his mind from the

Digitized by Google

path that seemed to him the way of duty. The Disruption of the Scottish Church was not the only or the first example where he set aside the claims of friendship for the paramount demands of principle. In advocating the claims of the Roman Catholics, he undoubtedly alienated for a time the affection and esteem of many of his former admirers. He could not therefore be charged with entertaining an unjust preference for the Presbyterian Church, in believing it likely to become a powerful instrumentality for the emancipation of Ireland from many evils not less injurious than political restrictions. He had supported Roman Catholic emancipation; he had assisted the Episcopal Church in various difficulties; he had attended in St. Andrew's at an Independent Church, while an ordained minister of the Establishment; he lived in terms of intimacy with the leaders of the English Wesleyan Methodists, and acting on just principles to those with whom he could not maintain religious communion, he was also a man of the most catholic spirit; yet he loved not less on that account the broad features of Protestant faith, or the distinctive lines of his own communion. Many rugged points in Irish history catch the eye, but to those who read it well, there is a soft and sombre sadness over the story, that deeply interests the feelings, and leaves the reader anxious that peace at last and prosperity would not be only visitors and wayfarers in the land. Dr. Chalmers possessed this kind of interest in Ireland, and one rising still higher, from other and nobler sources; and seeking its permanent improvement next, probably, to that of Scotland; he expressed his conviction that Scotland and England would not long be prosperous while Ireland was depressed.

These remarks have, however, diverged from the general subject, and arose merely from the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' life being committed to a gentleman so closely connected with Ireland as Dr. Hanna—who has accomplished that part of his great task, now before the public, in a manner calculated to afford the best idea that can be obtained of the subject. We want not merely a naked narrative of events, chained together in chronological order; but the history of a great mind. If that want is supplied from the man's thoughts, written as time passed away, with its changes; and illustrated with the light which a skilful biographer can throw over them—we have obtained the most desirable result. This first volume is prepared with that object steadily in view. Dr. Chalmers still speaks in a great number of its pages. The biographer keeps himself entirely unseen. We know that he moves the panorama which is to pass before us; that he searches out, puts in order, and joins the various material, but we see nothing of him—he is hidden in his subject, who is kept continually before the reader. We meet frequently with beautiful passages, belonging, evidently, to the historian; but it has been remarked, and we think correctly, that there exists a similarity between Dr. Chalmers' style and Dr. Hanna's mode of writing, that permits the reader to glide out of the one into the other, without perceiving a marked change, or being startled by an abrupt alteration in the complexion and construction of sentences. Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that there exists a similarity of sentiment, and a devotedness of the historian to his subject, that, more than any mere similarity of style, accounts for the circumstance we have noticed. A similarity of spirit goes far to accomplish the end mentioned; and Dr. Hanna, holding the same principles as Dr. Chalmers, living with him long on terms of the closest intimacy and relationship, and almost daily employed, since his death, amongst his journals, in preparing them for the press, would probably imbibe some part of his spirit, and even gradually fall into his style.

Dr. Hanna has sincerely devoted himself to the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' posthumous works, and his life. We know that, two years since, a desire was expressed for his presence and professional assistance in a quarter that he must have felt difficulty to resist, under circumstances that almost rendered it a matter of duty to accept; that would have conferred on him great personal influence, and insured a status in temporal matters equivalent to the highest hopes that can be formed in his connexion. The latter inducement may have possessed comparatively little weight; but a strong current of moral and religious interests, and even of personal associations, must have inclined him strongly towards the acceptance of the cordial invitations warmly pressed on him. A deep feeling of duty alone towards the great work that had fallen into his hands, and which he could best discharge, must have weighed much in dictating a refusal that in scarcely any other circumstances could have been given with a consistent and strict regard to duty, and to those high and immortal interests that he had promised always to promote. We may, appropriately, at this stage, notice the energetic manner in which the publisher of this important series of works has supported the literary efforts to render them what the public would desire, and have some right to expect. They are substantial books. The typography is excellent, the paper good, and the style adopted, renders the volumes remarkably easy to read. The outlay on publications of this description is immense. The sale requires to be correspondingly extensive, but that, we believe, has been obtained; and the volumes are standard works that will be current for centuries in the market of literature. With the greater part of that time the publisher and printer, who has hazarded a fortune in this work, or the author's family, have no interest. Dr. Chalmers might have devoted his powerful mental faculties to the collection of money. He would have made an excellent banker or merchant. He might have formed a large fortune, and bought and entailed an estate in his family while his descendants continued. He followed another course, and one still more useful to mankind. Therefore, the property reared by him only belongs to his family for a limited period. He did not belong to party, it is said, but to mankind; and, therefore, mankind agree to appropriate the pecuniary proceeds of his labours, after a given period. So runs the law.

Dr. Chalmers was born in Anstruther, a little burgh on the shores of the Frith of Forth, near by

Digitized by Google

the East Neuk of Fife. Passing over the introduction, the first chapter opens with a brief description of the past, and now almost forgotten, greatness of Anstruther. The family of Dr. Chalmers appear to have been connected with Fife for a considerable period:—

"With the county of Fife Dr. Chalmers' family had for some generations been connected. His great-grandfather, Mr. James Chalmers, son of John Chalmers, laird of Pitmedden, was ordained as minister of the parish of Elie, in the year 1710. In the following year he married Agnes Merchiston, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of Kirkpatrick, who had been ejected from his living at the period of the Revolution. Undistinguished by any superiority of talent, the simple kindness of Mr. Chalmers' disposition endeared him to his parishioners, and there still lingers in the neighbourhood a remembrance of the familiar and affectionate intercourse which was carried on between minister and people. What the minister himself wanted in energy was amply made up by the vigorous activity of his wife. Brought up in the school of adversity, she had learned the lesson of a most thrifty economy. The estate of Radernie, purchased by her savings, out of a slender income, which had to bear the burden of twelve children's education, still remains in the possession of one of her descendants; while, in the after history of more than one member of her family, the care with which she had watched over their infancy and education brought forth its pleasant fruits. Her eldest daughter married Mr. Thomas Kay, minister of Kilrenny, a parish immediately adjoining to Anstruther. With the family at Kilrenny manse, the family of Dr. Chalmers' father continued to maintain the closest intimacy. It was to Mrs. Kay's son-in-law, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrews, that Dr. Chalmers was himself indebted for his presentation to the living of Kilmany.

"Mr. Chalmers' eldest son, the Rev. John Chalmers, D.D., succeeded his father as minister at Elie, but was afterwards translated to the parish of Kilconquhar. He inherited his mother's talent, and in his day was distinguished both as an eloquent preacher, and an able and zealous advocate of that policy which then predominated within the Church of Scotland. Mr. Chalmers' second son, Mr. James Chalmers, having married Barbara Anderson, of Easter Anstruther, settled in that town as a dyer, shipowner, and general merchant. He was succeeded in a prosperous business by his second son, Mr. John Chalmers, who, in 1771, married Elizabeth Hall, the daughter of a wine merchant at Crail. They had a very numerous family—nine sons and five daughters—of whom only one died in childhood. The following table is extracted from Mr. Chalmers' family record:—

"'John Chalmers and Elizabeth Hall were married on the 20th August, 1771.

CHILDREN BY SAID MARRIAGE.

	BORN.	BAPTISED.
1. James, . .	June 11, 1772	June 14
2. Leef, . . .	Nov. 9, 1773	Nov. 14
3. Barbara, . .	June 21, 1775	June 25
4. George, . .	April 1, 1777	April 6
5. William, . .	Aug. 31, 1778	Sept. 6
6. Thomas, . .	Mar. 17, 1780	Mar. 19
7. Isabel, . .	Dec. 13, 1781	Dec. 16
8. David, . .	May 31, 1783	June 1
9. John, . . .	May 19, 1785	May 22
10. Helen, . .	Aug. 31, 1786	Sept. 8
11. Jean, . . .	June 29, 1788	June 29
12. Patrick, . .	June 16, 1790	June 20
13. Charles, . .	Jan. 16, 1792	Jan. 22
14. Alexander, .	April 9, 1794	April 13'

"Dr. Chalmers, the sixth child and fourth son in this crowded household, was born at Anstruther, on Friday, the 17th March, 1780."

Unlike many other crowded families, this one was not early thinned; and one of the disadvantages attending a numerous flock of rivals to a mother's care was, that the nurse had the management of Thomas at an early age; and a bad nurse she appears to have been, since the victim of her anger never entirely forgot the treatment he received. Many young persons derive their first impressions in life from a bad nurse, like the girl who fixed her character indelibly on the mind of Thomas Chalmers. It is a great mistake to place the most inexperienced servant in the nursery, if she be to rule there in the "vice-maternal" chair, although it is a common error, from which the world has derived many of the crooked and perverse minds by whom it has been vexed, and made worse than it might have been, if that practice had been avoided. The boy in this instance ran away from the nursery to the school, in the hope of escaping from calamities which daily annoyed him at home. He was not sent, but he fled to the school, when three years of age. Infant schools were then unknown, and so he must have been regarded as a remarkably young scholar; but the teacher, Mr. Bryce, was old, and so nearly blind, that when he attempted to strike offending scholars with his "rod," the blows meant for them generally fell on his own table. He had an assistant, who abandoned his principal's system of discipline; but was unfortunate in his career, although a man of considerable parts:—

"Though he continued for many years afterwards to preside, Mr. Bryce had furnished himself with an assistant, Mr. Daniel Ramsay, afterwards parochial schoolmaster at Corstorphine, to whose care all the younger children were in the first instance consigned. The assistant was as easy as his superior was harsh. As teachers, they were about equally inefficient. Mr. Ramsay sought distinction in his profession by becoming the author of a treatise on 'Mixed Schools.' His work won for him but little reputation; and an unfortunate act, in which, perhaps, there was more imprudence than guilt, lost him his situation, and plunged him in poverty. For many years Dr. Chalmers contributed regularly for his support. His latter days were spent in Gillespie's Hospital, where he died about five years ago. The Rev. Dr. Steven, who visited him frequently while upon his deathbed, in a letter with which I have been favoured, says:—'On one occasion he spoke to me, in a very feeling manner indeed, of Dr. Chalmers, and the impression made upon my mind was such that I have not yet forgotten the words he employed; "No man," exclaimed he, "knows the amount of kindness which I have received from my old pupil. He has often done me good, both as respects my soul and my body; many a pithy sentence he uttered when he threw himself in my way—many a pound note has the Doctor given me, and he always did the thing as if he were afraid that somebody should see him. May God reward him!" The feeble old man was quite overpowered, and wept like a child when he gave utterance to these words.'

"There had been a dash of eccentricity about Ramsay. Some years ago, when the whole powers of the empire lodged for a short time in the single hand of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace, in the true dominie spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit—that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland. He should just take, he told him, 'the taws in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither.' Engrossed as he was, the Duke sent an acknowledgment signed by himself; and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsay was proudest of—having taught Dr. Chalmers, and so laid, as he was always accustomed to boast, the foundation of his fame—or having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from the Duke himself."

The letter to the Duke does not bear out Ramsay's character for dealing easily with his scholars. Teachers most probably become inured to "the taws" as they increase in years; but Ramsay's distribution of the governing powers is bad. The Testament should always be tried before "the taws," in managing Ireland and governing schools; and if the precepts of the Testament had been more con-

Digitized by Google

sistently applied to Ireland than has been done, we might have found less use for "the taws" in conducting its affairs. Dr. Chalmers' good nature was more apparent than his genius at Anster parish school. The exercises there failed to inspire in him any love of learning. He went there not to find instruction, but a refuge; and he appears to have been often unsuccessful in his object. Few of our greatest men have been precocious students. We have grave doubts respecting the propriety of taxing the intellect greatly at an early age. Parents who expect children to be little men and women seldom get much good out of them. It will hardly do, we fear, to try and blot out infancy, boyhood, and girlhood from life. Art is strong, and training powerful; but nature will keep its own against both, or avenge the theft at a subsequent period. Still the boy contains the germs of the man. Great changes may be produced by the agency of many circumstances, by the force of experience, or, finally, as Scott has it, by the force of truth; but through them all the influences of infancy and youth retain their places, sometimes scarcely perceptible, but always real, and not seldom powerful. The schoolboy character of Dr. Chalmers is clearly marked in the following passages:—

"By those of his schoolfellows, few now in number, who survive, Dr. Chalmers is remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school. Little time or attention would have been required for him to prepare his daily lessons, so as to meet the ordinary demands of the school-room; for when he did set himself to learn, not one of all his schoolfellows could do it at once so quickly and so well. When the time came, however, for saying them, the lessons were often found scarcely half-learned—sometimes not learned at all. The punishment inflicted in such cases was to send the culprit into the coalhole, to remain there in solitude till the neglected duty was discharged. If many of the boys could boast over Thomas Chalmers that they were seldomer in the place of punishment, none could say that they got more quickly out of it. Joyous, vigorous, and humorous, he took his part in all the games of the playground, ever ready to lead or to follow, when schoolboy expeditions were planned and executed; and, wherever for fun or for frolic any little group of the merry-hearted was gathered, his full, rich laugh, might be heard rising amid their shouts of glee. But he was altogether unmischievous in his mirth. He could not bear that either falsehood or blasphemy should mingle with it. His own greater strength he always used to defend the weak or the injured, who looked to him as their natural protector; and whenever, in its heated overflow, play passed into passion, he hastened from the ungenial region, rushing once into a neighbouring house, when a whole storm of mussel shells was flying to and fro, which the angry little hands that flung them meant to do all the mischief that they could; and exclaiming, as he sheltered himself in his retreat, 'I'm no' for powder and ball,' a saying which the good old woman, beside whose ingle he found a refuge, was wont in these later years to quote in his favour, when less friendly neighbours were charging him with being a man of strife, too fond of war."

During his school days, Thomas Chalmers was caught preaching to a single auditor, from the appropriate text "Let brotherly love continue." The circumstance is not of much importance, because, as we remember once to have previously noticed, most boys preach at some period of their career; for the same reason that they teach schools and play at "soldiery," without much more probability of becoming "dominies," or following a warlike career, than that of "the Queen of May" to change her crown of roses for one of diamonds and gold.

Thomas Chalmers left school early, and entered St. Andrews College:—

"In November, 1791, whilst not yet twelve years of age, accompanied by his eldest brother, William, he enrolled himself as a student in the United College of St. Andrews. He had but one contemporary there, who had entered college at an earlier age, John, Lord Campbell; and the two youngest students became each, in future life, the most distinguished in his separate sphere. However it may have been in Lord Campbell's case, in Dr. Chalmers', extreme youth was not compensated by any prematureness, or superiority of preparation. A letter written to his eldest brother, James, during the summer which succeeded his first session at college, is still preserved—the earliest extant specimen of his writing. It abounds in errors, both in orthography and grammar, and abundantly proves that the work of learning to write his own tongue with ordinary correctness had still to be begun. His knowledge of the Latin language was equally defective, unfitting him, during his first two sessions, to profit as he might otherwise have done from the prelections of that distinguished philosophical grammarian, Dr. James Hunter, who was then the chief ornament of St. Andrews University.'

At St. Andrews College, a number of the professors were "Ultra-Whigs," keen Reformers, and what would now be called "Radicals." They were also men of exceptional opinions and views in religious matters, which is not a necessary, not often in Scotland—a usual accompaniment of keen reforming opinions. Radicals, as they are called, get no authority for their politics so good as they may find in the Bible, if they carefully read its injunctions. Their opinions influenced the young student. His father was, like many laymen in his day, of more evangelical sentiments than the majority of the ministers; but he was also a Town Councillor of Anstruther, and the official influence he possessed in the burgh, for a councillor stood in no dread then of November, made him a Tory. His son deviated from his father's ecclesiastical and political opinions; and while the latter were recovered in a short period, many years passed before he was restored to the former. Mathematics was his favourite study; but he read the popular political works of the day, and felt a warm interest in political discussions:—

"Other subjects, however, besides those of his favourite science, were pressed upon his notice, not so much by the pretensions of the class-room, as by the conversation of Dr. Brown and his accomplished friends. Ethics and politics engaged much of their attention. Yielding to the impulses thus imparted, Dr. Chalmers, at the close of his philosophical studies, became deeply engaged with the study of 'Godwin's Political Justice,' a work for which he entertained at that time a profound, and, as he afterwards felt and acknowledged, a misplaced admiration. His father was a strict, unbending Tory, as well as a strict, and, as he in his childhood fancied, a severe religionist. By the men among whom he was now thrown, and to whom he owed the first kindlings of his intellectual sympathies, Calvinism and Toryism were not only repudiated, but despised. 'St. Andrews' (we have his own testimony for it) 'was at this time overrun with Moderatism, under the chilling influences of which we inhaled, not a distaste only, but a positive contempt for all that is properly and peculiarly Gospel, insomuch that our confidence was nearly as entire in the sufficiency of natural theology as in the sufficiency of natural science.' It was not unnatural that, recoiling from the uncompromising and unelastic political principle with which he had been familiar at Anstruther, and unfortified by a strong individual faith in the Christian salvation, he should have felt the power of that charm which the high talent of Leslie, and Brown, and Milne, threw around the religious and political principles which they so sincerely and enthusiastically espoused; that his youthful spirit should have kindled into generous emotion at the glowing prospects which they cherished as to the future progress of our species, springing out of political emancipation; and that

Digitized by Google

he should have admitted the idea that the religion of his early home was a religion of confinement and intolerance, unworthy of entertainment by a mind enlightened and enlarged by liberal studies. From the political deviation into which he was thus temporarily seduced, he soon retreated; from the religious, it needed many years, and other than human influences to recall him.

"In November, 1795, he was enrolled as a student of Divinity. Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts. During the preceding autumn he had learned enough of the French language to enable him to read fluently and intelligently the authorship in that tongue upon the higher branches of Mathematics. His favourite study he prosecuted with undiminished ardour."

St. Andrews, we suspect, has never changed nominally in some respects. Moderatism has always prevailed there, although occasionally a chair has been filled by men like Dr. Chalmers or Sir David Brewster. The politics of Moderatism have changed, and even the religious peculiarity in some respects. The Professors of St. Andrews for many past years must be acquitted of holding "Ultra-Whig or keen reforming views." We deem it more probable that they generally incline to the *jus divinum*, and oppose reform as unnecessary until it be accomplished; and then adopt some measure that they have resisted with the power given to them, as a final measure to be conserved with care. The religious element of Moderatism has also changed. It professes now to be evangelical in religious doctrine; then it professed to be very near Socinianism or Arianism.

Although Dr. Chalmers, when a student, kept journals, corresponded largely, and had abundant practice in English composition, yet he seems to have been long defective in that department. Dr. Hanna insists that his earliest compositions were deficient in the imaginative and sentimental qualities. The sermons composed when he was still very young, and recently published, warrant one half of the opinion. They contain no flights of the imagination; but they exhibit a mixture of what might be called sentimentalism—occasionally in undue proportions. We subjoin part of Dr. Hanna's criticism on this subject:—

"His third session at the university, which had witnessed his first well-sustained intellectual efforts, had witnessed also his earliest attempts in English composition. Here he had to begin at the very beginning. Letters written by him, even after his second year at college, exhibit a glaring deficiency in the first and simplest elements of correct writing. And he had to become very much his own instructor, guiding himself by such models as the prelections of Dr. Hunter and Dr. Brown, and the writings of Godwin or other favourite authors, presented. A few of his first efforts in this way have been preserved. They exhibit little that is remarkable in style. The earliest compositions of those who have afterwards become distinguished as poets, or orators, or eloquent writers, have generally displayed a profuse excess of the rhetorical or the imaginative, which it took time and labour to reduce to becoming proportions. In the college exercises of Dr. Chalmers this order is reversed. The earliest of them are the simplest and plainest, with scarcely a gleam of fancy or sentiment ever rising to play over the page. They give token of a very vigorous youthful intellect disciplining itself at once in exact thinking and correct perspicuous expression; never allowing itself to travel beyond the bounds of the analysis or argument which it is engaged in prosecuting; never wandering away to pluck a single flower out of the garden of the imagination, by which illustration or adornment might be supplied. Those who, as the result of their analysis, have concluded that in Dr. Chalmers' mental constitution the purely intellectual largely predominated—that fancy was comparatively feeble, and that imagination, potent as she was, was but a minister of other and higher powers, might find historic verification of their analyses in the earliest of his college compositions."

His college life commenced in 1793; and in 1807, while Dr. Chalmers was on a visit to London, we find some memoranda of this same John Campbell, who has lived to be one of the first English lawyers—the representative first of Dudley, and next of Edinburgh, in the House of Commons—the Attorney-General of England—the Chancellor of Ireland—the great legal historian of the day—a member of the House of Peers—and now promises to succeed Lord Denman in the Court of Queen's Bench:—

"Tuesday, May 12.—Breakfasted with the Miss Hunters, and took three of them to the Royal Academy, and had great satisfaction in observing the increasing celebrity of Mr. Wilkie's picture. In going along to Somerset House I met John Campbell. [Now Lord Campbell.]

"Wednesday, May 13.—Breakfasted with John Campbell. Much franker and more manly than in the first years of my acquaintance with him."

His collegiate career was diversified by a tutorship, which, from his correspondence, was evidently distasteful to him, and he retired from the family early in 1799, to be licensed as a preacher:—

"Soon after his return, he applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrews to be admitted to his examination, preparatory to his obtaining a license as a preacher of the Gospel. Some difficulties were raised against its being received. He had not completed his nineteenth year, whereas Presbyteries were not wont to take students upon probationary trials until they had attained the age of twenty-one. It happily occurred that one of his friends in the Presbytery fell upon the old statute of the Church, which ordains, 'that none be admitted to the Ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and worthy thereof.'

"Under cover of the last clause of the statute, and translating its more dignified phraseology into terms of common use, his friend pleaded for Mr. Chalmers' reception as 'a lad o' pregnant pairts.' The plea was admitted; and, after the usual formalities he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel on the 31st July, 1799. It was one of the tales of his earlier life which he was in the habit in later years of playfully repeating, that such a title had been so early given to him, and such a dispensation as to age had been granted."

Some time elapsed before Mr. Chalmers made any use of his license. He proceeded to visit a brother at Liverpool, and first conducted public worship in the Scotch Church, in Chapel Lane, Wigan, on Sabbath, the 25th August, 1799. He preached on the following Sabbath in Mr. Kirkpatrick's church, Liverpool. His brother, writing from Liverpool, said—"It is impossible for me to form an opinion of Thomas as yet; but the sermon he gave us in Liverpool, which was the same as we had in Wigan, was in general well liked." . . . His brother thought the discourse rather more practical than doctrinal, and he complained of the preacher's awkward appearance and dress; adding, that "his mathematical studies seem to occupy more of his time than the religious." Mr. Chalmers returned to Scotland, and in 1800 he was studying in Edinburgh, while we hear very little more of his preaching until the middle of 1801, when the circumstance occurred that first introduced him into a course of regular professional service:—

"While Dr. Chalmers was imbibing wholesome lessons from Dr. Robison, his friend, Mr. Shaw, was acting as assistant to the Rev

Digitized by Google

Mr. Elliot, minister of Cavers—a parish in Roxburghshire, lying along the southern banks of the Teviot, a few miles below Hawick. Having the prospect of removal, by the promise of a presentation to the neighbouring parish of Roberton, Mr. Shaw thought of his college friend as his successor, and endeavoured to interest in his favour Mr. Douglas, the chief resident landholder in, and patron of, the parish of Cavers. 'It seems,' says Mr. Chalmers, in a letter to Mr. Shaw, dated at Edinburgh, June 1st., 1801; 'it seems that you had mentioned me to Mr. Douglas. He asked Leyden about me, who carried me to his house on Thursday last, where I dined. Not a single word, however, passed upon the subject, and I am quite uncertain as to his intentions. You must now see, my dear sir, the impropriety of my taking any step without the knowledge of Mr. Douglas; and that my business at present is to remain passive till something more transpire upon the subject. I have left my direction with Mr. Leyden, and wait for any proposals from Mr. Douglas that may occur.'

"This letter was grounded as a misapprehension. It had not been to Mr. Douglas, as patron of the parish, that Mr. Shaw had applied: the assistantship in this case did not involve the succession; it was by the minister that the appointment was to be made, and it was from him only that any proposal could emanate. Mr. Shaw suggested that Mr. Chalmers should come without delay and preach at Cavers, that by his becoming favourably known to the parishoners, Mr. Elliot might be induced to appoint him as his assistant."

Mr. Chalmers had apparently mistaken the nature of the appointment, and taken a mere assistantship for the better appointment of assistant and successor. The worst position of the two was not, at the time, unacceptable to a young man who desired to be independent, and was, to some extent, burthensome on his family. After several negotiations, he arrived at the determination to regard this southern parish as an intermediate place, having first secured something better in Fifeshire. The parish of Kilmany had become vacant while the negotiations regarding Cavers were in progress. This vacancy was caused by the death of Dr. Wilson, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrews. The presentation was in the gift of the Professors; and they, to spare themselves from discussion, had agreed to exercise the right of presentation to parishes in the gift of the body, alternately. The fortunate Professor at the time was Dr. Adamson, who had the Civil History Chair, and was a distant relative of Mr. Chalmers, for whose benefit he determined to exercise his privilege. Some time elapses often between a vacancy and a new presentation in Scotch parishes; and Mr. Chalmers believed that he might occupy this time advantageously at Cavers, but he was unwilling to incur the expense of taking up house, and therefore accepted Mr. Shaw's proposal to reside with him at the manse of Roberton; thus commencing his career as a non-resident. Some objections were made to the arrangement, but it was ultimately completed; and at pages 54, 55, we meet the following piece of worldly wisdom:—

"Having secured a majority of votes among the Professors at St. Andrews in favour of his presentation to Kilmany, Mr. Chalmers joined Mr. Shaw at Roberton.

"'Roberton, January 13, 1802.

"'Dear Father,—The people in this country are kind and hospitable in the extreme. You cannot conceive the kindness both Mr. Shaw and myself have experienced from the farmers around, in sending us peats, hay, straw, &c. Parochial examinations are quite common in this country. I begin that duty on Monday fortnight, and, as the parish is extensive, it will take me upwards of a fortnight to accomplish it. The mode is to divide the parish into a number of small districts, in each of which you are accommodated with lodgings, &c., in one or other of the farmers' houses. I am now quite free from sore throat, and the people in Cavers have not lost a Sunday since my arrival. They are quite satisfied with my non-residence.—I am yours affectionately.'"

It should be mentioned that Kilmany became vacant in consequence of Dr. Wilson's death, only by the translation of Mr. Cook to the Chair of Church History; and thus the interval to be filled up was longer than usual.

In the autumn of 1802, Mr. Chalmers left Cavers, and spent the winter as a mathematical teacher in St. Andrews. The session did not pass without some bickerings between him and the Professors, and it closed in a storm. Their opinions and practice did not correspond exactly with those of the indefatigable teacher, who, whatever might have been his views regarding religion, was at least a most industrious and zealous—even a highflying—mathematician. After the close of the session his ordination to Kilmany was fixed, and his father urged him to devote some time for reflection on the serious nature of the responsibilities that he was to assume; but Mr. Chalmers objected to this course, arguing that if he had not his mind in a right condition before that time, it was "vain to think that the extraordinary effort of a few days will very essentially contribute to preparation or to improvement." Dr. Hanna says correctly, "The truth was, that in the greatest and most affecting of all subjects, the ground of a common understanding did not as yet exist between father and son;" but of the former, he adds, "it but remained for him, in faith and with prayer, to await the time (and he lived to see it, and was glad) when he should not only become intelligible, but secure the completest and profoundest sympathy." The ordination at Kilmany occurred on the 12th of May, 1803. The parish is small; the population were few, and occupied in agricultural affairs; the situation was retired, and the manse was in bad order. The minister had calculated on retaining his "mathematical assistantship;" and when disappointed in that respect, he established private classes next winter in St. Andrews, and had another season's bickering with the Professors, from causes in which he seems to have been wrong and they were right, even if they were right from a bad motive. In course of the college season he became much absorbed in the business of his class; and, not satisfied with mathematics, he added chemistry also to the information which the young parish minister of Kilmany was prepared to give to the students of St. Andrews. A rebellious spirit at the time—rebellious at least to the Professors—actuated the minister of Kilmany; and it is remarkable that his Presbytery determined to bring his conduct under their review, with an intention of censuring his proceedings, "although for years his predecessor had been permitted unchecked and uncensured to do the very thing for which he was to be condemned." The members of Presbytery who brought forward the case were right in this instance, however long they may have been wrong before; but the affair was quashed after a discussion, long and exciting for those times, and in which Mr. Chalmers appeared as the strenuous defender of pluralities. When, subsequently, he renewed his chemical lectures at St. Andrews, the Presbytery agreed to insert on their minutes an opinion of Dr. Martin's, that the practice is improper, and ought to be discontinued. He became a candidate for the Chair of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrews, and was unsuccessful. Subsequently,

Digitized by Google

he was a candidate for the Professorship of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and was defeated. This contest, however, drew from him his first publication, written for the purpose of proving that a Scotch parochial minister had, "after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." It was well for himself, for his church, and his country, that Mr. Chalmers was defeated both in chemistry and mathematics. In 1803 he became a volunteer in the Fifeshire corps, and succeeded in acquiring an intense distaste for the French revolution, and the aggrandising schemes of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Towards the end of December, 1806, his brother George, who had been an officer in a British privateer, died. The sailor's faith and principles were more in accordance with his father's than the minister's; but the death of the naval brother had some influence on the clerical, and other bereavements that followed rapidly, passed not without effecting a change in his character. Of this first death for many years in the Anstruther family, Dr. Hanna says—"It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed, and the deep impression which it made was the first step towards his own true and thorough conversion unto God."

Dr. Chalmers made his first visit to London in the spring of 1807. He desired to form a connexion with the publishing circles of the metropolis, in which his name was destined to be better known than he could then have even anticipated. He travelled by Liverpool, and kept an interesting journal by the way. In Liverpool, where he had many friends and relatives, and with which he was previously acquainted, he stopped for some time, and performed some official duty. The allusion, at the close of the following extract to his lady critic, is amusing:—

"April 19th.—Left Lancaster at seven in the morning, and arrived in Liverpool at six in the evening. . . .

"April 20th.—Went with a party from Mr. MacCorquodale's to the Botanic Garden. . . . I christened his daughter at three o'clock, and we sat down to dinner at four. Mr. Yates, and a son of Dr. Currie's, were of the party. The former assailed me with an application to preach for him, which I have had the simplicity to consent to, a circumstance which I dislike exceedingly, from the extreme awkwardness of my provincial dialect. Mr. Currie is a merchant of this place, combines liberalism and fashion, is an admirer of the Edinburgh school, and carries in his manner a great deal of the chastened amenity of a cultivated temper. They are both warm admirers of Mr. Stewart, a circumstance in which I took the liberty of differing from them. I lament the provincialisms of my tone and conversation, but must study to get over it by a proper union of confidence and humility.

"Tuesday, April 21st.—Accompanied a party to a pottery about a mile and half up the river. Was delighted with the elegance and simplicity of the process [which is most minutely and graphically described]. . . . Went to the School for the Blind, a truly admirable institution . . They have an hour for music—the effect was in the highest degree interesting, and the allusion to their own situation most pathetic. Dined in Mr. MacCorquodale's. The only gentleman was a Mr. Duncan MacCorquodale, a military gentleman, of an appearance rather unfashionable, but accompanied with a most interesting modesty. To such as these I feel attached by an impulse the most kindly and benevolent, and cannot but spurn at the heartless formality of those who could triumph in the timidity of the inexperienced. Oh, how I like the untrained originality of nature! Oh, how I dislike the trammels of a cold, lifeless, and insipid formality!

"Friday, April 24th.—I spent the forenoon with Dr. Traill, a chemical lecturer and practitioner, with a great deal of ardour and philosophic simplicity. He showed me his chemical apparatus. The most interesting was—1. An apparatus for decomposing water [minutely described and diagramed]; 2. A glass apparatus for decomposing water by galvanism [the form of two vessels drawn, and the manner of using them detailed].

"Saturday, April 25th—Walked to the Botanic Garden, and spent two hours in it. Found it of this form and dimension. [Here follow plan and measurements, with notices of its rarest plants.]

"Sunday, April 26th.—Preached in the forenoon for Mr. Kirkpatrick, on the comforts of religion, and in the afternoon on drunkenness, the former with far more effect and impression than the latter. In the afternoon we met at three o'clock, after dinner, which has the effect of making both a drowsy preacher and a drowsy audience. Mrs. H. evidently reluctant in her testimony of approbation—disposed to overrate the deficiencies of manner and pronunciation; and asleep in the afternoon.

He visited all the lions of Liverpool, and the last was the "Union Guineaman," a vessel going out of dock to the African trade, as the name would imply. In his journal he says:—

"We had the music of benevolence to drown all the relentings of nature, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the shore to sanctify what was infamous, and deck the splendid villany of the trade."

The period is not long since the people of this country bought and carried slaves on their own account, and they should not now be very uncharitable towards their neighbours whose conversion has been doomed to occur some half century after their own change. Mr. Chalmers' "notes by the way" through the heart of England, at any time of his life, would have been instructive. Some of them are inserted in this volume, and we confess that if more of them exist we should like them all. Blenheim is a thoroughly public place. It is almost public property, so connected is it with some of the brightest of military achievements in our history. Mr. Chalmers being then a clerical soldier—a volunteer of Fife—was drawn by a kindred spirit to Blenheim; and the house built by the nation, like the estate bought for the great Marlborough, delighted him much:—

"Thursday, April 30.—Left Birmingham for Woodstock, at seven in the morning, where I arrived at four in the afternoon. There was only another passenger in the coach, and he was inside—a sensible, discreet, cultivated man, whom I afterwards learned to be a Fellow of Oxford, and who had evidently a little of the rust and embarrassment of a learned profession. I parted with him at Woodstock. I was immediately conducted by a person from the inn to the gate of Blenheim. For a particular account see *Guide*, which seems to be written with great taste and power of description. The pleasure I felt was heightened by a variety of circumstances which supplied associations of grandeur. In addition to the stateliness of actual display, I had the recollection of its origin, the immortality of its first owner, the proud monument of national glory, the prospect not of a house or scene, or a neighbourhood, but the memorial of those events which had figured on the high theatre of war and of politics, and given a turn to the history of the world. The statue of Louis XIV., placed upon the south front, and taken from the walls of Tournay, gives an air of magnificence far beyond the mere power of form or of magnitude. It is great not as a visible object, but great as a trophy, great as it serves to illustrate the glory of England, and the prowess of the first of warriors. I spent two hours in the garden. Never spot more lovely—never scene so fair and captivating. I lost myself in an Elysium of delight, and wept with perfect rapture. My favourite view was down the river, from the ground above the fountain. The setting sun gleamed on the gilded orbs of Blenheim; through the dark verdure of trees were seen peeps of water, and spots of grassy sunshine; the murmurs of the waterfall beneath soothed every anxiety within me; the bell of the village clock sent its music across the lake on my left. I sat motionless, and my mind slumbered in a reverie of enchantment."

Digitized by Google

From Woodstock Mr. Chalmers walked to Oxford, on May Day of 1807; and an old journal belonging to an old gentleman of the present day, places the changes of forty years most palpably before the men of the current year. Ministers do not walk long journies now, but some time previously Mr. Chalmers had walked from Edinburgh to Liverpool. The idea of Dr. Chalmers walking up to Liverpool would have amused, if it had not startled, the younger class of his admirers in recent times. Men do not now walk, and they do not, therefore, know the country so well as their travelling ancestors; but the advantage is now, that more people travel than in 1807.

Another extract shows the contrast in travelling:—

"May 3.—Left Oxford at seven in the morning, ... and landed in Ludgate Hill about seven in the evening."

Some parts of Mr. Chalmers' life in London present singular contrasts with his subsequent principles. His great purpose is served by their disclosure. His life illustrated two different modes of thought and action, and he wished the illustrations to be known and read. We take, in the first place, the work of two or three Sabbaths from his journal. They mark the progress of society in opinion and thought on the observance question:—

"Sunday, Nov. 8d.—Walked on London Bridge, round the Tower, along Cornhill and Cheapside to St Paul's, where I heard service. After dinner, we sallied out to Westminster Bridge, St. James's Park, Hyde Park Kensington Gardens, and returned by Oxford Street and Blackfriars Bridge. Astonished at the display; the dress, the carriages, and company, give a high idea of the wealth and extravagance of London."

We need not say that London has now a finer display of wealth than in 1807; but we doubt whether the Sunday exhibitions of that period were not greater than at the present day.

From the next extract we do not learn that the Scotch parish minister considered attendance on public worship necessary, unless in an incidental way, while in London:—

"Sunday, May 10th.—The badness of the day prevented us from prosecuting any of our schemes. Walked out before dinner to Dulwich village, where we had the full view of the country, enriched and adorned by the neighbourhood of the metropolis. After dinner, a round by Oxford Street. We returned by Blackfriars, when, *en passant*, we had an opportunity of hearing the delightful music in Rowland Hill's, and the roaring enthusiasm of another preacher, whose sect was founded by a female mystic—Joanna Southcote."

On the following Sunday he did, indeed, attend chapel; probably with some desire to see the King:—

"Sunday, May 17.—Went to the King's private chapel, where, at half-past eight, I was gratified with the entrance of their Majesties and the Princess Elizabeth. His manner is devotional and unaffected. I heard them all repeat the service most distinctly: and was much pleased with their frank, easy, and benevolent appearance. The view of Twickenham was most charming. Pope's house was among the delightful residences that we gazed on with rapture from the opposite side. The river was enshrined with pleasure-boats, and the gay London parties walking and drinking tea on both sides gave cheerfulness and animation to the prospect. The idea, however, of vicinity to the metropolis pollutes all our rural impressions of this fascinating scene—takes off all the pure interest which the idea of simplicity confers, and mingles with original nature the vices, profligacy, and corruptions of civilised life. We ascended Richmond Hill; eyed with rapture the country before us; saw in the rich scene that presented itself the wealth of the first city in the world, spreading its embellishments over the neighbourhood. Took a boat to Kew, when we passed Ilesworth, and had a charming sail down the river. From Kew, we coached it to town, and reached Walworth by eleven in the evening."

These pictures of London in the olden time, as forty years are long ago, have a strange interest now to those who remember that London has, in the direction indicated, trebled or quadrupled all the signs of wealth and magnificence since 1807.

On his return to Scotland, the minister of Kilmany walked a part of the way, and we subjoin his account of another Sabbath-day's journey:—

"May 31.—Started at seven, and walked to Bishopwearmouth. The country possesses no great decisive features. The bridge over the Wear is an astonishing piece of workmanship. I got under it in a boat, and made my observations [a minute description of the bridge is given]. Falling in with a man who drove a post-office gig, rode to South Shields. Crossed over to North Shields for twopence, in a sculler. From North Shields I proceeded to Tynemouth, with which I was delighted; the east fragment of the Abbey is particularly beautiful. Sailed up the river to Newcastle."

We have allowed our remarks to extend too far on the early portion of this volume; but it is that part of Dr. Chalmers' life with which the public are least acquainted. At Kilmany his theological opinions underwent a complete change. He entered the parish as a moderate minister of the old school, and was, we may charitably hope, an unfavourable specimen of his class. At his ordination, although described by an old minister as "a lad o' pregnant pairts," he did not consider any special preparation for his charge necessary. After he had been for some time minister of the parish, he was ashamed to engage in the duty of family prayer when any of his parishioners spent an evening at the manse. His first winter as parochial minister was passed in teaching chemistry and mathematics, at a distance of eight to ten miles from his church. His first speech in an ecclesiastical court was in defence of his own pluralities and non-residence. His first publication was written to prove that a parish minister has five days of leisure weekly after the satisfactory discharge of his official duties. His first visit to London was attended by a course of what he afterwards regarded as apparent Sabbath-breaking. His first efforts to get into the universities were directed to the secular Chairs of Chemistry and Mathematics. His first address to the General Assembly was a clever pleading for augmented stipends. His first struggle with the law courts was for one chauldron more.

We cannot wonder that Kilmany, its quiet manse, and humble population, were endeared to this great man. There a revolution most complete was accomplished in the purposes for which he lived. There he adopted new principles, learned to weigh all things as he had never done before, and, in the emphatic language that he would have used, "was born again." The domestic bereavements that contributed to this great change occurred at Kilmany. He formed there other domestic relations that endured until his death. He came to the parish a clever, worldly, scheming scholar; and he left it with a nobler mind, better stored with knowledge, matured by experience, rich in spiritual wisdom, and with all its powers devoted to the work which he did not comprehend when he undertook its performance. The first volume closes with the negotiations for his removal to Glasgow, and his election by the Town Council as minister of the Tron parish. The transfer to Glasgow was not particularly advan-

Digitized by Google

tageous, in a pecuniary view, and he had long ceased to consider emolument a matter of chief moment in such transactions. His election, by the Glasgow Town Council in 1814, was effected only after a severe struggle. The Evangelical party were beginning to acquire influence in the Church at the time; but they were very generally spoken against. Society had not pronounced in their favour, and the brands of extravagance and fanaticism rested upon them. Mr. Chalmers had preached a funeral sermon in his own neighbourhood, and some gentlemen belonging to Glasgow attended the service.

They were anxious that he should be brought to occupy the Tron Church, then vacant. His character and his talents were then partially known; and the election created much excitement in Glasgow, and considerable interest in all parts of the country. The surviving member of the family, through whose agency chiefly Mr. Chalmers was proposed for this vacancy, informed us that, subsequent to his appointment, and when the genius of the great orator was acknowledged and appreciated, some of his Glasgow friends, anxious that he might not be drawn to Edinburgh, proposed to erect a suitable house, and convey it to him as his personal property. He thanked them for the kindness of the intention, and requested a few days to consider their proposal. At the end of the specified time, he informed them that he could not accept the house they proposed to build, because none of his co-presbyters had glebe houses, and he feared that the distinction might impair his usefulness amongst them. Even at that time he contemplated the acceptance of a professional chair, and urged that he would be more useful at the fountain-head than working in the stream. He was translated from the Tron to St. John's parish in Glasgow, but he never accepted a parochial appointment out of that city. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrew's; and ultimately attained his great sphere of usefulness as Theological Professor in Edinburgh.

The first volume closes with 1814—the presentation to the Tron parish, and the commencement of Dr. Chalmers' busy life. All his great literary and theological works date subsequent to that year. At Kilmany he had been prepared and armed for the conflict he was doomed to sustain, and the work he was purposed to do; he left it to enter on a life of anxiety, excitement, and labour, destined never to close on earth—he left it to commence a career of great and almost unrivalled moral influence and power. The revolution accomplished in his mind at Kilmany was designed to extend over Scotland. The small Fifeshire parish is therefore classic ground in Scotch literature and theology. In it the leader in that 30 years' war of moral and religious principles was schooled and trained to his task. His biographer skilfully lays out before us, from journals and letters, the gradual process of change accomplished there. No violent emotions marked that period The convictions regarding faith and practice that grew up in his mind formed a gradual, and not a rapid, conversion. Dr. Hanna has exercised great care in bringing all these points prominently forward in his narrative. The first volume is thus one of the most interesting that can occur in the series; but the subsequent volumes will necessarily be composed of more exciting material; and, judging from the present, and from other circumstances, we infer that the completed work will form a biographical narrative of great utility and extreme interest.

We experience great difficulty in persuading people that the world is not becoming worse; and we are confident that it is getting better. Mr. Chalmers, when first in London, would not have opposed the free and full delivery of letters and newspapers on "Sunday." While travelling to Newcastle, as he took the post-office gig, the sculler and the boat, he would not have refused the railway. A great change has occurred in society on these matters.

In London he attended some political meetings, and was displeased with the cookery:—

"Saturday, May 23d.— . . . Repaired to the Albany, and dined with Mr. Sheridan and 150 of his admirers. The dinner was wretched—too little of it—and the worst conducted I ever saw. Great tumult and confusion among the company. I was disappointed in all the speeches, and much shocked with the extreme incorrectness of feeling discovered by several of the company."

In addition to John Campbell, he met another Fife man, equally famous in his own department:—

"Thursday, May 21st—Called on Wilkie; took Russell Square in my road, and think it the finest in London. Mr. Wilkie is a man of genius and excellent sense, with all the simplicity which accompanies talent, and firmness to resist corruptions and flattery. After leaving him, I took a round among the streets and squares to the north of Oxford Street."

The opera had few charms for the mathematician and the minister:—

"Friday, May 15.—The India House—Deptford—the Docks.—We proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre, where we heard the comic opera of 'The Duenna,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' and the pantomimic ballet 'Don Juan.' I am not fond of operas, because I have no taste for that music the merit of which appears to me to lie entirely in the execution. The squalling exertion of the performers is painful to me, and not a word of the song can be collected. Indeed such is the extent of Drury Lane Theatre, that in many parts of the house the most audible and distinct enunciation must be lost upon the hearers. The house was quite full, more decorous than the circus, and exceeds anything I have seen in the splendour of its boxes, and rich, expensive scenery. None of the performers appeared to me first-rate. The pantomime I did not enter into. We returned to Walworth in the morning."

And if the public had generally the honesty of this critic, we are not sure that the opera would meet the encouragement it receives; for nine-tenths of the audience know nothing of foreign languages when sung, and are not naturally fond of foreign music. The central pages of this volume, and by far the greater part of it, are occupied with correspondence and extracts of a most instructive and useful character. Better reading scarcely could be conceived. Anything more striking than the gradual uprising and purification of this great mind has not recently been published, and we remember no other work that is so obviously the history of a mind in its passage from listlessness to anxiety, and from earnest seeking for, to the practical enjoyment of, cheerful and confident piety.

Digitized by Google

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," "Margaret Ravenscroft," "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," &c.

(Continued from page 789.)

CHAPTER XLI.

THE NIGHT VISIT.

"You are, I hope, now prepared to accompany me into the presence of Beatrice. I took up the plank with which I meant to bridge the abyss that separated me from her; but, on going forth softly into the gallery, could perceive no figure, hear no footstep, discern no light, in door-way or window; still it might, I thought, be worth while just to go over and see. So I artistically laid down my bridge, and, stepping lightly over it, descended into the gallery on the other side. Just as I alighted from the balustrade, Beatrice met me, and, holding forth her hand, conducted me to the drawing-room. Never shall I forget the appearance it presented—I mean the general appearance; luxuriously furnished, and brilliant with light. For the rest I saw nothing distinctly but Beatrice, who sat down on an ottoman, and I placed myself beside her. On a small marble table, near her left hand, lay a copy of the 'Rime di Petrarcha,' in crimson morocco, which she had evidently been reading. Up to this moment I fancied I had endless things to say to her, and had, in fact, composed forty or fifty dialogues which we must, of necessity, hold together when we met. I had now forgotten every word of them. She seemed to be in exactly the same predicament. So we looked at each other, and at the ground, in most edifying silence.

"Beatrice's age must not be lost sight of. She was scarcely eighteen, with a soul full of romance—wild, impetuous, unrestrained by education or example; for all she had learned and all she had seen only tended to emancipate her from conventional laws. She was a prima donna. All she had lived of life had been passed upon the stage, or in her own apartments, for though admitted into society, she loved it not; her great delight was to indulge in waking dreams, to build castles in the air, to indulge her fancy with the importraiture of an impossible lover, perfect in character and intellect, chivalrous, poetical, devoted, such as the young heart moulds in its tenderest dreams.

"We spoke at length, and 'Petrarcha' suggested the topic. Beatrice related to me her story, from her birth on the Lungarno, at Pisa, to the hour in which she told it. According to her own account, every syllable of which I believed at the moment, and still believe with unquestioning faith, she had always been as true a lover of honour as a Roman maiden. Of this she made no boast, indeed made no mention, though it was implied in all her words. She supposed I should, of necessity, take it for granted, which in all sincerity I did. Over her beauty there breathed the most perfect air of innocence, of candour, of confiding truth. Her face was pale, paler than usual, contrasting brilliantly with her long auburn tresses, descending in heavy curls to her bosom. Would that for a moment I could have used the painter's pencil, and have sketched and preserved the beauty of her face, the brilliance of her eyes, the rich ruby of her lips. I amused her exceedingly by describing the arrival of my guests one after another, their interminable dialogues, the pipes and cigars they smoked, and the fears I entertained lest they should stay till midnight.

"'It would not have signified,' she said; 'I should have sat here expecting you till morning.'

"The words were uttered in a tone so gentle and so natural, that it was evident she thought she was acting right. I thanked her for her goodness, and then spoke of the little visit I was to pay on the morrow to a neighbouring villa and gardens, after which we were to dine somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"'It would afford me inexpressible pleasure,' I added, 'could you be of the party.'

"'Nothing can be more easy,' replied Beatrice; 'I know Signor Tibaldo's lady well, and can take the liberty to invite myself; so, if you wish it, I will accompany you.'

"About what my wishes were there could be no doubt, so it was agreed that she should write a note early in the morning, explain the matter to her mamma, and drive, at the hour appointed, to Tibaldo's house. We then spoke of my intended travels—of Abyssinia, and the White Nile, of Egypt, of the Desert, and of those regions and rivers still further eastward, to which I was journeying. The strongest possible love of adventure was implanted in her nature; and when I spoke of long journies to be performed on dromedaries, of sand-storms, burning blasts, and bivouacing at night in the boundless waste, her eyes literally flashed with enthusiasm, and she exclaimed again and again, 'Oh, how happy I should be to go with you!'

"In this sort of talk we passed some hours. When I, at length, rose to take my leave, she accompanied me to the door. As my ill stars would have it, instead of drawing the plank after me, I had left it across the balustrades, whence any mischievous person might easily have removed it, in which case there would have been an unpleasant discovery. It was there, however; and I hastened to ascend and cross it, Beatrice all the while standing at the door, and waving me good night with her hand. I had not taken two steps before a figure rose at the opposite extremity. At the same time the plank was seized and shaken. I trembled over the abyss; and a voice, which I immediately knew to be that of the Count Z——, muttered savagely,

"'Vat sall prevent me to send you to ——?'

"My position was rather awkward. On leaving Bologna, I had provided myself with a pair of pocket pistols, which I usually wear about me; and now, in reply to my friend the Count, I drew forth one of them, and, presenting it at his head—the nights in Italy are light enough to show such objects—I replied, in an angry tone,

"'This shall prevent you; and if you do not instantly put down the plank, I will shoot you dead.'

Digitized by Google

"Knowing my friend's character tolerably well, I felt that I could calculate upon his terror. He did as I expected; and in a moment I stood beside him in the gallery, with one hand on his throat, and with the other flourishing the but-end of the pistol, ready to knock him down. Beatrice uttered a slight scream; but I begged her to be silent, and go in. Instead of attending to my injunction, however, in another moment, to my utter surprise, she was by my side, intreating me to use no violence. I said I meant none, but only required of Count Z——, who stood there, half-choked with rage, but scarcely struggling at all, a promise that he would be silent on what he had seen. The mock Count almost immediately complied, after which he retreated from the gallery. I then conducted Beatrice back to her apartment, and retired, with my bridge, into my own rooms."

Here, for the present, terminated the adventure of my friend L——, on whom, when he had finished his relation, I bestowed some good advice. He was conscious of the impropriety of his conduct, but would hear no reason. To all my representations he only replied he meant no harm, in which I believed him; but as the worst of all harms, the entire shipwreck of a woman's hopes in life, might arise from his pursuing the adventure, I intreated him to desist. Whether or not he listened to me will appear hereafter.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Leaving my friend L—— to enjoy his excursion with Beatrice and the Tibaldo family, I proceeded to the house of the Governor, who had kindly invited me to spend the day with him and his family, on the Monte Nero, and in a short time we were comfortably stowed, children and all, in a roomy carriage, and on our way across the plain.

When marriages are happy in Italy they would seem to be remarkably so. In the present instance, at least, husband and wife appeared to be really one—wishing the same things, believing the same things, hoping the same things. Their children united them together indissolubly, so that it was no small pleasure to be in their company. External life, and that round of amusements from which others derive so much gratification, were nothing to this military philosopher, who had discovered the utter hollowness of the world, and felt that we must be happy at home, or nowhere. In search of happiness, when it has been lost there, men may travel where they please, they will never find it; some mitigation of their sorrows may be vouchsafed them in the world, but that is the utmost they can hope for. A blighted hearth means a blighted life, and wretched above all others are they to whose lot it falls.

The Governor's lady was a true woman, whose chief happiness consisted in exciting it in others. No taint of selfishness appeared ever to have reached her mind. She lived for her husband and her children, and all those with whom the interest or gratification of these brought her in contact. Her face was radiant with goodness, with a cheerful benignity which made one feel perfectly satisfied in her company. Beautiful, in the ordinary sense, she never could have been, nor did she in the slightest degree affect it. Content with the charms nature gave her, or rather never thinking of the matter at all, her wishes seemed wholly to be concentrated in diffusing cheerfulness and contentment around her.

With people like her and her husband, one is soon at home, especially when they happen to have a host of children, who know not what shyness or reserve is. These little Italians appeared to me the very beau ideal of folks of their age, enjoying everything within their reach—talking, laughing, merry, though full of deference and courtesy towards their elders. One of them, a little girl about four years old, took her station on one of my knees, and soon coaxed her little brother, somewhat younger than herself, to occupy the other. With these blessed little companions I amused myself a great part of the way.

The morning was bright with sunshine, which imparted to the landscape a delightful aspect, such as makes the heart glad, and sets the animal spirits bounding through our frames. For some distance our road lay along the sea, whose waves seemed to salute us merrily as we proceeded. Autumn is not a cold season in Tuscany, and therefore the refreshing breeze, entering our carriage windows from the Mediterranean, was no unwelcome guest. Beside our track, on banks and hillocks, were numbers of those small wild flowers, which, delighting in a saline atmosphere, gem in all countries, the borders of the ocean, and impart to them a peculiar beauty, a beauty made up of wildness and freshness—of perpetual motion, contrasted with perpetual rest—of natural decay and eternal rejuvenescence. At intervals, scattered over the plain, were numerous clumps of trees, some evergreen, others deciduous, presenting a rare combination of sombre verdure with piles of red and gold, sprinkled with dew, and glittering magnificently in the sun; huge buffaloes, couched lazily here and there, chewed the cud with serene satisfaction, while groups of peasants, talking or singing, carried on the labours of agriculture beneath that genial sky. These rustic sounds, mingled with the dash and roar of the waves, the songs of our merry driver, and our own voices, excited in us the most agreeable sensations, so that we arrived at the church in the best humour imaginable.

Every person who has visited that edifice knows that it is celebrated for a rare collection of votive offerings, made to our Lady of Monte Nero by the peasants of the surrounding districts, by enthusiastic wayfarers, and by sailors who have been preserved from shipwreck on the deep. Far be it from me to ridicule any form of piety, though I sometimes found it difficult to repress a smile at various articles in the strange assemblage. Some of the offerings, however, were in the highest degree touching. I particularly noticed a cradle, in which some dear baby had been rocked when afflicted with grievous sickness; and, as Heaven came to its aid, and restored it to health, the grateful mother dedicated this memorial of her love and tenderness to the Blessed Virgin. Many, many years have rolled away since then, and both mother and child have been, probably, long at rest beneath the Tuscan soil—no other record remaining of them than that sweetest of all records that they were parent and child. Will my readers pardon me if I confess that my eyes filled with tears at the sight of that cradle, around which cling such a world of domestic associations? The heart knows no

Digitized by Google

resting-place so dear as the mother's lap, and never in after-life tastes of that profound and exquisite tranquillity which settles on infancy in the cradle. Beside this was the portion of the keel of a shipwrecked vessel, from which all the mariners had escaped with life. Elsewhere, I observed the representation, in the rudest style of art, of a pair of eyes, which a lady who had been blind, and had recovered her sight, offered in holy gratitude to the Virgin. Let who will laugh at this as superstition; to me it appeared to be a monument of the heart's thankfulness—of deep and earnest devotion—and of a strong relish of life, and all that renders it desirable.

The Governor, who read my feelings in my countenance, observed to me, in a low voice, that it is good to cultivate in mankind the habit of gratitude, the noblest of all the virtues which adorn this life, and fit us for the enjoyment of another.

"No one supposes," said he, "that we enrich God by storing up these trifling offerings in his shrine. It is ourselves that we enrich, by multiplying the mementos of our dependence upon him."

"And," added his wife, "it always does me good to come to this place, where peculiar blessings seem to descend on my children. Half the offerings you see are those of mothers, whose love, deep and boundless, seeks to develop itself in all forms."

After walking about the building for some time, we went forth into the lanes and fields, and strolled, amid beautiful groves and copses, till the hour for dinner, which it was agreed we should take at a small rustic inn, well known to my companions. At table our conversation became more familiar and agreeable than ever. The children, who reminded me every moment of my own, were infinitely cheerful, and appeared to inspire their mamma with a joy inexpressible, and, perhaps, unintelligible to man. Who has not watched a mother's countenance when surrounded by the children she loves, all in the enjoyment of health and happiness, and envied her the rapture—if anything so pure can provoke envy—which beams like a lambent flame from every feature? I had long been accustomed to this pleasure; and now, beholding it renewed after a brief interruption, learned to set a higher value on it than ever.

By degrees the Governor and I glided into the subject of politics, always full of peril among other than intimate friends. As I have said, however, he was a philosopher in the truest sense of the word—that is, one who is ready, on all proper occasions, to assert his own opinions, and disposed to tolerate those of others. We spoke of the prospect of a revolution in Italy; and, with a frankness which might have proved misplaced, I maintained the desirableness of subverting all its established Governments. "All the world over," I said, "men are governed too much, and instructed too little. Government is the counterbalance of ignorance. Men require to be led, because they are not taught to walk alone, and have their public business transacted for them often contrary to their wishes, because they do not know how to transact it themselves, or to check those who voluntarily undertake the task. If mankind were enlightened, there would be no such thing as Government, in the vulgar sense of the word, which implies the possession of a superior nature by certain classes of individuals, who believe themselves born to domineer over their neighbours. As the world goes, the art of government is the art of fraud. Why? By its involutions and evolutions, its tricks and machinations, its delusions and hypocrisies, it plunges the greater part of our species in irremediable misery. To remedy this odious state of things, we have only to disseminate truth, for when men comprehend their own nature and the nature of things, they will not submit to be ridden or driven like beasts, by persons no better than themselves."

"As you are a stranger," said the Governor, "I do not fear confessing to you that my opinions very strongly resemble your own. What we chiefly want in this world is the recognition of the greatest of all truths, which appear to me to be the fundamental principles of Christianity; I mean the relationship of man to man. We are all brethren; whereas, all the established Governments of the world, except those in which the democratic principle is predominant, are based upon the idea that men are by nature enemies to each other, and must be scourged and kept in order by severe laws and oppressive systems of rule. Should the Gospel ever pass into our hearts, instead of its resounding perpetually from our lips, we should at once become wise and happy; and to treat men as brethren is to destroy all the fictions, fallacies, and tyrannies by which society has been vexed for so many thousand years."

The enunciation of these sentiments was, evidently, not new to his wife, who smiled approval at the conclusion of every sentence, and, when he had done speaking, observed to me:—

"What my husband has now said, he would not have ventured to say before any subject of the Grand Duke, except myself. I feel honoured by his confidence, and it shall be my endeavour to inculcate his principles into my children. I feel these opinions must be right, because they are his."

"There is another reason, madam," said I, "why they must be right."

"What is that?" inquired she.

"Why, that they are the doctrines," I replied, "of the great promulgator of 'peace and good-will towards men.' That sets the stamp of divinity upon them."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY.

I shall here introduce the sequel of L——'s adventure with Beatrice, though it was many years afterwards that he related it to me, on his return from a protracted sojourn in the East. The reader will unite with me in condemning him severely, though not more severely than he afterwards condemned himself. Like many others, he discovered his error when it was too late, when, by the reckless indulgence of his own feelings, he had opened up a source of overflowing anguish to others.

"Many things," he said, had contributed to dissipate the ennui which, on my arriving at Leghorn, threatened to torment me; but principally your society and that of Beatrice, who, every day, by the gracefulness of her manners, and the elevation and beauty of her character, rose in my estimation. The evenings on which she was not engaged at the opera were devoted to me, and at length we determined to walk out together in the day-

Digitized by Google

time. Our first stroll was towards the English cemetery, which, as yet, she had never seen. I am not a believer in presentiments, yet, as the time of my departure drew near, a strange dread, increasing daily, filled my mind, especially when in Beatrice's company. Her friendship was the gentlest, sweetest, and purest, that can be conceived. An enemy to all disguise, she was frankness and candour itself, revealing her thoughts, hopes, and fears, with inimitable ingenuousness.

"When we had walked some time about the cemetery, where the form of many a fair daughter of the North lies mouldering, we noticed, from the appearance of the clouds, that the sun was setting. Most persons associate melancholy ideas with the close of day, which naturally suggests to our minds the termination of life—when, in anguish and sorrow, the soul descends and veils all its glories and splendours behind the impenetrable shadow of the grave. A gorgeous sadness seemed to pervade the sky, where mountainous clouds of gold, saffron, and amethyst, piled upon each other, seemed to ascend interminably into the empyrean. There was in them, however, no permanent vitality. Darkness closed in upon them; visibly, the circle of their brightness diminished every moment; they grew pale, they quivered, they shrunk, they vanished; and one deep, sombre hue covered the whole face of heaven. It is thus that the light of genius ebbs out when the spirit is passing from the known to the unknown, from the delights, and loves, and friendships of time, to the dreary dominions of eternity.

"Over Beatrice's soul, the coming on of night had shed unusual gloom. Everywhere around rose the most dismal mementos—cypresses and weeping-willows drooping tremblingly over graves; white marble monuments looking ghostly in the moonlight, while the soft, balmy breeze, breathing lassitude and languor, disposed us to view the whole scheme of sublunary things under the most discouraging aspect.

"When I first met, and began to converse, with this most ingenuous and fascinating woman, it was merely with the idea of spending a few moments agreeably. It did not seem probable that the opportunity would be afforded us of becoming so much even as acquaintances. Circumstances, however, formed that acquaintance, and ripened it into friendship; and it now seemed likely that, on the very eve of an eternal separation, the feelings were rapidly taking another turn. Some will, perhaps, think that they had done so already; but if so, we were both unconscious of it. We never spoke of our mutual feelings, but amused ourselves with building castles in the air together, projecting our thoughts into the long vista of the future, talking of impossible contingencies, and weaving up a romance which, on some future day, was to be realised on the banks of the Ganges. As this never assumed any shape more distinct or tangible than that of a dream, it had never seemed to me worth while to bring to bear upon it the concentrated light of reason, that it might be dissipated for ever.

"We sat down on the marble steps of a tomb—the tomb of an English senator, cut off in the fervour of youth, in the midst of dreams of greatness, and the throes of inordinate ambition. A cypress rose at either end, and funereal plants dimly reflected the moonlight from their leaves, which rustled heavily in the breeze. Almost for the first time since we had known each other, there was a long, painful pause in our conversation. It was clear that she had something to say, which, in her opinion, I ought to have said.

"While all was yet uncertain, I bitterly reproached myself with the course I had pursued. I ought not to have conversed with her so frequently—ought not to have devoted myself as I had done to amuse her, to interest her imagination, to win her friendly regard. There my utmost desires had stopped short; but I now felt that I had won more—and, too late, the conviction came that this was wrong. At length, in an almost inaudible whisper, Beatrice said that when I should depart, life would lose all value in her eyes, and that I must therefore abandon my Eastern expedition, or take the necessary steps to authorise her accompanying me.

"You will easily comprehend that that was a moment of extreme pain, of bitter self-reproach, of deep anguish and repentance. It never occurred to me till then that Beatrice did not know the circumstances of my life. Because I myself was acquainted with them I had mechanically taken it for granted that everybody else must be so too; but it was quite otherwise. She had believed me to be free, and had, therefore, naturally interpreted my attentions and manner, as I now too plainly saw they could alone have been interpreted. What would I not have given to have retraced my steps—to have erased a few short months from my life! The excess of reserve, or even misanthropy itself, appeared to me, at that moment, more estimable than my sociable and fraternizing disposition. For a moment, all the force of my mind seemed to have left me; but, in the best way I could, I faltered out the truth, that I was betrothed to a lady at Calcutta, without, however, adding that I supposed she knew it, which would have been a gratuitous unkindness.

"Beatrice fell back lifeless against the tomb, and it was some time before, by my utmost exertions, I could restore her. When she did come to herself, nothing like a reproach passed her lips, except this gentle one—'You should have told me that before.' We then rose from the steps of the tomb, and, walking down the central avenue towards the gate, in silence, were let out by the porter. We returned slowly towards the city, and, on the way, I said all I could to explain or palliate my conduct. She saw it in the right light, and was satisfied that I had been guilty of thoughtlessness, but nothing more. If I had admired her before, my admiration was a thousand times greater now. There was something so noble, so disinterested, so forgiving, in her, that I would have given the world to have placed her in her true position. All the temptations of the stage had produced no effect upon her. She passed through them as beneath the shadows of the clouds, that, when they are gone, leave no trace behind them. Nothing could exceed the purity of her mind, except that boundless spirit of forgiveness which it inspired. Herself intending no evil, she was slow to impute evil intentions to others. Her feelings for me, therefore, underwent no change, save that she now saw that they were to be combated and subdued.

"On arriving at the city gates, we had the mortification to find them shut for the night; and no entreaties or offers of bribes could move the porter to admit us. It was in vain that I laid our case before him—that I conjured him at least to let the lady in, though he

Digitized by Google

should exclude me. He was deaf to every reason; so that, despairing, at length we turned away in the greatest perplexity. I proposed that we should stroll down to the sea-shore, to which Beatrice consented, seeing it was utterly indifferent in what direction we moved. The moon shone brightly, illuminating our sad path with her friendly light. Beatrice sketched to me her future life—not for the purpose of heightening my grief, or adding poignancy to my self-reproaches; she was too generous for that—but, on the contrary, to show me, she said, how a woman could act under the influence of pure love.

"'I have a profession,' she said, 'which will afford me competence—wealth, even, if I desire it. I will devote myself to it heart and soul; and should I ever acquire fame, it will come to you wherever you may be, and you will say to yourself when you hear my name, "That woman loved me." Nor am I one of those who can shift and change. You will never see me other than I am now, except in so far as time may indurate my heart, and quench whatever is impassioned or vehement within me.'

"I believed her, and was silent. We arrived on the sea-shore, and, sitting down on a ledge of rock, gazed upon the restless waves as they chafed and glittered beneath us in the moonlight. What a change had come over both of us within the space of a few hours! Her voice seemed to have lost its buoyancy, and now sounded full of sadness and depression. Nature, herself, seemed to have changed her aspect. The roar of the sea appeared to me full of menaces, the moonlight looked frigid and comfortless, while the stars frowned, instead of smiling, on the earth. All within me was cold and chill, and, in order to change the scene, I arose, and led her back towards the cemetery, with the porter of which I had made a sort of acquaintance. On my knocking, he opened the door, and let us in; and his wife, a bustling, cheerful little woman, blew up the wood fire, threw fresh logs upon it, and then, leaving us to our own reflections, again retired to bed. There we sat and talked till dawn, when we returned to the city. I was able to pass Beatrice into her own apartments without discovery. I then retired to my own, not to sleep, but to pace to and fro till the hour should arrive for proceeding with my carpet bag on board. I was sick of Leghorn, sick of the land, and eager, in the agitation and tossing of the sea, to lose, if possible, the recollection of what had befallen.

"What more I have to say of Beatrice is very little. On my return from India, I went with a number of friends to the delightful little opera-house at Palermo, where I presently heard a voice which I thought never to have heard again. It was that of Beatrice. She was rapturously received, applauses and flowers were showered in profusion upon her, and all the men in the theatre reckoned themselves among her admirers. I did not applaud, I threw no flowers on the stage; but, towards the end of the opera, Beatrice saw me. I was then swarthy as a Moor; but her memory was faithful, as the alteration immediately observable in the tones of her voice too well convinced me. I shall not pretend to describe my own feelings. I did not repeat my visit to the opera, and never saw her again; but her name has since been familiar to all Italy, perhaps to all Europe. Her life, however, has been a solitary one. No man has called her wife—no child has called her mother. If fame be happiness, she may be happy, happy as I could wish her—that is, happy as it is given any in this world to be. Farewell, Beatrice! and may the wrong I once unconsciously did thee, long ere this, be obliterated from thy memory. I meant it otherwise, and it is to be hoped that at the final account the will will be taken for the deed—Beatrice, farewell!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

C'EST LE PREMIER PAS QUI COUTE.

Going to sea implies, everywhere, passing from a warm climate to a cooler. When we bade adieu to Tuscany, the sun was shining brightly on that lovely portion of Italy, and accompanied us for several hours on our track across the waves. But towards the afternoon, just as we were abreast of the barren volcanic cone of Monte Christo, a shower of rain came on, and imparted a biting cold to the air. On the left lay Giglio, which belongs to Tuscany, and appears bare of vegetation. On Monte Christo there are wild goats and water, and when we passed the centre of it the clouds were driving over its highest peaks, which they partly concealed, as they used to do the Dent de Jaman, or the summits of the Valaisan Alps. I was standing, pen in hand, setting down the various phenomena of nature that surrounded me; the colour of the sky, interspersed with straggling clouds, and the peculiar hues of the waves, in which blue and green strove for the mastery, while the chill white of the breaking surges lent a dreary aspect to the restless expanse, heaving, tossing, and roaring on all sides, much farther than the eye could reach.

I have the little note-book still in which I was engaged in setting down my memoranda, on which the rain fell, and half-obliterated the words. Showers, beautiful and poetical everywhere, are doubly so in the South, while they sweep like an artificial apparatus before the eye; composed of dense columns of mist, pierced by millions of descending drops, and partly enveloped with a mantle of prismatic colours by the sun. Many travellers affect to be of iron mould, and oppose to everything around them the *nil admirari* of Horace and Lord Bolingbroke. I do not belong to this class of wise men; on the contrary, I am a sort of instrument which everything in God's universe can easily play on. Delight thrills through my whole frame at the sight of anything new or strange, and I easily invest with sublimity whatever comes before me clothed with the characteristics of vastness, elevation, and obscurity. As we swept before the gale, along the shores of Elba, Corsica, and Sardinia, their grand mountainous outline, relieved against the western sky, inspired me with a strong desire to traverse their fastnesses, and stroll through those lofty valleys, of which we appeared to catch glimpses through the clouds. But my subject is running away with me. Successive showers of heavy rain sent me, before nightfall, down into the cabin, where another cause far more disagreeable kept me at intervals for hours. The wind, meanwhile, rose by degrees to a gale, in which the Aquila Nera rolled and pitched like a stormy petrel among the billows of the Atlantic. Still our cabin was not altogether cheerless. We were seven in number, two Italians, two Turks, and three Englishmen. To some of us the East was an unknown region, which had been studied, indeed, through the aid of books, but, in spite of this, lay before our imaginations wrapt in

Digitized by Google

almost fabulous obscurity. To me, perhaps, it was still more unreal than to any one else. I have a knack of investing things, visible and palpable, with the mists of antiquity; of yielding myself up to the potent influences of poetry and romance; of intermingling scripture, profane history, and tradition into one vast mystic veil, with which to tapestry the rocks, precipices, caverns, and valleys of a distant land. The Nilotic Valley was to me the country of the lotus-eaters; and, through the superincumbent strata of Mohammedan, Roman, Macedonian, and Persian history, I could behold the genuine old mummy-making race, raising the pyramids, scooping out in the mountains subterranean palaces for the dead, erecting forests of obelisks and gigantic columns, and creating with the human hand an artificial sea in the desert, larger than the lake of Geneva, which still rolls and glitters beneath the fervour of an African sun.

Several of my companions had been in the East—one in Egypt; but they had seen little or nothing of what I desired to see. The Neapolitan, in particular, who had drunk of the waters of the Nile, was too completely absorbed by the worship of Mammon to discover beauty in anything but gold. He spoke of the Arabs as "*cattiva gentè*," and of their country as "*una maladetta deserta*," which he would never visit but for the great gains he made there. He was a petty merchant, who believed in no divinity but dollars, though I saw him, on one occasion, fall upon his knees before a picture of the Virgin, when death——— But this is anticipating, and I shall relate the incident in its proper place.

The other Italian was a Florentine, travelling from I know not what motives. Distinguished for his gentlemanly manners, and an extraordinary amount of knowledge, he was yet shy and reserved; full of wild fancies; ambitious as Lucifer; when roused, impetuous and overbearing, and withal a little vindictive. We contracted a liking for each other, which helped considerably to dispel the *ennui* of the voyage. Of the Bey, Kafoor, and my Pisan companion, I have spoken already. There is, therefore, no necessity to enter into details respecting them. Of the lover of Beatrice the reader will have formed his own opinion.

The cabin was a low room, of about fourteen feet by twelve, lighted up at night by one dim lamp, which just sufficed to show us to each other. Everything was in disorder and confusion; chests, trunks, baskets of earthenware, hat-boxes, band-boxes, and a thousand indescribable articles, which ought not to have been there. The Bey and his slave had a very small cabin to themselves, but opening into ours, so that while in bed we could talk comfortably with each other, when the roaring of the waves without would suffer our words to be heard.

By agreement, we were to be boarded by the captain, at so much a-day; but, judging by his physiognomy that he was not likely to kill us with kindness, we had all of us had the prudence to lay in some little supplementary stores for ourselves, such as tea, coffee, bottles of sherbet, fine biscuits, maccaroni, and vermicelli. To a certain extent, therefore, we were independent. One thing, however, we had unfortunately forgotten, that is to bring along with us a supply of cups and saucers, things with which our Genoese captain scorned to encumber himself. At tea-time, consequently, we made the discovery that we were to drink our tea and coffee in large basins, which he had provided at the rate of one for three persons. There was, indeed, a quantity of crockery on board, even, as I have said, in our very cabin; but this did not exactly consist of conveniences for tea-drinking. However, we determined not to make ourselves unhappy about trifles; and at the proper hour sat down to tea, with a firm resolution to enjoy it.

As good luck would have it, our whole party, except one, was sociable and accommodating. The exception was Gaetano, the Neapolitan, who affected to despise the Chinese leaf, and therefore refused to join our meal, though he sat in the cabin smoking, and throwing now and then a word or a phrase into the stock of conversation. Ali Bey was ready to agree to anything, and took to tea-drinking as a Newfoundland dog takes to the water. He was at home with Souchong at once, though we had not a drop of milk to make it palatable. Our captain had got some goats on board, which he assured us, at Leghorn, were to be milked night and morning for our benefit; but we were no sooner at sea than we found that all the milk they could supply was barely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of their goatlings, whose claims were, of course, preferred to ours. Despite ourselves, therefore, we were compelled to rise to the level of philosophers, and be content without this northern luxury.

I wish I could give you an idea of our tea party. In the centre of the cabin was a table, screwed to the floor, without which precaution it would not have remained on its legs for five minutes. It was likewise furnished with a rim, about two inches high, which prevented the basins from tumbling into our laps with their scalding contents. Bread and butter we had none; but, instead, very good biscuits, which we relished excessively at first. The tea, we had taken care, should be good. There was plenty of sugar, and the captain supplied us with abundance of hot water. What more could we want? Instead of spoons, we used a fragment of biscuit. Unfortunately, our teapot, the only one on board, was of earthenware, so that had any mischance befallen it, we should have been reduced to the necessity of making tea in a coffee-pot. We consequently watched over it as a sort of palladium upon which our social happiness was to depend for Heaven knew how long. I never saw a teapot so venerated. An African from the interior would have mistaken it for our fetish, and thought we worshipped it; which in some sort we did, since it was to us a source of unequalled pleasure.

It is easy to conceive that we had no soft divans, sofas, or even chairs, to draw around our tea-table. We sat on roughly-corded trunks or boxes, between any two of which we were careful not to put our legs, lest the next lurch of the ship should send them against each other, like two icebergs in the Arctic regions, and crush, as a Yankie would say, the intervening limbs to "immortal smash." Ali took his place beside me, and soon began to assist me in projecting my fancy into the regions of the East. We were perfectly democratic, and made no objection to the slave's sitting in the midst of us; so Kafoor took his place on my right hand; next to him sat the Florentine, close to Ali sat Mr. L——, the lover of Beatrice, and then my Pisan friend; last of all, Gaetano, the Neapolitan,

Digitized by Google

perched himself on a separate box, and smoked incessantly.

As all my readers will probably have been at sea, I can tell them nothing new respecting the economy of life on board. They know very well that a ship resembles a house during an earthquake, when both floor and ceiling alter their level every instant, and reel, now on this side, and now on that; your stomach reels with it, and it is well if it does no worse. But this is not all. Occasionally very uncomfortable ideas suggest themselves to your imagination, especially if you possess the power to picture to yourself all the circumstances of your situation; you then perceive yourselves to be floating in a little wooden room, along the surface of a fathomless element, and, overhead, another element, often furiously agitated, and uttering fearful sounds, as it were, with a human voice. Pitchy darkness, meanwhile, totally envelopes you, save where a single lamp illumines the little moving point of space in which, surrounded by a few boards, you drive before the tempest. People, however, get used to this sort of existence, and so did I.

CHAPTER XLV.

OUR AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

It is a prudent thing to eat as much as possible at sea. It keeps up your spirits, and prevents your tendency to basins and bulwarks. In obedience to this philosophy, scarcely had the tea-things, if I may dignify them by that name, been removed, ere we began to make preparations for supper. We could, in fact, think of no other amusement. The interval was spent, by most of us, in smoking, and collecting our ideas, for we were, as yet, so little used to our position, that we hardly knew what to think of it.

One satisfaction we all had—we were in rapid motion—though whither we were driving it was not quite so easy to say; that we were compelled to leave to the gods overhead, who were rushing about, stamping, swearing, pulling ropes, and invoking alternately the Devil and the Virgin to help them out of their difficulties.

As we were not yet quite frightened, we thought chiefly of our supper, which in due time was served up. By way of initiating us properly into the mysteries, the cook had that evening determined to make a splendid display of his art and resources. There were soup, and stock-fish, and cold fowls, and ham, and beef, and pickles, with capital cheese, pale ale, and Cyprus wine. We were, therefore, very comfortable, and prolonged the Epicurean enjoyment till far in the night, terminating the whole with some cups of delicious coffee, pipes, and cigars. About sleeping we cared very little, as there was probably a whole month before us during which we might take that pleasure at any time of the day or night, if the storms would let us. We were now determined on making the most of the present hour. L—— muttered a few verses from one of Dryden's translations—

> "The joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate, are mine—
> Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
> But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

No feeling is more universal than the love of country. Ali was now returning to the East, and appeared to regard with indifference all the discomforts, dangers, and difficulties he might have to encounter by the way. Sometimes, when the faculty of strong enjoyment is asleep within us, we shrink from approaching the scenes of former happiness, which by contrast make us feel our present misery more keenly. But when there is a large store of hope in the future, we love, above all things, to revisit the land of our birth, to wander about where we played when children, to conduct our fancies back to the very cradle's edge, and feel, if possible, the sunshine of a mother's face once more beaming upon us. To Ali, the whole East was a sort of home. Men of enlarged and liberal minds may associate freely with persons of a different religion, different language, and different manners; but the intercourse is always imperfect. There are reserves on both sides. Half a man's happiness in this world springs from his faith, whether he be conscious of it or not; and he never cordially sympathises with any one who differs in this particular essentially from himself. To worship at the same altar is truly to be friends, because it implies that conformity of sentiment and feeling without which friendship is impossible.

Above all men, the Mahommedans appear to stand in this predicament; when pious they are most pious. Every act of life is an act of religion. Prayer mingles with their habitual discourse, and their lofty and awful conceptions of God impart to their conversation a tone of strange sublimity. In the countries of the Franks, whom they cannot but regard as infidels, they miss all those associations which render their own land sacred. They hear no muezzin calling them to prayer from the mosque; they behold no one kneeling in house or street, listen to no pious ejaculation; but, on the contrary, if their prophet or religion be named, it is to be treated with contempt and derision. It is, accordingly, very natural that they should quit Christian Europe with delight, to return within the bosom of El Islam. Ali, on the present occasion, cautiously gave vent to his natural feelings, and, finding me tolerant, became more and more communicative. Kafoor's face, too, brightened at the thought that we were moving eastwards, and that he should soon be in the country of Pashas, and dancing girls, hammams, camels, and kabobs. The two Islamites exchanged looks of pleasure as we entered upon the fascinating theme; and, at length Ali, addressing himself to his slave, exclaimed,

"Tell us, oh Kafoor, a story of Egypt, that we may pass the time, and store our fancies with pleasant images, with which, afterwards, sleep may construct dreams in the night."

CHAPTER XLVI.

STORY OF THE HUNGRY KADHI.

Kafoor, bowing low, in token of obedience, began immediately as follows:—

"There was once, in the most populous quarter of Cairo, a Kadhi, who had no fear of God or respect for the laws of the Prophet; all his thoughts were bent on the amassing of money. He sold justice to the rich; he plundered and oppressed the poor, until his coffers were running over with gold and jewels. He peopled his harem with beautiful women; he built himself a spacious palace; he laid out gardens; he surrounded himself with all that was splendid and magnificent in the countries of El Islam, and often said to himself, 'Oh Hassan, thou hast provided for thy solace and gratification for many years.'

Digitized by Google

"But, as the man who walks towards the sun sees not his own shadow, so this wicked Kadhi did not perceive the avenging angel that followed his footsteps night and day. One morning, while he was administering justice in the neighbourhood of the Mosque of Flowers, a Bedouin from the desert, in whose case he had decided unjustly, pierced him through with a spear, so that he fell down to the earth. Eblis took his soul; and his body was thrown, like a dog's, into a pit in the cemetery, where all the inhabitants of the quarter collected and spat upon his grave. The people then said to each other, 'Let us abstain from quarrels and contests; let us never enter a court of justice; let us shun the meshes of the law, that we may escape the misery which Ulemas and wicked Kadhis bring upon us.'

"So there were no more dissensions in that quarter of the city. Fear made men friends with each other, and they also desired to see an end put to the whole race of Kadhis, who would be entirely unnecessary if the children of the true believers feared God and respected each other. It is the folly of the people that constitutes the opulence of their rulers and magistrates.

"Still, a new Kadhi was appointed, who came from Constantinople to settle differences, and judge between man and man. As he was a stranger, his character was unknown, and everybody expected he would prove himself to be a worthy successor of him who had been speared by the Bedouin. When by chance, therefore, any misunderstanding arose, persons chose umpires to decide between them, and everything was conducted peaceably throughout the whole jurisdiction of the new Kadhi, who in consequence had no suits to decide, or fees to receive.

"As the property he had brought along with him was small, he soon came to the end of it, and began to be straightened for the means of living. The rats and mice forsook his house, where they found nothing to eat. He grew gaunt and lean, and his shadow was diminished. Friends he had none to comfort him; and when he walked in the streets, people passed to the other side, as if he had been one of the children of Eblis, who breathe around them contagion, and strike people dead with a glance. The little boys ceased their play when he approached, and spoke in whispers till he was supposed to be out of hearing, for they said 'He is a Kadhi, and if he can but seize upon an unlucky word he will persecute our fathers and mothers, and bastinado them, and kill them, and leave us helpless and destitute, as the former Kadhi used to do.'

"Sad, therefore, was the condition of this man of justice, who had no prospect before him but that of perishing of hunger. Naturally cheerful, he used for a time to joke with himself, and tried to keep up his spirits by calling in Hope to his aid. He had many books in his house, some on law and devotion, others on poetry and eloquence, and others, merely calculated to minister to the amusement of the mind. Among these was 'The Thousand and One Nights,' which he read daily, sometimes laughing and sometimes shedding tears, as the pen of the magician laid open before him some nook in the regions of mirth or sorrow.

"To supply himself with the necessaries of life, he parted, little by little, with all his library, and his furniture, and his clothes, till nothing was left him but one ragged suit, a prayer-carpet, and 'The Thousand and One Nights.' From these, he said to himself, no extremity of misfortune should tear him. If it was written he should die, he would go on with these loved companions to the last, and would intreat that they might be buried with him, that a single ray of light might illuminate his tomb.

"As his stomach grew empty, however, he became sad and sorrowful, and took up the beloved volume in his hands, and apostrophised it as if it had been a living friend. 'Ah, old companion,' cried he, 'I must take thee to the bazaar, and sell thee to some merchant, who will, perhaps, relinquish thee for a sum of money to some blockhead who will not know how to appreciate thy wit, who will confound together thy verse and prose, or will even lay thee on a shelf, to be buried with dust or eaten by moths.' After this he kissed the book, and shed tears upon it, and put it under his ragged cloak, and went forth with a heavy heart to sell it.

"This Kadhi, whose name was Jaffer, had studied for many years, and acquired much learning. He was familiar with the old philosophers and sages. He could repeat the sayings of the Prophet, and all the histories of El Islam found a place in his memory. In a great situation he would have displayed magnanimity, and been full of dignity and wisdom, and the world would have hung upon his lips, and he would have been ennumerated with Bocrat, and Aricenna, and Aristotle; but being penniless, and wanting a dinner, he was obliged to bring down his thoughts to his situation. Accordingly, as he walked along the streets of Cairo, his mind was occupied with nothing but the cookshops, and the bakers, and the sellers of fruit, and coffee, and tobacco. For many weeks no man had offered him a pipe, and it was now two days since he had tasted bread; he therefore felt very weak and very humble. More than once the idea presented itself to him that it would be better to beg than perish of want. However, there was still some pride left in his mind, and also some love of literature, for he hugged the book to his bosom, and felt as if he were about to be separated from a part of his soul.

"As he moved almost totteringly along, in this frame of thought, he came to the door of a baker's shop, from which issued a most savoury odour. It was some great festival day, and all the people of El Islam had made preparations for enjoying it, each in his own way. The baker's counter was covered with delicate dishes, and among these was a wild goose, which he had just taken from the oven as the Kadhi stopped. It was saturated with delicate fresh butter, and stuffed with sweet almonds, and comfits, and odoriferous herbs. It had been reduced by the heat to the colour of gold, so that the eye, as well as the sense of smelling, was attracted by it. The poor Kadhi, Jaffer, losing sight of his wisdom and his philosophy, of his books of law, and even of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' found all his ideas centred upon a goose. He looked first at it, and then at the baker's face, encouraged by the good-natured expression of which, he immediately formed a bold design, and entered the shop.

"'Peace be with you,' said he to the baker. 'May your house be fortunate; may your daughters be all beautiful, and your sons all brave! I am under the influence of misfortune. The star of my destiny is

Digitized by Google

eclipsed. I am hungry; and there is none among the children of the faithful who will give me to eat. Earn the blessing of a diligent student of the book—give me a slice of that goose.'

"'Friend,' answered the baker, 'this goose is not mine. It belongs to a pipe-seller in the neighbourhood, whose slave will be here presently to fetch it. What, therefore, should I say to her, were I to do as thou desirest?'

"The Kadhi, not to be thus defeated, looked around him, and saw that there was a little apartment behind the shop. Seizing the dish which held the wild goose, and looking entreatingly into the face of the baker, he said—

"'Leave all consideration of the future to me. I am the Kadhi; and if they bring you before me, you can easily invent a story which will enable me to acquit you.'

"'I have no learning,' answered the baker, 'and my inventive faculties are dull. It will, therefore, be impossible for me to say anything which would not, under such circumstances, heap additional dust upon my head.'

"'If you had not tasted food for two days,' answered the Kadhi, 'you would be full of invention. When the slave comes for the goose, you will relate to her that, at the very moment you were taking it out of the oven, a flight of wild geese passed through the air, over your house, and paused for a moment, and cried, "Oh, brother, leave that vessel in which thou art confined, and spread thy wings, and come, at the command of the Prophet, and join us in the sky." Upon which, you will add, the baked goose agitated itself in the dish, and spread its wings, from which feathers immediately shot forth. It then poised itself for an instant in the air, over the counter, and darting forth through the door, ascended into the sky, and flew away to the desert with its companions.'

"'And will they believe this story?' inquired the baker.'

"'No matter whether they believe it or not,' replied the Kadhi, 'since I, who shall be on the judgment-seat, will believe, and dismiss the case.'

"It required no further persuasion to induce the good-natured baker to yield; so they retired together into the little apartment behind the shop, where, with nice little white rolls, supplied from his own stock, they, between them, devoured the goose, and picked its bones until there was not a vestige of it left. Then the Kadhi, feeling happy for the first time since his arrival in Cairo, left the shop, and returned towards his own house, blessing the Prophet, as he went, for the ingenious contrivance with which he had inspired him. The delicate fumes of the goose ascended to his brain, and created visions of future felicity, so that he was nearly as much exhilarated as those who take beng.

"'Truly, Jaffer,' said he to himself, 'thy wit is as valuable to thee as an estate in land. Who knows but this may be the beginning of prosperity? Think no more of selling 'The Thousand and One Nights,' but prepare to judge wisely when the case of the baker comes before thee, and thou shalt have occasion to display at once thy prudence and thy eloquence. Thou wilt charm the people of Cairo, who, above all men, love to laugh; and they will come to thee with their suits and differences, and thou wilt decide agreeably, and thy fame and thy riches will increase.'

CHAPTER XLVII.

STORY OF THE HUNGRY KADHI CONTINUED.

"While the Kadhi was indulging in these pleasant anticipations, things were not going on quite so satisfactorily with the baker. Scarcely had the ragged cloak of the Kadhi turned the corner of the street, ere the pipe-seller's female slave entered the shop, and demanded the goose she had brought thither in the morning.

"'Oh, slave!' exclaimed the baker, 'as I was withdrawing the bird from my oven, a flight of wild geese, with clanging wings, passed over my house, and cried, "Brother! leave thy imprisonment in the shop of that wicked baker, and come and join us, thy brethren, in the sky." No sooner had they uttered these words than the goose obeyed their invitation, and left me, in terror and astonishment, to account for its disappearance as I best might.'

"'This, oh baker, is a fable!' exclaimed the slave. 'I will return and relate it to my master, who will assuredly take thee before the Kadhi, and have thee well bastinadoed for attempting to put upon him this impudent imposture.'

"Among the baker's other customers, who heard this story, some put faith in his words, while the rest sided with the slave. A fierce dispute arose between them, which gave rise to violent language, and throwing of dust, and blows. The women rent each others' blue garments, and the men doubled up their fists and applied them to each others' faces, and there was brawling, and swearing, and a great noise.

"Just at this moment the pipe-seller entered the shop, with rage and fury in his countenance. He rushed at the baker, and seized him, and cried, 'Oh, impudent wretch! thy dishonesty will compel me to break through the regulations of the quarter, and drag thee before the Kadhi. The poor baker endeavoured to explain, but the pipe-seller would hear no reason; and, being a far more powerful man, dragged him forth from the shop by his beard, uttering loud imprecations against him for the loss of his dinner. Many of the neighbours left their dishes upon the counter, and followed towards the Kadhi's.

"Nothing is easier in Cairo than to collect a crowd. A man has but to stop and look up at a particular window, and numbers will presently surround him, and cast up their eyes towards the very spot on which he has fixed his. At first they all stand thus in silence; and when some individual, more impatient than the rest, begins to make inquiries, a thousand reasons will be given, and everybody will expect that some wonderful event is about to happen.

"On the present occasion there existed cause sufficient for collecting together a multitude. No one had appealed to the Kadhi for many months; the business of justice was in abeyance, and people had lived peaceably without the aid of the law. The pipe-seller's act, therefore, was looked upon as an innovation, as something at once wicked and interesting, of which everybody desired to see the end. Accordingly the crowd increased every minute—men, women, children, dervishes, fakirs, eunuchs, some on foot, others

Digitized by Google

on asses, hurried pell-mell after the pipe-seller and the baker, wondering, chattering, inquiring, answering, conjecturing, and speculating, in endless confusion. Ladies rushed to the windows of their harems and looked out. Devotees arose from their prayer-carpets and joined the throng. Mosques were emptied of their worshippers; merchants, buyers, and slaves quitted the bazaars; so that there appeared to be a universal commotion, as if the day of the end of the world had arrived. It was a strange sight to see so many heads in one street, so much flaunting of blue tassels, so much waving and bobbing up and down of turbans, so much crushing of silk hoods, so much thronging, pressing, screaming, cursing, that Gehenham appeared to have been let loose, and all the devils to have been seized with a sudden desire for justice.

"Thus the pipe-seller and the baker kept in front of the multitude, and their attention was presently arrested by a poor seller of cauliflowers, whose ass had fallen under his overloaded panniers. It was the baker's misfortune to sympathise with every one in distress, so he requested the pipe-seller to let go his hold for a moment, that he might assist in raising up the beast. Upon finding himself at liberty, he seized vigorously upon the ass's tail, and, desiring his owner to do his best at the animal's other end, applied so much strength and energy to the task, that the tail, which had been often twisted cruelly by way of punishment, came off in his hand.

"Then the cauliflower-vender, instead of feeling grateful to the baker for his kind intentions, sprang up and seized him by the shoulder, and assisted the pipe-seller in dragging him towards the place of justice. The multitude shouted, partly in mirth, partly in anger, and there was an increased hubbub.

"The offender now began to reflect within himself, that, seeing this prodigious gathering of people, the Kadhi might choose to forget the transaction of the morning, and, in order to gain favour with the public, sentence him to be severely bastinadoed. At the very idea, the soles of his feet began to tingle; his blood became hot; his heart beat violently; and the whole street seemed to turn round, as it does to the whirling Dervishes after their performances. So he cast about within himself for some means of escape, and uttered an inward ejaculation to the Prophet entreating him to favour his design.

"It happened that, in that very street, there lived a merchant, who, in the decline of his age, had married a young wife, who was now, after several years, about to present him with an heir to his riches. This hope filled him with so much joy that he never quitted her side, but watched over her and prayed for her; and, humbling himself to the condition of a slave, during the heat of the day fanned her with his own hands, and sought to make her feel the extreme of felicity. She was at this moment sitting on a marble mastabah beside her door; and the merchant, with a fan of palm leaves in his hand, was engaged in gently cooling her face. Around were orange trees, and the henna shrub in full flower, and willows, and poplars, and two lofty date palms, which waved their pendent leaves and golden fruits over the heads of the family. Two female slaves sat beside their mistress, one on either side, embroidering veils and dresses for her; so that the whole presented a complete picture of pleasure and contentment. By no means aware of this, the baker perceiving the court-door of the house open, and thinking it might possibly lead to some alley, or lane, or garden, dashed away from the pipe-seller and the cauliflower-vender, ran to the court, and, turning round, bolted the door after him. But this only the more enraged those without, who, applying their shoulders to the door, forced it in, and rushed after the baker, the vast multitude following, yelling, shouting, and screaming, like so many Ghouls or Efrits, which so terrified the merchant's wife, that she immediately miscarried.

"The baker's calamities had now reached a climax. The enraged husband accused him of murder, and, seizing him by the throat, assisted the pipe-seller and cauliflower-vender in dragging him before the Kadhi. Being still more furious than either of his former accusers, he, moreover, struck him several blows in the face, the unfortunate man offering no resistance, and would have continued to maltreat him in this way, but that the foremost of the crowd ordered him to desist.

"In a short time they arrived at the spacious court, where the Kadhi sat in full expectation. He looked stern and grave as they entered; and the baker's heart sank within him when he observed the austerity of his countenance, and reflected on the number and vehemence of those who were come to demand justice against him. The disappointed merchant began; but the Kadhi, having inquired into the chronology of the offences, ordered the pipe-seller to state his case first. He then, with the manner and gesture of a hungry man, related the history of the wild goose, dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the impudence of endeavouring to make him believe that the animal had been miraculously restored to life, and joined the other wild geese in the sky. As the Kadhi expected and wished, the multitude had followed the accusers and the culprit into the court, and now, with half-open mouths, looked on and listened, that they might judge by the tenor of his first decisions what his future career as a Kadhi was likely to be.

"When Jaffer had heard the pipe-seller to an end, he said, 'This baker appears to be one of the wicked. What you lay to his charge is an act of great dishonesty; for the eating of a wild goose is as bad as the eating of a tame goose, and the bastinado must be his punishment if the charge be made good against him. You have, doubtless, brought along with you witnesses to prove that when the bird was taken out of the oven it did not fly away; for, according to the laws and precepts of El Islam, punishment is not to be inflicted unless the crime can be proved by witnesses.'

"Upon this the pipe-seller became enraged, and said it was surely not necessary to bring forward witnesses to prove that what was impossible had not happened.

"The Kadhi, then, after uttering a pious ejaculation, addressed himself to the pipe-seller, and said, 'Oh, wicked man, know you not that to talk of such an event as a thing impossible, is to limit the power of God. Go home, therefore, and study more accurately the precepts of the book, in which had you believed you would not have brought against this man an accusation which now appears to be as false as malicious. I dismiss the case.'

"The cauliflower-vender, who was now called upon,

Digitized by Google

felt fully confident of success, as he had brought along with him the ass's tail in his hand, while he could appeal to hundreds of those present as witnesses. The Kadhi listened patiently to his recital, and, when he had concluded, said, 'Friend, you appear to have suffered a real injury; I therefore condemn the baker to take home your ass, and keep it, feed it, and take care of it till its tail shall grow again.'

"The multitude, delighted with the merry humour of the Kadhi, now burst into shouts of laughter, and greatly applauded him for the wisdom of his decisions; and the cauliflower-vender was too happy to sneak quietly away, in the hope that he might find his ass, and escape with it to another quarter of the city, beyond the reach of this witty dispenser of justice.

"It now came to the turn of the injured husband, who, eager to bring down vengeance upon his adversary, was almost incapable, from very rage, of delivering himself distinctly. He entered at great length into the history of his life, described the patient industry with which he had amassed his treasures, spoke touchingly of his marriage, and dilated with pathos and eloquence on his desire to have a son. Heaven, at length, he said, had heard his prayers, and he was within two months of being a father, when this accursed baker, whose face he hoped might be blackened, burst wilfully and maliciously into his court-yard, and instantly blasted all his hopes.

"The Kadhi now appeared to be greatly perplexed, and was buried for a while in the depths of profound meditation. He desired the merchant to repeat a portion of his testimony, inquired concerning his marriage and the age of his wife, and then entered into a calculation of chances and probabilities. He had evidently much difficulty in coming to a decision, because he desired to judge in conformity with the precepts of the book, and the principles of the laws of El Islam. There was, also, another wish very strong in his mind, namely, to amuse and gratify the assembled multitude, and send them away with a report of him that should reconcile them all to his mode of distributing justice.

"Under the influence of these feelings, he composed his countenance into an expression of the utmost possible gravity, and, addressing himself to the baker, said, 'Oh, wicked and disastrous wretch, I delivered thee from the affair of the goose, and also of the ass, because thy accusers seemed to be pursuing thee with malice. But the case of this good merchant is wholly different; thou hast blasted the hopes of his life, thou hast destroyed his offspring, so that unless the injury be repaired, he must die without an heir, and his vast wealth descend to strangers. Considering, therefore, all the circumstances of the case, and that, contrary to the injunctions of the Prophet, thou art unmarried, I condemn thee to take home his wife, and hereafter, at the proper time, deliver her to him in *statu quo?*'

"At this the laughter of the multitude redoubled, and the merchant, seeing that part of it was directed against him, slunk away from the court, and, retiring into his own house, made the best of his misfortune. But the Kadhi had now established his reputation, and his court was ever after frequented, chiefly by the people, so that he became wealthy and prosperous, and built himself a handsome palace, and married four wives, and became the father of many sons and daughters. Nor did he forget the baker who, in some sort, had been the author of his good fortune. He took him into his house, and bestowed on him a handsome female slave, and made him the master of his household, and his companion; and when they sat down on the divan together to smoke, they often diverted themselves by alluding to the adventure of the wild goose, and the ass, and the merchant's wife. They would then laugh and be merry, and bless God for their change of fortune. On such occasions, the Kadhi would sometimes put on the ragged cloak—which he had religiously preserved—and, taking 'The Thousand and One Nights' under his arm, would humbly approach the baker, as he had formerly done in his shop, and, in a voice of intreaty, ask him for a slice of wild goose.

"Their wives were often invited to witness this exhibition; and they, as well as the baker, always protested they owed all the happiness and contentment of their lives to the hungry Kadhi."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PROGRESS OF THE BLACK EAGLE.

The feeling with which a landsman passes over the sea, very much resembles that of a serpent-charmer when playing with a huge boa-constrictor, or cobra di capello. The animal's tricks are very amusing, but you can never get rid of the consciousness that the slightest transgression on your part might be instant death. No beauty, perhaps, exceeds the beauty of the sea, when, curled into endless billows by the wind, and painted with purple, gold, or crimson, by the rising or setting sun, every wave seems to vibrate to a pulse of joy; and as they leap, and laugh, and ripple about you, in innumerable multitudes, your heart leaps too, as the sense of indescribable grandeur and sublimity is awakened in your soul.

But when half sick, fatigued, depressed, spiritless, you lie down sadly in your berth, when every body else, perhaps, has fallen asleep, you regard the sea in a very different light. This was now my case, I felt painfully alone, for—

"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures,"

and all around me were asleep. One small dim lamp, swinging from a beam, threw its cheerless light over the cabin, while the sea hissed, seethed, and roared without, in the most threatening manner. I contrasted my situation with that in which I used to be placed at Lausanne, when, on summer nights, we used to throw up our windows to let in the balmy air, which entered inaudibly; or while attracted to them by the spell of the Alps rising in unutterable beauty beneath the moon. Then, the sweet voices of home welcomed me. Then, my every wish was gratified by a sort of domestic providence, which seemed never to sleep; and now, here I lay, as little heeded as a bale of goods, in an unsavoury berth, with boxes, and baskets, sliding this way and that, as the ship reeled before the wind. I tried to solace myself by conjuring up visions of the distant Nile, and thinking what delight it would be hereafter on a winter's night to sit with wife and children by the fire, and recount what I had seen. The words of the Latin poet came into my mind—

"Olim hæc meminisse juvabit?"

Digitized by Google

but it would not do. I could not escape from my present discomforts by dreaming of coming pleasures, never, perhaps, to come. At length, however, the great comforter of humanity,—

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,"

came to my deliverance.

The burrascas of the Mediterranean are often of short continuance. While I slept, the wind fell asleep also; so that when I awoke in the morning, we were almost in a dead calm, though the waves, as if angry at having been disturbed, still went on rolling sullenly towards the South.

Ali's oriental habits would not suffer him to remain in bed long after dawn; so he got up and awakened me, and we both went on deck together to see the sun rise. I hope the chill of the autumnal sea will not get into my style. I feel it, however, at this moment, and the up-and-down motion of the waves still gives me qualms. We had drifted during the night considerably west of Elba; Tuscany yet lay in sight to the left, while on the right rose the island of Corsica, its peaks and sharp promontories wreathed in mist. The sun rose directly over Elba, not as a mere fiery disc, but like a blood-red column towering sublimely into the firmament. By degrees it assumed its natural shape, and threw over the tremulous waves a long wake of bright gold, which looked like the path of angels. All the depression and sadness of the night now fled away. The bracing air of the morning was about us, and in Ali's face I could already discover the skirts, as it were, of the East. The other passengers soon joined us, and conversation went on as merrily as in the perfumed bowers of Italy.

Pianosa now came in sight, and we began to look out for Sardinia. The wind soon rose again, but continued fair; so that we went driving before it, ploughing up volumes of foam and spray, which constantly rose like a cloud before the ship's bows. Our masts were of extraordinary height, which, with a full spread of canvas, gives immense speed, but, at the same time, renders it necessary to furl sails in weather through which an English ship would persevere without taking in a single reef. "The Black Eagle" now gave us a touch of her quality; for, as the gale increased, she seemed literally to fly over the waves, as, in the hands of the pirates, she had often done in the Ægæan.

There would be no utility in describing the rough weather we encountered, or in enumerating the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, which we devoured in spite of it. All I remember is, that on losing sight of Corsica, we were thrown into a sort of stupor which left us little relish of existence for two days, till we arrived, late one evening, under the lee of Sicily. The first morning of the gale's continuance I went on deck to see what the sea looked like under such circumstances.

At the risk of appearing grandiloquent, I shall copy a passage from my journal, written at the moment:—"It was, certainly, the most awful spectacle I have ever seen." This is true; but afterwards, at the mouth of the Adriatic, I beheld a sea, compared with which this was smooth. But to proceed—"As far as the eye could reach over the immeasurable ocean, vast waves, with white foaming crests, leaped up, like flames in a conflagration, and then broke with a crashing, hissing sound, perfectly indescribable. These billows came, one after another, towards the vessel, seeming to threaten it with destruction, and, after lifting it up and shaking it like a fallen leaf, rolled on roaring over the deep. I often doubted whether the ship could possibly weather it out; but as we came opposite Sicily, the land lent us its welcome protection, and, thank God, the sea became more calm."

It continued much calmer all day, and we began to hope for better weather. During this day I caught my first glimpse of the Sicilian mountains, which, from my school days upwards, had appeared half fabulous to me. From the rate at which we were going, we expected to pass Malta during the following night, after which our captain (false prophet that he was) foretold better weather. In the morning, as we drove before the gale, we caught a glimpse of the Island of Pantellaria, the Botany Bay of the Neapolitan Government, lying in the lonely sea towards the South. There herds of incorrigible criminals, and gentlemen suspected of liberal politics, wear away their lives in dreary seclusion from the world, listening to the fierce surges, with whose roar are mingled the screams of sea-fowl and the fierce whistling of the blast. Every one who has a heart must feel for such exiles, cut off for ever from their country, often, perhaps, for imaginary offences.

During the following day, we rounded the eastern extremity of Sicily, and caught, far out at sea, a glimpse of Mount Etna; a mighty, glittering cone of snow, towering above a sea of mist, which completely concealed its base. It appeared to me exactly like Mont Blanc, as seen in the early morning from the slopes of the Côte d'Or. No language will suffice to paint the majesty of nature, especially when to her inherent grandeur there are added the associations of poetry and history. The influence of the deeds which have been performed at the foot of Etna, has risen, as it were, from earth, and invested it with a new glory. I could not, therefore, as I gazed upon it, disentangle the different classes of my feelings, and say which took their rise from the sources of nature, and which from the works of man. Intermingled, they were full of delight, for we lend consciousness to mountains, and imagine they look down upon us, as we look up to them, with a gentle and friendly recognition. Would I could transplant the thoughts of that moment into the reader's mind! Men who have seen half the world will probably smile at my enthusiasm at the first view of Etna. Let them smile on; I have not seen much, and, thank God, not enough to quench the admiration of his works within me. To me there was a sort of religion in the admiration I experienced. The Athenian people had fought and bled upon the land stretching southward from its base. I felt a strong thrill of pleasure at approaching the theatre of their exploits and glory, which I would not have exchanged for all the self-complacency of the greatest Epicurean philosopher in the world. Brighly blue was the sky overhead, and the snows of Etna, dazzling in their whiteness, came peacefully shelving down from the firmament in delicate undulations, till they were lost in the girdle of vapour which concealed the eternal forests separating the ærial division of the cone from the volcanic gardens and vineyards of Sicily.

The following night brought us in sight of Cala-

Digitized by Google

bria. Niebuhr remarks that, when sailing up the Mediterranean, he thought the stars less bright than in our northern latitudes. I was at first of the same opinion, because, generally, the sea is enveloped with a dense atmosphere, which intercepts the brilliance of the stars. In the desert the case is different; and even along the shores of Greece, we were occasionally indulged with a view of the heavens, which obliterated from our memory the recollection of the frosty nights of the North.

"It is with extreme difficulty that one gets accustomed to a sea life. At first every thing seems beyond measure tiresome, especially during a calm. We were now, though luckily without knowing it, passing through the lull which, in the Mediterranean, precedes a tempest. The ship lay motionless on the glassy sea, and we were devoured with ennui and impatience. Some smoked, others walked incessantly too and fro, others sought to kill time by feeding the chickens. This, after smoking, was the Bey's chief employment; he loved to see them eat, which often seemed to give him an inclination to eat himself. Kafoor made himself useful on these occasions, for, taking up his station in the ship's bows, he used to spear a sort of blue fish, called fanfani, which was delicious eating, and came seasonably to vary our diet, and put me in mind of the blue fishes in the Arabian Nights, that, from the frying-pan, held converse with their persecutors. In this our fish were decidedly inferior. Living or dead, they were always mute, though their extreme beauty almost made me sorry to eat them. They looked like large flakes of lapis lazuli, a little dimmed by the action of the waves, and preserved much of their colour even after cooking.

A part of our ship's cargo consisted of fruit, among which were exquisite pears and apples. Of these the captain permitted us to eat as many as we pleased, and we fully availed ourselves of the privilege. When we came upon any that were decayed, we used to throw them at each other, and I remember one day hitting the Turkish Bey in the eye with a rotten pear. Another of these diminutive bombs burst upon his chin, and ran trickling down like the precious ointment over the beard of Aaron. It is wonderful to what recreations man will descend when labouring under the effects of ennui. No schoolboy ever displayed tricks more puerile than we did, when, in the intervals of smoking, we paced the deck in search of amusement. There was a startling source of interest at hand; but, being perfectly ignorant of this, we were all as merry as Greeks.

GENTLE SORROW.

Seek not to soothe me, sister dear—
  Leave me awhile to gentle sorrow;
From pride, or hate, this silent tear
  No taint of bitterness doth borrow.

There is a charm in kindly pain;
  The very heart that aches to bear it
Finds pensive pleasure in the chain,
  And loves, at last, to feel and wear it.

Love, meek, though faithful, can impart
  A sweet to every kindred feeling;
Love-born, the fond, bereav'd one's smart,
  Enfolds the infant germ of healing.

To sickness and to grief belong
  A magic, blest and soul-refining,
That charms the heart, and holds it long,
  By silken spells around it twining.

By pain, or soft regrets chastis'd,
  The spirit's vision'd sense grows clearer;
And, sensual gauds and aims despis'd,
  The spirit-world seems strangely nearer.

Etherialised, and rapt, we gaze
  From pinnacles of thought, half dizzy,
On earth; and, through a mystic haze,
  Her stirring crowds seem idly busy.

If night bring rest, we dreaming sleep—
  From sights celestial waking early;
And, through our tears, if then we weep,
  Heaven's fading gates look bright and pearly.

We seem to live a double life,
  Like one in wakeful slumber walking;
Vacant we join earth's daily strife,
  The heart, meanwhile, with angels talking.

Above, the stream that all behold,
  Acts, words, a restless mingled torrent;
Below, o'er sands of priceless gold,
  Flows Meditation's under-current.

O, blessed school of kindly grief!
  O, blessed couch where pain doth languish!
There Hope grows stronger, and Belief,
  And Faith, and Love, in spite of anguish.

Health-life, Joy-life, are full of haste;
  We fail, 'mid changing occupation,
To mark the soul's best powers waste,
  Unfed by solemn contemplation.

Then do not soothe me, sister dear—
  Here let me muse in kindly sorrow;
Hush! seraph voices whisper near—
  Come to me, sister, on the morrow.

London, 10th December, 1849. Gold Pen.

Digitized by Google

THE DEAR LEASE.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.

No. IV.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The south-western division of the county Armagh, known from an old Irish charter as the lordship of Newry, on land bestowed on the Abbey of Yewtrees, presents scenery of a bold and mountainous character, but by no means as bleak or uncultivated as the hilly districts on the coasts of Ulster. The prosperous borough of Newry has grown around the site of that ancient abbey, and smaller towns have risen throughout the lordship. The uplands of its wildest portions afford pasture to hardy sheep and cattle; the sound of rustling corn is heard in harvest time, and the smoke of hamlets rises from every dell.

This description applies particularly to the district of Carnlough, so called from a small lake, lying low in a pastoral valley, between two lofty peaks, still bearing the Celtic appellations of Sleine Girkin, and Sleine Gullion; and sending to the lower lands a narrow and rapid rivulet, said to turn more mills in its course than any stream in Ulster.

On the shore of that lake, and at the very foot of the great Sleine Gullion, lay two solitary farms, divided, it was believed, for more than a hundred years, by a small stream, or burn, as the peasants called it, and named, from the respective, owners the lands of O'Lafferty and M'Laren.

At the time of our tale, about 1812, there was a tradition in the parish that these farms had been occupied by the same families from the days of Cromwell; and the O'Laffertys and M'Larens had been always good neighbours, though each, as their very names imported, belonged to one of the two great divisions of the Ulster population—the M'Larens being Presbyterian, and of Scottish origin, while the O'Laffertys traced their descent from a Milesian prince, and clung to the faith of Rome. A passing stranger, if at all gifted with the powers of observation, would have remarked a yet more obvious difference in the tenements and daily habits of each family. O'Lafferty's land was much the largest share, stretching up the mountain side for many an acre, one waste of unfenced pasture, whose boundaries were such as Nature's self set up—a mossy rock, a clump of bilberry bushes, and that tiny stream. On the lower ground, sundry large fields of oats and potatoes, with straggling ditches between, and corners left to rank weeds and grass, surrounded a group of cabins, built in close proximity round a half-enclosed yard, the chief of which, rising almost to the dignity of a thatched cottage, and having an ill-kept garden in front, was the family residence. It accommodated the parent pair, Peter and Mary, together with six sons and four daughters, the youngest of whom was almost grown; and their neighbours remarked that the O'Laffertys would have been just thirteen, the unlucky number, but there was a brother never reckoned among the household, as he had been educated for the church, and was then the priest of a parish on the shores of Lough Neagh. The family were regarded as rich and respectable, at least by their Catholic neighbours. Peter held his farm in fee-simple, at a trifling quit-rent; and his numerous household lived and laboured upon it in the fashion of their people. They worked hard in harvest and seed time, except when a fair or a holiday intervened, and celebrated every rustic festival from Shrovetide to Christmas, with good cheer and hospitality, which were sometimes limited by their funds, but never by their prudence. The O'Laffertys were all deservedly popular. Peter would have lent anything; Mary refused no applicant for charity; and the young people were equally ready to assist at a neighbour's wake or harvest. These good-natured ways were not calculated to increase the family finances.

The large unrented farm, indeed, kept a rough plenty in their home, and furnished, with the help of the priest, the means of purchasing occasional finery for the boys and girls; but nothing was ever saved, nor any improvement in house or field attempted—Peter saying, "he had no notion of skinnin' flints for money, to sink it in a mountain."

Mathew M'Laren did not hold half the number of acres, with a soil of far inferior quality. The farm had descended to him through a succession of leases, the last of which was near its expiration; and the rent had been regularly raised on every renewal, till it arrived at thirty shillings an acre, which Mathew had paid for almost twenty years. All that time he and his wife had laboured hard and lived sparingly, counting their pence and minutes, that none of them might be lightly spent. They had married when both were ruddy and strong in years and youth; but Mrs. M'Laren had no dowry, and Mathew came into possession of the farm encumbered with the portions of his two sisters. They were paid long ago, and the pair owed nobody anything; but the hair of both had grown gray, and their faces hard and old with work and weather. One improvement after another had been effected, year by year, on the farm. Rocks were removed, and marshy spots reclaimed, till there were not better fenced nor more completely cultivated fields in the county. At their extremity stood the cottage, looking always as spruce as if newly thatched, and warmly sheltered by a thick orchard in the rear. Mathew had enlarged it by the addition of a parlour, whose stuccoed walls and polished oak floor received the family only when their minister paid his pastoral visits, or on equally grand occasions; by the way, christenings were also celebrated there, and these in Mathew's house were many. He had now nine children, the eldest of whom was a handsome, though hardworking, girl of nineteen. She was succeeded by five spare, active boys, descending, in regular gradation of growth, till the rear was brought up by three very little girls, the last of them yet but a lisping baby.

They had all learned early lessons of industry. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," was the practical truth of their existence; but the M'Larens were well known at both church and school, and the juvenciles were famous among their compatriots for well

Digitized by Google

kept Sunday clothes, and an unrivalled fluency in the Assembly's Catechism. A long interchange of good offices, and the fact that their fathers had lived on similar terms during at least four generations, made them and the O'Lafferty's agree to differ in their faith and fashions of living, for in all other respects they were the best of friends. Should the two hogs which Peter always kept, insisting that, "one wis nane," chance to be found rooting in Mathew's garden, he quietly drove them home, without so much as mentioning the parish pound; and an affirmative response to the shout of "Do yez want hilp?" would bring the O'Lafferty's over in a body, on the busiest harvest day, to assist in putting Mathew's crop out of danger.

Social intercourse also cemented their friendship; sometimes, when there was no particular work on hands, the M'Larens availed themselves of Mrs. O'Lafferty's kind invitation to share in the festivities of Patrick's Day; and though they made a point of keeping silence on that subject before their Catholic acquaintances, the O'Laffertys liked to drop in to hear Mathew read from the family Bible on winter Sunday evenings, or one of his sons, in a volume of Burns,' on week nights—these works, together with the Westminster Confession, constituting the honest farmer's entire library; but reading was an art understood only by the priest in the family of his neighbour.

The twenty-first year of what Mathew M'Laren, in the Scots dialect of his people, called, "his battle wi' the warl'," had commenced, with a few days of clear but keen frost, which admitted of no field labour; but sundry implements of household industry, particularly the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, were regularly kept in reserve, by way of scope for winter exertion in the manufacture of linen, from the flax produced in their own fields. A large and newly replenished fire of peat was kindling on the kitchen hearth, and smoking most abundantly the hams and flitches suspended in the covert of the wide-projecting chimney, while the winter sun beamed through the clean window, and brightened to very gold the pewter on the opposite shelves. On one side sat Mrs. M'Laren, still a comely matron, though somewhat weak and careworn, and her frank, cheerful-looking daughter, in their dark-blue linen gowns, spinning hard for the hank at nightfall. By them sat the younger girls, busily winding yarn for the loom, in full play at the other side, under the vigorous arm of Mathew, who had that morning expressed his thankfulness to Providence, "for sending the winter, that a poor man might rest himsel' wearyin,' afore the seed time."

In front of the fire the boys were all at work, the two eldest mending farming implements, the rest making baskets, when that useful household were surprised by a loud, peremptory knocking at the outer door. "Come in," said Mrs. M'Laren, fo rthe entrance was always free; but she rose from her wheel on perceiving that the visitor so unceremoniously welcomed was no other than their landlord, Mr. Fitzsimmonds.

In any other country, Mr. Fitzsimmonds would have been considered a respectable farmer, being the proprietor of a comfortable house and some three hundred acres; but in Ireland, and in his own imagination, he was a country gentleman, if not a perfect aristocrat. Mr. Fitzsimmonds kept a carriage, with his arms on the panel, in which his lady paid visits with horses detached from the plough or cart for that purpose. The coachman who drove it had charge of multifarious duties, which ranged from planting potatoes to cutting turnips for the cattle, and it was chronicled that he performed the latter task in livery.

The governess, besides instructing six children in music and the modern languages, was expected to help on churning days, repair all dilapidated garments, and smooth for the entire family. The Fitzsimmonds' household wore all manner of tarnished and makeshift finery, and gave balls once a-year to the gentry of the county; but the village shopkeepers complained loudly of protracted credit, and the many small farms leased out of that three hundred acres were the highest rented in the parish.

Mr. Fitzsimmonds was a stout, red-faced gentleman, with half-grizzled hair, and a boisterous, would-be-good-natured manner, which those who knew little of him mistook for rustic frankness. He laughed loud and often, spoke familiarly to everybody, and was always joking; habits which were sufficient to make him popular with the peasantry, in spite of a keen, cunning look, and sundry tales of over-reaching which hung about his history.

"All at work!" said he, swaggering into the kitchen. "Gad, there's no man in Armagh can keep the young folks busy like you, Mat. You rogues of mine won't do a turn.

"They dinna need, sir," said the laborious but intelligent man, stopping the shuttle to converse with his affable landlord, who took possession of the seat proffered by Mrs. M'Laren, with a gay remark on her good looks, from which he passed to those of her daughter, Annie, inquiring if she spun so hard for the wedding gown; and told the elder boys that it made him proud to see them ploughing when he last rode by. The largest portion of his conversation was addressed to Mathew, of whom he demanded what crop he proposed for every field that year.

"It's hard to tell, sir," said M'Laren, "There's gae little of my lease to come; some say the war canna last, and then the mercats maun come doon."

"Old wives' talk, my dear fellow," said his landlord confidentially. "Have'nt you heard the news? Buonaparte is going to invade Russia with four hundred thousand men. I'll stake my life the war will last these twenty years to come; and the price of grain and flax must rise every year. As for your lease, you and I won't part for a trifle, Mat, take my word for it; though there are men that think this a snug spot. But we'll talk of that again," said he, looking cautiously round on the children; and then added, in an under tone, "I have thought of something for you, Mat. Will you be at Newry fair tomorrow?"

"It's my intention, sir, wi' the help o' Providence," said the surprised but gratified farmer, "I hae a coo to sell."

"Very well, we'll meet," responded Fitzsimmonds; and, with some additional observations on the fineness of Mathew's web, and the probability of an increase in the price of linen, the landlord took his leave. The ingenuity of all the M'Larens was that day vainly exercised to conjecture what good thing was in store for them; and on the following morning Mathew,

Digitized by Google

arrayed in his Sunday coat, for the first time in his life on a profane occasion, with his eldest son Tom by his side, and his cow before him, set out for the fair. Mrs. M'Laren and Annie remained at home; they had no yarn to sell, and it was not a family custom to go to market without business; but the dame cast an admiring look on her husband and son as she warned them that "the days were gae short," and then hurried in to her wheel.

Early in the afternoon Tom returned with great intelligence; the cow had been advantageously sold, and scarcely had Mathew concluded the bargain, when his landlord stepped up, and, taking his arm in the most familiar fashion, insisted on an immediate adjournment to Jamie Baxter's, as an inn resorted to by all the farmers for miles round Newry was termed, to have a glass, and chat over some business. Mathew, accordingly, entrusted the price of the cow to Tom's care, and sent him home to his mother, with a promise not to be late himself. However, the winter day had closed, and that industrious household were assembled at their evening tasks about the hearth before the goodman's return. His visit to Jamie Baxter's might have been presumed, even independent of Tom's information; but it was not alone the effect of Jamie's strong waters that made his air so important, and his words so significantly few. Mathew had evidently some mighty secret on his mind, but a species of incommunicative pride had also taken possession of him, and he cut short Mrs. M'Laren's anxious inquiries regarding the day's affair with, "Hoot, gudewife, the tale's ower new to be clavered to women an' bairns."

It is proverbially known that sober minds, if once they lose their equipoise, are apt to veer farthest to the side of folly; and the discreet soul of Mathew, kept so as it had been, by years of toil and saving, was for the moment thrown off its equilibrium by the flattering attentions of his landlord; for not only had that gentleman taken signal notice of him in the fair, in presence of sundry market acquaintances, but invited him to dine at the said Jamie's, in company with himself and his attorney; praised his family in particular for the virtue of subordination, became diffuse in predictions of their future prosperity, and then opened his business, the substance of which was, that as several large offers had been made him for Mathew's farm, he had prepared a new lease for M'Laren, which, though somewhat higher rented than the last had been, would secure him against the coveters of his tenement, and turn out a most profitable speculation in the times of high produce and dear land, which were certainly coming.

The praise and professions of Mr. Fitzsimmonds would have been of small account to minds more conversant with such matters; but on the simple farmer they wrought like new wine, and, under their influence, not to speak of the strong punch which wound up that dinner, Mathew M'Laren not only accepted a lease, extravagantly rented even for those times, but agreed to pay his landlord, by way of renewal fine, a sum which absorbed his entire savings.

When the fumes of the flattery and punch were in some degree dissipated on the following morning, Mathew himself could not help sharing in the loudly-expressed consternation of Mrs. M'Laren at his bargain; but the man had done the business. His brave, honest spirit had an alloy of pride, and, like most of creation's lords, he was by no means inclined to acknowledge his own folly to the individual best acquainted with it, namely, his wife. Mathew, therefore, grew violent on the value of the lease, expressed his contempt for female understandings generally, in no measured terms; and Mrs. M'Laren retired from the argument, conquered but not convinced, with, "Weel, gudeman, I wish we may a' fin' it as guid a thing as ye think, this time seven years."

The war which followed the first French Revolution had, particularly in its latter years, the effect of raising to an unprecedented height the prices of produce, and, consequently, that of land, in Ireland. Never had the agricultural interest been so prosperous as at the period of our tale; money flowed into the pockets of the farmer, and thence into those of his landlord, with a celerity quite enlivening; but keen-sighted men began to perceive that the war could not last long, and peace must bring a change of prices. From that conviction, the landed proprietors were profuse in deeds and long leases, in order to secure their own rentals, while surer speculators sold their estates at prices ruinous to both the purchasers and their unlucky tenantry in the succeeding years.

Mathew M'Laren was one of the greatest sufferers by this disgraceful policy. While the war-prices continued, the tireless industry and unrelaxing prudence of his family hardly enabled him to pay that heavy rent; but times were changing, one rumour after another came from the far-fighting countries, and at last news of a great victory was heard in the villages of Ulster. Peasant-politicians assembled in forge and public-house to hear the papers read, and children made bonfires in consequence; while Mathew, who troubled himself little about politics, saying "they were jist the work o' Providence by wicked instruments," as, perhaps, with more justice than charity, he denominated statesmen and generals, gave thanks on hearing that the prayer which his pious minister had offered up for more than twenty-five years was at length granted, and peace proclaimed throughout Europe; but corn went down with Buonaparte, while the high rents remained, and Mathew's lease hung about him like a millstone. Do what he would, M'Laren could not pay. The fall of markets continuing year after year, affected all classes of farmers, till it resulted in the general distress of 1819. Doubtless, there were many cases in Ulster similar to Mathew's, and it is needless to dwell upon the wearying steps by which his misfortunes reached their crisis—the pinching economy, the laborious days, and the rest abridged to his household; his own vain efforts and bitter disappointments; the hopeless consultations with poor Mrs. M'Laren, and the disputes which sometimes came between them—sad fruits of perplexity and overtried tempers—but they did not last, for both were true hearted. Their old friends, the O'Laffertys, at length learned their embarrassment, and that was a sore trial to Mathew. Peter never had money, but he sold his last cow but one to assist the M'Larens when hard pressed for a gale, and the family were doubly ready to help in seed time and harvest. Far the readiest was Brian, the eldest son, and, as his mother called him, the gentleman of the O'Laffertys, from a sort of natural polish in his manners and aspirations

Digitized by Google

above his class, which were, fortunately, accompanied by the more rare qualifications of a high, generous spirit, and keen feelings on the subject of right and justice. Brian and the priest were twins; and, in spite of the difference of education and rank, a peculiarly close attachment and confidence continued to subsist between them. As usual in such cases, they strongly resembled each other, and were somewhat different from their fair-faced family, both being tall, dark, and slender, with the fine, though melancholy Milesian countenance of their country's old princes, and with this difference, that Brian's temper was far the fiercest and most determined. There was no less similarity in their respective characters. Any circumstance would have been welcome to Brian which furnished an apology for transferring himself to Mathew's side of the burn, and his sisters long ago began to whisper among themselves that the attraction was Annie M'Laren.

Strange to say, this discovery was not quite displeasing to the O'Laffertys. The wide difference in their faith seemed to form no barrier of separation between them and the M'Larens, their long intimacy with whom had naturally weakened their prejudices regarding the exclusive claims of their own church; and, by the way, it is currently believed in Ulster that this is no uncommon effect of having a near relative in the priesthood. Besides, the Catholics of Armagh were accustomed to regard their Presbyterian neighbours as somewhat superior on account of their better education. "Shure Annie won't be stiff," was the parental comfort; and Brian was allowed to cross the burn on all occasions without a remark, except from his merry sisters. There was another cause for Brian's peace on the subject. The priest had quietly advised his parents not to meddle with the boy, assuring Peter and Mary that, if it was the Lord's will, it must happen; an observation which appeared so conclusive to the simple pair, that it wound up all their after consultations. Father Dermot, though a popular and much-respected priest, was himself remarked by the seniors of his flock as being less hostile to Protestant practices than any of his predecessors; he permitted Catholic servants to attend family worship in Presbyterian houses, was by no means partial to penance, and spoke little in favour of the mass. It was said his bishop had received intelligence of the fact; but as Father Dermot was at once a more learned and temperate man than that worthy prelate, he was in no haste to take public notice of it, and the former lived on quietly in his distant parish, visiting the O'Laffertys regularly at the close of every harvest.

Mathew and his helpmate had a guess how things were going; but while his father was their old neighbour, Brian was their family friend; his helping hand was ever at their service when it was most required, and he was wont to talk confidentially with the M'Larens, not only on worldly matters, but those in dispute between their respective churches. From these conversations it was manifest that his convictions were in favour of his neighbour's faith rather than that of his people, which, together with the young man's sound sense and worth, softened, in their eyes, all that was objectionable in his Irish name and lineage. Brian and Annie had long understood each other; there was neither promise nor profession between them, but both knew they were well beloved in a hard working world, and never intruded on their seniors what may be called the fuss of courtship. The useful, sensible girl had neither time nor attraction for rustic beaus, and was, therefore, spared the cloud of small vanities that flutter about village as well as ball-room belles; and Brian having no rivals to mortify or astonish, got up no quarrels and assumed no airs. Meantime, Mathew's affairs grew worse and worse; he had fallen into arrears of the last two gales, and a third was approaching, of which his utmost efforts could muster only a part. At last the unfortunate man found that to retain his farm on the terms was an impossibility; and the result of sleepless nights' consultation was, that he and Mrs. M'Laren agreed to dispose of their lease to the best advantage, and emigrate with their family to America. There was a time when the prospect of such a step would have seemed terrible to them, but long pressure reconciles us to any alternative. Annie and the boys took to the plan at once; they were young, and wearied with working to no purpose; and the O'Laffertys, after a loud lamentation over the loss of their kindly neighbours, "an' the brave place they wur lavin in ould Irelan' where thir people had lived and died since Crummele's time; bad cess till him," one and all agreed it was the wisest thing they could do, and set about saving potatoes and butter for their journey.

"Lit me go to Amiraeay, too, father and mother, dear," said Brian, as soon as the clamour subsided; "there's plinty besides me for the farm, chape as it is, an' yez know what always took me across the burn; that 'ill take me across the say too. Mathew has no son that can help him much, an' I hir' a notion we wouldn't differ on other things beyant."

As might be expected, a still louder remonstrance followed the request; but Brian was firm, and his reasoning strong. Peter and Mary wavered before it for a few days, when the priest arrived on his annual visit. The brothers walked together long beside the lake that evening, and then Father Dermot, though with a sad and hopeless look, earnestly advised the O'Laffertys to let Brian go. The priest's opinion was always decisive, and now there were weighty arguments in its favour; the change of matters in the farming world was severely felt, even by the O'Laffertys. They had a large family to provide for. North America was known to be a remunerative field for young men of Brian's class, and he would be no stranger there with the M'Larens. Brian and Annie had first discussed the project between themselves; it was their only chance for union, and the friendship subsisting between him and the old people secured their consent; so it was finally arranged that Brian should accompany the M'Larens to America, and, as soon as circumstances permitted, become their son-in-law.

Thus far, all was amicably settled, but unexpected difficulties arose in the proposed sale; land had fallen considerably in popular estimation since the war, and, after repeated advertisements, no bidder could be found for M'Laren's lease. "Its too dear at the rent," was the general observation; and poor Mathew learned, to his consternation, that neither rich nor poor would take his bargain off his hands. In this dilemma his friends advised him to try if his landlord would become the purchaser, naturally supposing that M'Laren's heavy losses and known honesty would weigh with the

Digitized by Google

conscience of that gentleman regarding a bargain by which he alone had profited. Mr. Fitzsimmonds had contrived to have most of his property leased on similar terms, in consequence of which his family made a larger display of finery, and gave more frequent entertainments. Their prospective wealth was also latterly increased by expectations from a younger brother of Mr. Fitzsimmonds', said to have realised a considerable fortune in the West Indies. Old neighbours knew that, in his youth, this man had led the life of a country rake, and when his debts and vices no longer admitted of remaining in Ireland, he had sailed for Jamaica, where negro slavery then prevailed with all its unquestioned abuses, and became a planter's overseer. There the demon of avarice took possession of the spendthrift, and for twenty years he gathered money through all the dirty and iniquitous ways that lay about his business; but dim reports at last reached Camlough of intemperance and its terrible effects, which had fallen on his latter days in that tropical climate; and nobody was surprised when Fitsimmonds announced that his brother was coming home to recruit his health and settle with him in Ireland.

Sundry preparations were made for the rich man's arrival; and the family were wondering he did'nt come, when a letter reached them from the captain of the ship in which he sailed from Jamaica. Fitzsimmonds said it gave an account of his sudden death at sea, and he was not sure about the legacy. It was remarked that their mourning was rather shabby; but a seaman of the same vessel who came to visit his friends in Newry solved the mystery by telling that, one dark night, Fitzsimmonds' brother had rushed on deck in a fit of the horrors, with a leathern bag, supposed to contain his entire fortune, which he had drawn in gold from the Kingston Bank, slung round his neck, and, jumping overboard before he could be prevented, the weight of his twenty years' gathering took him to the bottom.

It was another clear, frosty morning when Mathew, with the same respectable look, though sadly worn and dispirited since the signing of that luckless lease, and accompanied by his grey-haired pastor, waited on Mr. Fitzsimmonds. They were shown into a disorderly back room, which that gentleman dignified with the title of his office, and Fitzsimmonds entered with his wonted noise, and more than his wonted consequence; but both were strangely damped by the calm seriousness of the old Presbyterian minister, who, having a casual acquaintance of the landlord, at once proceeded to declare their mission—setting forth Mathew's utter inability to retain the farm, his proposed plan of emigration, and his present difficulties, concluding with a hope that Mr. Fitsimmonds would himself become the purchaser of his undisposable lease. Mr. Fitzsimmonds felt there were other leases which he might be called upon to purchase if such a precedent were given, and, therefore, answered, confusedly—"I really don't want the farm. Its very odd somebody won't buy it, for it's a snug place, and you musn't leave it, Mat. America is a wild country, you know, full of agues, and mosquittoes, and Red Indians!"

"I wud ne'er gang if I could help it, sir," said Mathew, meekly. "Bit I hae done me best, and can't live—the lease is ower dear."

"You should have thought of that in time, my good fellow," said his landlord, kindling up, for the minister's eye was upon him; "but as for buying it, I have no money to spare at present, but a deal of business—so I wish you a very good morning;" and the next sound they heard was that of Mr. Fitzsimmonds' horse in full gallop for Newry.

That evening, Brian and Dermot walked again beside the lake; the former had been at Mathew's cottage, and learned the failure of the morning's expedition, which almost threw the family into despair, as their last hopes were built upon it, and Brian himself was wild with wrath and disappointment.

"Brother, I know not what to advise," said Dermot, after a pause, "but there is a queer story running in my memory. When I came first to my parish, a poor widow came to me with a sad complaint of a graceless Protestant farmer to whom she had lent the price of her cow more than a year before; and, having neither witness nor acknowledgment, he denied the debt. One sultry afternoon, in the previous summer, a man, calling himself a tired traveller, asked leave to rest in her cabin. While he sat, they entered into conversation, and as it was always uppermost in the poor woman's mind, she told him the story of the loan. 'Well,' said the man, 'there is one method in this world to get your debt paid, and it will never fail where there is wrong or injustice in the case. Get a priest any time between midnight and morning, and mind the nearer midnight the better, to say a mass backwards, keeping the name of God out of it, and you'll have your money within twenty-four hours after; but let me warn you never to get that job done except when no other means will serve;' and almost immediately the traveller took his departure, saying he had far to go; and she never saw him again. I thought it a strange superstition, but somehow I couldn't help wondering if there were any truth in it; and one night, having sat up late reading, I was tempted to put it in practice; but, Brian, all I know is, that next day the widow came to me, rejoicing that the farmer had come and paid her; and he has been a quiet man, and a regular church-goer ever since."

The O'Laffertys wondered that night why Brian and Dermot sat so late; but they had always something of their own to speak of, and the family went to sleep, and left them by the fire. The M'Larens, too, sat much later than usual; household casualties occupied their time; but all was over at last, and the juniors had retired, when Mathew, saying he couldn't sleep, and it was long till day, seated himself by the hearth. "We'll sit wi' ye, father, dear," said Annie, taking her place at his one side, as Mrs. M'Laren came kindly to the other.

It is a sad power in human cares which banishes sleep even from the couch of labour. Long the three talked over their state and prospects, till Annie inquired if they heard anything; and the next moment a hand outside lifted the latch. The door, which Mathew thought he had barred some hours before, slowly opened, and a dark, strange-looking man, carrying a heavy bag, in which they heard coins chink, walked in, and gruffly demanded of Mathew if he had a lease to sell.

"Indeed I hae, sir," said Mathew; "but it's late."

"It's never late with us," interrupted the stranger. "I have travelled far to buy your lease. What's the price of it?"

Digitized by Google

"Three hunner' wad ne'er pay me, sir, improvements and all considered," said Mathew; "but won't you sit doun?"

"No," said the stranger, opening his bag; and Annie remarked that it seemed full of guineas. One by one they chinked on the white deal table, as the stranger counted them out like a man accustomed to the work. "There's three hundred," said he at last; "make haste and give me the lease."

"Are there nae papers to sign, sir?" said Mathew, producing the lease from among his family valuables, laid up in a large chest. "Hadn't you better speak to Mr. Fitzsimmonds?"

"I'll settle with him myself," said the stranger, snatching it from his hand. The goodman afterwards said, he had never felt so unwilling to take money; but before he could remonstrate, the stranger stalked out, leaving Annie and Mrs. M'Laren amazed at the sight of so much gold. They were three hundred real guineas, for Mathew counted them carefully over; but it was a strange hour and a quick sale, and the three wished for morning. When it came, their first movement was to acquaint the O'Laffertys with the fact, and much were they amazed, especially Brian and the priest; but when they had wondered sufficiently over the particulars, it was agreed, by advice of Father Dermot, that these being somewhat inexplicable, should be kept among themselves; and the information of Camlough was confined to the fact that Mathew M'Laren had sold his lease to a strange gentleman, and got a stocking full of guineas for it.

In the succeeding months both families were busy with preparations for the voyage; the M'Larens seemed in wondrous haste to leave their old home, though Mathew declared he never saw or heard aught of the purchaser; Brian, too, seemed anxious to be gone, but there was a wild burst of sorrow at the parting.

"Be kind to my boy, Mat. M'Laren," said Peter, "for the brave years that our people wur neighbours on the ould sod;" "and, Brian avourneen, don't forgit us," said Mary, "whin you and yer own's livin' well and happy, an' no landlords widin miles ov ye."

So, with many prayers and promises of letters, they sailed from the port of Newry, by one of the earliest ships of the new year.

Fitzsimmonds had judiciouslykept aloof, hoping, from the unexplained nature of the sale, that it might contain some legal loophole for his interest; but months rolled away; cheering letters came from the emigrants, which told of a pleasant voyage and a new home, found among the corn lands of Tennessee, where the M'Larens' industry had a promise of comparative wealth, and Brian and Annie saw no fears for their future. Still no purchaser made his appearance to claim Mathew's farm; the fields lay waste, and the home silent. Another term was coming on, and the landlord began to think it was too bad that he could get rent from nobody, on which account, either believing the story of the sale to be false, or wishing to prove if it were so, he advertised the place to be let, and busied himself in looking out for tenants. They were hard to find, for strange reports began to be whispered about the solitary house. Neighbours had seen it blazing with light long after nightfall, and heard wild sounds, as if from revellers within. Fitzsimmonds said that these tales were got up by some interested parties, to frighten him out of his rent; and, by way of refutation, he determined to temporarily install his bailiff, known as "Driving Jamie," in Mathew's old cottage.

Driving Jamie, as his sobriquet imported, was by no means a popular character in Camlough. The peasantry accused him of some of the worst abuses of his calling; but before its adoption, in his earlier days, he had attempted by turns sundry less obnoxious trades, none of which he had ever the perseverance to learn, and now added to his general usefulness as a bailiff, a smattering of the mason's, carpenter's, and thatcher's work. True it was that Jamie's performance belonged to a primitive stage of these arts, but Mr. Fitzsimmonds had a liking for jobs that cost him nothing, and, as the weather and desolation had told on M'Laren's cottage, he employed his bailiff to make the necessary repairs, under his own watchful eye.

Jamie's family consisted of a wife and two grown-up daughters, who were believed to fear nothing, being themselves the terror of at least all their feminine neighbours. He and they had exulted over the grand house they were to have, and intimated their collective resolution "not to be thurned out asy," which was of course never imparted to Mr. Fitzsimmonds during the three days which he and his bailiff had passed, almost together, on the premises, as Jamie did not relish working there alone, and Fitzsimmonds could not trust the repairs to his wisdom. These were nearly completed at the close of the third day: but the weather, which had been mild and dull, as frequently occurs at the commencement of the Irish winter, suddenly changed to a perfect deluge of sleet and rain.

"They'll be drounded goin' home this night," said Peter O'Lafferty, as he looked from his own door towards his old neighbour's dwelling, through the thickening darkness.

"Maybe they'll stay till it's over," said the priest, who had that day arrived with an American letter in his pocket.

"I wish thim good ov thir shilter," muttered Peter, firmly barring the door; and the old man made no further remark, but took his seat with his household circle round their blazing hearth.

The day's work was over with that easy family, and long they discussed the news from America, till all were startled by a weight falling against the door, with such force that the frail bolt gave way, and a man bounded in, who never stayed his progress till he was firmly ensconced behind Mrs. O'Lafferty, in the chimney corner. The firelight showed the terrified family that it was none other than Driving Jamie, but his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his teeth were chattering like a pair of castanets. A few minutes in the warm cottage and a glass of spirits, promptly administered by Peter, restored the bailiff sufficiently to explain the cause of his terror, and the story could never again be extracted from him so fully. "We had finished the work, and wur makin' ourselves comfortable in the kitchen," said Jamie, "whin we heird a quare noise in the parlour. 'That's somebody trying to frighten you and me, Jamie,' says the masther; but the words wirn't said, till out cum a black schrechin' company on us, an' the ringlader ov thim (as I'm a sinner, it wis Masther George from Jamaickay) run at the masther wid a roar about buyin' M'Laren's lease, that wud frighten the soul out of ye. Neither of us

Digitized by Google

could stan' that, an' I saw thim chasin' him the strait road home."

No one ever thought of doubting Jamie's word, except in a court of justice, where it was generally believed he would swear anything; but though he shook off the effects of that fright, and returned to his old habits, if possible more recklessly than ever, nothing could ever induce him to approach the cottage, which from that night became uninhabitable, for early in the morning the O'Laffertys discovered that its roof, which seemed so substantial, had fallen in, and nobody cared to rebuild it.

Fitzsimmonds' servants said their master had come home in a strange way, and they heard a great sound of voices with him at the door; they also remarked that no rain ever did him so much harm, as he was ill for weeks after it. When he again came abroad, his blustering, familiar manner was gone; but as the tenants, one after another, complained of their exorbitant rents, he lowered them almost without persuasion. Soon afterwards he sold the property to an English gentleman, and removed to Belfast, where he survived but a few years.

Another curious point in the tale is that Father Dermot resigned his parish the same season, and sailed for America, where he became a farmer beside his brother Brian; and by their encouragement the entire family also disposed of their farm, and crossed the Atlantic, when times grew worse in Ireland. By these events the lands of O'Lafferty and M'Laren passed into the hands of strangers, and the ruins of their respective dwellings, now scarcely distinguishable, were long pointed out by the peasantry in attestation of their legend of the "Dear Lease."

A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

By J. B. D.

How noiseless glides the star-gemm'd car of Night
Along the azure pathway of the Heav'ns!
With yon bright lamp, suspended by a hand
Unseen, guiding, like Israel's pillar'd torch,
The unechoing footsteps of her sable steeds,
That, printless, beat the yielding ether road,
And wheel her through the wilderness of worlds.
How sad the sea, the city, and the plains
Under her empire. Ghosts, in twilight shade,
Flit mourning o'er the spectral-vessell'd main;
The rime-like hoar from her pale minister
Winters the roof of house and fane, robing
In dim snow the lone streets: symbolic shroud
To all the silent sleeping multitudes.
The plumed woods seem melancholy mourners,
In misty light, surrounding Nature's tomb.
These are thy earth-creations, solemn Night!
That tell of dolor to humanity.
But raise, my thoughts, my vision to thyself,
Serenely journeying 'mong the quiring orbs
That fill the Infinite with endless song.
Oh! beauteous, mystic Night! thee have I lov'd
From fancy's earliest dawn in childhood's morn'—
Fly not so swiftly from my charmed eye,
That drops its curtain on day's garish shows,
But looks unveil'd and loving upon thee.
Stay, oh, Goddess! stay till my enamour'd soul
Drink in thy deepest moon-lit mysteries,
And in exulting inspiration reel
Straight upwards, dreaming, to thy circling throne,
Where, spher'd with thee I'll nightly track the skies,
And commune with the starry universe.

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

Secret sorrow, gloomy cares,
Disgust towards the world and life;
Languid mind, that nothing dares,
But yields, as in unequal strife:
Poison, which an enemy's art
Seems to shed o'er all my heart;
My happiness you have destroy'd,
And left within an aching void.
Illusive hopes of early youth,
Your loss I ever must deplore,
Enchanting dreams dispell'd by truth,
For me ye will revive no more.
There is a time for Wisdom's reign—
That moment when the passions wane
And cease to agitate the soul,
So formed for Wisdom's mild control;
But at that age, when all is fire,
Hope's glowing pencil gilds the scene,
And high the heart throbs with desire
To taste its pictur'd joys, I ween,
In fancy's glass how brightly seen!
Ah! dangerous, then, the wish to know
The secret spring whence pleasures flow,
The dear delusion to destroy
Which gives or promises us joy.
Such is the sad, unhappy cause
Of this disquiet, this secret grief
Which on my bosom preys and gnaws,
Unceasing there without relief.
Yes! sad reflection is my foe,
Myself, the cause of all my woe.

Auchtermairnie. E. B. L.

Digitized by Google

WINTER PICTURES FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

I.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.*

I SAID to myself—What does the general reader know of Scandinavia, and especially of that portion of it called Denmark?

Why, he has heard of the daring ancient Danish sea-kings invading England, and also of one King Canute, concerning whom an instructive story is told by the old chroniclers in prose, and by William Wordsworth in verse; he has heard of Elsinore, because it is immortalized in Hamlet; he has heard of the bombardment of Copenhagen, and of Campbell's glorious ode, "The Battle of the Baltic;" he has heard something about the Great Belt and the Little Belt, the Skagger-Rack or Cattegat, and the Sound, but assuredly has a most confused notion of their whereabouts; he has heard of Thorwaldsen, the greatest sculptor of modern times, and of Hans Christian Andersen, the poet; he has heard of the recent Schleswig-Holstein question, and the heroic battlings of the Danes in their cause of right against might, and that the brother of Prince Albert commanded certain German batteries which sunk their Christian VIII., and captured their Gefion frigate in the Bay of Eckenforde; he has, also, from the days when he pored over "Guy's Geography" at school, had an exceedingly vague idea that Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, are frozen, desolate regions, shut out from the civilised world the greater portion of the year; and as to the actual every-day life, manners, and customs of the people, he knows about as much as he does of those of the dwellers in Terra del Fuego.

Thus I answered the question one dismal afternoon of the present month of November; and the result was, that in less than five minutes I had resolved that at least one general reader (meaning myself) should remain no longer in such a state of ignorance. "I will go," said I, "forthwith, and, what is more, I will give satisfaction unto mine enemy,† if I have one, for I will 'write a book,' by the medium of which my numerous brethren of the great family of general readers may become equally enlightened."

My preparations were soon made. I had only to pen half-a-dozen letters, and pack a few books, linen, and sundries, in the smallest possible space, and I was ready to depart. I am *ein wanderande vogel*—a roamer hither and thither, to and fro—delighting to mix familiarly with people of divers nations, thereby treasuring up a knowledge of men and manners which, one day, may be turned to good account. No bright young eyes were dimmed at my departure; no snowy arms were flung around my neck; no fond young heart beat against mine in a sobbing farewell embrace. Yet, roamer as I am, blessed be God, I have some devoted friends, and a loving father and mother, both of whom, I fervently pray, will live to welcome their own *wanderande vogel* beneath their old roof-tree once more. At present I sing, with literal truth:—

> "When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
> And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
> Alone I wander to and fro,
> Oriana!"

I ought to remark that I have never read any guide-book, or work of travels, or of fiction, relating to the North of Europe. The former, I believe, confine their descriptions principally to the summer season, which is the only time when travellers think of penetrating into the parts in question. I wish to supply this assumed desideratum. With few exceptions, all that I shall write will be from my own actual observation, or from information personally gathered from reliable sources; and I shall, whenever practicable, scrupulously distinguish the authority on which I make statements requiring confirmation. I am anxious to present a work which shall be as original and trustworthy as possible; and rather than fail to give a vivid idea of the real unvarnished life of the people among whom my lot may be cast, I will risk being thought tediously minute in my jottings of their usages. The mode in which these "Pictures" are taken, viz.—to write down my impressions at the moment, and to send them off each month, so as to be presented at once to the English public—has the drawback of precluding me from correcting them by the aid of subsequent knowledge; but that drawback is counterbalanced by the freshness which, I trust, will pervade them. Moreover, I hope there can hardly occur any serious errors where I confine myself to external matters; and I will, at the conclusion of the series, carefully point out any such which have been made. I will give, in the course of my notes, the best information I can to guide any travellers who may be tempted to follow my example. Finally, having thus frankly stated my intentions and hopes, let me, with sincere humility, add, that I am conscious that my "Pictures" will be, in some shape or other, far short of what I could wish; but in this world, the next best thing to that which never can be attained is, an earnest, painstaking striving towards it.

One word more. I propose to visit, in succession, Sweden and Norway, and perhaps also Lapland. In my next month's "Pictures" I shall

* I have written, and copied for the press, these "Introductory Words," and all which follows, nearly down to my arrival at Svendborg, on board the little Danish craft conveying me (as hereafter described) from Kiel, in Holstein, to Svendborg, in the island of Funen, in the Baltic Sea. Should I commit geographical, or other inaccuracies, the reader must make some allowance for the situation in which I write, as I have no "library" to refer to, and my only shipmates are two Danish sailors, who, I need hardly say, can give me no assistance.

† "And I said, Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!"—*Psalms.*

Digitized by Google

probably be enabled to describe how we spent our Christmas and New Year's Day at Copenhagen. Meanwhile, I fervently waft you, dear reader, the good old wish of "A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

WILLIAM HURTON.

AT ANCHOR IN A FIORD OF THE BALTIC,
November 29, 1849.

II.

VOYAGE TO GLUCKSTADT (ON THE ELBE).

During a few months in summer and autumn, steamers ply regularly from Hull to St. Petersburgh, and land passengers at Copenhagen. The last steamer sailed this year about the end of October; and as it was nearly the end of November when I wished to depart, it behoved me to consider well what means would be the best to reach Copenhagen, which I proposed for my chief, or, at any rate, my first winter residence. There were only two ways—one to go direct for Copenhagen by sea, in a sailing vessel; and the other to go by steamer to Hamburgh, and thence through Schleswig-Holstein to Kiel, and so up the Baltic; otherwise, to go from Hamburgh to Lubeck, and endeavour to get a passage from the small port of Traffemunde, a few miles from the latter place. Now, with regard to the Hamburgh route, it is comparatively a very easy matter in summer time, but to the last degree difficult and utterly uncertain in winter. In the former season, steamers ply from Kiel to Copenhagen, and there are always plenty of sailing vessels also; but in the latter, there are no steamers, and no sailing vessels, big or little, to be depended upon, on account of the harbours, and sometimes vast tracts of the Baltic itself, being frozen up from an early period. Aware of this, I was very anxious to secure a passage direct by sea; and I wrote to Hull, as being by far the most likely place to secure me one in a vessel of any description, and of any nation, but received answer that not one was, just then, "lying on" for the Baltic way, the season being so late. No resource remained but to get to Hamburgh, and I arrived at Leith on Saturday, 24th of November, 1849, and sailed the same evening in the Martello steamer for Hamburgh (distant about 500 miles); myself and a Danish gentleman, named Lofgrén, being the only passengers.

In my verse-making days (don't think that I am old now, for that matter, sweet lady), I remember publishing a "bit sang," commencing with the lines—

> "A smile on your face, and kind word on your tongue,
> Will serve you as passports all nations among;"

and true enough have I ever found this, among people of foreign nations; but, unhappily, there the exists a State regulation, justly dreaded by all travellers, which requires a formal, written, signed, and sealed piece of paper, called a passport, in which your person, address, and occupation are described, with more or less accuracy. To secure mine, I went to the office of the Danish Consul-General at Leith, in the morning, and left him my French passport from which to make out one for Denmark, which he politely assured me should be ready for my signature in the afternoon. On calling for it accordingly, I, to my surprise, was informed that he would not make any charge; an unusual fact, which, I believe, I attribute rightly to his taking into consideration what my object in visiting the North of Europe was. At any rate, his kindness deserves acknowledgment.

I dearly love the ocean; and mentally did I exclaim, as we swiftly left auld Scotia's shores—

> "Once more upon the waters! yet once more;
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> Which knows its rider."

Yes, in the words of Hans Christian Andersen, whose personal acquaintance I hope soon to make—

> "I love the sea when its stormy billows roar;
> I love it when its waves roll gently to the shore,
> And the pale moon-beams smile upon its blue expanse."

To me the ocean never is monotonous—never presents precisely the same aspect.

It was a glorious moonlight Saturday night, with a fine, keen air; and as the Martello dashed onwards, for her last voyage this season, her wheels *churned* the water into foam resembling snow-flakes, and the wavelets in her long wake glistened like quicksilver.

On Sunday the wind blew in our teeth, and grew fiercer and stronger, until the ship pitched and tossed right merrily. I am no curled dandy; and, I am thankful to say, I can always sleep on a soft plank, bite hard biscuits, and relish salt junk—accomplishments which every puking valetudinarian would do well to take lessons in. Wrapped simply in my old sea-cloak, I stretched myself on a locker for the night, as I thought: ah! how many nights, on sea and land, have I enjoyed a sleep which kings and millionaires would envy, with no other bed than that dear old cloak! There are three things which accompany me in all my wanderings, and are ever by my side—my cloak, my Bible, and my Burns; all three the gift of that fond mother whose eyes will overflow with tears as they devour these lines. Never will I part with either; and perchance it may ultimately be with me as Eliza Cook sweetly sings of a sailor boy, who went to sea with a cloak, his mother's gift, and when, many years afterwards, he was dying in a far-off foreign land, hugged it around him, and expired with the words, "My cloak—thou'rt warmest!" on his lips.

I was saying, that, wrapped in my cloak, I had turned in for the night. The machinery was groaning, the beams and bulks were creaking and shrieking; the wind was howling, and mercilessly striking the vessel with the force of a battery of mighty sledge-hammers. Yet the only sensation I experienced was a decidedly pleasureable one. My spirits always rise in a storm, and now my soul felt proudly elate; for, somehow, it seemed as though I were brought into direct communion with Him who "holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand;" "whose way is in the sea," and "whose paths are in the great waters;" who "speaks in tempests," and "who walks on the wings of the wind." I had just fallen asleep, alone and in darkness, a little before midnight, when a tremendous crash awoke me, and at the same moment the water poured down the companion slide—which I had left open

Digitized by Google

—in a perfect cataract, for a full minute. I felt the ship quiver and collapse throughout with the stroke; and, knowing it must be a very heavy sea she had shipped, sprang up, and with difficulty groped my way to the ladder, at the foot of which the surging water, on the floor of the dark cabin, emitted an extremely beautiful phosphorescent light. It literally seemed alive with fiery serpents, wreathing and disporting. On emerging on deck, I had the satisfaction to stagger along knee-deep through the water, to the galley, where I dried myself by the fire.

During the remainder of the night, the decks were washed fore and aft every few minutes; and mingled hail, rain, snow, and frozen sleet came down on us with the storm-wind. But there was that on board which rose superior to the grandeur and power of the elemental strife—I mean the glorious INTELLECT OF MAN! It was at work also; and wheresoever it laboureth, the mightiest organic elements are conquered, and made blind servitors, instead of tyrannous rulers. Sooth, it is a thought that ought, of itself, to elevate mortality beyond the peddling petty cares and figments of worldly life and strife; for oh, what sublime ideas doth it not shadow forth of our future state in the infinitely purer existence which awaits us beyond the grave!

Although, ever and anon, the machinery fairly paused to gather strength for the next stroke, yet onward strided the iron ship—cleaving the pathless ocean, and buried, so to speak, in the awe-striking war of nature—her giant fabric sternly and unswervingly bore along perfectly uninjured, as though the Almighty's own finger upheld and guided her on her way. I could not but mentally contrast the present state of nautical knowledge, theoretical and practical, with that of some centuries bygone; and when I balanced this ship, and the way she was handled, with the vessels of, say four hundred years ago, manned by unskilful sailors—creeping along from shore to shore, from headland to headland, and distraught if they happened to get out of sight of land for a few days in the summer months—I must say that I felt a thrill of proud emotion at the evidence of the noble progression manifest in this, as in every other pursuit to which the human mind has been continuously directed.

The weather remained nearly as bad the whole of Monday, but moderated somewhat early on Tuesday morning, although, in the words of the "Ancient Mariner,"

> "And then there came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold."

A few hours after daybreak, we beheld the first land since leaving Leith, being none other than the celebrated island of Heligoland, which lies far out at sea, and about twenty-five to thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Its name is derived from *Heilige*—Holy Island. It is little better than a long, desolate rock, rising probably two hundred feet above the level of the sea, with a species of sandy beach on one side, which is parcelled out in a few fields and gardens. There was, a while back, only *one* cow upon it, but many Friesland sheep; though how they manage to live is a mystery. Heaven must, indeed, temper both wind and hunger to them! There is a little town perched upon it; and during the present century it has sprung up into considerable reputation as a visiting and bathing place for the Hamburghers, who love to inhale the fresh air of the stormy North Sea during the summer months. The dwellings are said to be models of neatness, both inside and out; and, as locks for doors are unknown, one would presume that a primitive state of manners is prevalent; and, perhaps, even that blessing of blessings, the non-existence of any lawyer. Most of the inhabitants, who number two to three thousand, more or less, follow the sea as fishermen, pilots, &c., and have the reputation of being very indolent, and exorbitant in their demands for services. In 1807, Heligoland passed from the possession of Denmark to England, and has belonged to the latter ever since. A garrison of five hundred to a thousand men was maintained until 1821; but now there are, I believe, few or no soldiers, and only a governor *(par excellence)* who was formerly a captain in the navy, and has a salary of £1,000 a-year. There is also a clergyman, who is paid £100 a-year by the State. The civil administration of the little territory is said to be sufficiently despotic; but the dwellers are perfectly satisfied with it.

As we approached the Elbe, the weather grew bitter cold, and the salt spray froze the moment it fell on board. We passed Cuxhaven, a little way up the river, which, at the mouth, is very wide, and had numbers of vessels, of all nations, sailing or anchoring about it. The coast on both sides the river is low, and apparently uninteresting. By-and-by we could discern the Holstein shore, clothed with snow; and the cold grew so palpably intense, that it became an anxious question as to whether the Elbe would not be found frozen ere we reached Hamburgh, which is eighty miles from the mouth of the former. Doubt was soon exchanged for certainty, for by passing vessels we learned that the river was frozen at Hamburgh that morning, and our pilot decided on our going no further than Gluckstadt, which is on the left bank of the river, in the Duchy of Holstein, and about thirty English miles below Hamburgh. The Martello, accordingly, stopped off the town about 6 P.M., and boats put off from the shore for the passengers. As both myself and Mr. Lofgrén were exceedingly desirous to get on to Hamburgh that night if possible, we hailed to know when the train left for the latter place—as there is a railway, which passes from Kiel through Gluckstadt to Altona (opposite Hamburgh). The reply was that the last train had left half-an-hour before. After a brief consideration, we both agreed to land, and four stout oarsmen propelled us towards the town. As we approached the shore, they had to pull hard to force their way through the floating masses of ice. On nearing the pier we were eagerly hailed as to the name of the steamer. The only medium for ascending this pier was a number of strips of wood, nailed in one place from pile to pile, precisely like the staves of a ladder. It was a perfectly easy matter for me to go aloft this way, but I could not help marvelling how it would have been with lady passengers, for

Digitized by Google

apparently there was no other means of landing, as the river was frozen all the way beyond the pier. I climbed gaily enough, despite fingers tingling with cold, and then, stooping down, grasped the hand of my companion, and raised him by my side on the pier of Gluckstadt.

III.

GLUCKSTADT TO KIEL.

"And having effected your characteristic landing," saith my reader, "I suppose Mr. *Wanderande Vogel*, you were forthwith marched off to undergo the custom-house ordeal—a custom 'better honoured,' to your thinking, 'in the breach than in the observance,' eh?" Softly, dear reader; no such thing. By the blessed law of the Duchies, travellers whose destination is beyond the place they are landed at, are there subjected to no examination whatever, but may walk off, bag and baggage, just as they please. My destination was Copenhagen, and my companion's, Hamburgh; so we were both in the favoured category.

My first impression on gaining the pier was a vivid idea of the extraordinary contrast of scenery which a few days' swift transit had enabled me to realise. Here I was literally in a new world. All around was ice and snow. The latter lay to the depth of perhaps six to nine inches, was fine as dust, and creaked sharply beneath the tread. Overhead hung a cloudless sky, with a brilliant moon, surrounded by a slight halo; and, scattered few and far between, in the gleaming expanse of heaven, were stars of dazzling beauty, which sparkled in the keen air, and, through the purity of the atmospheric medium, seemed to the eye to be enlarged to an unusual size.

The boatmen who conveyed us, joined by some amphibious-looking hangers-on, after a long gabble, apportioned our united luggage among themselves, and, so far as I could perceive, for each article there were two able-bodied men, all *neine*-ing and *ya*-ing, and stamping together. With this regiment at our heels, we accompanied one Heinrich Falck to his hotel, situated at no great distance from the harbour. Contrary to my expectations, the troop were not very exacting in their demands, and gathered round the bar to swallow the fruits of their labour. We were soon comfortably ensconced in a quaint apartment, with ceiling of planks overhead, and heated, as usual, by a stove. The kitchen strongly reminded me of an English one, and had its rows of plates of the English willow pattern, which is found all the world over.

The room in which I slept was a narrow double-bedded one, the tenant of the other bed being a military officer. I may describe the bed, as it was a model of others which I saw in a very respectable hotel in Kiel, and I have no doubt all in the country are similar in fashion. It consisted of a frame, with deep sides of wood, and four posts rising a few inches above the said sides. The bottom of the bed was of planks, and the body was filled level to the top of the sides with straw. Over this straw was simply doubled a strong unbleached homespun sheet, on which you reposed, with a bottle of hot water at your feet, and for covering had a slight and perfectly loose bed, probably filled with down of the eider duck, mixed with feathers of other northern wild fowls. A pillow of the same description supported your head. There were no blankets or any other thing whatever than those I have enumerated; and the whole bed had a steep declination from head to foot. A more comfortable bed than this proved, I would not desire; but, as the reader will perhaps rightly conclude from other parts of my notes, I am by no means fastidious in this respect, and almost any couch would have secured a sound repose after the preceding three rough, sleepless nights.

Instead of starting for Hamburgh, I had resolved to proceed to Kiel by the first train in the morning; and the result of an overnight conversation with Mr. Lofgrén (a most intelligent young man, who spoke Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, German, and English, with equal facility), was, that he gave me advice and information, and a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr. Marolly, likewise a Dane, and British Consul at Kiel, and I started, accordingly, at 8 A.M., for the railway station, guided by my obliging host, whose house I can conscientiously recommend.

Gluckstadt is the capital of the Duchy of Holstein,* and has about 6,000 inhabitants. From the superficial glance I had of it, it appeared to be in no respect remarkable. The most distinguishing feature of the neat houses, to me, was the great number of good-sized windows which each contained. The light of heaven cannot be taxed here. One large and curious-looking building, full of large windows, on the opposite side of the harbour, attracted my notice, as we walked along; and I inquired of Falck whether it was not the Town Hall, or some similar building, but was astonished on being told that it was a place appropriated to the confinement of *prisoners for life*. I asked what crime they had committed to incur this dreadful penalty, and was told that most of them were convicted of manslaying. In answer to further particular inquiry, he assured me that executions for murder were exceedingly rare, and were only inflicted in very aggravated cases. I would willingly have acquired a knowledge of the species of discipline to which these life-captives were subjected, had time permitted. Many vessels, including two Greenlandmen belonging to Gluckstadt, were frozen up in the little harbour.

At the station I paid for my carpet-bag and

* The Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, the names of which have so recently become familiar with the English public, comprise with that of Lauenburg, altogether a territory of above 8,000 square miles, and a population little short of 800,000 souls. Up to the period of the late war, they were an integral part of the Danish dominions, but speak dialects of the German language, and always have been governed by their own peculiar laws. The largest town in Holstein is Altona, the population of which is 30,000, and consequently next to that of Copenhagen. I do not wish to enter into any political disquisitions here, and need only observe, that at the time I write, a doubtful armistice subsists between Denmark and the Duchies, which were backed in the late war, as is well known, by the vast power of Germany. Their present condition is most anomalous. They, in fact, virtually constitute a republic, having the seat of its Provisional Government and representation at Kiel, and maintain an army of 30,000 men, as I am told on good authority. Prussia yet has a very large force in these Duchies, but has just threatened to withdraw it, and leave Denmark Proper, and the Duchies, to fight it out between themselves.

Digitized by Google

trunk, about twopence English each, receiving (as is the system on most continental lines), a ticket, the corresponding number of which was pasted on them. I took a third-class fare for Kiel, a distance of about sixty English miles, the charge being three shillings English, or only one halfpenny per mile; and I assert, without exaggeration, that the carriages were decidedly more comfortable than second-class ones generally are in England. In size and internal arrangement, they resembled English third-class, and were well lighted with glazed and tightly-fitting windows. The railway itself appeared an excellently made one, constructed, I was told, by Scotch engineers. On starting, the sun shone brightly; and feathery particles of snow drifted like glittering fragments of diamonds across its slanting beams. The rate of speed at which the train proceeded was slow.

At Elmshorn, I had to change carriages for Kiel, and staid about half-an-hour at the station, the refreshment room of which is really most elegant; and, although the decorations are probably considerably less expensive (as likewise the structure itself), than those of most English stations, so much pleasing taste is evinced in them, that I wish my own countrymen would condescend to take a pattern.

On the route to Kiel, the glimpses obtainable of the surrounding country most strongly reminded me of a well-cultivated flat English county. There were numerous fields, and neat wayside cottages, with occasionally little secluded hamlets. I believe that most Englishmen make the same observation, and say that in other parts of the Duchies the resemblance is still more striking and minute.

When I arrived at Kiel, I lost no time in going in quest of Mr. Marolly, and after some search succeeded in finding his residence. By waiting there awhile, I had the pleasure (for such indeed it proved), of making his personal acquaintance. He is a young man, and, as I before mentioned, a Dane, but speaks good English, and is of very superior intelligence. After perusing my letter of introduction, he at once offered his best services, evidently in a most sincere spirit. Having explained to him the object of my journey, and my anxiety to get to Copenhagen as soon as possible, by any means of transit, he considered what to advise. He said there were, he thought, only one or two very little vessels bound for Copenhagen, and forthwith sallied out with me to make inquiries. Having found the captain of one of them, he bargained on my behalf for a passage, as the vessel was to sail that evening. It was arranged that whatever length short of five days the voyage might prove, I was to stay on board full that time; the Danish quarantine law being still in strict operation, by which not any traveller is permitted to land until he has been five clear days from the last port he left. Passing quarantine at Copenhagen, itself is frequently a most expensive affair. Mr. Marolly told me that in September he had himself to pass it there for a brief period, and that it cost, him in fees and other expenses, £6 sterling. In some cases it is far more serious. By remaining on board the vessel five days, and getting the same certified (if necessary) on my passport, by the captain, it was hoped I should avoid further detention and expense.

This matter arranged, we dined together at the *table d'hote* of the *Stadt Copenhagen*, kept by a good fellow named Carl Heinrich, who humorously described himself to me as being the first citizen of the state (*staatsburger*). The table was tolerably well supplied; and, with the exception of myself, the guests were nearly all military and civil *employées* of the Schleswig-Holstein government, who habitually dine there, and meet again for coffee in the morning.

After dinner, I went forth alone, for a ramble over the town, which is seated on a *fiord* or firth of the Baltic, and has a population of between 8,000 and 10,000 souls. It has a University, and is the seat of the present Government of the Duchies. It is celebrated for its noble canal, navigable by vessels of a considerable size, which connects the Baltic with the German Ocean. I found it a far more lively place than might be expected, with good streets (although rather narrow), and decent, but apparently scantily-stocked, shops of various kinds. The houses seemed well built, with abundance of windows, those on the ground floor being frequently of peculiar shapes. The first floors of the better sorts were generally fitted with folding wings, after the French fashion. The rooms are heated with stoves, and I question whether such a thing as a fire-grate in the English style is to be found in any sitting-room in the place. Some of these stoves are very elegant-looking articles. The large one in Mr. Marolly's sitting-room was about eight feet high, with a handsome gilt statue placed on its square top, and would not have disgraced a London drawing-room. Little stands in his room (which altogether had such a light, cheery appearance, that, but for the snow seen through the large windows, I could have thought myself in a continental apartment in the summer season) sustained glass basins, &c., imbedded in moss and artificial flowers, which had a very pretty effect. Its floor, like all others which I saw in Kiel, was of polished hard wood, much after the Parisian fashion. The stairs were also of similar materials; and carpets are rarely used in any part of the houses.

There is an immense church, built entirely of brick, with a huge square tower, and a very lofty hexagonal spire. In the market square, foot soldiers were on parade, and the number of them to be met with posted as sentinels in the streets, reminded me strongly of French towns. They appeared to be nearly all very young men, being doubtless levies raised during the late war. Their physical appearance was good, and they were well dressed, in neat uniforms suitable for the season. They wore bronze helmets, with a peak, and brass ornaments. Their arms were musket and bayonet, and a short straight sword, similar to that used by the French troops. Sledges of different fashions, occupied by ladies, were rattling through the streets. Some of these elegant vehicles were drawn by one, and others by two horses, with a handsome white net-work thrown over their backs, and each with a row of three or four little bells jingling from a frame on their shoulder-harness.

Digitized by Google

A leopard or a bear-skin apron is in front of the vehicles, and behind projects a stout piece of wood, covered with leather, and about eighteen inches long, which a man holds on by, to balance, and, in some measure, guide the sledge whilst in motion. The children in the streets and outskirts had little rude sledges of their own, on which they were drawing and propelling one another; and, in some instances, a boy, standing upright on a simple piece of plank, about a foot square, with two parallel smooth-edged riders underneath, forced himself over the frosted surface with an iron-spiked shaft, at a considerable speed. Throughout the town, merchandise of every description was being conveyed along on strong sledges. On a piece of frozen water, scores of youths were skating, most of them smoking cigars, which here may be had for a halfpenny, equal to those which would cost from threepence to sixpence in England. The open air felt most exhilarating when walking briskly, and so keen was it, that five minutes' exposure sufficed to turn my mustache into a frozen mass, by the medium of my congealed breath. The feeling with which the people of Kiel regard the Danish quarrel seemed to me significantly expressed by the fact that, in numerous shop windows, there were various prints representing the explosion of the Danish ship-of-the-line, Christian VIII., and the capture of the Gefion, with appropriate letter-press.

The lamps which light the streets are large, handsome oil ones, and are suspended from a light iron crane fixed to the walls. One end of a small chain, passing over sheaves in blocks, on the under side of the crane, is attached to the top of the lamp, and the other end of the chain goes round a small roller, protected from the weather by a box fastened to the wall, with an orifice for a key, by means of which the lamp is lowered or raised for the purpose of lighting, &c.; thus obviating the necessity of ascending by a ladder, which, in the slippery state of the streets during the long winter months, would be very liable to slip out at the foot. I was interested by this simple and ingenious method, which I had never seen elsewhere. In very narrow streets, iron bars are linked across, and the lamp is suspended from the centre, and lowered and raised in a similar manner.

There is a beautiful promenade, planted with trees, leading from the side of the quay, far away along the shore of the upper part of the wide fiord. I walked a considerable distance upon it, and was pleased with the novel and beautiful prospects it commanded. In some places it rises to a considerable height, the snow-wreaths fringing its sides, and the fiord itself, with the opposite shore, presenting picturesque features. Here and there, on the precipitous side next the fiord, are very handsome villas, painted with lively colours, and full of windows. On the promenade near the town was a considerable body of troops exercising. Two or three vessels were building near the quay, at which lay a few brigs, and a number of small craft. The chorus of the sailors of one of the largest brigs, as they laboured at discharging her cargo, floated musically on the clear air; and, occasionally, the prolonged report of a sportsman's gun was wafted mellowly from the opposite shore.

Altogether, I should say that, in the summer season, Kiel must be a very agreeable residence for those who can dispense with the bustle and luxuries of large cities.

In the evening, Mr. Marolly met me by appointment, and brought news that the destination of Captain Pül was changed from Copenhagen to Rudkiobing, in the island of Langeland; whereupon I covenanted anew to go with him to that place, as I could thence manage to reach Copenhagen by sea and land in two or three days. He particularly begged I would be on board by ten P. M. With that view I sent a man to take my luggage to the vessel at 8 o'clock; but, to my blank disappointment, he soon returned with the intelligence that worthy Captain Pül, not having the fear of broken promises before his eyes, had actually sailed already without me. On this, Mr. Marolly sent for the captain of a Danish craft belonging to, and bound for, Svendborg, in the island of Funen, which was to sail that night. The captain promptly attended, but was evidently most reluctant to take me as a passenger. He started objection after objection; but my powerful friend combated them at every point, and I aided by every suggestion I could think of. Finally, he consented to receive the *wanderande vogel* aboard his ark for five days or upwards; but he hoped I would lay in a stock of food for myself, as he had nothing but his ordinary ship's provisions. This did not at all suit my views, as I particularly wished to avail myself of a genuine opportunity, which might never occur again, of closely observing the every-day life and fare of that numerous class of his Danish Majesty's subjects who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters." I therefore most urgently said that he need not fear of failing to suit me, for I could eat anything, and sleep anywhere. This last bulwark removed, and a bargain being struck on the captain's own terms (viz., for my passage and food during five days a sum equal to only about fifteen shillings English, and so many Danish marcs for each day beyond the five), he grew more cordial over a stiff glass, and departed with the understanding that I would be on board by ten o'clock.

When he was gone, Mr. Marolly (who frankly said that he himself should by no means relish such a voyage as I was about to undertake), told me that probably part of the poor fellow's objection to taking me arose from the fact that men of his class frequently did a little smuggling, in which case the presence of a third party was, of course, no desideratum. I laughed, and said I would pledge my word that, ere the voyage was ended, we should be fast friends enough.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Marolly saw me on board; and I here cordially thank him for his most friendly exertions on my behalf. Should any British subject require advice or aid in Kiel, he will find in the above gentleman a British consul worthy of the name.

IV.

LIFE AFLOAT IN THE BALTIC—KIEL TO SVENDBORG, IN THE ISLAND OF FUNEN.

And what, thinks the reader, was the species of craft in which I was to make my first experience

Digitized by Google

of life afloat in the Baltic. A regular ship-of-the-line, be assured! As already mentioned, she belonged to, and was bound for, Svendborg, in the island of Funen, in Denmark Proper. Her name was Enigheetns Minde, and her noble skipper's was Berthel Heinsen. Her crew consisted of one man—and no boy. Total of captain, crew, and passenger—three able-bodied men. Her dimensions were thirty to thirty-five feet long, by ten or eleven feet breadth of beam. She had one good-sized, upright red-pine mast, with ratlins to its shrouds, and long bowsprit and jib-boom. She hoisted a large spread of canvas, consisting of gaff-and-boom mainsail, foresail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib, all of new canvas, and was well found in stores. Her burthen could not exceed twenty tons; her mould was a very pretty one, and she was a neat and strongly-built craft, as I can pronounce, having had considerable practical experience in vessel-building from boyhood. Over her counter-stern was suspended a neat little skiff, from davits.

Descend with me to the cabin. The top is raised on a level with the bulwarks, and you enter, *stern foremost*, through a little folding door, reaching from the front of the cabin top to the deck, and just large enough to admit your passage. A ladder of four steps will enable you to reach the floor, but very possibly your legs are long enough without its aid. Once in, shut the door, and survey your domain. It is about eight feet square at top, but, owing to the rake of the stern, and the shape of the "runs," not more than about five feet by three feet at bottom. It is just high enough for you to sit upright, if you are not very tall, and is lighted by two little stern-windows, and a piece of thick glass ridged on the under side, let into the deck overhead. Between the stern-post and the nearest timbers are little shelves, thickly studded with bottles, cups, pots, and other utensils, some of them being of quaint and primitive device. A little deal table, about two feet square, is fastened against the stern, (on which table has been written all you have hitherto read of these notes,) and underneath it is a barrel of Danish beer, with a plug in the top in lieu of a screw. Looking forward, you behold a small chest against the bulkhead, containing the valuables of the skipper—his holiday clothes, vessel's register, bills of lading, &c. Above it is a tiny mirror and a shelf, and to its left is a stove, proportionate in size with the cabin. On either side the vessel is a sleeping berth; that on the larboard side being partially closed, and the skipper's own, (N.B.—He lieth snoring in it, half doubled up, as I write this at midnight,) whilst that on the starboard is quite open, and is intended for the *wanderande vogel*. Fast seats run alongside the berths, and a shifting one crosses them in a line with the side of the table. Loaves of rye, kegs of butter, huge parcels of tobacco, coils of rope, Nor'westers, flasks of spirits, and an almost inexhaustible variety of miscellaneous articles, "too numerous to particularise," as an auctioneer would say, are crammed in every nook and corner. Suspended from a hook in close proximity to the stove permanently hangs the captain's silver watch, a queer, old-fashioned thing, with the name of the maker, "Nelson, London,"* staring you in the face. I say, permanently hangs, because, with the exception of once seeing Berthel Heinsen take it off to wind it up, I never beheld its place vacant. From the same hook are suspended a leathern shot-pouch, and a bulbous-shaped wooden powder-flask, the springs of each encrusted with rust; but I found they respectively held a considerable quantity of lead and of "villanous saltpetre." Their close proximity to the stove would be somewhat startling to a nervous person, but did not rob me of a single wink. Honest Berthel Heinsen probably holds the same opinion as Oliver Cromwell did respecting the propriety of keeping his powder dry. Overhead is an array of knives and forks, of all sorts and sizes, thrust into the interstices between a beam and the deck. I will conclude my inventory by describing my bed. Its foundations were unbent sails, with accompanying cordage. On these I was to repose, and for a covering there was a small feather-bed. The head of my bed, which went up to the stern, was raised tolerably high, and, on examination one morning, I found that this tumulus was composed of an old sail, a coil of ropes, two or three rye loaves, hard as stones, a cast-off pair of trousers, a Nor'wester, and a pillow to crown all. This was very well, and I had only two faults to find with the bed; one, that the size of the vessel did not permit it to be so long as I desired, and the other, that my over-all feather-bed only reached from my feet to my waist. I easily remedied the latter defect, by employing my cloak on a service it had so often performed before.

There, reader! if you have not now a sufficient idea of our cabin, it is not my fault. We had a forecastle as well; but, as that was the exclusive domain of the one man, and he had only just room to turn in it, I won't intrude on him.

In person the skipper was a stout, red-faced, good-looking man, of about five-and-forty years of age, somewhat stolid in expression, and exquisitely deliberate in all his movements; but, as he wore ear-rings, shaved closely, adorned his cabin with a mirror some three inches square, and smoked, in a long pipe, certain tobacco which never paid duty, and was "the best under the sun"—(this must be true, for it was so asserted on the package thereof in no less than three languages—Latin, French, and Dutch)—probably he had been a bit of a Baltic dandy in his younger days. His factotum was one Lars Andersen, a lively and most pleasant-looking old sea-dog, of sixty or upwards; so good-humoured, simple, and kind; so contented, cheerful, and self-denying; that my heart really warmed towards him from the first moment of our acquaintance.

Soon as I was on board, the vessel unmoored, and spread her light wings. We sailed till the "sma' hours," and then came to an anchor, the captain proposing to return to Kiel in the morning, to take in more cargo, provided the fiord was not

* It is a curious fact that, on examining the watches suspended in at least half-a-dozen watchmakers' shops in Kiel, I found that literally the majority of them were very old-fashioned ones, bearing the name of "Nelson, London." Verily, there must have been, at some remote period, an extraordinary importation of that maker's goods into the Baltic!

Digitized by Google

frozen in the night—an anticipation the great probability of which had induced him to leave harbour over night. We closely passed, I believe, the little bay of Eckenforde, a name which, a few months ago, sounded through the world for the first, and, perhaps, the last time, in consequence of the attempt made by the Danish line-of-battle-ship, Christian VIII., and the steam frigate Gefion, to destroy the German batteries planted on shore there, and commanded by the brother of Prince Albert. The result of that enterprise was that the Christian VIII. took ground, and begged a truce for an hour or two. At its expiration, she was riddled with red-hot balls, and blew up and sunk; five hundred of her crew perishing with her. The Gefion was captured, and her name has been changed to Eckenforde.

In the course of the night I was awakened by the grinding of floating masses of ice against the sides of the vessel; and the skipper sprang—no, that is wrong, for I do not suppose his powers of locomotion equal to such a feat—rolled (that is the word) out of his berth, and went on deck to "take an observation." The visitation soon passed; but occasionally stray pieces of ice struck us until morning. The air which came into the cabin through the ill-fitting doorway was piercingly cold, and the cup of steaming coffee which good old Lars brought me at daybreak, was verily welcome. After quaffing it, I roused out of my berth, and went on deck. The scene there was neither extended nor remarkably inviting, yet, from its novelty, had interest for me. Hoar frost, at least an inch thick, totally unlike anything of the kind seen in Britain, and resembling nothing so much as the sweet substance confectioners call "snow," coated vessel and rigging. Not a sound was to be heard, save the startling scream of passing wild-birds, and the gentle ripple of the water against the cable. A dense vapour arose from the surface of the fiord (a proof of the intensity of the cold), and closely shrouded us. We burned no light on deck, neither now nor at any subsequent period during the voyage; and certainly had any vessel of size come looming upon us, down the bonny Enigheetns Minde must have gone, and the reader would, probably, have been spared the trouble of perusing these "Pictures."

I danced, *ex tempore*, very original *pas seuls* on deck for a long spell, to earn an appetite for breakfast, which consisted of black rye-bread, butter, bacon, and liver fried in a "wee" iron pot; cold meat, rum, and *brændevän;* a breakfast fit for a prince, let me tell you!—that is, supposing his royal highness were afloat in the Baltic in a tiny bark. The rye-bread was so hard that it required a very powerful arm and sharp knife to cut it, and had a sour taste; but I speedily grew to like it very much, and used to munch it with infinite relish. The *brændevän* is a species of brandy, made from wheat. It looks precisely like water, and has a most peculiar taste, and a strong earthy smell.

HIGH FARMING.

READER, did you ever see a man who had fallen into the water, more bewildered by the shouts of the mob that were handing him a rope for his rescue, than by either the risk or the immersion? Such is at present the case of the British farmer. We have been accustomed to hear that the farmer is behind the age: and so he is. Science has long been tired of making discoveries for men whose highest ambition was to farm as their fathers farmed. Literature and the press have teemed for them with information; but in vain. In England and in Ireland the more systematic processes of instruction—scarcely yet extended to Scotland, which, strange to tell, is almost destitute of the means of agricultural education—have, with much promise, made but little impression. But the farmer has been roused from his apathy at last; he has fallen souse into the water, which has wakened him up a little; he is very anxious, no doubt, to regain *terra firma;* and it is under these identical circumstances that we see the crowd around the immersed farmer, performing the scene to which we have just alluded.

Mr. Caird, of Baldour, Wigtonshire, is one of those who are handing the farmer the rope. It is "High Farming." Mr. Caird has added "High Farming, under Liberal Covenants, a substitute for Protection;" but it is not necessary for us to consider for what high farming is or is not a substitute. The public excitement is about the thing itself; and we prefer at present that the reader's attention should not be distracted by political considerations.

There are others, as well as Mr. Caird, who join in the rescue. But they are rather standing by and shouting than lending any great hand. Lord Kinnaird is one of these. His shout is, "Farm high, and use guano;" but his lordship is a far abler writer than a farmer. And if Mr. Caird has drawn a nest of hornets on his head, to speak without disparagement of the host of opposition pamphlets that have been launched at that part of his personal organisation, Lord Kinnaird is assailed with scarcely less vehemence and effect. The Carse farmers have girded up their loins against him by dozens; and his lordship, like a prize-fighter at a fair, stands calling only for fair play—one down, another on: the noble Baron of Rossie takes any odds. The truth is, that the Carse farmers are not *high* farmers. It is the great corn district of Scotland; and only commenced turnip husbandry in 1835. Only for the drainage improvements which the few intervening years since then have introduced so largely into Scotland, they could not probably have done the little they have done in this direction. But even now, Lord Kinnaird, who parries the thrusts at him by generously republishing the "Answers" of the farmers, "revised by Lord Kinnaird," that is, interlarded with sauce-piquant, in the form of a running commentary, will not allow

Digitized by Google

the best Carse farmers any knowledge of stock. He boasts of having introduced the only improved breeding animals to be found in the district; and asserts that at this moment he does not know, betwixt Perth and Dundee, of a bull to be commended for breeding purposes. We shall by-and-by see that the management of stock forms an important element, if not *the* important element in high farming.

It must, however, be understood that in Scotland alone there are two paper wars now raging in agriculture—the one being the high farming controversy proper, and the other the Carse controversy, namely, Lord Kinnaird's. Both are essentially questions of profit; but must, nevertheless, not be confounded. The high farming question, originating with Mr. Caird, is the more sweeping and comprehensive. The Carse dispute is limited, chiefly to considerations affecting clay lands and naked fallows; and if not altogether local, is at all events peculiar to Carse lands, the Northumbrian clays, and corn districts, such as Easter Ross. As for the Gladstone disputation, originating at the Fettercairn Farmers' Club, as it has a complexion so completely political, and has yet scarcely emerged beyond the columns of the newspapers, we pray leave to forbear it, seeing we have quite enough in hand ere we dispose of the practical difficulties of the other two. Even in England, without adverting to the discussions which have occurred in the journals since the first appearance of Mr. Caird's pamphlet, Mr. Mechi, who, by the way, is the person to whom we should rather ascribe the illustration of high farming, has been made the butt for all the random shafts of criticising and inquiring agriculturists. It is not, indeed, the first time Mr. Caird has appeared in print on agricultural questions, chiefly, however, as the reporter of the proceedings of others; for it is whispered that his own farming practice at Baldour, and his experience as factor over some landed estates, have hardly been marked by those characteristics of success he has so ably described in the case of Mr. M'Culloch's farm, at Auchness. Mr. Mechi, on the other hand, although what is termed in the Carse controversy a man-of-business farmer, being the identical gentleman whose magic paste and toilet elegancies are so well known in Leadenhall Street—Mr. Mechi has only chronicled his own experience. Eight years ago, Mr. Mechi came down to Essex from his counting-house in London, and invested in a cold clay farm of 130 acres some of the handsome profits he had realised in magic paste. He astonished the Essex men at once and for ever by his operations on Tiptree Farm: he levelled the hedgerows, rooted up the trees, filled in the ditches, built nine-inch walls for enclosure, and at Tiptree Hall erected a magnificent steading of slated roofs (a slated roof is a novelty on the Essex clay), and, if we mistake not, an India-rubber liquid manure tank. In short, on 130 acres of his own, and 40 acres of hired land, Mr. Mechi had, four years ago, by his own showing, expended £13,500 in improvements. Four years ago, we recollect very well, a distinguished agricultural friend of our own visited the scene of Mr. Mechi's operations, in consequence of our having put into his hands that gentleman's thin quarto of agricultural letters, addressed by him from time to time to the newspapers, and forming the records of his experience. The Scotch agriculturist alluded to, expressed himself extremely disappointed at the state of the Essex farm, and censured extremely the existence of open drains, a thing even then to be met with in no improved part of Scotland. We could hardly understand this at the time, and scarcely even yet; for Mr. Mechi's decided *forte* is drainage. But that his proceedings are open to controversy on the part of agricultural inquirers from Scotland more especially, we shall quote the words of one of the most intelligent Kincardineshire farmers, about a month ago, to evince:—

"Having spent a few weeks in London," says this gentleman, in the course of some correspondence, "I took occasion to visit Mr. Mechi's far-famed farm of Tiptree Hall. My name being known to Mr. M., I was most cordially received by him, and had a stout day's conversation and argumentation with him. He is a most energetic and intelligent man, and no one can be long in his company without being benefitted by his experimental knowledge and shrewd remarks. Although I conceive, at least fear, that some of his views are erroneous, still the agricultural interest generally is deeply indebted to him for the great effort he has made to establish certain important points connected with the subject he has so much at heart; and it is to be hoped that he will still persevere in his experiments, until the truth and fact of his theories can be demonstrated to our satisfaction."

The English agriculturists have treated Mr. Mechi much worse than the Scotch. The latter have only doubted, while the former have disputed, his views as a farmer. And Mr. Hodgson, a Cumberland farmer, of Low Walton, near Whitehaven, lately challenged Mr. Mechi to show his Swedes and his farm against the average farming of the North, for a cool hundred. Mr. Mechi prudently declined the competition, on the ground that the Cumberland Cartel had been penned from the Red Lion Inn on market day. But ere long, the champion of high farming, and, as we consider, its actual originator, was fairly caught in attendance on a public dinner of the "Witham Labourer's Friend and Agricultural Society," near Chelmsford.

The essence of high farming, as we have already hinted, is the application of the green crops and straw of the farm to the fattening of stock; the theory of manure being thus fully developed, and a constant circulation of the agricultural produce maintained, until production is pushed to its limits by having attained the greatest possible quantities of farm manure, along with the greatest possible crops from its application to the soil. But the general theory of high farming, as will be seen, disdains not to enlist in the service of the field every accessory known in science or mechanics. An eminent Essex farmer, Mr. William Hutley, is secretary of the Witham Society; and, as if to draw out Mr. Mechi, he submitted to the meeting the notes of an experiment with farm-yard and artificial manures. In a field of strong clay land (clover ley) he found that a certain portion, manured with rape-cake and guano, at the rate of £3 per acre, produced at the rate of 2½ bushels per acre, besides, as he thinks, half-a-load of straw, more than a certain portion manured with farm-yard dung, 25 loads, containing 24 bushels each, per acre.

Digitized by Google

Lord Rayleigh, the president, having pronounced this, so far as it went, a conclusive reason for giving up fatting cattle, and for buying artificial manures, for Mr. Hutley calculated a gain of 30s. an acre on the artificials, up got Mr. Mechi, and stood to his principles. He defended his drainage; he told them that it was a bad thing, in regard to agriculture, to assume they were too perfect. They could not go into any part of the kingdom without travelling down green lanes, with great fences, ten, or fifteen, or twenty feet broad; they could not help seeing that the land was not half cultivated, the ditches blocked up, the buildings tumbling down, the manure washed away. Want of capital, want of skill, and want of security, were the causes of this in some cases; but he trusted to the force of discussion and of public opinion to take away that fatal feeling in agriculture. They met with a man who was farming in the worst possible way; and if spoken to on the subject, he would say, "I a bad farmer! My father farmed in the same way, and I shall keep on with it." He therefore blamed this Mr. Hutley, and what he called the "go-a-head farmers," who spent a great deal in artificial manures, when they patted the bad farmers on the back. But when Mr. Hutley advised them to use guano and rape-cake, he said, let them be careful how they dispensed with farm-yard manure, because Mr. Nesbet (a gentleman who keeps a well-known agricultural school) would tell them that rape-cake and guano did not contain all that farm-yard manure contained, for the best farm-yard manure contained *everything that every plant could require;* therefore, let them be careful how they parted with it. He admitted that the fatting of animals was very ruinous, and, perhaps, at times, it would be advisable to avail themselves of these artificial manures instead; and as no farmer could make more manure than was sufficient for three-fourths of his farm, he ought to use artificial manures, but they ought not to neglect their farm-yard manure. These remarks, which fell in substance from Mr. Mechi on the occasion referred to, will afford a correct notion of his views as a high-farmer; and who will venture to say they are not shrewd and sensible views as need be? Yet, in coming to the question of results, we observe that although this enterprising apostle of improvement proclaims himself satisfied with his present year's crops, satisfied with his whole expenditure, in fact (and, as he says himself, he is as close an accountant as any man); still, his brother farmers are not satisfied to follow his example. They allege that Mr. Mechi, having three and a half or four quarters of wheat (Mr. Mechi himself says five) per acre, cannot cover the interest of £13,500 expended on his farm; and a perfect storm of clamour was raised at the very meeting referred to for Mr. Mechi's accounts. Mr. Mechi, as we understand, has declined to furnish accounts, because his trust is in the future; he looks forward to a time when his improvements will begin to be remunerative, and denies the fairness of instant investigation. Probably Mr. Mechi, disposed as we have seen him to embrace every available aid on agriculture, is too much wedded to a particular and costly branch of improvement—we allude to drainage—and hence becomes amenable to the complaint uttered by Mr. Nesbet, the scientific gentleman already referred to, that Mr. Mechi, Mr. Howitt Davis, and Mr. Huxtable came forward to the world as great teachers, but, like all great enthusiasts, failed, because Mr. Howitt Davis, took up their sowing, Mr. Mechi deep draining and Mr. Huxtable something else (stimulating, we think), and though they had every kind of soil, and every kind of height and level, they found these gentlemen taking up systems which were to be infallibly followed; while nature was continually varying, and therefore it was impossible for them to be right. That drainage alone has not accomplished its prediction, whatever facilities it may afford for manipulating the land, and carrying out the application of improved tillage, the experience of a Carse farmer, lately published in one of the agricultural journals, seems conclusively to show. He found that after the first year his yield of wheat, on thoroughly drained carse lands, instead of increasing as the soil got finer with the manipulation, fluctuated indeed, but on the whole rather fell off; and it may be even so on dry fields; for few farmers keep the accurate register of results maintained by the gentleman who made this startling discovery—Mr. George Bell, of South Inchmichael.

Whilst the origin and progress of high farming in England have been very much discussed, as we have stated, it must not be imagined that there was nothing of the kind in Scotland prior to the advent of Mr. Caird. Something of the state of agricultural knowledge in Scotland may be seen in a brief sketch of the career of Professor Johnston, to whom our Scottish agriculture is so deeply indebted for the manifestation of that burning zeal which prompted all the distinctive inquiries of later years, and the provision of that abundance of information and instruction which we possess in his "Lectures," his "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry," his "Catechism," his "Contributions to Agricultural Science," and his recent criticism on "Agricultural Experiment"—works, some of which are circulated by tens of thousands, as class-books, in the schools of America, whilst on the European continent, as far north as Stockholm, they have been translated into the prevailing languages. James F. W. Johnston, reader of mineralogy in the University of Durham, is, we believe, a native of Paisley; he was, however, educated at Kilmarnock, and is best remembered in that town, where he spent his early days. Like Dr. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Lindley, Dr. R. D. Thomson, and other eminent agricultural chemists, he completed his studies at Giessen, in the laboratory of the illustrious Liebig; and there have not been wanting, amongst our educated Scotch farmers, some whose familiarity with the German language has led them to assert that, ere the works of Dr. Justus Liebig were so well known in this country, through the medium of translations, Johnston cropped from that foreign field the rich harvest of his early renown. It is, however, certain that whatever impression the views of Liebig may have made on the mind of Professor Johnston, at the time when the early numbers of his "Lectures on Agri-

Digitized by Google

cultural Chemistry and Geology" were issued, he latterly, when habituated to the practice of original research in his own library, was rather distinguished by the boast of Horace—

"Nullius addictus in verbo magistri jurare;"

and, as we understand, is now decidedly at variance with Liebig himself on many important points in chemical science. It was at the period of the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow that the views of Professor Johnston attracted the notice of Mr. Fleming, of Barrochan, Mr. W. M. Alexander, now of Ballochmyle, Sir William Milliken Napier, Baronet, and some of the Renfrewshire country gentlemen. At their instance, Professor Johnston lectured to the farmers in Paisley, and subsequently repeated his addresses in various parts of Scotland, opening the eyes of the agriculturists to the facts of science, and appealing to the possible increase of profits, against their hereditary prejudices. He showed them that the prevalent horror against chemical farming had arisen in the infancy of the science of agricultural chemistry, ere yet any code of economics had been practically combined with it: that the singular fatalities with which the attempts of chemical farmers had been attended were less the fault of science than of its practical application: and that farmers had only to keep in view the combination of science with profit to practice any experiment they pleased. The result was that gentlemen on their own estates, and not a few of the more enterprising agriculturists, did begin to rise above the prejudice, that to employ chemistry in agriculture was a vain and frivolous departure from professional propriety. Guano was tried. The results were astounding. Mr. Fleming, of Barrochan, ever foremost in testing and establishing advanced principles of cultivation, published to the world such tables of results, from the use of this stimulant, as never before were known to proceed from the exhausted tilths of the old world, and looked more like the returns from the virgin soil of the new. These tables showed, conclusively, that, by the skilful application of manures, £30 per acre might be obtained on an outlay of £20; £20 on an outlay of £14; and £14 on an outlay of £11. Professor Johnston went on to state to the farmers on every public occasion, how beautiful was that economy of nature which, in the distribution of the component gases of the atmosphere, renders the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs of the animal, essential to the nourishment of the plant!—how the constituents of the plant and the constituents of the earth, the air, and all the varieties of manure, determined precisely the course of cultivation, so that nothing need be wasted in the management of the farm, and, instead of the tendency of chemical principles being towards loss, they must inevitably be towards gain! More especially was this rendered visible when, in his usual fluent and perspicuous style of elucidation, he went on to show that the gluten of the plant and the fibrin of the animal, as well as other corresponding principles, being analagous, if not identical, the parts of the animal were regularly built up and replaced by the food employed; so that it was a matter of precise calculation whether the food given to animals was calculated or not to fatten, strengthen, and sustain them. At length, in 1843, through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Finnie, of Swanston, Lord Dunfermline, and others, the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland was formed, and Professor Johnston placed at its head as chemical officer. It ultimately numbered 1,200 members; and in the course of the five or six years of its existence, the chemist had performed fully 2,000 analyses, and issued more than 3,000 letters of advice, besides delivering throughout Scotland 100 lectures. There can be no doubt that this institution was of much greater benefit to Scotland than the obscure chemical department of the Highland and Agricultural Society, now so little heard of, is ever likely to accomplish. By the Agricultural Chemistry Association, the character of Scottish agriculture was highly raised throughout the world, the best proof of which is, that in the north and south of Ireland, in America, Holland, and other countries, associations were formed professedly upon its model, and conducted after its regulations. And yet, at the close of Professor Johnston's period of engagement, about twelve months ago, it was suffered to go down, almost without an effort to retain it.

It was after this valuable institution had perished, and farming in Scotland, under the auspices of the Highland and Agricultural Society, which, to complete the heavy blow and great discouragement thus imparted to it as a science, had resolved on losing a thousand pounds only triennially, instead of every year at the "general show," was fast relapsing into its primitive condition of blind prejudice and uninformed aims, that the celebrated pamphlet of Mr. Caird, of Baldour, relative to high farming, and its results at Auchness, shot like a meteor across the troubled sky.

The farm of Auchness is situated in Wigtonshire, on the shores of the Bay of Luce, within a few miles of the southernmost point of Scotland, in a warm south-eastern exposure, and at an elevation of not more than from 10 to 70 feet above the sea level. The extent is not great—only 260 acres arable: 30 of these are reclaimed moss; 40 black moorish soil, intermixed with white sand; 125, light sandy soil, better for wheat than for barley and oats; and 65, superior red turnip soil. The leading principle of "high farming," as here laid down, is, a greater reliance on *green crops*, *grass*, and *forage*, than on corn—not, however, to the exclusion of the latter; and it is as well to state at once, that, throughout the entire pamphlet, the system is assumed to be hopelessly inapplicable to clay tillage land. The Carse controversy has since rendered us less sure of this. Lord Kinnaird is evidently not without hopes of high farming, even on such soils; but more of this anon. Meanwhile, Auchness farm, we may add, is on the estate of Colonel M'Douall, of Logan; it is well watered, fenced, and sheltered, intersected by a public road, and situated twelve miles from the port of Stranraer, but only two from Port-Logan, where produce can be shipped, and manure imported. Yet, with all these advantages, and some more extraordinary which have to be mentioned (the

Digitized by Google

splendid and expensive steading), it does not stand the tenant over and above £1 per acre of yearly rent! Seldom in Scotland is so rare an opportunity afforded for realising farming profits; although the rent named is a common one for the best and most advantageously situated farms both in England and Ireland.

The permanent improvements on Auchness include not only draining, but subsoiling, as well as farm-buildings, and the reclamation of waste land. Half the farm required, however, no drainage; the other half was thorough-drained, with tiles and slate soles—the drains at first being 2 feet 2 inches deep, and 15 feet apart; but this drainage being found imperfect, they were increased to 3 feet, and placed from 21 to 24 feet apart. On the removal of the first crop of oats from the drained land, it was subsoiled to a depth of 15 inches across the line of the drains, ameliorated during the winter by exposure to the weather, and limed, before turnip sowing, with 80 bushels per acre.

The magnificent farm buildings, the admirable plan of which is worth the whole cost of the pamphlet, afford under one roof accommodation for almost the entire stock of the farm! Feeding byres for eighty cattle, with front passages for feeding, and rear passages for cleansing, occupy the principal ranges. The cattle are arranged in two rows, separated by a wall, either half being capable of isolation in case of necessity. The barn, threshing-house, turnip-house, granary, and store for cut or bruised grain (used in feeding) are relatively so disposed that a lying shaft extending from the mill-wheel drives also the grain-bruisers and turnip-cutters. The dung-house, forty-nine feet by thirty-three, is covered over. The tank, thirty-one feet long, ten feet wide, and four deep, capable of containing 7,724 gallons of liquid manure, is arched over. Besides the principal range, suites of farm and riding stables, cow-byre, pig-house, poultry-house, and other offices, surround the paved stable-court, kitchen-court, &c. The farm buildings are ventilated with great care. Each window is hung on a pivot, and tile-holes are introduced a little above the ground behind, and at a level, in front of the cattle, in connection with air-pipes through the roof.

A portion of moss land is reclaimed each year. To the acre of reclaimed land three hundred loads of sand and gravel are applied. The expense is £10 an acre; but, owing to the fortunate circumstance of the potato crops raised on the reclaimed land being free from disease in seasons when sound potatoes have been scarce, this has been fairly compensated.

In the ordinary management of this farm, the covered dung-house being at a lower level than the byres, the dung can be wheeled in successive layers over the heap; and the urine, as it comes from the byres, can be conveyed in wooden gutters over the top of the dung, whilst whatever liquid finds its way to the bottom is caught by the tank.

Besides the farm dung, five hundred loads of sea-ware and two thousand loads of peat-moss (exposed for a year to the atmosphere)—and no trifling advantages are these—are annually carted out to the fields, and mixed in alternate layers with the dung. If anybody supposes high farming a sort of child's play, he will thus see that he is egregiously mistaken. Altogether, five thousand loads of manure, exclusive of artificials, are given to the green crops. It is frankly acknowledged that the main source of increased productiveness on the farm is the extraordinary quantity of manure applied to these crops, and all the work, apparently, of ten horses, which, consequently, are not idle!

No fixed rotation of cropping is observed. Such is not compatible with the genius of high farming. The last cropping comprised, for instance, fifty-five acres Italian rye-grass, clover, and pasture; thirty of oats, and twenty-five of potatoes after clover, &c.; fifty-five of turnips; fifty-five of wheat, and from thirty to forty, being the reclaimed moss, in potatoes. A large proportion in potatoes! but "there's the rub"—these potatoes were the money-making portion at the moment, and it is "high farming" to push for profits.

Italian rye-grass, sown in April, is cut four times in the course of the season. But how is it got to grow? Those to whom the Belgian husbandry of green cropping, stall feeding, and liquid manuring is a mystery will not readily surmise. But the urine pumped from the spacious tank is diluted in an equal quantity of water, and applied daily to each morning's cutting from a broad-wheeled cart. Yet some farmers are so absurd as to hold it for an established fact, that all the benefits of liquid manuring will not repay the trouble and expense of carting it. They may learn from Mr. M'Culloch's industrious, minute, and special application, and his four crops a-year, that "where there is a will there is a way." Eighteen acres, treated in this way, in fact, yield food from 10th May till 17th August for seventy two-year-old cattle, and ten work horses; only the latter cannot do without their oats and straw, of which also they have a full allowance. Further, the same eighteen acres soil and satisfy sixty cattle and the ten work horses up till 14th October, by the aid of an acre and a half of turnips and 280 bushels bean meal, boiled, with chaff. In other words, nineteen and a half acres yield five months' sustenance to sixty-seven cattle, on the average, besides ten work horses.

Bones and guano are applied in the culture of the turnips, which are carefully manipulated, about a tenth of the crop being of the early white and yellow kinds; the rest Swedes. Wheat is taken after.

Of cattle, 130 are sold fat off the farm every year, and the same number of young purchased to replace them. They get turnips and straw till the grass is ready, are then turned out to summer grazing, and tied up again in the beginning of October for winter feeding. Others are soiled all summer, on cut grass, clover, and early turnips, in the stalls, with a feed of boiled chaff occasionally. When all tied up for winter feeding, the stock are fed twice a-day on cut Swedish turnips, at the rate of 150 pounds a-day each, administered in equal doses of seventy-five pounds, with a supply of boiled food (an admixture of oats, bean, or linseed meal, and cut straw) in the middle of the day. The cattle

Digitized by Google

are kept very clean, brushed down with a whalebone brush, called a dandy, daily; get plenty of time to rest, and, as will be seen, are not annoyed by frequent visits from the feeder.

These are the whole details of the practical management so much talked of and commended at Auchness; and are given to supply the reader with a lively picture of the bustling and active life of the high farmer. Mr. Caird has been blamed—more especially by an anonymous writer, designating himself "A Perthshire Farmer"—for contrasting the results of this incessant and laborious exertion of the present tenant of Auchness with those of the old-world system previously pursued upon the farm. Adopting this mode of comparison, however, he has attempted to show that whilst Mr. M'Culloch pays a rent of £110 above the former tenant of Auchness, and expends three times the sum formerly spent on the farm in labour, equivalent to the comfortable subsistence of some ten families, at the ordinary wages of married ploughmen in this country, besides laying out £526 more in manures and cattle food, or, in all, effecting a total increase of expenditure of £910 15s. 8d.—equal to nearly 70s. an acre; he realises £2,518 for the former tenant's £649, being an increase of £1,876. Now the "Perthshire Farmer" has a different way of computing all this. He thinks that we have nothing to do with the former tenant, and is for comparing the results with their own expenditure; and he thinks there are a few items of expenditure to be added to those specified by Mr. Caird—seed, for instance (a strange omission, for seed is not to be had scot free), £594 10s.; keep of horses, £300; their tear and wear, £47; tradesmen's accounts, £42 10s.; tear and wear of implements, £49; travelling and market expenses, £60 10s.; cattle insurance, £88; interest on capital, £150—not one of which can we affect to say might not be chargeable in a fair balance-sheet. The result, instead of £1,876 of an increase, appears to be £17 18s. 8d. of a loss!

Mr. Caird's more formidable, because more calm and resolute, opponent, coming forward not to grapple with high farming as a system (though practically condemning the risk incurred in raising so largely of potatoes), but pitting against the humbler pretensions of common corn-farming in Scotland, is Mr. Munro, of Allan, near Tain. Pursuant to our purpose of avoiding the politics of this question, we shall attend only to the agricultural criticism emanating from this source. Mr. Munro thinks that the secret of Mr. M'Culloch's high and most remunerative farming lies in growing most extensively the most uncertain root known, under a system quite opposed to the acknowledged rules of good farming, by which the same plant or grain should be as seldom as possible repeated on the same land. Sixty-five acres of potatoes upon a 260-acre farm, and 40 acres of which to be perpetually growing them, appears to him to be one of the most extraordinary propositions ever made to the agriculturists of Britain; and he denounces the scheme as a most unfair means of attempting to show a large return from a farm. With more reason, Mr. Munro opposes the results of corn-farming to this high farming, against which he thus rails, for making the most of itself. For if high farming be inapplicable to the corn-districts of Ross-shire, then is Mr. Munro left in the lurch. His calculations, founded on twenty-six years' experience, show, left to pay the rent and provide the farmer's profit on a farm of 464 acres, only £793 9s. 11d.; and deducting 30s. an acre, or £699, as rent, there would remain but 4s. 4d. per acre, or £102 in all, as farmer's profit. Indeed, he asserts that the state of the markets since his calculation was made has converted even this balance to a deficit of £32 15s. 1d.!

Having brought forward these examples of agricultural controversy in reference to the leading topic of high farming, it may probably suffice to say that the Carse of Gowrie branch of the conflict, already sufficiently noticed, is by no means mature, as the farmers are writing second answers for Lord Kinnaird to revise. His lordship will no doubt dispose of many of the points at issue summarily enough; but, on the whole, the literary activity now astir among our farmers must eventuate in good. The cultivation of the country stands none the worse chance of being improved for having especial attention directed to it, and a searching investigation instituted into its results, in all their possible aspects. Abroad, as well as at home, the same questions are beginning to be asked respecting the profits of farming: and to have hesitated in such an inquiry would, at this moment, have thrown this country more in arrear in the general race of productive emulation than any other circumstance that could be named. By a strange coincidence, it was only the other day that a paper, called *The American Cultivator*, fell into our hands, in which the question of farming profits is directly raised; and a writer, controverting the positions of some previous correspondent, shows that the average net profit of the whole of 64,363 acres of wheat, barley, oats, and Indian corn, in Seneca County, U.S., was nine dollars per acre, or eighteen per cent. net profit on capital—whilst the manufacturers of New England, believed to be as prosperous as any in the world, have not for the last ten years netted seven per cent. per annum on their capital. Amongst the profits of the Lakeland Farm of Mr. Foster, in Seneca County, fifty-five acres of wheat land are estimated to have produced twenty-eight per cent. on the value of the land (for the farmers there are their own landlords). On these grounds, the American upholds the business of farming as the most profitable and prosperous in existence.

Digitized by Google

THE PAGE OF ST. LADISLAS.

A HUNGARIAN TALE.

BY PERCY. B. ST. JOHN.

In the dusk of the evening, and amid the blast of a severe storm, a horseman entered the long, straggling street of Great Varadein, in Hungary. Like most of the vast assemblages of huts, dignified with the name of towns, the Great Varadein was simply a huge village of half tents, half huts, where the Magyar peasantry vegetated, with their pigs and horses, after a fashion semi-Irish, semi-Bedouin—serf, or slave; to speak plainly, the Hungarian peasantry of those days endured all the miseries of poverty and degradation attached to their position—which, however, was no worse than that of the millions everywhere—where chivalry and feudalism held glorious revel. To work and sleep was about the extent of their enjoyment; and though it was not late in the evening, yet all had retired to their houses, and not even a dog looked out to examine what the stranger wanted.

And yet it was in the good old times, in the very old times, when St. Ladislas was King of Hungary, and when the Kumanes were in rebellion against their sovereign lord and master.

But communications were not rapid in those days, and the inhabitants of Varadein were not aware that at that very moment a motley host of rebels were encamped in their neighbourhood.

The cavalier, as far as could have been judged by the pale moonlight, was young and handsome, while a rich costume, a rude counterpart of that of the modern hussar, was only half-hidden by a travelling cloak.

After riding some distance into the crowd of huts, the traveller approached a spot where some houses of better aspect spoke of wealth and power. There was the church, the bishop's palace, the palace of the vayvode, and various dwellings belonging to the nobles who owned the surrounding soil—the magnate of the locality alone boasting a baronial castle.

The cavalier turned down a narrow lane, or pathway, which led along the vast garden of the episcopal palace. Having reached the end of it, he tied his horse to a tree, and then, standing on the animal's back, gained the wall.

To leap into the garden was then the work of an instant.

The garden was large, and the wall of upright wooden beams stuck in the ground and dovetailed together, so as to form, as it were, a palisado.

The young man seemed to know the ground well, for he took an alley that led towards the palace, and stood, in a few minutes, under its walls.

He was expected. Scarcely had his foot touched the sloping surface of rock and bush, that led to the foot of a tower, forming the corner of the palace, than a whispered voice was heard.

"Karolus!"

"Klara!" he replied.

A young girl, with long dark hair, long eyelashes, and a complexion of the purest white, stood at a narrow loophole, through which her face could only be distinguished by the light of a lamp which she had placed near it.

They could not reach each other even by the tips of their fingers; and yet it was to pass an hour in low whispered talk with her that Karolus, or Charles Kumbor, rode miles several times a-week.

But this time it was not to talk of love, but of war. A province was in rebellion. The Kumanes had shaken off the royal allegiance; and St. Ladislas himself was about to march against them, and his favourite page, Karolus Kumbor, must needs follow.

It would be unnecessary to relate the conversation which ensued. Klara was all tenderness and gentleness, begging the youth to be careful of his life, but to be valiant as became a true Hungarian. Though it was the bishops daughter who spoke—for in those days the bishops married in Hungary without scandalising the faithful—she had all the fiery energy of her martial land. Karolus made all the usual promises which affection prompts; and then, after bidding each other adieu, a little more melancholy than usual, the lovers parted.

Kumbor easily found his way back, and gained the summit of the palisado without difficulty. He even leaped down upon the muddy swamp outside; but, this done, was astonished to find his favourite Zug—so called after his master's horse—no longer attached to the tree where he had left him. Boiling with indignation, the young noble turned round in search of him. He was quietly awaiting him, attached to a larch at some distance from the wall.

Karolus, considerably puzzled at this event, walked quickly across the meadow, and then saw a tall Hungarian, standing with his back against the tree to which the horse was attached.

"Slave!" cried the hotheaded youth, "how darest thou lay thy hand upon my horse?"

"It was too near the bishop's palace for the honour of his daughter," said the Hungarian, coldly.

Karolus looked at the other with a fierce and terrible expression. The Magyar peasant stepped back, and unloosed his long hunting-knife. But the page seemed to recollect himself.

"Puzco!" said he, recognising the best dancer in Varadein, and the most active in all the varied games of the day, a tall, handsome, but rather sullen youth, who was said to be far too independent for a serf.

"Puzco," replied the other, in a husky voice.

Karolus burst into a hearty and uncontrollable fit of laughter. An idea seemed to strike him, so richly comic, that he could not credit its existence. It struck him that Puzco was in love with the bishop's daughter. Puzco, a serf, a shepherd, an animal belonging to the soil. There was a time—and in some ill-organised and silly heads such ideas still ferment—when the rich and noble, that is, the fortunate, the lucky, or the strongest, or the most successful, looked upon the poor as another race; when a noble lady would admit her porter or her lacquey into her bedroom while dressing, under the impression that that was not a man; when, in fact, the aristocracy looked upon the people as not only hewers of wood and drawers of water, but as

Digitized by Google

cattle. No wonder if these looked on them as their executioners, or their natural enemies, and have repaid them, whenever they have had an opportunity, their blasphemous and pagan appreciation of God's children. And yet such people have, with such ideas, dared to call themselves Christians, without one element of Christian belief in their souls.

Karolus, the page, a true noble of his day, could not restrain his hilarity. It was too much for him.

The peasant stood, uncertain how to act, but almost annihilated with a sense of his own debasement as he heard the other laugh. He comprehended him; and wild was the storm that raged in the breast of the serf as he asked himself why he, young, handsome, with every faculty as fit for action and renown as the other, should not look with an eye of affection on the bishop's daughter. He asked himself why a minister of the God of Christianity must needs have one of the rich and powerful of the land for a son-in-law, and scorn him, the poor peasant. Instinct told the white slave that, despite all the sophistry of the world, the holy bishop could not be a Christian when he condemned and despised the poor, for whose consolation Christ came upon earth.

"My lord laughs," said Puzco, bitterly, "but may not the peasant and the noble both admire the sun? Does not the blue water of the Szamo wash both the black stones and the shining gold from the mountains?"

"True, Puzco; but you don't seriously enter the field as my rival?" asked the young lord, perfectly annihilated with surprise.

"Your rival, lord and master!" said Puzco, bitterly; "are you not rich, and I poor? Am I not a serf, and you a noble? Am I not as the beast of burden in the fields, and you as the falcon? Do I not wear a *bunda* of sheepskins, and a black *succy*, and have you not brave armour, and shining gold upon your pelisse? I am a man, and thou art a man. I am God's creature, and thou art God's creature; but I shall stand equal with thee only before God."

And Puzco bounded into the thicket, and disappeared.

At all times, and in all lands where the Christian religion has been accepted and taught, there have been those who have understood it as something better than a theory. They have sought to put its tenets into practice, the very first of which should be, that there can be no more distinction between men upon earth than there will be in Heaven. Any person who believes that there are two races of men—one born to enjoy, the other to suffer; the one noble, the other servile—is simply not a Christian in any sense of the word. Long before the earliest reformers of note, there were priests who looked at Christianity in a less narrow point of view than did the rich divines whose province it was to administer to the vanity and insolence of nobles and princes, by hiding from them the fact, that assuming the name of believers and followers of Christ is not being so; and that pride, and insolence, and tyranny, and pillage, and oppression, and debauchery, and seduction, and worse, are not Christian virtues; and yet, such is the stolid ignorance of mankind, that the authors of such deeds were allowed, and still are allowed, to be Christians; a Christian without real humility, which consists in placing one's self not above, but below the rest of mankind in our own eyes.

One of these early heralds of reformation—and much as belief has been reformed, practice has as much need of reformation as ever—had formed the mind of Puzco, which stood out in a marked manner from that of his fellow serfs. But the priest was dead, and Puzco had retained but coarse notions of the ideas implanted in him by Father John. He knew, however, one thing—that accident alone made Karolus any way his superior.

The page, far more amused than irritated at the idea of having a rival who could never afflict him with any fear, even of the most vague character, pursued his way, musing as he went, towards the camp of King St. Ladislas, not forgetting, however, to make inquiries relative to the position of the Kumanes, in search of whom he had been despatched by his master.

But he arrived exhausted with fatigue at the camp of the King, who had long been in bed, and without disturbing the monarch's rest. He had learned nothing by his journey, absolutely nothing, except that a peasant had a soul, and eyes, and wishes, and even a heart for love, which in those days was, in reality, a discovery. When about midday he rode forth, in all his gorgeous finery, to attend on St. Ladislas, he had forgotten even this, for the brilliant cavalcade of knights, and their more humble footmen, were about to march against the rebel horde, which had been denounced as having attacked Varadein. The King rode his favourite Zug, so famous in Hungarian legend; and the cohort around him was all that the most warlike heart could have desired. On they sped, eager to meet the foe, sending scouts out every now and then in search of any signs of the enemy.

They found none for some time. At last, however, after some hours' march, a horseman came with the intelligence that the Kumanes had assaulted and taken Great Varadein, and were engaged in pillaging and devastating the place.

"Sire," cried Karolus, addressing the monarch, "will you allow your faithful page to hurry on? His affianced bride is in Varadein, and he fears the ferocity of the rebels."

"Take a fitting escort, handsome page," said St. Ladislas, with a smile, and "haste on. Thy master will not be long behind."

Karolus Kumbor needed not twice telling, and in half-an-hour he was in sight of the town which contained the object of a long-cherished passion—the Klara who had been selected as his bride when both were children. As usual in such cases, the mutual passion was not so strong as if their affection had been checked; and they were forced to create a romantic mystery where it was not required, to suit their love to the height of the songs and ballads of the day, which never ventured to suppose feelings approved of on all sides worthy of chronicling. But such is the inevitable fate of the romancist; his task is never an agreeable one, for the taste of mankind is not, unhappily, to be pleased by simple narratives of gentle and happy affection.

The scouts of the rebels were sharply on the look out, and at once warned their comrades of the coming of Karolus Kumbor and his band of gallant knights. The pillagers stopped not to contest their plunder, but hurried away with all they could carry, leaving the palace of the bishop in flames.

When Karolus drew rein in the square, he found the

Digitized by Google

prince-priest surrounded by a crowd, who were endeavouring in vain to comfort him.

"My child! my child!" he cried, in a tone of passionate grief; "give me back my child."

"Where is Klara?" asked Karolus, without dismounting.

A hundred voices replied that the palace had been fired in the confusion of the attack; and when succour came, a party of young Kumanes, headed by one of their chiefs, had rode away, the commander bearing the young girl on the horse beside him.

The Page of St. Ladislas calmly took council with all who could inform him, despite the poignant grief he experienced, and then, the road taken by the ravishers being indicated, he galloped away, with but five followers, on the track of the Kumanes. The road they had taken, one rude and rugged enough, was that of Transylvania, and led to that country through a series of ravines, woody tracks, and mountain passes, which could easily be defended against a large force. But Karolus cared not for danger. He was in the times of chivalry; and had the lovely girl been any other than his beloved, he would have been bound to do the same. He rode hard and fast for two hours, at the expiration of which time his horse began to give evident signs of being completely worn out; and then only he remarked, that such had been his precipitation that a single companion alone remained with him. At the same moment, a peasant, driving a mule, came forth from a thicket, and prepared to follow the track to Varadein. Karolus at once questioned him, and found that, about an hour before, he had concealed himself to escape a rude band of horsemen, who bore along with them a girl on one of their steeds, filling the air with her shrieks and groans.

The young man, who knew that his horse could go no further, and who feared nothing save the demand for a rich ransom, at once dismounted, and let his good Zug graze alongside the steed of his friend. Then, having got some provisions from the peasant, they refreshed themselves, and tried to snatch a few hours of rest. It was about midnight when they awoke; and both at once remounted, and pursued their journey. For a couple of hours they again advanced on their way, until they found themselves at the foot of the *Cserhalom*, or hill of oaks, and near a low chain of steep and rugged hills, where lay concealed a band of runaway and revolted serfs, who revenged their former slavery by pillaging and waylaying all the nobles they happened to meet.

The two young men at once perceived the light of a fire, amidst a grove of trees. Both dismounted, drew their sabres, and commenced climbing the hill. They observed dead silence, and were fully aware that they were advancing to a perilous and unequal encounter. But they hesitated not. Scarcely had they entered the grove when they heard voices.

"I tell you," cried one, "you may get ransom for whom you will; I mean to have this girl. She is pretty and tempting, and my own prize."

"That remains to be seen, Csisco," replied another, "for my part I shall have my share of the gold. If she be the bishop's daughter, the old Pope will give a good ransom for her."

"Brigand!" thundered Karolus, "nor girl, nor ransom! I am here, Klara."

And then the two men sprang upon the astounded half-dozen of Kumanes, laid two low by one stroke, and, encouraged by the sight of Klara, stretched at the foot of a tree, and bound with thongs, they attacked the others with desperate energy. Karolus and his companion were good swordsmen. They knew well the use of the weapons they wielded. Their adversaries, though less tutored, were vigorous and energetic men. The conflict was frightful. These six men hacked and hewed at each other, as they would have treated the trunk of an old tree. The Hungarian knights stood close together, and, having some defensive armour, had an advantage over the Kumanes. Presently, one of these fell. The other three pressed the Magyars rudely; and soon the thick respiration, the groans of men, the clang of swords, were alone heard. At the end of half-an-hour, Karolus Kumbor staggered against a tree, and looked around him.

His comrade was dead, as were three of the Kumanes, while both he and the three others were so desperately wounded as to leave little prospect of their recovery. In fact, the young man had received so many, and such terrible wounds, that he felt himself dying. Klara, he saw, was gone, and then he fell insensible.

Some three weeks later, though to Karolus it appeared only a few seconds, he, for the first time, opened his eyes with any sense of what was going on around him. He gazed almost vacantly on the locality he occupied. He was in a dark mountain cave, of small dimensions, but lying on a bed which was soft and pleasant, and which he at once felt was covered with fresh linen. Opposite to him was a deep cavity, that served as a fireplace, near which sat an old woman, who was, however, neither hideous nor repulsive. She was a decent, respectable-looking person, clean, and engaged in preparing some savoury mess.

The knight was dreadfully puzzled. He was too weak to speak or move, almost too weak to think, and he closed his eyes not to fatigue his senses. At this instant, the old woman moved towards him.

"He sleeps still," she muttered. "I fear me his lethargy will never cease."

"It has ceased," he said, in a low, measured, but clear tone.

The old woman clasped her hands, gazed curiously at the sick man, and then disappeared, to return next instant accompanied by another person. This was Klara, paler, thinner, than she was wont, and with an air of gravity he had never seen on her; but still Klara. She had in her hand a beverage that she had been absent preparing.

"You must not speak, Karolus," said she, gently; "you must not utter one word. Be assured you are safe, and in generous hands. Both I and you have been saved by a miracle. Do not speak, Karolus. I will give you this drink; and then sleep again, for one refreshing slumber will do you more good than all your long lethargy."

A look from the sick man was easily understood by the young girl, and she told him how long he had been insensible.

"But not another word—go to sleep; now that you are free from your terrible accesses, we can move you from this cave."

We, thought the young man; who is *we?* But the

Digitized by Google

draught he had taken was a sedative, and in a few minutes he again slept.

When he once more awoke, he was in the neat, clean room of a mountain hut, with the view of a wood-grated window, and flowers, and trees. The sun was shining brightly, and nature seemed to smile upon him. Fever and suffering were gone for the moment, but deep lassitude remained. Klara soon rejoined him, and the old woman brought in a breakfast that awakened the young man to a sense of life. He was permitted to eat and drink but sparingly, and was told of a long and weary convalescence as certain. He asked where he was; but Klara bid him not speak too much, whenever this question came to his lips.

Some days passed, and the wounded man, whose arms, head, body, and even legs, had been gashed, could rise from his bed with assistance. But he could not walk, and Klara would then sit near him and talk. She studiously, however, avoided any topic which could arouse his feelings, or give him any emotion, however slight. Sometimes, when he dozed, she would absent herself, and return with a colour which spoke of a long course in the mountains.

At the end of two months, the page of St. Ladislas could just walk, and no more; but it was already clear that nothing would soon remain of his wounds but the scars, one of which, on his forehead, by no means lessened his beauty, simply because it spoke of courage and bravery.

"Klara," said he to the young girl one day, in a grave tone, "where am I? I have been treated long enough as a child."

"You are with the Free Corps, as they call themselves, of the Hill of Oaks," replied Klara, with some confusion.

"And they know who I am?" asked the young noble, hurriedly.

"They do."

"And they have allowed me to be saved!" he continued, in amazement, "and you too! What is the meaning of all this?"

"Their new chief, one Puzco———"

"Puzco," cried Karolus, in a perfect tempest of passion, that made him fall back, almost fainting, in his chair.

Klara looked at him, perfectly astounded.

"Puzco is all that is generous and good," she said, warmly. "It was he released me from my bonds; it was he who bore you, bleeding and insensible, to this hut and the cavern, where he commands a body of revolted peasants. I thought him audacious enough when first I came, for he spoke slightly of the nobles; but in two months he has convinced me that there is nothing noble but the heart, and that a man may be great and good, though born a serf. His rude, but eloquent language has made me see how unjust, how insolent, we are to men who are our equals in all but good luck and fortune. Oh! Karolus, if you had heard him every day, as I have, expounding the rights of the poor and the oppressed, you, too, would have become a rebel."

"As you have—rebel to your race, and rebel to your love—for you return the affection of this brigand."

Klara looked at him as if she thought him mad. So great was the influence of prejudice and education, that—though a daily witness to the devotion, to the wrapped earnestness, to the eager wish to please Puzco—she never had supposed it possible he could raise his eyes to her in love.

"The vile slave told me so himself," said Karolus, hotly, and in a loud voice.

"And the brigand chief repeats it," continued Puzco, entering the room. "Count Karolus, you speak loudly. I have no reason to hide my deep, devoted, hopeless love. Had it any foundation in hope, I should not speak thus freely. I know the difference between us, a serf and a noble! How could any woman, however good, hesitate between us? The serf has his honest heart and his love—no more; the noble—hear, I avow it—has, too, his honest heart and his love; but he has rank, and wealth, and power, and blood. Count Karolus, I did not save you to rob you of your bride. I saved you for her sake, and to restore you to her. Once wholly recovered, you are both free; and all I ask is, that you, too, may own that I am a man."

"And a noble," cried Karolus, bitterly. "I deny it not. Pardon me, Puzco; I have not been just. There is my hand."

"Count," said Puzco, taking his hand with an incredulous smile, "this is too condescending."

"Puzco," replied the page of St. Ladislas, slowly, for he was faint with excitement, "ask me not more than I can give. I own your noble heart, your generous soul. I recognise your conduct as kind and manly. I give you my esteem, I cannot command my affections."

Klara spoke not a word. She had not recovered from the deep emotion she had experienced when Puzco owned his affection. To her his rude and earnest passion was new. She had been brought up with Karolus, and taught to consider him her future husband; and as he was handsome, good, and young, she had experienced warm affection for him. Unrequited passion was to her a novelty, and she pondered how love could at the same time cause such pleasure and such pain. The illness and suffering of Count Kumbor had awakened the womanly affections of her heart most energetically; but the mental tortures of Puzco were viewed with more pity than even the physical ones of Karolus. She glided away from the now tolerably amicable interview of the rivals, to think over what she had heard, and to reflect on the audacity of the peasant who had dared to love her.

The young page slowly recovered, and, as his body gained strength and elasticity, his mind recovered its tone. He had long and earnest discussions with Puzco, which opened a new world unto him—that of poverty, obscurity, and oppression, and its manifold miseries and sufferings. He learned to know that serfs and peasants can feel and think; and he stood amazed at his own knowledge. It is only the incredible ignorance and pride of man, untempered by real Christianity, which can explain the long continuance of feudalism, tyranny, and despotism. There was in those days no education of the mind or heart, in reality. War and love were the only occupations of men; and when men can only fight and make love, they are little apt to reflect.

Karolus, Puzco, and Klara, would often find themselves, at eventide, conversing together familiarly on the one engrossing topic; and when, at the end of four months, Karolus felt himself able to move, it was almost with regret that he thought of quitting the outlaw.

Digitized by Google

As he recovered, Klara fell back. The intense excitement attendant on his early illness was over; her mind, which had been unnaturally stretched, felt lassitude and fatigue, and she had a vague terror of returning to the regular life of towns, when she had roved so much at liberty in the mountains. While his men continued their avocations, Puzco took his guests to all his mountain haunts. He had been an ally of the outlaws for some time, but only completely joined them when elected their chief. He now was resolved to remain where he was. He grew grave as the time for departure came; but not a word or look betrayed his intense suffering. Still the page of St. Ladislas could detect it, and he pitied his rival from his soul.

It was the eve of the day fixed for the parting. Count Karolus and Klara were to be escorted to the edge of the woods which surrounded the mountains, and there a rude litter was to transport them to Varadein.

The Count had remained long silent. Puzco was pale and careworn, but strove to be lively. Klara was packing up a small box of things, which she took away in remembrance of their sojourn in the outlaw's cave and hills. Her tears fell fast and thick, and the Count saw them.

"Puzco!" said he, suddenly, speaking with a gravity which was above his years. "You saved my life, the honour of my affianced bride; for four months you have devoted yourself to us, and to-morrow we go, having done nothing in return."

"Count!" exclaimed Puzco, "you will not insult me by talking of recompense."

"I shall, Puzco," continued the Count; "nay, look not angry. There is but one recompense which I can give you, but one you would accept, and that is Klara. I shall go alone to-morrow."

"No!" cried Puzco, who was crimson with shame, while tears filled his eyes, "generous and noble young man. Would to God the earth were possessed by many such as you; it would be little matter who were nobles, who serfs; men would be what God made them—brothers. But I cannot accept your sacrifice. Wed your affianced bride; and all Puzco asks——"

Klara stood pale and trembling beside them, without speaking.

"I knew," said Karolus, gently. "Where is the heart of Klara? It will speak. But she is a good and pure girl, and will tell the truth."

Puzco looked sadly towards the young girl.

"Oh Karolus," she cried, sobbing, "how can you ever forgive me!"

"I forgive you, my beloved, I forgive you with all my heart. You will always be my dear and sweet sister. We have been children together, and we were brought up to believe that we must love. We did. But Providence threw in the way one whom you were not told to love; and nature spoke. You love Puzco, without ceasing to love me. This proves that you felt sisterly affection here, and that true passion had not touched your heart. Look not down; be not ashamed; weep not. I shall be happy, Klara. I am doing a good action; and God never yet let one go unrewarded. I should do a cruel and selfish one to wed you. Go, tell him the truth; be not ashamed, he is worthy of your affection. The man who, with a hated rival, and a beloved mistress in his power, for four months treated the one as a brother, the other as a sister, is nobler than a diadem could make him."

And in those savage days how rare an act!

Klara stood with downcast eyes, burning cheeks, and scalding tears dropping on her hands. Puzco was like a statue. He had never dreamed of a return, and he did not believe it.

"Count! Count!" he cried, "spare her. She dares not say, from gratitude to me, that she despises me; but it is you——"

"Klara, by the memory of our gentle and placed affection, which will be the pleasant dream of my future years, I adjure you to speak."

Klara raised her head, wiped away her tears, and spoke.

"I will do anything to please you, Karolus. Would to God you were my brother, for I ask nothing more in this world than to be your sister, and his wife."

The outlaw staggered to her, and received her in a long, wild, and passionate embrace.

Karolus left them next day, after witnessing their union by a priest of Kerles; but his absence was only for a few days. He came back in furious haste. St. Ladislas had a desperate conflict at hand, which might cost him his throne; and he offered Puzco, whose story Karolus had frankly told, the command of a regiment to be raised by himself among the discontented peasantry. Puzco accepted; and at the end of the war he and all the surviving members of his band became nobles by right, while Puzco received honours without end. He became a great landowner, and never to the day of his death forgot his tenants. He could not change his age, but he made his peasants contented and happy.

Karolus married, as much to prove his resignation, and to force Klara to be happy, as anything else; but he made a lucky choice. His wife proved a proud jewel in his coronet, and Klara became a sister in reality. The two families were deeply attached, and the parents lived to see them united by the marriages of several sons and daughters. Their descendants are now living; and the males, who have alive in them the tradition of their great ancestor Puzco, fought to a man in the late struggle for Hungarian independence.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY REGISTER.

Popular History of British Sea-Weeds. By the Rev. D. LANDSBOROUGH. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

In noticing formerly the series of illustrated works on natural history—of which this volume forms one—we omitted it, and it has fallen out of sight since. We regret this circumstance, because it is one of the best in the series; and on a part of natural history more neglected than any other. Sea-weeds are the most neglected of created things by those who look for beauty in natural objects. The weeds of ocean are even more despised than those of earth. They are cast sometimes on our shores in the wrecked heaps, twisted from their native rocks, to be scattered on an inhospitable shore, and dragged over our fields to swell our harvests. They are then, and for that purpose, more valuable than the guano of Peru. The coast-side farmer knows their value well; and so also does the owner of land overlooking the sea. In some quarters of the Scottish coast the right to take sea-weed from the shore is deemed highly precious, and the limits of each farmer's finding are carefully marked. At one period sea-weed formed an article of commerce in the Western Isles, and nearly over all parts of the Scottish coast where labour was cheap; but many years since the Legislature withdrew its protection from this branch of native industry, and the manufacture of kelp became unprofitable. Mr. Landsborough, the author of this volume, is a minister of the Free Church, residing at Saltcoats, on the coast of Ayr, and in the Frith of Clyde. He is well known as an enthusiastic student of natural history; and a former work of his, entitled "Excursions in the Isle of Arran," taking a more comprehensive field than the present volume, is a popular book, especially in the district where the Island of Arran, lying in the estuary of the Clyde, is best known. We like Mr. Landsborough's style of teaching in books. He makes his students agreeable wherever they go by many interesting narratives, and he converts them all at the end to a good and proper use, taking care that this end shall never be lost sight of from the beginning. We have seldom met a more agreeable work than he has produced on the humble but useful British sea weeds. He believes that kelp might yet be produced with some advantage amongst the Western Islands, if the makers would make a wise and scientific selection of material. The trade at one time brought £120,000 annually into these islands, and might still produce a large sum amongst a destitute population, for the sale of iodine is increasing, and the demand is likely to exhaust any supply that can be obtained. Who knows but that we may yet see the products of the deep cultivated with some such care as is bestowed by high farmers on those of the land? We copy Mr. Landsborough's account of a very common, and, as we were wont to think, a very excellent sea weed, that formed a capital preface to breakfast, when pulled from the roots of those great rocks that rise like a wall to the Northern Ocean, when the storms were stilled, and the clear green water rippled over the field of dulse, with each tiny wave giving its leaves a freshness greatly valued by the epicure of sea weeds, who makes the giant rocks at once his table and his chair, and the ocean his purveyor:—

"HAN.—(*On Rocks, and other Algæ. Very common. Annual or biennial. Winter and spring.*) R. Palmata, Greville:—Instead of giving any further description of this plant, it is sufficient to say that it is *dulse*, and every child who has been brought up on the sea-shore is able to point it out to the new-fledged Algæologist. There is no sea-weed more generally regarded as an article of food than dulse. By the Highlanders it is called *duillisg*, which we learn, on high authority, is a word compounded of two Gaelic words, *duille*, a *leaf*, and *uisgé*, *water*, *i.e.* the *leaf of the water*. From *uisgé* is derived the word *whisky*; and with the addition of *baugh*, *life*, we have the *usquebaugh* of the Irish (aqua vitæ), *the water of life*. With how much more propriety might it be called *the water of death!* In some parts of Ireland the *dulse* is called *dillisk*, which means still the leaf of the water, for *esk* means water; hence we have so many rivers in Scotland called *Esk*, such as North Esk, and South Esk—i.e. North-water, South-water. The Highlanders and Irish, as we have already stated, were much in the habit, before tobacco became so rife, of washing dulse in fresh water, drying it in the sun, rolling it up, and then chewing it as they now do tobacco. How much better had it been for them had they stuck to the use of the less nauseous, less filthy, less hurtful, dulse. Indeed, instead of being hurtful, it is thought wholesome, and not unpleasant, especially when it is eaten fresh from the sea, as is the case in the lowlands. Dr. Greville mentions that it is the true *saccharine Fucus* of the Icelanders. According to Lightfoot, it is used medicinally in the Isle of Skye, to promote perspiration in fevers. In the islands of the Archipelago, it is a favourite ingredient in *ragouts*, to which it imparts a red colour, besides rendering them of a thicker and richer consistence. The dried weed, like many other Algæ, when infused in water, exhales an odour resembling that of violets; and Dr. Patrick Neill mentions that it communicates that flavour to vegetables with which it is mixed."

We quote next the account of a very different article—the Melobesia Polymorpha—that has been, and may still be used for building purposes, and dwells—

"*On Submarine Rocks and in quiet Bays.*—We have dredged it in Lamlash Bay, where there are extensive beds of it, at the depth of several fathoms. Similar beds are found at Rothesay, and in Lochfine. It is very hard, and very diversified in form, as the specific name implies. Ray says that it is dredged out of Falmouth harbour to manure the land in Cornwall. And Mr. W. Thompson informs us that it is dredged in Bantry Bay for the same purpose. From Professor John Fleming we learn that it is so abundant in Orkney as to warrant the conclusion that it might be advantageously employed for agricultural purposes, and for building, especially as limestone is scarce in Orkney, and generally of bad quality. Dr. Walker, in his essay, says:—'Of the Cathedral of Icolmkill (Iona), the cement is so strong that it is easier to break the stones than to force them asunder. It is of lime that has been calcined from sea-shells, and formed into a very gross mortar, with coarse gravel in a large proportion, and a great quantity of the fragments of *white coral*, which abounds upon the shores of the island. The colour of this coralline is generally white, where it lies bleached on the shore, but when newly dredged in Lamlash Bay it is of a reddish purple. At first I was disappointed when the dredge came full of this Millepore. I soon learned, however, to hail its appearance; for on examining it carefully, handful by handful, I found many precious things intermingled with the coral. One of these was *Lima tinera*, which, like those persons who built the cathedral of Icolmkill, employs much of this coral in forming its habitation.'"

The uses of the ocean's diversified treasures may be great as they are varied, for the subject is yet almost free from the inquiries of science; only we know that God made nothing in vain.

In our days, when sanatory reform is the great question, and a supply of pure water a pressing want, the story of those steady reformers, the Algæ, must be at least appropriate.

Digitized by Google

"One reason, no doubt, why these plants are not more generally studied, is that they are so minute that their beauty cannot be seen by the unaided eye. Even in the case of those whose filaments may be some feet in length, and which cannot fail to be seen, as they grow in masses of considerable breadth, the filaments are so densely crowded, that instead of being regarded as plants, they are looked upon as some green impurity, which, in Scotland, goes under the general name of *slaak*. When a small portion, however, of this despised slaak is taken and laid on tale, and examined by the aid of a microscope, or even a hand-lens, the person who thus beholds it will be filled with astonishment; he will see that what he regarded as shapeless filth is of exquisite workmanship, and worthy of the hand by which it was made; and he may learn that what he thought worse than useless, instead of polluting the waters, is one great cause of their purity and wholesomeness; so that without these Algæ, the waters would soon become so putrid and poisonous as to spread malaria over wide districts of country, and lay them desolate."

Mr. Landsborough tells us that the Algæ not merely prevents disease but also shelters life, and that millions or myriads who have most probably a happy existence—though the curse of the world is found amongst them, for they fight sadly and devour each other—live amongst the tiny branches of the Algæ.

We copy next the account of an extremely pretty weed—one of the finest in the class, with a hard name, certainly—but everything else connected with it is beautiful and soft in the extreme:—

The specimens I got at Ballantrae were as fine as any I had ever seen. They filled a little fountain of water, on a hill-side, near the sea-shore. When brought out in handfuls from the little spring well, they were truly loathsome, or at least they would have been so to a person unacquainted with them, for they greatly resembled frog-spawn. I knew well, however, what a prize I had got; and with the fine specimens they formed, many friends were supplied. The filaments were about six inches in length, and the specimens shaded with tints of various colours. When spread on paper, the beautiful beading of the filaments can be seen by the naked eye, but it appears still more exquisitely beautiful when a lens is applied. They are so gelatinous that in general they must be allowed to dry on the paper before any pressure is applied. Early in April this *Batrachosperm* makes its appearance as a light green down on stones, or sometimes on grass, floating from the edge of the pool. At a more advanced period it becomes detached, and continues for a time to grow in a free state.

"There must be something peculiar in the water in which it grows, for year after year it continues to be found in the same little well, though not got in similar-looking wells for many miles around. I have tried to transplant it into other pools, but without success."

Science will yet bring all the stores of nature into the warehouses of industry, and many of these plants may be found to possess properties equivalent to the fibrous vegetation of earth.

This volume, like all the series, is brought out in an expensive style. The coloured plates are extremely beautiful. The volumes of this series form most appropriate and useful books for the young.

The Voice of a Year: or, Recollections of 1848; *with other Poems*, by William M'Comb, author of the "Dirge of O'Neill," "The School of the Sabbath," &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter; Dublin: J. Robertson; Belfast: W. M'Comb.

Mr. M'Comb is favourably known to the literary public as the author of a considerable number of fugitive pieces of poetry, composed on a variety of interesting occasions; and of one or two more extended and elaborate poems, which deservedly commanded a large share of popularity. In the former class of compositions, a great proportion of which the author has happily collected in the present beautiful volume, we have observed many a specimen of fine sentiment animating an equally fine form of expression. It is indeed only when these ingredients—lofty sentiment and lovely language—are brought together as by a creative hand, that poetry "becomes" what it ought to be, "a living soul." Among sundry examples possessing scarcely inferior claims, we would direct the reader's attention to the "Songs of the Sun, Moon, and Stars," as realising much of the gift of poetic life, and as highly creditable to the taste and talent of the author. There is, moreover, in these songs the charm of a soft, sweet melody, which reminds one of the enchanting far-away echoes of the bugle amid our glorious mountain scenery, or, perhaps, better still, at the charming Lakes of Killarney. Let the reader judge by a few stanzas taken at random from the "Song of the Sun."

"I visit the bowers when the opening flowers
Their early oblation pay,
And their incense sweet in the morning greet,
Ascending with fragrancy.

"Far down in the vale, where the primrose pale
Her beauties to me unfold,
In her dewy eye I sparkling lie,
Like a drop of living gold.

"In my fields of light the eagle's flight
On rushing pinion I see,
When his dark bright eye, in its brilliancy,
Presumes to look on me.

"In the balmy hour, when the gentle shower,
Reflects my shining face,
I softly diffuse, in the rainbow's hues,
The covenant sign of grace.

"In the ocean's wave, my image I lave,
As the proud ship sails away,
And I hear the song of the mariner throng—
The song of the sunny day."

Gems of almost equal brilliancy on every hand invite our commendation. But we must pass on to notice "The Voice of a Year," the opening poem, which, in many respects, possesses merit of a higher order. Faithfully as well as poetically has the author chronicled the leading events which followed each other in rapid and thrilling succession during the year 1848. What materials did that awful year furnish to the historian, the poet, the philosopher! and some of the richest of these materials are presented in the poem before us, in masterly combination. The swell of the fine Spenserian stanza, which has been selected for this composition, is well fitted to afford "scope and verge enough" for the breathings of the spirit of civil and religious liberty. We take leave of the poem by strongly recommending it, and presenting the following lines:—

"Kings are a broken reed to lean upon,
And armies to a king a rope of sand;
He rules secure who rules by love alone,
Rejoicing more to succour than command.
What were two hundred thousand guards at hand
To Louis Philippe, in a perilous hour?
So many dreaded bayonets to withstand—
So many lessons of mismanaged power,
Which Gallia taught her King in abdication's hour.

"Victoria!—England's Queen!—thy stable throne,
Unshaken stands 'midst Revolution's throes;
Thy people's hearts beat true to the alone,
While Britain, 'neath thy sceptre finds repose;
A nation's honour in thy bosom glows,
And England's liberties are safe with thee.
Triumphant Queen!—thine empire never knows
A setting sun—thy subjects all are free,
Where'er thy glorious flag floats over land or sea!"

Digitized by Google

The History of the Puritans in England. By Professor Stowell, of Rotherham College, United States. London and Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson.

We hear now yearly more of the Puritans in proportion as the Laudites appear under the title of Puseyites or Tractarians. Apathy and indifferentism is shaken, ferments, and the dead mass moves and separates. The process has been going slowly on sinces the time of Wesley, Whitefield, and Wilberforce, in England; and it began at nearly the same period in Scotland. Previous to that time a crust of chilly cold ice had crept over society, incorporating nearly all the upper classes in its substance, and leaving little warmth of Puritan feeling—until one plunged a good depth into society, amongst its peasant classes, who read still, as their text-books on religious topics; Baxter and Bunyan in England, and Boston and Willison in Scotland—with, in the former, "Fox's Book of Martyrs," for historical information; and, in the latter, "The Cloud of Witnesses." That state and its time have passed away. The memory of the Puritans has revived; and, although we know not that the American poet was literally correct who wrote

"The pilgrim's spirit hath not fled,
It walks in noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more;"

Although we know not that he is literally correct as to the pilgrim's spirit, yet we do know that where it has once lived there it will return again, if it has fled for a time.

Professor Sewell's work seems written in a judicious and moderate spirit. The book is remarkably cheap—as are all Mr. Nelson's publications—and it is thus well calculated to make better known than they have yet been the origin of the New England States, and the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Episodes of Insect Life. Second Series. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

The readers of this magazine will remember that we have scarcely ever mentioned any work in terms of greater admiration of the text, the plates, the colouring, and all the departments connected with the publication, than "Episodes of Insect Life," first series. The second volume we have not yet read, but in richness of style, and the beauty of the illustrations, it forms a suitable companion to the first.

Scripture Natural History. By the Rev. J. Young, A.M. London: Thomas Dean and Son.

A well designed work, for the use of the young, with tolerable illustrations to hardly tolerable prose, and not quite so good rhymes, put in very glaring binding. Young people will like the pictures, of which there are many.

Canada as it is. Dublin: John Robertson.

This is a judicious epitome of information regarding Canada, that may be useful to intending emigrants next spring, as it has been to those who have preceded them in past years; for we observe that it has reached a third edition.

Chapters on the Shorter Catechism. One vol. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.

As we prefer for the young the narrative form of instruction, so we must approve of the scheme adopted by the author in this volume, of interweaving with the doctrines evolved in the shorter catechism illustrative statements, not forming so much a series of tales, as the continuous history of one or two households, very like the occurrences that may be met in domestic life. Instruction of this nature can only be effective if the narratives be of a perfectly natural description.

The old may seek excitement in harrowing and unnatural histories; in grotesque and exaggerated characters, and in circumstances or contingencies never likely to occur to any human being; but the young will never take instruction from statements not in accordance with their own experience. With these views we are greatly pleased, both with the design and the performance of this volume, which is calculated to lighten the Shorter Catechism to the young.

Watts' Catechism of Scripture History. Edinburgh: Johnston and Hunter.

We have a warm feeling to Watts' Catechism. In an abridged form it was our first instructor in history of any kind; and we remember to have considered the pages of our small 24mo a perfect mine of information, and to have been much concerned about Abraham, Isaac, and all the other ancient worthies; but the most interesting points were still in the New Testament history, which the able logician, whose mind was now in the schools of the most learned, weighing the highest sciences, and next down with us little folks in the nursery and at the fireside, teaching us all to love Jesus, had brought out prominently. Few similar works have undergone more abridgements than Watts' Catechism. The present edition is the full work; and an introduction by the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, of Edinburgh, is appended. We think that this catechism has been losing its old place amongst works of instruction, and we do not think that the young gain much by that change.

The Scottish Christian Journal. Grant and Taylor, Edinburgh.

We have received the first volume of this periodical. The contents are varied and interesting, and extremely well adapted to answer the design contemplated in the prospectus. While the majority of the articles are devoted to the elevation and improvement of the masses in our Christian communities, there are some that may be perused with profit by the theologian in his study. The periodical is conducted with exquisite taste, sound judgment, and intelligent piety.

Views from Calvary. By William Leask. London: J. Snow.

The author of this little volume—which is chiefly intended for young persons, but is profitable to the oldest—is the minister of an Independent Church at Kennington, London, who has written many similar and excellent works, of which we have read none without being constrained to admire the spirit that pervades them. Mr. Leask brings up the affairs of time to the Bible judgment-seat, tries them by its standard, and seeks an infusion into these of its spirit. He does not, therefore,

Digitized by Google

neglect eternity in attending to time; but imitates strictly the inspired teachers who dealt with both together; and appear to have regarded time as the introduction to immortality—the crysallis state through which men must pass. Those authors who treat the great doctrines of religion, and omit their bearings on the interests of time, either from a fear of man, or a sentimental and sublimated feeling of contempt for the subject—nothing better than either affectation or asceticism—seek in one way to be wiser than is written; and, in a constructive sense, may be held guilty of the sin mentioned in Revelations xxii. 19. Mr. Leask is not one of these writers. A single passage will show the character of his work:—

"The patriot, whose love of religious liberty is inspired at the cross, feels that he is co-operating with the great design of the gospel, when he puts forth efforts to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free. Righteousness exalteth a nation. Nations are to be blessed in Christ as well as individuals. The liberty with which the Son makes a man free, makes him anxious that every slave-fetter may be broken throughout the world."

Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms used in Architecture, Civil and Naval, &c. London: John Weale.

Parts I. and II. of this work which we have seen lead us to infer that the compiler is a modest man. He might have called his book, if he is to finish it as it has been commenced, by a more ambitious name, without giving critics ground to blame him. The explanations afforded to the various terms used in building operations for the land and the waters—in mining, and in the several departments of mechanics—are fuller and more complete than the term "dictionary" leads us to expect; but buyers never quarrel with more than they bargain for, or are promised. We have not only written explanations, but, for a small book, a profuse number of engraved illustrations, that, to non-professional men, are valuable. The profession best know their value to them; but the work, so far as complete, deserves to be successful.

King Arthur. Second Edition. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. London: Henry Colburn.

We know not that, on the second edition of this celebrated poem, we should say more than record its appearance. The poem has been criticised in almost every quarter, and its occasional political references render it more likely to have unfair treatment amongst some parties. On the whole, the first edition was well received by the press, and the public pronounced more decidedly on its merits. In the latter statement we refer not to the sale of the work, with which we are unacquainted, but to the opinions we have heard rather than those we have read regarding its merits. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's works have attained a wide class of readers. We remember once, in a long drive in Ireland, to have been recommended to pull up at the house of a friend's friend to rest the beast that probably would be wearied as we reached the place. It was one of those spots certainly where man and horse might willingly, for an hour, rest and be thankful—a very pretty cottage in one of those nooks of rare beauty that are to be found frequently in Ireland. The owner belonged to the prosperous ranks of the middle classes; and we found him with a friend, and "the New Timon" in his hand. The Irish gentlemen were greatly pleased with the book, and puzzled regarding its author; and we were nearly as much puzzled to know how it had got so soon into such an out-of-the-way corner, without a bookseller's shop within twenty miles. King Arthur, we have no doubt, is obtaining a similar circulation, and so a second edition has been required.

Faces in the Fire. London: Warwick & Co.

A similar book to "Christmas Shadows," written in a good spirit, and well written; with some good illustrations.

The principal person is a young literary man, not well to do in the world, who lives by translating cheap, and grumbles:—

"Master Edward was apt, as we have already discovered, to get disconsolate and mopish, and careless of himself; and not over-careful about offending others; and to rail against society—and perhaps he had some cause, poor fellow—and to fancy he was persecuted, sadly; and all these things, as Miss Clara used to say—and Miss Clara ought to know, I think—were very bad qualities, especially in an author. Poor fellow, he looked worn and jaded, as if he had been up all night, as, in truth, he had; and as he sat moodily over his desk, transcribing from a book beside him—for he was engaged just then, in 'doing into English' a novel from the French, for a pittance something less than a day labourer would have considered bad pay; his thoughts, though they were necessarily, and constantly, upon the book before him, were far away—far among the green hills of where was once his home.

"'Aye,' he murmured, as he stopped a moment from his task, 'I little thought, when my poor mother died, that it would come to this; to toil all night, and half the previous day, for a mere meal. It can't last. I'm getting thoroughly disgusted. Something must be done. If I had only just sufficient to let me be at ease a month, only a month, I think I could write something that would stir up the cold blood of "The Row," and shew the public what I am. It rots one's energies, this constant scribbling; and, after all, brings no adequate reward.'"

He quarrels with his landlady, but loves the daughter, and would be pleased with the mother, if he were not due her money. To obtain the means of paying her he calls on Short & Strongbow, extensive publishers. He sees Mr. Short, and thus tells his story:—

"'To ask you for employment'

"'I'm sorry I can offer you none at present. Good morning, sir,' said Mr. Short; and as Edward turned, heartsick, away, and made a bow—

"'Stop, stop,' said Mr. Short, with a sort of spasm in his neck; 'don't be in such a hurry, man. What can you do? Have you anything with you? Where have you appeared? Do you write for any newspaper or periodical? Who employs you now?'

"The last question Edward answered first, and named an obscure publisher of cheap translations, and produced his lately-finished manuscript.

"'Ah!'

"And then there was a long pause.

"'Brought up at college?' asked Mr. Short, at last, abruptly.

"'No, sir; till my father's death I studied with a tutor.'

"'Oh!'

"And then there was another pause, not quite so long, but Edward felt his heart beat audibly, and could not, for the life of him, repress a sigh.

"At this Mr. Short looked up, and gazed intently on the young man's face for several seconds. At last he spoke—

"'Mother dead, too?' he inquired.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How long since?'

"'About eight months.'

"'Poor?'

"'Yes, sir; very.'

"'Ah! Father a bankrupt, I suppose?'

"'No, sir,' answered Edward, the tears starting to his eyes; 'my father was a country gentleman, who died suddenly; in-

Digitized by Google

deed, before he had chosen a profession for his son. His wealth died with him.'

"'And he hadn't insured his life, of course?' said Mr. Short.

"'Unfortunately not, sir,' answered Edward.

"'Like the world, sir; like the world! Your father, Mr. Cutbush,' said the publisher, 'was a very imprudent man—a *very* imprudent man, or he wouldn't have left his son without a profession. Ah! Mother didn't long survive him, I suppose?'

"'No, sir,' answered Edward; 'not above a year.'

"'Umph!' mused Mr. Short; 'and you think to get a living by your pen, do you! Bad trade, sir; bad trade!'

"'Well, sir,' said Edward, sadly, 'I mean to try.'

"And then, for a little while, the two sat silent, gazing on each other; the elder with a fixed and steady stare, as if his thoughts were tracing his companion's past history; and the youth, with stolen, furtive glances, as though he were afraid to break the spell of the old man's thoughts; and every time he caught his eye, he blushed and sought the ground.

"At last Mr. Short rose; and going to a book-case, took out a folded paper.

"'There,' said he, 'try your hand at that. Bring it here in a week—say this day week—and I'll see what I can do. No thanks—the task's not easy. I've devoted too much time to you already. James,' and he touched a bell at his right hand, and a youth entered from an inner room; 'take this gentlemen's address,' handing him the card Edward had sent up at first. 'Good morning, sir.'"

Mr. Short's remarks corresponds with his name; but they are good and useful, while they cheer the young author:—

"The walk to his employer's house was a less mechanical performance than usual that morning; and after delivering his 'copy,' as it is called, and receiving its price in shillings and sixpences—it was'nt a very heavy parcel, you might have put it into your waistcoat pocket—as Edward did, indeed, with ease."

The author went to walk in the country, fell into a day dream, and had a conversation with a navvy, whom he envied, because he earned two pounds five shillings weekly.

"And there they were, that pair, conversing; like, and yet unlike. Like, for they were both men of about the same age and height; but there the resemblance ended. For Edward was tall, dark, and thoughtful, with black hair hanging in rich clustering masses round his face; thin almost to attenuation, and of delicate proportions; a broad, ample forehead, small neck, and hands like a lady's: Bob Rayner, on the contrary, was tall and fair, with short, curly light hair, and arms and chest like a giant's; and as he laboured with the heavy pick-axe, it came down with such force as sent the earth from beneath it with a crash. And there was upon his face the brown of labour; and on his hands the marks of toil; and on his forehead and his chest the bloom of rude and ruddy health.

"'And so,' said Edward, in continuation of their conversation, which was broken every minute by the fall of earth, which necessarily obliged him to follow the labourer in the descent, 'you're quite contented with your lot, are you?'

"'Well, mister,' answered Bob. 'I don't complain. A man's got little to complain of as has health and strength.'

"'And about how much do you earn a-week at this kind of labour?'

"'Well, about two pun five.'

"'Two pounds five! what, regularly, all the year round?'

"'Yes, pretty reg'lar, at this sort of work. The railroads is a spreading all over the country; and 'tisn't every chap as can stand the work; and so we as can is seldom a wanting any.'

"Edward actually envied the labourer.

"'It must be a poor, hard kind of life,' said Edward.

"'There's good money to be made at it, though, sir,' answered the man, running out, to another omnibus.

"'Good money,' said Edward; 'not much, I should imagine.'

"'About ten bob a-day, sir.'

"'About what?'

"'About ten shillin's a-day.'

"'Impossible!' said Edward, putting his hand into his pocket and feeling his little fortune safe.

"'Why, sir, you see,' replied the man, returning from another 'journey' into the road, 'there's two hundred an' fifty busses runs up and down this here ill six times a day; and the conductors on this here road is rayther proud, and doesn't care about dirtyin' their shiny shoes and gloves; and so, if I only gets a penny now and then, it soon mounts up.'

"'Well, I should never have thought it,' said Edward.

"'It's true though, sir; you only ax the man atop o' t'other ill, sir, he'll say the same, I'll warrant.'"

Going home, he got into a quarrel while endeavouring to help a weak boy, had his pocket picked, was seized by the police, confined for a night, rescued by his landlady; fell into fever, was nursed by Clara, his landlady's daughter, had a benevolent doctor, a humourist; got slowly better; fell into another fever of love for Clara, as was natural, won her heart, pleased the doctor, and the landlady, and Mr. Short; wrote for a magazine, and completed a volume; succeeded in everything; married Clara, and was happy. The bye-play is excellent, and the subordinate characters get all married and happy in the end.

The following scene, as artistes say, is true to nature:—

"And passing over a handsome pier where handsome ladies are sitting reading books, and a band is playing, and through a handsome street, and round a crescent, and through a street opposite, where rows of young trees are growing which will one day form a grove, lined on each side by houses built in the mock Elizabethan style—with red brick porticoes, and red brick odd-shaped little gable ends, and curiously formed windows, and strange-looking tiles on the roofs, surmounted by antique twisted chimneys—that look so new that you'd think they were scenes in a play rather than modern Christian houses. The pair ascend a gravelly hill, where the grass is almost worn away with the constant tramp of feet, and on top of which is an old windmill turned into an observatory, where, in the galleries, people sit and drink, and fancy they enjoy the country, and enter a tavern—galleries all round too—and, calling for the waiter, who obsequiously attends and hands them a soiled bill of fare, they sit down and order dinner, which they enjoy immensely.

"'I say, Phil,' says Mr. James, taking the initiative, 'it's no use staying here; suppose we walk to Cobber.'

"'Just the very thing, my boy,' replies his friend.

"'Waiter!'

"'Yes, sir—coming, sir,' that ubiquitous individual exclaims; and in about five minutes, during which he has served two dinners, and taken the money for one more, and pocketed the perquisites, he *does* come.

"'What's to pay?' asks Phil.

"'Let me see, sir,' says the waiter, putting on his calculating face; 'two dinners, sir, three; cheese, sir? Three and four—two stouts, one brandy—cigars, sir? No cigars; four and seven, sir.'

"Upon which, Phil magnanimously throws down two half-crown pieces, and tells the waiter to keep the change.

"'Thank ye, sir,' said the obsequious man in white, pocketing the money. 'Good day, gentlemen.'

"'That's the ticket,' exclaims Jem; 'and, now for Cobber.'

"They descend the hill, and take the path to the right, and are soon upon their way."

These two volumes are quite as good as any other Christmas books we have seen.

Christmas Shadows. London: T. B. Newby.

We have few Christmas books this season. The "Shadows" is the largest we have seen. It is a very neat volume, got up in the style of Mr. Dickens's works, and well written, but it is published anonymously. The illustrations are good and numerous.

The story is one of the times. The hero is a shirt-maker. His victims are the needlewomen and his clerk. The tale opens with a morning's work

Digitized by Google

by Cranch, the shirt-dealer. It is bad work, for he scolds all his workers, and is very severe on his poor clerk, whom he has for twelve and six. At night Cranch goes to balance his books, takes a strong glass of something, good or bad as people think—most people, when sober, saying bad—and falls asleep at a warm coal fire.

He dreams, and the dream is the gist of the book. Falling into a deep and troubled sleep, he dreams that he wakens in eternity. A spirit takes him first to see the evil he has done; and next, the condition of his own daughters after his death. The passages in the world of spirits contain remarkably powerful writing; while the events convert Cranch, and make him a worthy man ever after.

Cranch, in his spiritual state, overhears the following conversation in a house where his youngest daughter is lying dead. She died from want and over-embroidering :—

"'You're a sensible woman,' said the man, addressing himself to the last speaker; 'God bless you, Mrs. Tripe; why I've got an uncle—ninety-four years of age, last May—who's invested all his money in cemetery shares; he's got fifty in the Metropolitan, Universal, and Every-man-his-own-undertaker Cemetery, just out of London—four monuments, and twenty three tombstones in it already; without counting a little tablet on the wall, on the right hand side, just as you enter. It would do you good to see him, on a fine Sunday afternoon, sittin' down, a countin' the funerals, as they enter the gate, and looking as happy as a—a bird of paradise, ma'am.'

"Miss Tripe was about making some observation, but was prevented by the old woman, who, addressing herself to the man, said, with severity,

"'I don't know, sir, whether you know you're intruding or not; but I must say, your room would be much better than your company.'"

Miss Tripe is a person of superstitious mind, and holds some old Saxon notions :—

"'Missis Pilligrip—Missis Pilligrip,' shouted Miss Tripe's voice, at that moment, from below stairs.

"'Does any one want me?' asked the old woman, going to the door.

"'Only me,' replied Miss Tripe.

"'What do you want, then?' she inquired, half pettishly.

"'Nothin' partikiler, I only wants to tell you there was a couple of windin' sheets in the candle, last night.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"'And a dog, a howlin' like winkin,' all night long, at the top of the court, which accounts for the—'"

The conversion causes Mr. Cranch to give his needlewomen coffee in the morning, and to ask his clerk to tea. Tuff at tea is dull and nervous :—

"'She is a tiresome little creature, isn't she, Tuff?' said Cranch, good humouredly; but I suppose you must submit to her.'

"'I am certain Mr. Tuff won't get his tea in peace, if he does,' said Kate; 'besides I am sure he would have sat by me.'

"'There; you hear that, sir?' said Mrs. Cranch, laughing; 'I must advise you to take care of yourself.'

"Tuff looked very embarrassed, and, after saying something very unintelligibly, in reply, he deposited his hat (which, for some reason or other, best known to himself, he had brought with him), under the sofa, and then timidly took his seat at the table.

"'Do you prefer cream or milk, sir?' inquired Mrs. Cranch, who presided."

Even the increase of his salary, from twelve shillings and sixpence by the week to £120 per annum, makes Tuff nervous :—

"As Tuff did not know what to say, he did as most people generally do when they are in that predicament, that is, he gazed very intently at the fire.

"'I must tell you in a whisper; indeed I must!' she exclaimed, as soon as she had gained her father's consent; 'so that you must hold your face down a little lower, or else I can't reach your ear.'

"Tuff inclined his head—a very little sufficed—but still kept his eyes fixed on the fire, as though his very existence depended on his not losing sight of it for a moment. He, however, quickly drew them away, when Rose, after making a passage with her hands from her mouth to his ear, had whispered a very few words.

"'No—no—Miss;' he gasped; 'you've made a little mistake—indeed you have!—you're only joking with me; I know you are, Miss!'

"'Have I made any mistake, father?' cried Rose, clapping her hands with joy. 'Didn't you say you meant to give him one hundred and twenty pounds a-year?'

"'That is my intention,' replied Cranch, benignly.

"'Why I'm not worth it,' said Tuff, turning red and white, by turns; 'I'm not worth half that.'"

The result is, that everybody is happy. Cranch pays more for stitching and sewing; Tuff marries; and they all prosper. The book will be popular.

The Nile Boat; Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

This volume will be the most popular work on Egypt that we yet have amongst the class who furnish drawing-rooms with handsome books. Mr. Bartlett's name is sufficient to give it a large circulation. No better works on the East have appeared than the "Walks about Jerusalem," and "Forty Days in the Desert."

The plates form the most attractive charm to many in Mr. Bartlett's books; but the text is always written in a style that would support the author's fame if he stood by the pen alone, and never used the pencil.

The present volume contains seventeen woodcuts, and thirty-five exquisite engravings, of Egyptian scenery.

The engravings alone would make a popular work, and the narrative of it discloses nothing new regarding Egypt, tells in an easy flowing way the circumstances of its population, and the attractions of the Nile.

The commencement of his journey in the Mediterranean had its catastrophe :—

"The weather was at first beautiful, but on the second day became squally. We passed the rude wild mountains of Sardinia; the wind sunk, but left a heavy swell, which kept me awake to a late hour in the night. Suddenly I was alarmed by a loud noise on deck, much stamping, and cries of 'Back her.' Evidently some disastrous event was momentarily expected; but whether we were about to run down a fishing boat, or were ourselves on the point of being crushed into the ocean depths by the keel of some monster ship of the line, was all uncertain. I leaped from my berth, and was groping across the cabin, when the crash took place. It seemed trifling, as though we had but grazed another vessel, and I hastened up the gangway quite relieved of my alarm. On the deck, however, all was confusion and clamour; but in the midst of it the men were engaged in hastily letting down a boat; it was a dusky night; our ship was rolling in the heavy sea, the wind was aft, and the smoke driven forward involved the look-out in obscurity, but I could see, although with difficulty, a brig pitching laboriously at a short distance. Shouts were heard on board her; our boat put off, and was soon lost to sight among the rolling billows; all was suspense, when the cry burst out forward, that the brig was sinking. I strained my eyes through the gloom, and beyond the swelling ridges of water that successively traced their dark outlines against the sky, distinctly saw the masts, but only for a moment; in the next they had disappeared, and almost at the same time, a boat, deeply laden, was seen emerging from between two gulphy waves and making for us. This wild scene passed as rapidly and as confusedly as a dream. The crowded boat was soon alongside, tossing dan-

Digitized by Google

gerously in the swell; ropes were let down, and one by one the crew of the brig, of whom happily all had been saved, were hauled up to the deck. The first that came up was a boy of only twelve or thirteen, albeit looking, in his blue woollen shirt and sailor's trousers, one of the finest little fellows I ever saw. Asleep in his rude cot, he had been hastily snatched from destruction, and stood scarcely awake, and quite confounded as his novel situation. We had struck the vessel amidships, and slight as the shock seemed to me, had completely torn open her side; the crew had barely time to throw themselves into the boat, and get clear of her, ere she filled and went down. The darkness, our blinding smoke, and the accidental going out of their lamp, which occasioned some mistake in their steering, were the causes of this misfortune, which cast its gloom over the rest of our short voyage to Malta."

The steamer stopped at our great fortress in the Mediterranean sea, and the voyage from Malta to Alexandria was short and dull :—

"And now again we were safe on board, and gliding out of the harbour. Domes and terraces, ramparts and quays, flew by. The fort of St. Angelo, with its solitary sentinel, and the meteor flag of England waving from its battlements, succeeded—and then again the open sea, all sparkling and quivering with the warm reflected light. As we stretched away, the walls and towers massed into a glorious picture, bathed in that same rosy haze, now dying away, until all faded into indistinctness; and nothing met the eye but the stars, sleeping in the pale azure, and the long tracks of phosphoric splendour, in which the glow-worms of the deep lay telling of the vagrant keel that had disturbed their slumbers. Our voyage through this summer sea was brief and prosperous. The sky grew warmer and warmer, as we neared the coast of Africa, tinged, as it were, with a reflection of the Lybian Desert—a soft purple hue, rather than the deep blue of Italy. On the fourth day appeared a long, low, yellow line of sand, scarcely visible above the azure sea, with a few distant palm trees, like black specks, and camels pacing slowly along the shore, announcing that we were on the threshold of those lands of which we have so often dreamed—the hope of visiting which was, perhaps, at one time too extravagant for a moment's indulgence."

Of the population of Alexandria Mr. Bartlett re-echoes the common opinion of travellers :—

"Sullen, repulsive-looking Copts replace the exclusive old Egyptians, their reputed ancestors. Greeks and Jews, too, swarm as before—both, possibly, changed a little for the worse; nor would it, perhaps, be any great injustice to the mass of Levantines, or (with, of course, honourable exceptions) to the Franks, who make up the sum of the population, even now to designate them as the 'sweepings' of their respective countries. The streets swarm with Turks, in splendid many-coloured robes—half-naked, brown-skinned Arabs—glossy negroes, in loose white dresses, and vermilion turbans—sordid, shabby-looking Israelites, in greasy black—smart, jaunty, rakish Greeks—staid, heavy-browed Armenians—unkempt, unwashed Maltese ragamuffins—and Europeans of every shade of respectability, from lordly consuls down to refugee quacks and swindlers, and criminals who have got whitewashed and established anew. Here a Frank lady, in the last Parisian bonnet—there, Turkish women, enveloped to the eyes in shapeless black wrappers; while dirty Christian monks—sallow Moslem dervishes—sore-eyed beggars—naked children, covered with flies—and troops of wandering, half-savage dogs—with all the ordinary spectacles of Wapping and Portsmouth—present a singular and ever-shifting kaleidoscope of the most undignified phases of Eastern and Western existence, a perpetual carnival of the motley."

Cairo is one of the best appointed cities for ecclesiastical buildings on the earth. Mosque extension cannot be needed there :—

"Among the four hundred mosques in the city, many of which are in a state of decay, other beautiful specimens may be met with; but, perhaps, the utmost perfection and variety of this style of architecture seems to have been reached in the tombs, which are scattered without the walls on the south and east. Emerging from the crowded city by the Bab e Nusr, or Gate of Victory, the desert stretches from the very walls into the trembling haze of distance, and its dead and silent expanse receives an additional mournfulness of aspect from the cemeteries which glitter and whiten in the burning sun, unshadowed by shrub or tree; some with their gilt and gaily-turbaned headstones of yesterday's erection; others broken and half filled up with sand. Here, the Bedouins, who love not the confinement of walls nor the society of civilized man, establish themselves on their flying visits to the capital, crouching in the shade of ruinous monuments, and raising their temporary camp on the surrounding sands, in the midst of their recumbent camels. As you advance, the hum of the city, faintly ascending above its walls, dies away upon the ear; high mounds of rubbish conceal the tops of its minarets; and without enclosure of any kind, backed by hills of an aspect wildly desolate, these beautiful structures 'rise like an exhalation' from the blanching waste. None, even the most indifferent, could behold without astonishment such erections in the bare and open wilderness; yet this adds not a little to the funereal impressiveness of the sight; but when we approach, and find how fast oblivion is gathering upon these mouldering memorials of former greatness, and still greater genius, we might almost weep that such a fate must, and at no great distance of time, befall monuments which, in lands more enlightened, would be preserved as precious creations of art, which, in their peculiar style, have never been surpassed."

But Egypt may fall into better hands, or those who hold it may improve before the Pyramids disappear, and the ruins of its old capitals be utterly lost.

The visit to the site of Heliopolis furnishes one of the most pleasing sketches in the volume; and Heliopolis itself forms one of the most interesting ruins of Egypt. The city or its vicinity was the residence of some of the most distinguished of the inspired writers; and the scene in former years of many great events.

"It is a pleasant ride from Cairo to the site of Heliopolis. Passing through the Bab e Nusr, and a long suburb, the road keeps between avenues of acacias, along near the edge of the cultivated land, which is watered by channels from the Nile, communicating with the canal which traverses the city, and presenting many pretty rural scenes. In the desert on the right are one or two of the ruinous tombs straggling afar from the cemetery of Kaitbag. One of these appertains to the celebrated Melek Adel, the brother of Saladin. Before reaching the mounds of Heliopolis, is a well of fine water, on the border of a garden of citrons and palms; in the midst of these is a venerable old sycamore, with a hollow trunk, under which the Holy Family reposed, according to tradition, on the flight into Egypt, and drank of the well. It is in truth a very pretty spot; the citron thickets resound with the music of birds, and large vultures rock to and fro on the trembling branches of the palms; the knotted hollow trunk bears, like the old olives in the garden of Gethsemane, marks of the knives of immemorable pilgrims. The balsam tree, according to Pocoke, was brought here by Cleopatra from the celebrated gardens of Jericho, but it is no longer met with in either place. A little beyond the village of Matareeh we enter the area of Heliopolis, between the mounds which indicate the wall, and of crude brick which surrounded it. The city was small, about half-a-mile square; it was merely a collection of colleges and temples, but of the greatest celebrity, as the chief seat of Egyptian learning. Strabo was shown the rich dwellings of the learned priests, and the houses where Eudoxus and Plato remained under their tuition. The traveller, who approaches the site along a dead level, is surprised to find that Heliopolis stood formerly on an artificial elevation, overlooking lakes which were fed by canals communicating with the Nile. Nothing remains of the splendid edifices of this city but one solitary obelisk, about 62 feet high, seen from afar rising above a grove of date and acacia trees. It bears the name of Osirtesen I., with whom Joseph is supposed to have been contemporary, and it is thus one of the most ancient monuments in Egypt. The base is buried several feet in the earth that has gradually accumulated after the inundation, which now enters the area described as formerly overlooking the surrounding level. Osirtesen I. is the first great name in Theban history; he reigned over Upper and Lower Egypt. He was the builder of the older and smaller part of the great temple of Karnak. It was most probably at Heliopolis that Moses acquired the wisdom of the Egyptians, and where he planned the liberation of his countrymen. Here, too, or in the vicinity, Jeremiah wrote his 'Lamentations' for their downfall. From the learned priests of Heliopolis, Plato, who studied here for several years, is believed to have derived the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments. It has been mentioned in the description of

Digitized by Google

Alexandria, that the seat of learning was transferred hence to that city, and that the obelisks of Cleopatra (so called) once ornamented the fallen city of Heliopolis.

"It is singular that this neighbourhood, the probable scene of the Exodus of the Israelites persecuted by the Egyptian Pharaohs, should, in the reign of Ptolemeis, have afforded a refuge for certain of their descendants from the persecution of Antiochus, King of Syria. Onius, son of the high priest of Jerusalem, took refuge at Alexandria, and besought Ptolemy to grant him permission to build a temple like that of Jerusalem, and to raise up a frontier defence against the aggressions of his Syrian rival. The permission was granted. The temple of Onion was finished, other small cities were grouped around it, and a considerable body of Jews established themselves in the vicinity of their ancient seat of Goshen, where they remained till a late period. The site of Onion is most probably at Tel el Yehod, or the 'Mound of the Jews,' about twelve miles north-east of Heliopolis."

The numerous plates that illustrate the work are all beautifully executed, but some of the engravings, especially those of scenery, where the management of light and shade is so difficult and so happy when well arranged, are of the first class in the art.

We do not name particular engravings, because there is a list of thirty-six, and all are completed with the same anxiety to attain excellence, and with great success in the effort. Nothing will give a clearer idea of the country—of its ruins, of its clear and dry climate, its dirty and wretched people—except a real Nile boat, and that is expensive.

Mr. Bartlett proceeded on the Nile alone, and we regret that the state of his health prevented him from penetrating into Nubia, upon the borders of which he stopped. We regard him as the best illustrator of eastern manners and customs. The time is not distant when the White Nile will be traced to its source among the snow-topped mountains of Central Africa. The scenery and the people will be alike new to Europeans, and will furnish a very fruitful theme for artists and narrators. When that day comes, we trust that the scenery of the Upper Nile will be no less fortunate than Egypt is in its last illustrator; for we decidedly consider the "Nile Boat" one of the best books of the present season. We like the book so well, that we intend to refer to it again.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Heiress in her Minority. By the Author of Bertha's Journal. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

Kaloolah; or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri. London: David Bogue.

A volume of fiction, that has not received justice from us, and has not been noticed so extensively as it deserves in the press. It is equal to Robinson Crusoe; and so life-like are its narratives, that the reader experiences some difficulty often in deciding to believe them fictitious.

The Four Pilgrims, and other Poems. Dundee: James Chalmers.

A provincial volume of poetry, that will bear, we think a larger notice.

Panthea; or the Spirit of Nature. By Robert Hunt. London: Reeves, Benham, & Reeve.

Eight Years in British Guiana. London: Longman and Co.

Pilgrimages to Walsingham. Westminster: J. B. Nichols & Son.

Shirley. By Currer Bell, 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

National Evils and Practical Remedies. By J. S. Buckingham. London: P. Jackson.

A volume on the sanitary condition of large towns, that we intend yet to notice.

The History of France. Vol. I. From the French of M. Lame Hewry. By C. Fleming. London: Simpkin & Co.

Mina; a Tale of the Days of Nero and the Early Christians. One vol. Perth: Thomas Richardson.

Review of the French Revolution. 1848. By Chaumier. 2 vols. London: Reeve, Benham, & Reeve.

Lives of the Chief Justices. By Lord Campbell. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

Excursions in Southern Africa. By Col. Napier. 2 vols. London: William Shoberl.

Windings of the River of the Water of Life. By Cheever. London and New York: John Wiley.

Sketches of Reform and Reformers. London and New York: John Wiley.

Bishop's Study of the Mind. London: Longman & Co.

The Christian Philosopher Triumphing over Death. London: J. Snow.

A NEW SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

TO A VERY OLD TUNE.

BY COLIN RAE BROWN.

A SMILE for the year that's just begun—
A tear for the one just ended;
And let's hope to see, ere the new is done,
The faults of the old amended.

May our rulers grow wiser every day—
Improve in their legislation,
That soon, and in truth, we may proudly say,
Our's now is a happy nation.

A smile, &c.

From henceforth, then, let us all begin
To aid in the march of improvement,
For this noisy stir's but the gathering din
Of a mighty social movement.

A smile, &c.

The time is at hand when right shall be might,
When might shall be right no longer;
When knowledge no more shall eschew the light,
Nor ignorance be the stronger.

A smile, &c.

A year will not do all that's still to do;
But let us be aye improving;
And the old year may far be outstripp'd by the new,
If we but keep the good world moving.

A smile, &c.

Digitized by Google

HAST THOU FORGOT THAT BEAUTEOUS NIGHT?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MAFFEI.

[I have versified this little piece from a very exact literal translation, expressly made for the purpose, by my friend, Count Raphael Paravicini; and I give the latter that the reader may be enabled to judge how far I have succeeded in my attempt to preserve very nearly both the spirit and equivalent words. I may just add that a competent judge, Albert Smith, after reading my M.S. version (of which he expressed, I believe, a very flattering opinion), justly and strikingly observed what a surprising *spiritueile* difference there is between the genius of the two languages. In the original Italian, as he said, the piece might with strict propriety even be sung in a church; but in the English dress, although not a sentiment is altered or omitted, the idea of such a thing would be altogether revolting.—W. H.]

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Dost thou remember that beauteous night
In which we wake in speaking of Love?
Oh! what a flame excited our veins!
Oh! what a happiness filled our hearts!

My hand pressed thine;
My heart throbbed on thine;
With a sigh I answered to a sigh;
Thy lip my lip kissed.

If the Heaven decreed
That that beautiful night might not return,
All my life finished
In that lovely kiss!

VERSIFIED TRANSLATION.

Hast thou forgot that beauteous night
When love divine awoke to bless?
Our veins with passion were alight,
Our hearts were fill'd with happiness!

Fondly did my hand press thine;
Warm our hearts together beat,
My sigh answered unto thine;
Thy lip fed mine with kisses sweet.

Had it been by Heaven ordained,
Ne'er should return that night of bliss;
Life had no more to me remained,
But ended in that thrilling kiss!

HOME AND FOREIGN POLITICS.

Europe will allow 1849 to die, and our century to attain middle-age in peace. The continental nations are not destitute of quarrels, but they are in abeyance. Winter is a bad campaigning season, and the nations are worn out. But Russia is supposed by many only to wait spring for the purpose of enforcing her orders on Turkey, or seizing the Bosphorus and Constantinople. Other rumours bear that the quarrel has been settled. The latter are probably premature, and the former exaggerated The diplomatic differences now existing comprise not merely the extradition of the fugitive Hungarians and Poles, but also the state of the Danubian provinces, which are occupied by an army of thirty thousand Russians, while the Turks have only a small force of ten thousand men in the provinces. in consistence with the terms of the last treaty, Our Government desire, it is said, the reduction of the Russian army in the Danubian provinces to its treaty standard. On that account, our fleet is still kept in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. It is useful in that position only to prevent an irruption of Russians by water from the Euxine on Constantinople. A naval force could not hinder the Austrian and Russian armies from marching on Constantinople by the usual route through Adrianople. It might, indeed, prevent them from occupying the city of the Sultan, but that would form a small benefit to the Turks, if their European dominions were entirely overrun.

The propriety of our policy can hardly be settled until another question, now agitating society, has been discussed—namely, have we anything whatever to do with the quarrels of foreign nations? When that has been settled, the propriety of the present intervention will be open to inquiry for all parties. Meanwhile, it is a question for those alone who believe that we may very properly interfere with the transactions of foreign states; and that conjunctures arise in which we must intermeddle for our own safety, or from motives of humanity. The present is one of those cases, although, as respects our Indian empire, and the danger to it of Russian invasion, we believe that the system of railways now in course of formation through Russia is likely to be more dangerous than the possession of Constantinople by that power. The line of railway from St. Petersburgh to Moscow will be completed, and opened probably in 1850. Another line twice as long will touch the Caspian. That may be open in 1855; and will allow armies in any number, and stores to any amount, to be leisurely thrown into Persia, or through Bokhara into Cabool or the Punjaub. Those who live in dread of Russian influence in Asia had better hasten the construction of railways in India, which would treble the present strength and efficiency of the Indian army,

The Danish and Slesvig Holstein quarrel is not yet arranged, after all the fighting that has occurred, and a friend of ours now resident in Copenhagen anticipates that there will be more bloodshed ere the business is placed on a peaceable basis. Our advice to the Danes and Swedes, who form kindred nations, is, that as neither of them have a fixed hereditary succession, they should unite their crowns, interests, and parliaments, and insist for a frontier up to the Elbe for united Scandinavia. The British Government should be wise enough, we think, to support the union, and their demand. France, we suppose, would take the same course. Many Germans would see that compliance on their part would be a wise policy, for

Digitized by Google

all parties wish a strong power near Russia in the Baltic.

All Ireland, and the half of England, are involved by a new agitation for the restoration of protection. The meetings are certainly very large, and this new country party has been hitherto successful in any Parliamentary contests that have occurred.

Mr. Cobden, and some other gentlemen in the north of England, are playing vigorously into the hands of the new party, by threatening not to reform the Government of the Colonies, but to take immediate measures for the dissolution of the Colonial connexion.

They will thus gradually force into the ranks of their opponents a vast mass of men, who will not, on any account, at least on their account, quit the colonies. And these opponents move their men well:—a small fixed duty will satisfy them they say—five shillings, or even four, ranging up to eight, as they can arrange is all their asking. If they had been in that mood seven years since, they might have had five or six shillings of duty at the present day. Its restoration is a more difficult matter.

A rumour has obtained currency, during the month, that Lord John Russell is re-converted to this fixed duty plan, which rests, perhaps, on no better foundation than the circumstance, that the Irish officials appear to have adopted that view—if we may judge, not from anything that they have yet done, but from the sayings of their friends.

Another report pitches Lord John Russell into the House of Peers; makes Sir Robert Peel First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the Commons, and establishes a coalition Government amongst parties who, being supposed to hold all opinions in common, are already coalesced. The arrangement would give discontented parties an opportunity of slipping out of their ranks, and turning into other columns.

It is stated with greater confidence that Earl Grey leaves the Colonial-office, and that Mr. Fox Maule will take his place.

Mr. Maule is possessed of popular manners, industry, the desire to do well, and will not over-rate his abilities, so that the colonists would be pleased with the change.

RAILWAY AND JOINT-STOCK BUSINESS OF THE MONTH.

This great interest still continues in a depressed condition, notwithstanding the plethora of capital which exists, and the low rate of interest. Comparing the share lists of the opening with those of the close of the month, we find, instead of an improvement that the stock of the leading companies has declined, in some cases as much as three pounds per share. Of those having a downward tendency the principal are the London and North Western, the Midland, the North Staffordshire, the York and North Midland and the York, Newcastle, and Berwick. The lines south of London are slightly on the rise, as have also been the Caledonian and Eastern Counties. It will be some time, however, ere public confidence is sufficiently restored, so as to lead real investers to risk their money with the same freedom as they do in other kinds of joint stock property, or give the prices which the intrinsic value of many of the leading lines demand. The widespread resolution, however, of the shareholders, to keep their directors in check for the future, and to enforce a rigid economy in the management of their affairs, will, in due course, produce a reaction, and bring back railway shares to something like their fair value. In the meantime, the effect of the Hudsonian blight is experienced by all.

The actual business of the bygone month has been but trifling, being confined chiefly to special topics, or to the discussion of investigation reports. All that is material will be found in the following summary.

Great North of England Railway.—The adjourned meeting of this company was held on Friday, 23d November, at Darlington, to receive the report of the committee, appointed by the meeting on the preceding day to meet the directors of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway, on the subject of paying the purchase money for the Great North of England Railway. Results of the conference, viz.:—

"Article 1. That three-tenths of the sum of £3,547,500 due to the Great North of England Railway Company, shall be payable by the delivery of debentures, falling due on the 1st July 1853, and bearing interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

"Article 2. That four-tenths shall be payable by debentures, falling due on the 1st Jan., 1855, bearing interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

"Article 3. That three-tenths be payable by debentures, falling due on the 1st July, 1856, bearing interest at the rate of four per cent per annum.

"Article 4. The provisions of the preceding articles shall be embodied in a separate Act of Parliament, and the said Act shall convey to the shareholders of the Great North of England Railway Company, in guarantee for the payment, when due, of the debentures aforementioned, all the security which the property of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Company can, as on this day, be made to confer.

York and North Midland Railway.—A special general meeting of the proprietors of the company was held in York, Nov. 28. Mr. Thompson in the chair. The first business considered was, that part of the third report of the committee of investigation which related to the Hull and Selby shares. The proposition of the committee was, that the holders of the Hull and Selby shares should have 5 per cent. upon £8 out of the £10 called up, and that they should not be liable for any more calls. A resolution in favour of this was unanimously adopted. The part of the same report relative to the electric telegraph was next adopted. The next question was that relative to the directors. Mr. Stocks moved, on this point, that the recommendations of the committee on the subject be agreed to. An amendment was proposed to refer the subject to the next half-yearly meeting. The amendment was carried by a large majority. The meeting was then adjourned till the 4th of February, when the fourth report will be considered.

A meeting of shareholders in this company was held at Manchester on Friday, 7th December; Mr. R. L. Jones in the chair, to consider the resolution of the directors, with reference to the Hull and Selby purchase shares. After some conversation, a resolution was passed, recommending that the Hull and Selby purchase should be completed, and that the directors should take the necessary steps for effecting that object. The adjourned special general meeting of the company, in reference to the Hull and Selby purchase, was held at York, December 21st; Mr. Thompson in the chair. The chairman stated that they considered that it was not desirable to complete the purchase, and they did not believe that one-half the amount required, £900,000 would be paid up. An amendment was moved to the effect that the further consideration of the question be deferred till the February meeting. The amendment was lost by a large majority, and the original motion was carried.

Bolton, Blackburn, Clitheroe, and West Yorkshire Railway.—A special meeting of this company was held on Wednesday 28th November, at Blackburn. The chairman, having moved a resolution to the effect that the proposed arrangement with the East Lancashire Company be carried into effect, an amendment was

Digitized by Google

proposed to the effect, that the proposition of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company, and also the proposal of the East Lancashire Company be referred to the consideration of a committee of five shareholders; and that such committee have power to confer with deputations from both companies, and to report the result to a special meeting to be called for the purpose. The chairman put the amendment and afterwards the resolution, and the amendment was carried unanimously.

London and South Western Railway.—A special meeting of this company, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., in the chair, was held on Wednesday, 28th November, at the Nine Elms Station, London, for the purpose of enabling the shareholders to determine upon the propriety of making an application to Parliament in the ensuing session for an extension of time for carrying out the powers of the London Bridge Extension Act of 1846, the powers of which will expire in August, 1850, if the proper notices are not given to keep the powers intact.

Mr. Christie moved the resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Snow; when Mr. Kay, in a very lengthy speech, moved the following amendment:—"That it is at present inexpedient to apply to Parliament for an extension of the powers of the London Bridge Extension Act, 1846, it being the opinion of this meeting that the capital accounts of the company should be closed without further delay; the liabilities of the company ascertained in their next half-yearly report; and the future energies of the directors should be entirely devoted to developing the traffic resources of the company on its different lines and branches, and to introducing and enforcing the most rigid economy in every department of the company's works and affairs."

Mr. S. L. Walker, of Manchester, seconded the amendment, when a discussion took place, and the amendment was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Another special general meeting of this company was held on December 22, at which a committee of investigation into the affairs of the company was carried.

Great North of Scotland Railway.—The annual meeting of this company was held at Aberdeen, on Wednesday, 28th November.

The secretary read the report, which stated that the directors came to the unanimous resolution of recommending the shareholders to proceed with the execution of the line. For gradients 1 in 100, Aberdeen to Invernesss, all single line and works, £650,789; gradients 1 in 70, all single line and works, £548,624. A single railway from Kittybrewster to Keith may be constructed for £280,871, and for a double line of works, with single rails, £375,334. That it is more desirable to adopt the latter than the former, even though the line from Keith to Inverness be never made more than a single line, or with gradients better than 1 in 70. The directors concur with Mr. Cubitt in his recommendation of forming the line, in the first instance, from Kittybrewster, near Aberdeen, to Keith, say at a cost of £380,000; purchase of Inverury Canal, £40,000; and other expenses £50,000; total £470,000, for a line 54 miles in length, extending half the way to Inverness. The contractors have agreed to take one-fourth of the whole stock of the company."

The balance-sheet to the 31st of August last shows that the receipts amounted to £71,242, and the disbursements to £92,627 leaving a balance of £21,384 due to the bankers: and that the company are possessed of land and other property sufficient to meet the above balance.

The report was agreed to, and resolutions in conformity therewith passed.

Aberdeen Railway.—The annual meeting of this company was held on Thursday, 29th November, at Aberdeen. The report states that the line will, in a few weeks, be opened to within six miles of Aberdeen, when the carriage of goods will commence on the new portion of the line. The accounts to the 31st August show that £1,366,713 had been expended, leaving a balance against the company of £28,151. The report was agreed to.

Cameron's Steam, Coal, and Swansea and Loughor Railway.—A special meeting of this company was held, on Thursday, 29th Nov., at the offices, Moorgate Street. Resolutions were unanimously passed, authorising the directors to call £4 per share, and to construct a branch line to Llanelly, 2¾ miles in length, at a cost of £4,500

South Staffordshire Railway.—At a special meeting of the company, held at Walsall, on Thursday, 29th November, a proposal to lease the line for a term of 21 years, at a rent for the first year of £13,387, and £26,775 per annum afterwards, being at the rate of 4 per cent. upon the capital, £669,350—was rejected by 2,253 votes against 1,509; majority 744. The directors were authorised to raise £100,000 on debentures.

Cork, Blackrock, and Passage Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Thursday, 29th Nov., at Cork; Dr. Lyons in the chair. The report expressed a hope that by April next the line would be opened throughout to the public. The capital account showed that £66,680 had been received, and £61,627 expended, leaving a balance in hand of £5,053. The report was adopted.

Waterford and Killenay Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held in London, Nov. 30. The liabilities of the company are stated to be £52,456, and the assets £15,550, leaving a balance against the company of £36,906. The accounts showed that £292,264 had been received, and £283,854 expended, leaving a balance of £8,409. The directors were authorised to make application for powers to raise £120,000 by the issue of 12,000 preference shares of £10 each.

Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.—A meeting of shareholders in this company was held at Manchester, on Tuesday, 4th December; Mr. W. H. Bradshaw, presiding. Resolutions were passed in favour of another investigation of the company's financial position, and into the policy of the management. The meeting condemned the directors seeking to create new capital, to the amount of £500,000, before the borrowing powers of the company were exhausted. After various opinions had been expressed on the subject of the memorandum, Mr. Hubbard moved, "that this meeting do approve of and adopt, the terms contained in the memorandum of agreement read to this meeting, and that the directors of the company be authorised to carry the same into effect."

Mr. Salt seconded the resolution, which was carried.

East Lancashire Railway.—An extraordinary meeting of this company was held on Wednesday, December 5, at Bury; Mr. J. Grundy presided, and moved a resolution to the effect "that this meeting approve of an arrangement being entered into with the Bolton, Blackburn, Clitheroe, and West Yorkshire Railway Company, for the working of the railway and traffic of that company, by and with the rolling stock of the East Lancashire Railway Company, and confirm the terms submitted to this meeting, of a proposed contract and agreement between the two companies; and empower the directors to enter into a binding contract and agreement for the purpose." Mr. Dugdale seconded the resolution, which was carried without a single dissentient.

Regent's Canal.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held in London on Wednesday, 5th December. The revenue account for the half-year ending 30th September last, showed that £23,318 10s. 8d. had been received, including £2,181 for towage, and £12,261 5s. 8d. expended, including £2,971 for towage, leaving a profit of £11,057 5s.

Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held in London, 6th December, to receive the report of the directors, to declare a dividend, to take into consideration the propriety of a testimonial to Sir John Pirie, and to elect directors and auditors; Mr. James Matheson, M.P., in the chair. £500 was granted to the directors, to be appropriated in such a manner as would be most gratifying to the feelings of Sir John Pirie. The directors and auditors were re-elected, and a motion for a dividend of 4 per cent. for the half-year was passed amidst general applause.

London and Blackwell Railway.—A special meeting of this company was held on Monday, 17th December, at the London Tavern. The adoption of the first recommendation of the committee, "that none of the officers of this company be allowed to hold offices in another company, any part of the duties of which were to be discharged during the business hours of the company," was unanimously carried. The other recommendations of the report were referred to the directors for their consideration and sanction, previous to the next half-yearly meeting.

South Wales Railway.—The adjourned half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Wednesday, 19th December, at the Paddington station of the Great Western Railway, to receive the report of the deputation of shareholders appointed on the 30th August last. After a lengthened discussion, the report of the directors, presented at the previous meeting, with the exception of the accounts, was agreed to. The report of the deputation of shareholders was postponed till another meeting, to be convened specially for the purpose.

Digitized by Google

ASSURANCES, &c.

Subjoined will be found the most material facts that have transpired since our last, relative to this great and growing department of investment.

Colonial Life Assurance Company.—The third annual meeting of this company was recently held in Edinburgh; W. S. Walker, of Bowland, in the chair. In the report by the directors, it was stated that, during the year from the 25th of May, 1848, to the 25th of May, 1849, 205 new policies have been issued, assuring sums to the amount of £129,938 15s., yielding annual premiums to the amount of £4,635 10s. 9d. That the whole amount of assurances offered to the company, from the commencement of the business in November, 1846, when the first policy was issued, till 25th May, 1849, is £505,855 3s.; and of this amount, after deducting proposals rejected and assurances forfeited, there was in force at the date of balance the sum of £353,476 9s., yielding annual premiums to the amount of £14,279 9s. 6d. That the amount of claims which the company have required to meet since its establishment is £2,070 15s. 3d. That the directors have made good investments with that portion of the funds which was available for the purpose. That the expenses of the institution are kept within the narrowest bounds compatible with the proper management and the extended field which the company's operations embrace. The report was agreed to unanimously, and, on the recommendation of the chairman, it was agreed that a list of the proprietors should be submitted for inspection at the principal offices in London, Edinburgh, and Montreal.

Manchester Fire Assurance Company.—The half-yearly general meeting of the court of proprietors of this company was held in Manchester on November 29; Mr. Emund Buckley in the chair. The business of the meeting divided itself into two heads. The first object was to pass a new law for the regulation of the company. The law proposed was, "To authorise the board of directors, in any case in which any of the funds of the company are for the time being invested on security of any mortgage of any lands or hereditaments, and either with or without power of sale, to agree with the mortgager or mortgagers, or with any person or persons entitled, or claiming to be entitled, to the equity of redemption in the mortgaged hereditaments, for the purchase or lease of the equity of redemption in the mortgaged property, upon such terms as the board shall think fit; or, in case of the bankruptcy or insolvency (whether past or future) of the mortgager, or other the person or persons for the time being entitled to the equity of redemption in the mortgage property then to authorise the board, or any person under its direction by virtue of or under some order for that purpose in the bankruptcy or insolvency, to bid for and become the purchaser of such property, upon such terms as the board shall think fit, and generally to act therein as to the board shall seem expedient, provided that the mortgaged property which shall be the subject of any such agreement or purchase be conveyed to or vested in some or one of the trustees of the company, in trust for the sale or disposal thereof by the direction of the board, and with powers of letting, leasing, and managing in the meantime; and that the trustees or trustee shall be possessed of the money to be produced by such sale or disposal, and of the rents in the meantime, upon the same trusts as are in the company's deed of settlement declared as to the moneys thereby authorised to be invested, and the dividends, interest, or annual income thereof." The law was unanimously agreed to and passed. The second object of the meeting was to declare a dividend. The Chairman having briefly addressed the meeting, called upon Mr. Herbert Spring, the Secretary of the company, to read the report, which gave particulars of the proceedings of the company for the last year, and the same was unanimously received, adopted, and confirmed, and ordered to be entered on the minutes. A dividend, amounting to 5½ per cent. for the half-year was then declared. After providing for the payment of this handsome dividend, there is an ample reserve left of £8,618 18s. 6d. The meeting then proceeded to declare bonuses of £15 per cent. on cotton mills, and 10 per cent. on all other risks, for the last year, to all annual policy holders. This company, we believe, is the only one that makes return bonuses annually to the policy holders. The court then passed a resolution, tendering a vote of thanks to the chairman, the deputy chairman, and the board of directors, for their valuable services during the past year, and requesting, in testimony of the sense entertained by the proprietors of the value of those services, their acceptance of the sum of £600.

OBITUARY NOTICES FOR DECEMBER.

THE LATE QUEEN ADELAIDE.

At Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, early on the morning of the 2d of December, her Majesty the Queen Dowager, after a long and afflicting illness, at the age of fifty-seven. Her Majesty retained her composure of mind to the last.

The late Queen Dowager, Amelia Louisa Theresa Carolina, was born on the 13th of August, 1792. She was the eldest daughter of George Frederic Charles, Duke of Saxe Meiningen, one of the small sovereign states in Germany, and sister to the present Duke. Her mother, Louisa Elonora, was a daughter of the illustrious house of Hohenlohe-Langenburgh. Her sister, the Princess Ida, espoused the Duke of Saxe Weimar Eisanach, and with Prince Edward and Prince Gustave of Saxe Weimar, and the two Princesses of Saxe Weimar, were with her in her last moments.

The early years of the Princess Adelaide were passed in tranquillity at the retired court of her father. On his death, in 1803, when she was only eleven years of age, she was left, with her brother and sister, to the guardianship of their mother, who was also appointed to the Regency of the Duchy of Saxe Meiningen, until her son was of age to assume the reins of government himself. All the accomplishments befitting her high rank and sex were, under the judicious care of her excellent mother, bestowed upon her, while those sound principles of morality and religion, and those enduring impressions of virtue, humility, and gentleness, the constant exercise of which has made her name illustrious for ever in the list of England's Queens, were early and carefully inculcated on her mind. Her early years were passed alternately at the ducal palace in the capital city of Meiningen, and at the Castle of Altenstein, a picturesque country residence, where the reigning family were accustomed to spend the summer months. From her childish years, she was distinguished for her docility, her goodness, her urbanity, and for all the virtues and graces which most dignify and adorn woman, especially in her exalted position. Her kindness and condescension to all who approached her were the theme of universal praise. The death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in November, 1817, made an important change in the relations of the royal family. By that mournful event, the Regent, afterwards George IV., was rendered childless, and it became a matter of grave policy on the part of the unmarried royal dukes to contract such matrimonial alliances as might place the future succession to the throne of this country on a firm basis.

The Duke of York, although married, was without issue, and the four royal Dukes, Clarence (the next in succession), Kent, Cambridge, and Gloucester, determined to marry. For the Duke of Clarence the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen was selected. Her piety, her gentleness, and her goodness, had made her known to the Royal Family of England; and, at the especial instance of his mother, Queen Charlotte, his Royal Highness, who had been for some time separated from Mrs. Jordan, solicited the hand of the Princess Adelaide. His suit was successful, and the preliminaries of their union having been settled in London, and at Meiningen, by plenipotentiaries on both sides—the Regent having signified his assent—the young German Princess, in her 26th year, quitted her fatherland to become Duchess of Clarence and the future Queen of England. The Duke of Clarence was at this time in his 54th year. Accompanied by her mother, and attended by a numerous suite, her Serene Highness arrived in London on the 4th of July, 1818, and took up her temporary abode at Grillon's Hotel, whither the Regent and the Duke of Clarence immediately went to greet her arrival, though the hour was as late as 10 o'clock at night. On the 9th of the same month, the Princess was presented to Queen Charlotte, and on the 18th her marriage with the Duke of Clarence was solemnised in the grand saloon at the Palace at Kew; and at the same time the Duke of Kent was remarried to her Serene Highness Victoria Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe Cobourg, and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. Their marriage had taken place at Cobourg, on the 29th of the previous May; but it was deemed advisable that they should be

Digitized by Google

remarried in England. At these royal weddings there was nothing of extraordinary state or splendour. The marriages were solemnised by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, and the only persons present were the members of the Royal Family, with the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Liverpool (Prime Minister), and Lord Sidmouth (Home Secretary), with Count Munster (Minister of State for Hanover), and Baron Kœnitz (Minister for Saxe Meiningen). The ceremony took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the evening, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence drove to St. James's Palace, where they remained only a few days, and then proceeded, for a short time, to the Duke's residence at Bushy Park. His Royal Highness soon came to the resolution of spending some time on the Continent, and, accompanied by the Duchess, he embarked at Dover, in less than three weeks after his marriage, and, proceeding by way of Calais, travelled onwards to Hanover.

At the time of the Duke's marriage, his entire annual income was £21,782. Upon his marriage he received an addition of £6,000 a-year. On this income his Royal Highness had to maintain a family of ten sons and daughters, besides keeping up the establishment which his exalted rank required. Under the prudent management of his excellent consort, there were few financial difficulties in the household of the Duke. After their return to England, the Duke and Duchess resided chiefly at Bushy Park.

The marriage was attended with much domestic bliss, but the untimely death of her children not only marred her Royal Highness's happiness, but affected her health. She gave birth to two daughters, the Princesses Charlotte and Elizabeth. The first died immediately after being baptised, and the second survived only for a few months, having been born on the 10th December, 1820, and died on the 21st of the following March. Her bodily strength and constitution suffered also from her being prematurely confined in 1819 and 1821, and on two subsequent occasions.

On the death of the Duke of York, in 1827, the Duke of Clarence became heir-presumptive to the throne, when his income was raised to £40,000 a-year. This addition enabled the Duchess to put still more in exercise those acts of charity and generous but discriminating benevolence for which her character was so greatly distinguished, and which were the dearest objects of her heart, and the natural bent of her disposition. Her unostentatious charities and graceful hospitality increased with the increase of income. In the retirement of Bushy Park, she applied herself to such lady-like acts as fill up with usefulness a dignified and elegant leisure. An early taste for tapestry and embroidery, nourished in the quietude and seclusion of Meiningen, revived, and, together with a love of music and of the arts, filled up her vacant hours. She also read much; and her reading, if not profound, was extensive, while her judgment in music, and even in pictures, was held in high esteem. In the comparative privacy of Bushy Park, she would have been abundantly happy but for the feeble state of her health, which even then gave warning of the premature old age that has prevented her reaching the ordinary limit of human existence.

George IV. died on the 26th of June, 1830, when the Duke of Clarence succeeded to the throne, under the name of William IV. In the high position to which her Majesty was now raised as the Queen Consort of England, her conduct and bearing were the theme of universal praise. The accession of William and Adelaide to the throne was the subject of joy throughout the nation; and the Queen was deeply affected by the devotion and loyalty evinced by the people on that auspicious event. The amount of her duties and the sphere of her influence were vastly enlarged, and no one could be more conscious of the new responsibilities which attached to her in her new position. In forming her household, Earl Howe was appointed her Majesty's lord chamberlain, the Duchess of Leeds her mistress of the robes, and the late Earl of Errol, who was married to the King's daughter, her master of the horse. On the 14th January, the Whigs being then in power, Lord Howe ceased to be her Majesty's chamberlain, and the Earl of Denbigh was appointed his successor. When Sir Robert Peel became Premier in December, 1834, Lord Errol withdrew from her Majesty's service. Earl Howe resumed his former office as lord chamberlain, and the Earl of Denbigh became master of the horse.

On the 9th of September, 1831, William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide were crowned in Westminster Abbey—more than a year after their accession to the throne. It was observed that her Majesty never appeared to greater advantage than at that memorable ceremony, never displayed more of the grace and dignity which usually characterised her deportment than in that venerable cathedral where the potentates of England and their consorts have been invested with the outward and visible signs of regal power, at the commencement of every reign since the foundation of the monarchy.

During the lifetime of the King, her husband, her Majesty took no part in politics, although often accused of exercising an influence which never once occurred to her. During the Reform Bill excitement, her piety and quiet virtues did not prevent her from being assailed with calumny and misrepresentation. On the occasion of the customary address of the Bishops on his Majesty's birth-day in 1832, after the King had returned his reply, the Queen, in performing her part in the ceremonial, concluded her answer with this very touching sentence:—"My Lords, I am particularly obliged to you for this declaration of attachment, at a period when I am most cruelly and undeservedly insulted and calumniated on many occasions." But the most gross instance of those undeserved and indecent attacks upon her Majesty occurred at the time of the dissolution of the first Melbourne Ministry in 1834, when the fact was announced in the *Times* newspaper, with the addition of the words, "The Queen has done it all." The article containing this memorable and unfounded expression was believed to have been furnished by a noble and learned lord, whose political conduct has not always been guided by that decorum and prudence which his high position demanded.

Her Majesty's conduct towards the children of her husband, by Mrs. Jordan, was always marked by kindness and affection. After she became Queen they were retained in the closest intimacy with her court, and she saw with pleasure their names enrolled in the ranks of the peerage, as well as in beholding the King distributing among them all the private fortune which he could command. "Towards the heiress to the throne, the Princess Victoria, she ever conducted herself with the most friendly feelings. She watched her progress with a maternal care, tenderness, pride, and love, which showed the pleasure which she took in her improvement. Her last act, it may be said, as Queen Consort, was in the command for a ball of unequalled magnificence, given at St. James's Palace, on the 25th May, 1837, in honour of the Princess Victoria attaining her 18th year—that is, attaining that age when it became eligible for her at once to ascend the throne upon the demise of William IV. The festive entertainment was but the preliminary to the King's death, for, when it took place, he was already seized with his last fatal illness."

The conduct of Queen Adelaide, during the last illness of the King has always been regarded as an exemplary instance of conjugal love and devotion. Of this the best possible proofs are to be found in a small volume printed for private circulation, being an account of the latter days of King William IV. The late Archbishop of Canterbury thus alludes to her conduct, so worthy of admiration, during the last illness of her royal consort. "Three different times," said his grace, "was I summoned to his presence the day before his dissolution. He received the Sacrament first; on my second summons I read the Church Service to him; and the third time I appeared, the oppression under which he laboured prevented him from joining outwardly in the service, though he appeared sensible of the consolations which I read to him out of our religious service. For three weeks prior to his dissolution, the Queen sat by his bedside, performing for him every office which a sick man could require, and depriving herself of all manner of rest and refection. She underwent labours which I thought no ordinary woman could endure. No language can do justice to her meekness, and to the calmness of mind which she sought to keep up before the King, while sorrow was preying on her heart. Such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to a mind desirous of being gratified with the sight of human excellence."

His Majesty died on the 20th of June, 1837. He may be said to have died in her arms.

"His Majesty died in a gentle sleep, his head resting upon the Queen's shoulder, and her Majesty's hand supporting his breast—a position which the Queen had maintained about an hour before her fatal loss, and, indeed, during nearly all the King's hours of sleep for the last fortnight of his Majesty's illness."—*Annual Register*, vol. lxxix., p. 197.

By parliamentary grant, her Majesty, as Queen Dowager, became

Digitized by Google

entitled to the munificent sum of £100,000 per annum, an income which enabled her to do much good, in accordance with her generous and benevolent disposition, and which she put it to a good and salutary use; but the sum was extravagant, and will never be again repeated.

On account of her weak state of health, even before the death of the King, she found frequent change of residence necessary. Soon after her accession to the throne, her Majesty visited her relatives in Germany, travelling under the title of the Duchess of Lancaster. For a long time after the King's death her Majesty suffered severely from an attack of bronchitis. This compelled her to go abroad, and she returned in 1839; the first visit that she paid upon her landing in England being to her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace. In the autumn of the same year she enjoyed better health than she had for many years, and she visited several of the nobility at their country seats; amongst others, the Earl of Denbigh, Earl Howe, and the Duke of Rutland. She also visited the same year, Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton Manor. In 1844 she paid another visit to her relatives in Germany.

In search of health she also went to Madeira and to Malta, both of which places her Majesty made her temporary residence. In the latter island she founded and endowed the beautiful church of Valetta. Her latter years were spent in England, and whilst the extent of her private benevolence was unknown, she contributed to almost every public charity, and to the funds of nearly all the societies engaged in the advancement of religion. It was her practice also to subscribe largely to all the charities in every place where she happened, even for a time, to reside, especially to those of the parish of St. Martin, London, in which her town mansion is situated, the portals of which were opened once every season to receive her Majesty, when very few receptions took place. Her Majesty never remained long in her town mansion, as the state of her health prevented her from ever spending much time in London. The latter part of her life was one long disease. Early last summer, while resident at Bushy Park, the incipient symptoms of dropsy manifested themselves. For change of air and scene she repaired first to Worthing, where she remained a fortnight, and afterwards went for a short time to Tunbridge Wells. After a visit, while there, from the Queen and Prince Albert, Queen Adelaide returned, on the 28th of June, to Bushy Park. On the 1st of September her Majesty and her household removed to Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, which she had engaged as her winter residence, where she breathed her last.

The directions which she left for her funeral afford additional proof of the exalted piety and unfeigned humility of her late Majesty. They are also remarkable for the touching proof which they furnish of the respect she entertained for the memory of her royal husband, in desiring that her body should be borne to the tomb by sailors. Her dying wishes were thus expressed: "I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place in daylight, and no procession. The coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel. All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend me, to do so; my nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lord Howe, and Lord Denbigh, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir David Davies, with those of my ladies who may wish to attend. I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible."

On the 13th of December, 1849, the remains of Queen Adelaide were consigned to the tomb, in the Royal Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, in the simple and unostentatious manner which she herself expressly desired. Her blameless life, her many eminent virtues, and her munificent deeds of public and private charity, will long preserve her memory. As has been well remarked, the twelve years that have elapsed since the death of her royal husband were passed by Queen Adelaide in the most exemplary manner. The munificent grant which she enjoyed from the nation has been munificently expended, not in an ostentatious splendour, which she declined, but in works of charity and religion that became well the widow of a British King, and will embalm her name with a quiet and unpretending, but lasting remembrance in the annals of the kings and queens of England.

LORD COLVILLE OF CULROSS.

At his residence, 29, Portland Place, London, on the 22d December, in his 82d year, the Right Honourable Admiral Lord Colville, of Culross. He was the son of the 9th baron, by his marriage with Miss Webber. He was born in 1768, and entered the navy while young. He was present in Rodney's action, and served at the capture of the West India Islands in 1794. In the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807, he commanded L'Hercule; and he attained the rank of Admiral of the White in February, 1847. He succeeded his father in 1810, and was one of the representative peers of Scotland, and an extra lord of the bed-chamber to Prince Albert. The deceased lord was twice married; first, in 1790, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Francis Ford, Esq., who died in 1839; and, second, in 1841, to the Hon. Anne Law, third daughter of the late Lord Ellenborough. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, who was born in 1818.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

On the 10th of December, at Pusey, the residence of his brother-in-law, in Wales, the Right Hon. Henry George Herbert, third Earl of Carnarvon, in his fiftieth year. He was the son of the second Earl, by the daughter of Colonel John Dyke Acland, of Killerton, Devonshire, and was born in London, on the 8th of June, 1800. When Lord Porchester, he made himself known as a traveller, a poet, and a dramatist. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1820 he commenced his travels. While in Italy, in 1821, he witnessed the revolutions which took place there in that year, which Byron, in his "Vision of Judgment," calls "the first year of freedom's second dawn." Not long afterwards, he visited the Peninsula; and, having taken an active part in favour of Don Carlos, he fell into the hands of the Christino party, with whom he remained for some time a prisoner. His lordship afterwards travelled through a considerable portion of Germany, and visited Morocco and other parts of Africa, as well as spent some time in Greece. On his return to England he published his travels and adventures in Portugal and Gallicia. He was also the author of a poem entitled "The Moor," and of a tragedy called "Don Pedro." In 1830 he was elected M.P. for Wooton Basset, which he represented till his elevation to the Peerage, early in 1833. He distinguished himself in the House of Commons on the Conservative side; and one of the speeches which he delivered against the Reform Bill was considered so effective by Sir R. Peel, that he declared he should be perfectly contented to rest the whole cause at issue upon the arguments contained in that single speech. But it required something more than the arguments of Lord Porchester, and of Sir Robert Peel, and all his party combined, to arrest the progress of reform. The only mistake was—and this was a mistake committed by the Whigs under Finality John—that that measure was considered the end, instead of the means to an end, or the beginning of the end; both phrases have an objectionable acceptation, the one on religious, and the other on political grounds. But our meaning by the word end, in this instance, is the object and the necessity of all Governmental progress and improvement. On the death of his father, in April, 1833, he became Earl of Carnarvon, when he was removed to the Upper House, where there was less exercise for those peculiar talents with which he was gifted; and, as he was a high Tory, perhaps there was the less regret. He had married, on the 4th of August, 1830, Henrietta Anna, eldest daughter of the late Lord Henry Molyneux Howard, neice of the late Duke of Norfolk, by whom he had a numerous issue. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Howard Molyneux, Viscount Porchester—now in the 17th year of his age—the fourth Earl of Carnarvon.

SIR ISAMBART BRUNEL.

At London, on the 12th December, in his 81st year, Sir Marc Isambart Brunel, the celebrated engineer. He was the second son of Jean Charles Brunel, of Hacqeville, in Normandy, where Sir Isambart was born, in 1769. The family to which he belonged have held that estate since the 12th century, and the name of Brunel is found constantly mentioned in the ancient archives of the province. He was first intended for the church, and sent at an early age to a seminary at Rouen, but he soon evinced so decided a predilection for the physical sciences, and so great a genius for mathematics, that the idea of educating him for the

Digitized by Google

clerical profession was soon abandoned. His father accordingly determined that he should join the naval service; and, at the proper age he entered the navy of his country, being indebted for his appointment to the Marechal de Castries, then the Minister of the French Marine. On one occasion he surprised his captain by producing a sextant and quadrant of his own construction, which he used for making observations. He made several voyages to the West Indies, and returned to France in 1792, when the first terrible French Revolution was at its height. As he entertained Royalist opinions, which he was not very careful to conceal, his life was more than once in danger, and, like many others at that time, he was forced to seek safety in flight. He emigrated to the United States, where he followed the natural bent of his genius, and adopted the profession of a civil engineer. He was first engaged to survey a large tract of land near Lake Erie. He was afterwards employed in building the Bowery Theatre in New York, which not many years ago was burnt down. He furnished plans for canas, and for various machines connected with a cannon foundry, then in course of being established in the State of New York. About the year 1799 he had matured his plans for making ship blocks by machinery. He had fled from a Republic to take refuge in a Republic; but he achieved his greatest triumphs under a monarchy. Finding America not the proper field for him, he determined upon visiting England, and offering his services to the British Government. Lord Spencer, then First Lord of the Admiralty, became his friend, and he was a frequent guest at Spencer House. From this time he continued to reside constantly in England. After much opposition to his plans, he was employed to execute them in Portsmouth dockyard. To perfect his designs, and to erect the machinery, was the arduous labour of many years. With a true discrimination, he selected Mr. Henry Maudslay to assist in the execution of the work, and thus was laid the foundation of perhaps the most extensive engineering establishments in the kingdom. The block machinery was finished in 1806, and has continued ever since to supply our fleets with blocks of a very superior description, at a large annual saving to the public. It was estimated at the time that the saving in the first year amounted to £24,000 per annum, and about two-thirds of that sum were awarded to Mr. Brunel. A few years afterwards he was employed by Government to erect saw-mills, upon a new principle, in the dockyards of Chatham and Woolwich. He was also the constructor of many other works of great public utility. But his greatest achievement was the Thames Tunnel, which was commenced in 1824, a company having been formed, and the project supported by the Duke of Wellington, who took, from first to last, a deep interest in the work. The progress of this great undertaking was stopped more than once by the breaking in of the river; and the exhausted finances of the company, which never extended beyond the command of £180,000, put a suspension to the work for many years. By a special Act of Parliament a loan was sanctioned—the Exchequer Loan Commissioners advanced the requisite funds—and this stupendous and magnificent work was at last finished, and opened to the public in 1843. In 1841, during Lord Melbourne's administration, Mr. Brunel received the honour of knighthood, on the recommendation of Lord Spencer, then Lord Althorp. He was a vice-president of the Royal Society, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and a vice-president of the Institution of Civil Engineers—he was also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He died in his 81st year, after a long illness, which first visited him soon after the completion of the Thames Tunnel. He had married in 1799 the daughter of William Kingdom, Esq., of Plymouth; and besides his widow, he has left one son, the eminent engineer, and two daughters—the eldest married to Mr. Hawes, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; and the youngest to the Rev. Mr. Harrison, vicar of New Brentford.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS COLLIER.

At Hong Kong, on the 28th October, of apoplexy, Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Augustus Collier, C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's naval force in the East. He was the third son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Collier, K.B. He entered the navy in 1798, under the immortal Nelson, on board the Vanguard, and was present, as a midshipman, at the battle of the Nile. He was midshipman of the Foudroyant, at the capture of the Genereux and Guillaume Tell, when he was wounded, and landed in Egypt. As lieutenant of the Osprey, he served on shore at the taking of St. Lucia and Tobago; and when in charge of a prize, with 15 men, he captured a privateer of one gun and 45 men. He distinguished himself in a gallant action with L'Egyptienne, French privateer of 36 guns, and subsequently captured Le Tremeuse, French schooner. While commanding the Circe, assisted by the Amaranthe and Stork, he destroyed the Cygne, French brig-of-war of 18 guns, and two armed schooners, under the batteries of Martinique, in 1808. For this he was promoted to his post rank in December of that year. In 1809, he commanded the Star, in the operations against Martinique. In 1815 he was made a Companion of the Bath. In 1819 he was Commodore of the successful expedition against the pirates of the Persian Gulf, and was Commodore and Commander-in-Chief on the coast of Africa from 1827 to 1830, during which period 36,000 slaves were released. He was appointed a naval aide-de-camp in 1832, and in 1833 was created a Knight Commander of the order of the Guelphs of Hanover. In 1838 he was nominated to "a good service pension," and appointed Commissioner of the Pembroke Dockyard in December, 1841. He became Rear-Admiral of the White in 1848. The mercantile community were under great obligations to Sir Francis Collier for the ready protection which he at all times afforded to British commerce; and an address was handed to him only a few days before his death, thanking him for the energy displayed by him in the extirpation of piracy in the Chinese seas.

SIR THOMAS GIBSON CARMICHAEL, BART.

At Naples, on the 13th December, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart., of Skirling and Castle Craig, Peebleshire, and Hailes' House, Edinburghshire. He was the son of the eighth baronet, and was born in 1778. His grandfather was John Gibson, Esq., of Durie. He succeeded in 1803, on the death of his brother, the ninth baronet, who assumed the name of Carmichael. He was a deputy-lieutenant of Peebles-shire, and was twice married, first to Janet, daughter of the late Major-General Dundas, of Fingask; and secondly, in June, 1816, to the Hon. Anne Napier, daughter of Francis, eighth Lord Napier. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now Sir Alexander Gibson Carmichael, born in 1812.

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

At Malvern, on the 24th December, Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., advocate, author of the History of Scotland, Lives of Scottish Worthies, and other works. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. By his death a literary pension reverts to the Crown. The intelligence of his death reached us as our last sheets were going to press. We shall give a memoir of him next month.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

At Argilt Hill, near Barnsley, on the 1st December, Ebenezer Elliott, the celebrated corn-law rhymer. He was born at Masbrough, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, on the 17th March, 1781, and was one of eight children. His father was a clerk in the iron-works at Masbrough, with a salary of £70 a-year, and, consequently, as the poet remarked to Mr. Howitt, "a rich man in those days." At school, he was an absolute dunce, and showed great inaptitude to learn the most ordinary lessons, particularly arithmetic. Of his early life little is known but what he himself has communicated. As a well-known, and always welcome and distinguished contributor to *Tait's Magazine*, as well as on account of his own genius, and the distinction to which he attained as a poet, we deem it proper to give as full a memoir of him as we can, and in doing so we shall avail ourselves of all the contemporary notices and other materials which have come under our observation.

In 1840, the Rev. Jacob Brettel, of Rotherham, one of Ebenezer Elliott's earliest literary friends, delivered a series of lectures on his life and poetry, in the course of which he introduced the following interesting account of the poet's early days, written by himself in the third person, as the composition of another. The world is always anxious to know all about the birth, parentage, education, and youthful habits and pursuits of its great men, passed away; and no one could depict his own

Digitized by Google

deficiencies and shortcomings as a boy and as a youth, with the feelings and regrets arising therefrom, more truly or more acutely than the poet himself. Thus runs the record of his early years:—

"Ebenezer Elliott, in childhood, boyhood, and youth, was remarkable for good nature, as it is called, and a sensitiveness exceeded only by his extreme dullness and inability to learn anything that required the least application or intellect. His good nature made him rather a favourite in his childhood with servant-girls, nurses, and old women. One of the latter was a particular favourite with him—Nanny Far, who kept the (York Keelman) public-house, near the Foundry, at Masbrough, where he was born. She was a walking magazine of old English prejudices and superstitions. To her he owed his fondness for ghost stories. When he was about ten years old, he fell in love with a young girl, now Mrs. Woodcock, of Munsber, near Greasbrough, to whom he never to this day spoke one word. She then lived with her father, Mr. Ridgeway, a butcher and publican, close to the bridge, on the Masbrough side of the river Don. Such was his sensitiveness, that if he happened to see her as he passed, and especially if she seemed to look at him (which he now believes she never did), he was suddenly deprived almost of the power of moving. He describes the effect produced on him by comparing it to that produced on a greyhound, when pursued by a mastiff, which strains his tail between his legs, and, instead of being urged to speed by his terror, is chained by it, and compelled, as it were, to lift the earth at every step. [There was nothing very striking or singular about this 'calf-love' of Elliott's. It is only what almost every boy, whether poetically gifted or not, feels towards some particular fair specimen of girlhood, as he approaches the boundary of his boyish years.] His unconquerable dullness was improved into absolute stupidity by the help he received from an uncommonly clever boy, named John Ross, who did him his sums. He got into the rule of three without having learned numeration, addition, subtraction, and division. Old Joseph Ramsbotham, seemed quite convinced—gave him up in despair; and at rule of three the lad jumped all at once to decimals, where he stuck. At this time, he was examined by his father, who discovered that the boy scarcely knew that two and one are three. He was then put to work in the foundry, on trial whether hard labour would not induce him to learn his 'counting,' as arithmetic is called in Yorkshire. Now, it happened that nature, in her vagaries, had given him a brother, called Giles, of whom it will be said by any person who knew him, that never was there a young person of quicker or brighter talents. There was nothing which he could not learn; but the praise he received ruined him in the end. His superiority produced no envy in Ebenezer, who almost worshipped him. The only effect it produced on him was a sad sense of humiliation, and a confirmed conviction that he himself was an incurable dunce. The sense of his deficiencies oppressed him, and in private he wept bitterly. When he saw Giles seated in the counting-house, writing invoices, or posting the ledger; or when he came dirty out of the foundry, and saw Giles showing his drawings, or reading aloud to the circle, whose plaudits seemed to have no end, his resource was solitude, of which, from his infancy, he was fond; he would go and fly his kite, always alone, and he was the best kite-maker of the place; or he would saunter along the canal bank, swimming his ships, or anchoring them before his fortresses—and he was a good shipbuilder—'just what a thousand children would have done under similar circumstances.' His sadness increased; he could not post books; he could not write invoices; he could not learn to do what almost any boy could learn, namely, to do a sum in single division; yet, by this time he had discovered that he could do 'men's work,' for he could make a frying-pan. It ought to be observed here, that the assistance he received from John Ross accompanied him, like his double, to every school to which his parents, in their despair, had sent him, and they had sent him to two, besides Mr. Ramsbotham's. When it was found that he could not do decimals, he was put back to the rule of three, and then pronounced incurable. Labour, however, and the honour paid to his brother, at length made him try one effort more. He had an aunt in Masbrough, one of whose sons was studying botany. He was buying, in monthly numbers, a book called 'Sowerby's English Botany,' with beautiful coloured plates. They filled him with delight; and she showed him that, by holding the plates before a pane of glass, he might take exact sketches of them. Dunce though he was, he found he could draw, and, with such ease, that he almost thought he was a magician. He became a botanist, or rather a hunter of flowers; but, like his cousin Ben (though not Greek-learned like him), he too had his 'Hortus Siccus.' He does not remember having ever read, or liked, or thought of poetry, until he heard his brother recite that passage in 'Thomson's Spring' which describes the polyanthus and auricula. His first attempt at poetry was an imitation in rhyme of Thomson's Thunder storm, in which he describes a certain flock of sheep running away after they were killed by lightning! Now this came to pass because the rhyme would have it so. His critic-cousin Ben, the learned, though the lad most imploringly told him how the miracle happened, nevertheless exercised the critic's privilege, and ridiculed him without mercy. Never will he forget that infliction. His second favourite author was Shenstone, whose translations of passages from the classics, prefixed to his elegies, produced an effect on his mind and heart which death only can obliterate. His next favourite was Milton, who slowly gave way to Shakspeare. He can trace all his literary propensities to physical causes. His mind, he says, is altogether the mind of his own eyes. A primrose is to him a primrose, and nothing more; for Solomon in his glory was not more delicately arrayed. [This thought was evidently suggested by Wordsworth's lines:—

"'A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.']

There is not a good passage in his writing which he cannot trace to some real occurrence, or to some object actually before his eyes, or to some passage in some other author. He has the power, he says, of making the thoughts of other men breed; and he is fond of pointing out four or five passages in his poems, all stolen from one passage in Cowper's Homer. When he became a poet, he also became more and more ashamed of his deficiencies. He actually tried to learn French, and could with ease get his lesson, but could never remember it an hour. Nor could he ever write correctly, until he met with Murray's Grammar, which he learned at the wrong end, (namely, the Key,) and never reached the beginning. To this day, he does not thoroughly know a single rule of grammar; yet, by thinking, he can detect any grammatical errors. If he errs, it is in the application of words derived from the Latin or Greek, which, although he has a strong propensity to use them, he now avoids, unless they are very melodious, or harmonise with the Saxon, and seldom without consulting his dictionary, that he may guess at their meaning. He has more than once shown his fondness for learned words, by begging Latin and Greek quotations, for his prefaces and notes. But his propensity to use fine words will be still better elucidated by the following anecdote:—Having written a sonorous poem in blank verse, on the American Revolution, he wished for a learned title. He wished to call it 'Liberty,' so his learned cousin baptised it in Greek, by the name of 'Eleutheria;' but the lad, having found out that 'Eleutheria' also signifies fire, humbled himself to Latin, expunged the Greek, and wrote in place of it, 'Jus Triumphans.' He then read Johnson's Dictionary through, and selected several dozen words (fifty-three he believes) of six and seven syllables, which he wrote on a slip of paper, and pasted over his verses, where they would scan and read grammatically! In this state the manuscript was sent to Whitbread, the brewer, who returned it with a flourishing compliment; and if it is in existence, certainly it is a curiosity that a bibliographer would place in his cabinet. The 'Vernal Walk,' his first publication, was written in his seventeenth year. He afterwards improved the rough verses into bombast, and then printed them.'"

To the readers of *Tait's Magazine* the name of Ebenezer Elliott is familiar as a household word. Besides contributing many of his best pieces for years to this periodical, he furnished to its pages, in 1840, an interesting sketch, principally regarding himself, entitled, "Random Thoughts and Reminiscences, by the Corn-Law Rhymer:" it will be found in the number for July of that year. In the number for the May previous, there is inserted a graphically-written prose piece from his pen, entitled, "Defence of Modern Poetry," intended for the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution; but we are not aware if it was ever delivered.

Notwithstanding his deficiencies in arithmetic, Mr. Elliott's mind was peculiarly of a practical as well as of a poetical cast. The placing him in the foundry at the very juvenile age at which that event took place, had a most important influence on his after life. He early resolved to be in business for himself, and first commenced on his own account in the town of Rotherham. He did not succeed, however, and in 1821, when forty years of age, he went to Sheffield, and with a capital of £100

Digitized by Google

of borrowed money, he commenced business again, as a bar-iron merchant. At this time he was married and had a young family growing up around him. After much exertion and endurance, and the exercise of great prudence, fortune began to favour him. The rapid rise of prices which took place soon after his settlement in Sheffield, enabled him to sell the iron in his warehouse for twice its original cost. His superior intelligence and business habits were well known; and at one time, so successful were his operations, that, as he told Mr. Howitt, he used to sit in his chair and make his £20 a-day, without even seeing the iron he sold; for it came to the wharf, and was sold again thence without ever coming into his warehouse, or under his eye. In reality, a very small portion of his life was spent in manual labour. As a merchant, his dealings came to be extensive, and, in the long-run, successful. Trade and literature, in spite of the common but mistaken idea, are not incompatible with each other, and Ebenezer Elliott has furnished an example that a successful poet may also be an enterprising and prosperous trader.

His first warehouse, it may prove interesting to future biographers and admirers to know, was in Burgess Street, which is now shown to strangers as one of the "sights" of Sheffield. When his business had increased, he removed to Gibraltar Street, Shalesmoor. In the suburbs of Upper Thorpe he built a handsome villa for his private residence. Although he achieved a fortune at his business, he yet had his losses, and he was ultimately glad to get out of trade with part of his gains. The great panic of 1837 swept away some £4000 worth of his property. His counting-house was adorned with the figures of Ajax and Achilles; and among the massive bars which enclosed him, he wrote his poetry, under the shadow of Shakespeare, and Raleigh, and the classic heroes of antiquity already named.

In the article in *Tait's Magazine* for July, 1840, above referred to, there occurs the following passage:—"I do not remember the time when I was not dissatisfied with the condition of society. Without ever envying any man his wealth or power, I have always wondered why the strong oppress the weak." This furnishes an index to his whole character, and was the main motive of his strongest and boldest effusions of poetry. The Corn Laws stirred the depths of his spirit, and he wrote against them in verse, with all the fervour and indignation of his earnest mind. He had been educated in the school of labour, and his views and his writings partook of the sternness of his experience. His admiration, and his study, such as it was, of Thomson, Shenstone, Milton, and Shakspeare, did not, in the slightest degree, tend to refine his mind. His genius was great, but his taste was deficient. The harshness of some of his expressions in his Corn-Law rhymes could only be equalled by the daring boldness of his appeals to the Deity on the subject of the bread-tax, now removed from the statute book of our country. Many who were disposed to admire the beauty and fervour of his lines, were shocked at the dubious taste and seeming profanity which sometimes disfigured the passionate and burning emanations of his muse. His sympathy for the working-classes led him away, in the ardour of his feelings, to the use of phrases and sentiments, which on any other subject he would have considered unpardonable and unnecessary. There can be no doubt that he is entitled to the praise of being the pioneer to the Corn-Law League; and his work being done when that active and influential combination was formed, he took but little personal part in their proceedings, although he still continued to aid the cause by his writings.

He was at all times an ardent politician, and a Radical in the extreme meaning of the word. At one period he supported Chartist views. In September, 1838, he attended a conference in London, and in the same month he presided at a Chartist meeting in Sheffield; but the opposition of the Chartist party at Anti-Corn-Law meetings, and their violent and desperate proceedings, soon completely disgusted him, and about the beginning of 1840, he withdrew himself entirely from them. While the fit was on him, however, he had become bail for a person of the name of Peter Foden, who had been arrested for sedition in August, 1839; and as the said Foden deemed it advisable to abscond, Mr. Elliot had to pay for his indiscretion, in thus backing such a specimen of the party. The repeal of the Corn-Law was his master object; and he got up a local society for promoting this object, which was formed, flourished, decayed, and died, long before the great Anti-Corn-Law League commenced its operations.

Mr. Elliott's first published work was "The Vernal Walk," when he was seventeen years of age. It was printed by Mr. Flower, of Cambridge, and in the last edition of his works, he says of this juvenile performance:—"It is now printed as originally written. All my local and domestic critics made it the butt for ridicule, before its publication; and it was frightfully castigated, on its first appearance in print, by one of the dispensers of public praise and blame. Why then reprint it? Because it is endeared to me by the persecution it has suffered. The idiot of the family is sometimes a favourite; and Byron doggedly wrote dramas because he was told he could not write them."

His next publication was "Night," of which only a portion has been republished under the name of the "Legend of Wharncliffe." "Love," with another poem, and a letter to Lord Byron, appeared in 1823, nine years before his "Corn-Law Rhymes" were published. Elliott's early publications were all doomed to severe censure, and nothing but a consciousness of his own innate powers could have carried him forward in his poetical career. "Night" was unmercifully abused in the *Monthly Review*, then one of the principal oracles of literary criticism, and the *Monthly Magazine*. "The Tales of Night," comprising "Bothwell," "The Exile," "Second Nuptials," &c., followed, but did not succeed. His spirit was roused by the condemnation which the critics had passed upon his former work; and he prefixed to his "Tales" a most defiant preface in reply to the reviewers, under the name of a letter from "Peter Faultless to his brother Simon." Southey, with whom he was at that time in communication, wrote to him the consolatory assurance that "There is power in the least of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation, thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so." They are already all but forgotten. The "Corn-Law Rhymes" were what first made the name of Ebenezer Elliott known far and wide, and will preserve it in the list of English poets, when most of his early publications, and even the "Corn-Law Rhymes" themselves, are remembered only by their names.

He made eager efforts for fame; but none of his pieces previous to his "Corn-Law Rhymes," had the effect of bringing him into notice. He even had recourse to satire for this purpose. Among other things of this kind, he published a piece called "The Giaour," being a vehement attack on Lord Byron, intended to provoke his lordship to take some notice of him; but it is very likely that the noble poet never saw this unamiable production, or that he despised it if he did, for the author was never honoured in any way by his recognition.

The strong vein of indignation, the fervent warmth of the poetry, and the resolute spirit for which "the Corn-Law Rhymes" were remarkable, had done but little to give him anything more than a mere local reputation; when their merits came under the notice of Dr. Bowring, and Mr. Bulwer, now Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who straightway set themselves to make these wonderful emanations of a strong, but uncultivated genius, extensively known to the public. The "Corn-Law Rhymes" and "The Ranter" were published in one volume, which was noticed in the *Eclectic* and *Blackwood*. It appears that in 1830, or 1831 Dr. Bowring being on a visit to T. A. Ward, Esq., of Sheffield, was shown this volume, and approving highly of its merits, was introduced by Mr. Ward to Mr. Elliott. On his way to London, he visited Mr. W. Howitt, who then resided at Nottingham, where he met Wordsworth, to whom he mentioned both Elliott and his poems. When he returned to the metropolis, he showed the work to Bulwer, who, in an anonymous letter in the *New Monthly Magazine*, addressed to Dr. Southey, and dated March 19, 1831, introduced Elliott's name and Free Trade poetry honourably to the literary world. The author was styled "a mechanic," and his extraordinary energy, and eloquence, and power, were spoken of in high terms; but at this time Mr. Elliott was a prosperous merchant, and could in no sense be considered a mechanic. There can be no doubt that his being represented as belonging to the working classes, and endowed with the qualities which he possessed so highly, and which were so emphatically dwelt upon, was one of the main causes of his poems being taken up so patronisingly by such a man as Bulwer. We are not very sure if a person of talent among what is usually styled the educated classes, would have received from him the same high eulogiums. Ebenezer Elliott's claims on the admiration of his countrymen, could not fail to have been sooner or later acknowledged, whether Bulwer had interfered in his behalf or not.

Digitized by Google

The current, however, being thus directed towards the Corn-Law Rhymer, it is astonishing how strongly the tide at last flowed in his favour. He was considered a perfect prodigy; and Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Hofland, and others of that class of writers, in contemporary publications, extolled him as a greater poet than Burns and Byron in all their glory. Elliott's merits are his own, and no one who can appreciate true poetry, will ever deny him the genuine distinction of a true poet, but it cannot serve any good purpose to arrogate for him more than what he is absolutely entitled to; and Mrs. Hofland, when, in an article on "Sheffield and its poets," she thus wrote, "It is at least certain Burns never equalled him, and Byron never exceeded him, in those particular qualities, wherein both have been deemed admirable," showed that she, at least, knew little or nothing of what "those particular qualities" are, and that her friendship for Elliot was the ground of his preference in her mind over Burns.

Mr. Elliott's collected poems appeared in three volumes, published successively in 1833, 1834, and 1835. In the preface to the latter volume he expressed himself as "sufficiently rewarded if his poetry had led one poor despairing victim of misrule from the alehouse to the fields; if he had been chosen of God to show his desolated heart that though his wrongs have been heavy, and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain top the lonely fir is pointing with her many fingers to our Father in Heaven." Another edition of his poems, in one volume, was published in 1840. For many years his most popular and esteemed pieces were contributed to *Tait's Magazine;* he also occasionally inserted poems in the local prints, particularly the *Sheffield Independent* and the *Sheffield Iris*.

Mr. Elliott retired from business in 1841. Leaving Sheffield, he spent his last years at Great Houghton, near Barnsley, where he built a house on a small estate of his own. He there devoted much of his time to rural engagements, and abandoned all active interference in politics, in which he had once taken so prominent a part. His last illness was of some weeks' duration, and was attended with extreme pain. A very affecting incident took place towards the close of his life. The marriage of his daughter to John Watkins, Esq., of Clapham, had been fixed for Christmas; but Mr. Elliott was anxious that it should be solemnised during his life, and it therefore took place on the 17th November, a fortnight before his death. When the newly-married pair left Argill Hill, Mr. Elliott was raised up in bed to see them pass the window, and desired that he might be buried at Darfield Church, where his daughter had been married. According to his wish, the funeral was of a strictly private character. Besides a widow and two daughters, he has left five sons, of whom two conduct the iron and steel business, and two are clergymen of the Church of England.

A love of truth and a hatred of oppression are the ruling principles of Ebenezer Elliot's political poems. In his hearty vindication of the rights of man, he had the spirit if he had not always the power of Burns, and a Crabbe-like skill and graphic earnestness in depicting the political and social miseries of the poor. His frequent and constant use of the strongest expressions with which the English language could furnish him, rendered them to many persons highly repulsive, and caused him to be decried as a poet by others, whose souls are ever awake to the truth and beauty of real poetry. In these, as in his other productions, he wrote from genuine feelings and impulses, and was not particular as to the phraseology used for the conveyance of his sentiments.

As a descriptive poet he stands upon far higher ground. Natural beauty had ever a predominant claim upon his affections, and his genius has hallowed the hills and valleys, the rivers and moors, around Sheffield, in words of immortal eloquence, which will endear his name to that district as long as its native scenery endures.

At the time of his death, Mr. Elliot was occupied in collecting for the press an enlarged edition of his poems.

The following obituary notice was intended for last month's Magazine:—

WILLIAM ETTY, ESQ., R. A.

At York, on the 13th November, of disease of the heart, William Etty, Esq., Royal Academician, one of the most eminent of modern English artists. He was born at York, on the 10th of March, 1787; and, like Rembrandt and Constable, he was the son of a miller, who also carried on business as a confectioner. Almost before he was able to walk, he "had developed a taste for art, by scribbling designs in chalk on the floor, tables, and walls of his home." He says, himself, "My first panels on which I drew were the boards of my father's shop floor, and my first crayon a farthing's worth of white chalk." His parents were singularly blind to the bent of his genius. Before he was twelve years of age, he was bound apprentice to the printing business, at Hull, with the late Mr. Robert Peck, upon the *Hull Packet;* and he served out his seven years faithfully, although the occupation of a letter-press printer was altogether uncongenial to him. Some of the rough sketches and draughts which he attempted during this time have been preserved, and afford abundant evidence of a skilful hand in drawing, the lines being remarkable for their freedom, decision, and accuracy. On the expiry of his apprenticeship the natural bias of his mind became irresistible, and he determined to be a painter instead of a printer. To make up for lost time, he went to London, being enabled to do so by the aid of an uncle, a merchant in Lombard Street, who subsequently bequeathed to him, by will, a legacy of £1,000. His power as a colourist soon began to be noticed, and, throughout his professional career it was the most distinguished element of his success. His ruling and predominating feeling was for the beautiful and sublime, as evinced in the whole range of his immortal pictures. Well do we remember the effect of his "Judith and Holofernes," in the exhibition of the Scottish Academy, at Edinburgh, twenty years ago. Soon after his arrival in London, he obtained an introduction to Opie, and through him to Fuseli, to both of whom he ever acknowledged his obligations for their encouragement of his earlier efforts, and their advice. He was for twelve months a pupil in the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom he mentions as his "beloved master." In 1822 he proceeded to Italy, and, with the partiality of a colourist, felt most at home in Venice. At Rome, we are told, he partook of Reynolds' admiration for Michael Angelo, and was wont to relate how he made sketches of the Sextine Chapel in the blank leaves of his Italian Grammar. He also visited Florence, and made a careful copy of Titian's "Venus," in the Tribune of that city. Such was the fidelity of its execution, that Wilkie, on beholding it, exclaimed that it would astonish our colourists. Etty's first picture, after his return from Italy in 1824, "Pandora formed by Vulcan," which he painted in a few weeks, and for which the Royal Academy elected him an associate, was purchased by his old master, Sir Thomas Lawrence. During the French Revolution of July, 1830, he was in Paris, and he somewhat humorously described his sensations at the visit of a shell while studying in the gallery of the Louvre. His pencil was very prolific, and the large prices which he received for his pictures enabled him to realise a considerable fortune. He died worth forty thousand pounds. His residence in London was in Buckingham Street, Adelphi; but of late years he had retired to his native city, York. The exhibition of all his principal pictures that could be got together a few months ago, in London, was an event the most flattering to his feelings and ambition at the close of his career. Personally, Etty was quiet and unassuming, and possessed of an amiable and kindly disposition. Remembering his own early hardships and struggles, he ever showed himself a friend to young artists of promise and talent. His peculiar excellence as a painter was in depicting the human figure. His flesh tints are unrivalled for their truthful and life-like character. He was the last evidence, says a writer in a metropolitan newspaper, which bound painting, in the present day, to the glories of the olden time; for his name associates itself, as by a link of brotherhood, with those of Paolo Veronese, Corregio, and Titian.

PRINTED BY GEORGE THOUP, 29, DUNLOP STREET, GLASGOW.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

HYPERBOREANA.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

"Land of the whirlpool—torrent—foam,
Where oceans meet in maddening shock;
The beetling cliff—the shelving holm—
The dark insidious rock;
Land of the bleak, the treeless moor—
The sterile mountain, scored and riven;
The shapeless cairn—the ruined tower,
Scathed by the bolts of Heaven:
The yawning gulph—the treacherous sand,
I love thee still, my native land."

Two hundred and thirty-four years have elapsed since Patrick Stewart, the once potent Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Zetland, finished his ignominious career at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, by the hands of the common executioner, for manifold injuries, tyranny, and atrocious oppressions, practised by him on the unoffending inhabitants of these remote isles; yet this man's name is as familiar in the minds and mouths of the denizens of the Northern Archipelago to this day, as if his "heid had been strukkin frome his body" only a decade or two since. He has acquired an inauspicious celebrity—a sinister kind of immortality—compared with which, "dumb forgetfulness" were to be implored, and oblivion coveted. Who or what the aborigines of these islands were, previous to the latter part of the ninth century, it were in vain to inquire; suffice it to say, that the invincible vikingr, or sea-rovers from the Norwegian fiords, under the far-famed Harald Haarfager,* took possession of, and colonized them. Their laws were the very essence of freedom, and these they carried with them into whatsoever country they conquered. The monarch of the parent State entrusted the government of these newly acquired colonies to chiefs, or relations of his own, under the title of earls, with a feudal dependence on his Crown; yet their authority was only seemingly respected, and that from political motives. But, although the Norwegian treasury may not have been greatly augmented by the direct tribute flowing from these newly acquired colonies, yet they became invaluable to the parent monarchy, which subsisted by rapine and piracy—whose sea-kings were familiar with victory, and inured to blood, whose raven-banners floated on every gale, whose war-galleys covered every sea, and whose very name carried alarm and terror into half the States of Europe.

The geographical position of these islands, at the junction of the Atlantic with the German Ocean, served admirably as harbours of refuge for the innumerable war-ships that constantly roamed over the great waters. Fleets might there be repaired—men and munitions of war might be embarked with safety and speed—thence predatory excursions, and expeditions of national magnitude and importance, might issue at the proper time; and, advantage having been taken of the critical moment, success, as a matter of course, followed. Hence the reduction of the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, and a large portion of Ireland. Nay, some of the Scandinavian historians go the length of asserting that Harald Haarfager conquered the whole country north of the Grampians. Hordes of the warrior-Northmen migrated from time to time; and thus these islands formed a nursery *then*, as they have ever *been*, for skilful and hardy seamen. Possessing dauntless hearts and sharp brands, this insular brotherhood, for many ages, bade defiance to oppression from within and tyranny from without, acknowledging, and barely acknowledging, fealty to the parent power, who, in many instances, had enough, and more than enough to do, to avert the evils of disputed succession, foreign aggression, and the lawless and tumultuous outbursts of capricious and powerful chiefs, who, tired of law and order, seemed only to be in their proper element amidst the bray of battle and the collision of steel.

Toward the latter part of the fourteenth century King Olaf died, and in him the old race of Norse kings, descended from Harald Haarfager, became finally extinct. The kingdoms of Denmark and Norway were then united, under the far-famed princess Margaret, whose extraordinary talents and address have rendered her name illustrious as "the Semiramis of the North;" and henceforth, until the year 1468, the Orcadian group of islands may be more recognized as a Danish than a Norwegian colony. As the star of the former ascended to the zenith, that

*This was the famous monarch who, by his transcendent skill as a great military leader, and his prudence and sagacity as a statesman, first combined the various tribes, among whom Norway was divided, into one nation, by reducing their Kings, or Jarls, to a state of vassalage. Every circumstance connected with the youth of Harald has been carefully preserved by the Skalds. Dreams and prodigies augured his future greatness; the giant Dofre taught him the military art, and, at the age of ten, when he lost his father (A.D. 863), he had the reputation of surpassing all his contemporaries in beauty, courage, wisdom, and warlike accomplishments. Moreover, there was a lady in the case. We are informed by Torfæus, that Harold having fallen deeply in love with Ragna, the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring chief, the haughty beauty refused him her hand until he had signalized his prowess as a warrior, and conquered a realm as extensive as Sweden or Denmark.

Digitized by Google

of the latter declined; and the warlike celebrity of her insular provinces became shorn of its radiance, in proportion as the mother country sunk into provincial mediocrity.

Thus, for a period of nearly six hundred years, and under some thirty Scandinavian Jarls, or Earls, these descendants of the early Norwegian sea-rovers flourished in a state of barbarous freedom. Their princes were generally known and feared throughout Great Britain, and were also so much respected, that they intermarried even with the royal families of Scotland and Norway.

"Few of our readers," says an anonymous Orcadian antiquary, "are perhaps aware of the ancient importance of Orkney; as, for example, that Caithness and Sutherland, the Hebrides, and several tracts on the western shores of Scotland, were formerly subject to the dominion of the princes and earls of Orkney* —that east Ross and Murray were also subject to an Earl of Orkney† — that William the Conqueror of England was also a lineal descendant of an Orcadian Jarl‡—that Reid, a Bishop of Orkney, was the first founder of the University of Edinburgh," and that Robert Bruce, grateful, no doubt, for some assistance in the hour of his necessity, which has escaped the notice of historians, after the battle of Bannockburn, ordered, that for ever after five pounds sterling should be paid to St. Magnus' Kirk in Kirkwall, out of the customs payable by the town of Aberdeen.

But it was not for warlike prowess alone that the Norwegian colonists were renowned. Iceland, which has been emphatically called the University of the North, was discovered and colonized only a few years previous to the reduction of Orkney, by the same people, and from the same quarter. In that sequestered spot, religion, learning, and legislation, took up their favourite abode, and attained a wonderful degree of cultivation long before the revival of letters in the South of Europe. "The Skalds, or poets of Iceland," says Torfæus, "are famous for their skill in poetry and song. They resided at the courts of kings and princes, whom it was part of their office to accompany to battle, in order to be eye-witnesses of the actions they were to celebrate and record, and which they afterwards sung at great and solemn entertainments. They animated the soldiers to fight, and extolled the chieftains who signalized their courage, or fell in arms. Not only the particular exploits, but sometimes the whole lives of their kings and heroes were thus recited. These songs, which, being communicated from one to another, were *everywhere publicly chanted*."

The ancient and modern historians of the North refer to them as authorities for the earlier periods of their history. Great numbers of these compositions are extant in print, or preserved in manuscript. If, then, the intellectual resources of the Skalds were indispensably necessary to the fame of kings, princes, and warriors, it is but reasonable to infer, that in whatever quarter the raven-banner floated, wherever hostile spears commingled, or wherever good legislation smoothed down the asperities of barbarism, the talents of the poet would be in high requisition; and their inspirations, which confer immortality on heroes and legislators, would be purchased at any price. To perish ingloriously, without being embalmed in the Runick lay of the Skald, was not for a moment to be thought of; it therefore amounts to the truth of a mathematical axiom, that the potent lords of the island earldom would attract, invite, and retain the highest intellectual attainment which power or wealth, or a combination of both, could procure. That our illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott—whose profound researches into northern antiquities were equalled by few, surpassed by none—was of the same opinion, is proved from his writings. In the inimitable "Lay," when wassail was held in Branksome tower, and when the nuptial convivialities were nearly degenerating into a brawl,

> "The wily dame, lest farther fray
> Should mar the concord of the day,
> Had bid the minstrels tune their lay;"

the sweetest of which was by Harold the bard, who usually struck his harp to the glories of

> "The lordly line of high St. Clair,"

Earls of Orkney, but who, on the present occasion, chanted a dirge to the memory of the lovely Rosabelle, which, like oil on stormy waves, calmed the mental commotions of the hostile retainers, while the fire of passion was extinguished by the meltings of our common humanity. I am somewhat proud of my prototype and countryman, Harold, and shall embellish what is dull by that which is brilliant, by extracting a poetical account of his birth and education from the undying pages of our mighty minstrel:—

> "Harold was born where restless seas
> Howl round the storm-swept Orcades,
> Where erst St. Clair held princely sway,
> O'er isle and islet, strait and bay—
> Still nods their palace to its fall,
> Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!
> Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
> As if grim Odin rode her wave;
> And watched the, whilst, with visage pale,
> The throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
> For all of wonderful and wild
> Had rapture for the lonely child.
> And much of wild and wonderful,
> In these rude isles, might fancy cull;
> For thither came, in times afar,
> Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war—
> The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
> Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
> Kings of the main, their leaders brave,
> Their barks the dragons of the wave.
> And there, in many a stormy vale,
> The Skald had told his wond'rous tale,
> And many a runic column high
> Had witnessed grim idolatry.
> And thus had Harold, in his youth,
> Learned many a saga's rhyme uncouth
> Of that sea-snake, tremendous curled,
> Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
> Of those dread maids, whose hideous yell
> Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
> Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
> By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
> Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
> Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,
> Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
> And bade the dead arise to arms!
> With war and wonder all on flame,
> To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
> Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
> He learned a milder minstrelsy."

* Edinburgh Review, vol. viii., p. 99.
† Vide Torfæi Orcades.
‡ Barry's History, Book ii., cap. iii.

Digitized by Google

About the year 1468, James the Third of Scotland began to cast his eyes over the regal beauties of certain European Courts for a partner to his throne; and having fixed on the princess Margaret, daughter of Christian First of Denmark, a marriage treaty was subsequently arranged, in which the Danish Monarch agreed to remit the quit-rent due to Norway for the Hebrides, and also to pay a dowry of 60,000 Rhenish florins with the young princess. Being somewhat low in finance, he was under the necessity of pledging the Earldom of Orkney, and Lordship of Zetland, to James, as a security for this sum; but the money was never paid, and those remaining conquests of the Northmen in the Scottish seas were thus annexed to that kingdom. From and after this political conjunction we hear of little else, on the part of the minions who were sent to govern this once warlike people, but low chicanery, open tyranny, or a combination of both. Bishops and lordlings, legitimate and illegitimate, seemed to vie with each other in acts of oppression and spoliation. The sinister scion of royalty, the mitred prelate, and the haughty coronetted feudatory, literally scrambled for the mammon of unrighteousness; and, like gamesters and cozeners, they shuffled the pack to suit their nefarious purposes—they bartered and exchanged spiritualities and temporalities, until these became incorporated under the control of a layman. Thus Lord Robert Stuart, who was commendator of Holyrood House, and Adam Bothwell, bishop of Orkney, found it mutually convenient for their secular purposes to exchange the temporalities of their respective benefices; and they accordingly exchanged them, while Lord Robert held his right to the Earldom, so that he united in himself the right both of the crown and the bishop. Sometimes the greater cormorants would drive the smaller off their nests, though only for a short time. In this manner, on the ill-starred marriage of the infatuated Queen Mary with Bothwell, that execrable individual was immediately created "Duke of Orkney," with such extravagant privileges and immunities, as no subject should be possessed of, be he what he may. This detestable homicide, however, only enjoyed his honeymoon-dignity for about the space of a month; he fled from Carberry Hill, having his "dukry" dissolved into thin air. After the fall and flight of that minion, Lord Robert Stewart resumed possession of his earldom, and ultimately, his son Patrick, besides the earldom, obtained also a charter of the bishopric from the crown, which gave him powers by far too great for either subject or sovereign to possess. Both father and son seem to have inherited from their progenitor, James Fifth, a taste for splendour and prodigality, while insolent pride,* ferocity, and the exercise of almost unlimited power, induced them to tyrannize over their serfs with impunity. In those days, it was a "far cry" from Orkney to Holyrood; nevertheless, the "cry" at length penetrated the royal ear, which brought about the catastrophe already noticed. It is only justice to mention, however, that although Earl Robert established a reign of tyranny and extortion, he only chastised the people with whips, but his son Patrick, who succeeded him, chastised them with scorpions.

Having succeeded to, and ascended his insular throne, Earl Patrick betook himself to building a palace worthy of his supposed potency, the magnificent fragments of which remain to this day, and are beautiful even in ruin. It was known as "the Earl's Palace," to distinguish it from "the Palace of the Yards," a venerable edifice, which had been erected for the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Cathedral Church of Kirkwall, which Hakon of Norway was accustomed to occupy, and in which he died, after the disastrous expedition, in which he was routed, at Largs. The old and new palaces thus formed two sides of an ample square, and the noble church of St. Magnus formed a third; and few provincial towns in Scotland, at that period, could boast of such architectural splendours as the island metropolis of Kirkwall. Ichabod, however, has long been written on the portals of the palace!

> "Still doth the ruined palace stand
> A crumbling relique in the land—
> Tenantless fabric, huge and high,
> And proud in ruined majesty.
> The verdant ivy robes thy wall,
> Weeds are the dwellers of thy hall,
> And in the wind the tufted grass
> Waves o'er thy dim and mouldering mass."
>
> MALCOLM.

It has the air of an elegant, yet massive structure, uniting, as was usual in the residences of feudal princes, the character of a palace and of a castle. A great banqueting hall, communicating with several large rounds, or projecting turret-rooms, and having at either end an immense chimney, testifies the ancient northern hospitality of the Earls of Orkney, and communicates, almost in the modern fashion, with a gallery or withdrawing room, of considerable dimensions, and having, like the hall, its projecting turrets.

The lordly hall itself is lighted by a fine Gothic window, of shafted stone, at one end, and is entered by a spacious and elegant staircase, consisting of three flights of stone steps.

The exterior ornaments and proportions of the ancient building are also very handsome. "The large round turrets," says the author of the "Baronial Antiquities of Scotland," "impending from the angles, and the massive tiers of semi-classical pilasters on either side of the door-way, are quite characteristic of the period when the palace is known to have been built—the early part of the seventeenth century. There is less distance between the spring of the turret and the foundation of the building than is usual in old Scottish mansions. The turrets are of spacious dimensions, and they are more richly decorated, especially in the corbels, than those of Scotland. It is thus not improbable, that, instead of having been committed to any of the Scottish architects, who had adapted the French style to the humbler fortunes of their native aristocracy, the palace was built by architects who came direct from France."

Such was the gorgeous aerie in which this vulture roosted; and from whence he issued his arbitrary and capricious mandates, reckless of the grinding misery which he inflicted and entailed on the miserables who had the misfortune to be born or placed under his despotism and rapacity.

* As a proof of that inordinate ambition, which almost amounted to high treason, I refer the reader to the famous inscription which Earl Robert had carved above the gate of his palace of Birsay, after having enlarged it: "Dominus Robertus Stuartus, filius Jacobi quinti Rex Scotorum, hoc opus instrupit."

Digitized by Google

To the inordinate pomp and ostentation of this coronetted oppressor, tradition, with her thousand tongues, bears ample testimony; to which I may add a passage from a scarce and curious *tome*, printed for the Bannatyne Club, entitled "The Historie and Life of King James the Sext," where we are told that "he never went from his castle to the church, nor abroad otherwise, without the convoy of fifty musqueteers, and other gentlemen of convoy and guard; that at dinner and supper there were three trumpeters that sounded till the meat of the first service was set on the table—did the same at the second service, and also after grace; and that, from Earl Patrick's intercepting pirates, and collecting tribute of uncouth (strange) fishers that came to these seas, he made such a collection of great guns, and other weapons for war, as that no house, palace, or castle in Scotland was equally well furnished in that respect." This chief's proceedings exhibited consummate address, and a daring wicked ability, unprecedented even in the rude age in which he lived. According to the charge subsequently adhibited against him, he accused the gentry of the islands with high treason, and condemned them in his own court, by which the royal prerogative was usurped, since, high as he was invested with delegated powers, these did not include offences against the State. But self-interest, not loyalty to his sovereign, was the moving power. When the unfortunate accused were condemned, their estates were forfeited—not to the crown—all forfeitures went to himself; and occasionally the oppressed Udaller was frightened into a pecuniary settlement, or a relinquishment of a portion of that inheritance which had descended to him through successive ages. He levied exorbitant tolls on the ferries between island and island; he extorted taxes and duties, and exacted forfeitures of every description; he ultimately prohibited the lieges from crossing the ferries without his special licence. Numbers, who, in the course of business, or other lawful causes, were obliged to force their way over sounds and firths, were captured by the minions of usurped power, incarcerated in close prison, set in the stocks, placed in irons, and kept there for "days and weeks."

One of the great objects of his extortion was the building of the sumptuous palace above described. We learn from Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials," "that the said Earl, leaving no sort of extraordinary oppression and treasonable violence unpractised, has compelled the most part of the gentlemen's tenants of the said countries of Orkney and Zetland to work to him all manner of work and labour by sea and land, in rowing and sailing his ships and boats, working in the stone quarry, winning and bearing forth thereof stones and red (debris), loading his boats and shallops with stone and lime, building his park dykes, and all other sorts of servile and painful labour, *without either meat, drink, or hire!*" The Egyptian taskmasters were mild to their Hebrew slaves, when compared with Earl Patrick. No doubt those same taskmasters would occasionally accuse them of idleness—their lives were made bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; but, according to their own confession, they had a plentiful table, they sat beside the flesh-pots of Egypt, and had bread to the full; subsequently they remembered the fish, the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic—and if they had no "hire," they had, at least, an abundance of provisions. The husbandman could not dispose of the produce of his farm, the fisherman durst not vend the fruits of his toil, the peasant could not offer his sheep or his pig for sale, without licence from the Earl, under ruinous penalties. He claimed and extorted a fat ox and twelve sheep, out of every parish in the country, "without ony rycht," yearly. He compelled the inhabitants to contract to himself the "haill commodity of fischinges," and fortified his power by procuring obligations from the islanders not to appeal to the royal courts. He forced the people throughout the whole of the parishes to swear that they should conceal nothing that may make an "unlaw"* to the Earl; and in the event of concealment, and the same made known to him or his deputies, then, their lands, goods, and property were confiscated.

The fifteenth article of Earl Patrick's indictment bore, "That my lord ejected the ministers out of their gleibes, and spoilzes them of the half of the wol and tiend lambis." Now, to say nothing of its morality, this was extremely bad policy on the part of the Earl—

"Corbies and clergy are a kittle shot,"

and the consequence was, that his lust after "gleibs," "wol," and "tiend lambis," brought a hornet's nest about his ears, and did more for the acceleration of his ruin than the half of all his other malversations.

To consolidate that power, which, in spite of the influence of the Scottish crown, he had so unjustly acquired, he treasonably "persuaded, induced, counselled, and commanded" a number of gentlemen, who, no doubt, were afraid to resist, to subscribe and deliver to him an instrument of *manrent*, whereby they obliged themselves and their heirs to serve and maintain him against all and whatsoever persons, without reservation, and that they should never hear nor know of anything to his hurt, but that they should reveal it within twenty-four hours, "without ony exceptioun of impossibilitie or distance of place, contrarietie of wind, wedder, or other impediment," under pain of forfeiture of life, lands, and goods. Moreover, if it should so occur that the contravening of this bond, by any of the subscribers, should not come to the Earl's knowledge until after the death of such person, it was lawful to try his, or their heirs, and punish the said heirs as he might have done the principal offender. It is, or ought to be, humbling to our common humanity, to find a specimen thereof, albeit dressed in a little brief authority—

"Before high Heav'n playing such fantastic tricks
As make ev'n angels weep."

Here is a nobleman (?) so intoxicated with power, so dazzled with the transcendent brightness of his own image; so unmanned by the poison of servile flatterers, like Canute, or so brutalised by want of reflection, like Mrs. Partington, that, in despite of common sense, reason, religion, or philosophy, he orders his vassals, on pain of death, to warn him of impending danger within twenty-four hours from the time such shall come to their knowledge—and that in an archipelago of some sixty-eight isles, islets, and holms; with reefs, rocks, stacks, and skerries innumerable; with the fierce Atlantic Ocean rushing through frith, strait, sound, and inlet with irresistible fury; and in a latitude where

* Unlaw, a fine.—Jamieson.

Digitized by Google

the sun is barely three hours above the horizon, during the brumal solstice!

On the restoration of episcopacy, and the appointment of James Law to the see of Orkney, in 1605, the Earl's star began to decline. His expenses and prodigality exceeded the ill-gotten revenues which he unjustly wrested from his unfortunate vassals. He became entangled in the meshes of debt and difficulties, although, as has been seen, he scrupled at no means which were calculated to fill his coffers, to supply his demands, or to gratify his vehement lust for power. The interests of the Earl and the Bishop were opposed to each other; but the sagacity of the mitre proved too much for the violence of the coronet, and, after much dissimulation on both sides, an open rupture ensued. The Bishop fanned the flame of discontent that had been long smouldering; he encouraged the outcries of the oppressed inhabitants; became a nucleus for the malcontents, procured accusations, and digested those for the Privy Council; operated upon the avaricious nature of James, by the prospect of a forfeiture of the earldom to the crown, and ministered to his ravenous arrogance by the most contemptible adulation and ludicrous flattery. If kingcraft required a double portion of that unctuous aliment which feeds vanity, the Bishop was the peculiar *artiste* to administer the savoury sop.

The following letter from Bishop Law to the King, dated Edinburgh, November 17, 1608, will at once show that the residence of his Grace among the unpolished Orcadian Udallers had not in the smallest degree impaired the courtly language of the would-be Archbishop; and, although it brings before the royal eye a number of atrocities which might have remained in operation for years to come, yet I cannot help thinking that self-interest predominated as much in the inditing of it, as either loyalty or Christian philanthropy:—

"Sir,—May it please your sacred and Most Gracious Majesty, the preferment which I have received of your Majesty's great and undeserved favour, to be called and reputed Bishop of Orcades and Zetland; the many great and continual complaints of your Majesty's poor distressed subjects in those isles, my Christian compassion of their miseries, and most specially the sincere affection and reverend regard which I have, and ever shall have, to your Majesty's high honour and true glory before God and man, both for the time present and to come, has moved me to present upon my knees by this letter, supplying my absence, my most humble and serious supplication, in favour of this distressed and oppressed people, that it will please your Majesty's great wisdom, and royal power and authority, some comfort and relief may be provided and procured unto them. Alas! dear and dread Sovereign, truly it is to be pitied, that so many of your Majesty's subjects are so manifoldly and grievously oppressed, some by ejection and banishment from their houses and native soils, others by contorting the laws and extorting their goods, the most part being so impoverished, that some of them neither dare nor may complain, but in silent and forced patience groan under their grievances, as hopeless of help; others are compelled with great trouble, danger, and damage to their poor persons and estates, to seek remedy by ordinary justice, which, when they have obtained, they must, nevertheless, through proud contempt and lack of execution, either thus molest your Majesty as the only strength and stay of their hopes under God, or else be utterly disappointed, and lose all. The bearer can and will inform and qualify the particulars; and I, who am able at this time to do them no other good, nor comfort, and has so long and earnestly been solicited by them, do now prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet in their behalf; not in humble ambition, nor in covered covetousness, intending and aiming by the correction of that nobleman to seek the erection of my base estate and poor fortune, but once to acquit myself of that duty which, as I think God, my conscience, my calling, your Majesty's favour towards me, and the fidelity of my bounden service, does require at my hands, being as ready to retire myself to my former private condition, if it shall not displease your Majesty, as I have, and shall be most willing and obedient to go forward against all dangers and difficulties in discharging my unworthy service here or there, where it shall please your Majesty to command. In end, I humbly beseech your Gracious Majesty, if there be any jot or tittle here to offend your Highness, pardon my imprudency, and respect with favourable countenance this my petition, which I presumed to send up to your Majesty upon no other warrant than the certain knowledge and experience which I have of the piety, justice, wisdom, &c., wherewith God hath endued and adorned your Majesty, which all and every one do join themselves with my humble supplication, and do call upon your Majesty's royal power for help and comfort to these wounded and grieved members (though far distant) of your Highness' politick body. Sir, I do not use here the sour sweetness of flattering words, but from my heart do praise God, who hath graced and blessed your Majesty, and shall still pray that he may multiply more and more his blessings upon your sacred person, royal estate, and happy government, and crown your Majesty with the crown of glory.

"Your Majesty's very loyal subject, and most humble servant,
"JA. B. OF ORCADES."

This, and other supplications of a similar tendency, are characterized by Laing, the historian, as "acrimonious," and that there was a "*probability*" that the oppressions were exaggerated in the complaints of the islanders, or aggravated by the report of their bishop. It is not, however, probable that a church dignitary, possessing the prudence and worldly wisdom of Law, would have dared to denounce such a potent nobleman as Earl Patrick confessedly was, to his Sovereign, and that Sovereign his own cousin-german, if he had not been morally certain of being borne out by overwhelming evidence, and crushing testimony—the united voice of an oppressed people. My friend and countryman, the late John Malcolm, Esq., in one of his juvenile poems, tells us that:—

"—— records rare tell many a tale
To later times of wo and wail,
When Patrick, Orkney's ruthless lord,
Wav'd o'er the isles a despot's sword,
And made his will the law which gave
Offenders exile or the grave."

The Bishop having thus angled in the troubled waters of denunciation, with but sorry success, he appears to have at last baited his hook with a "forfault;" the bait was swallowed, hook and all; and from that hour the star of Earl Patrick fell to the nadir with unprecedented velocity. He was incarcerated, first in Edinburgh Castle, and latterly in that of Dumbarton, for several years. His earldom was annexed to the crown, and his right reverend denunciator appointed by the Sovereign to repair to the earldom, with full power, commission, and authority, to inquire into, and report on, the complaints of the islanders; and the lieges are enjoined in the most stringent manner, and under severe penalties, to "reverence, acknowledge, and obey the said Bishop, in all and everything tending to the execution of his commission." It was not to be supposed that such an untameable spirit as the Earl should sit calmly down under his wrongs, without an effort to recover his rents, dignities, and immunities; accordingly, he found ways and means to issue forth a commission to his illegitimate son, Robert Stewart, instructing and empowering him to use his best endeavours to expel the right reverend intruder and his myr-

Digitized by Google

midons, and to "uplift" his rents and other customary dues, as if no such thing as annexation between the earldom and the crown had taken place. Nothing loath—the youth flew to arms, and, with the assistance of a few adherents, drove out the sacerdotal retainers—surprised and took possession of the Palace of Birsay, the Castle of Kirkwall, and the Tower of the Cathedral; and, for a short while, the current of events seemed to be returning to its old channel. But the Privy Council became alarmed; and, after much solicitation for the appointment, the Earl of Caithness, a mortal foe of Earl Patrick, was commissioned to quell the insurrection; and with the alacrity of a tiger he suddenly pounced upon his hereditary foemen, with five hundred of his countrymen, and beleaguered the different posts which the insurgents had taken; he drove the last of them into the Castle of Kirkwall, where they stood a siege of three weeks, and ultimately surrendered on conditions, which were violated. "Robert Stewart's escape," says Laing, "was prevented by his guards; the Castle was reduced by the Earl of Caithness; and the bastard surrendered on the pious condition that no torture should be employed to extort a confession of his father's guilt. The father was convicted on the son's confession. His descent from a brother of the unfortunate Mary, gave him the strongest claim to the compassion of James; but, as Somerset had succeeded to Dunbar's expectations of his estate, every avenue of mercy was intercepted."

The die was now cast. The unhappy Earl was cited before the Court of Justiciary. He was accused at its bar of treason, rebellion, and other crimes; and, upon the evidence, chiefly of his own son, that the late seditious rising in Orkney took place by the order of the Earl, he was declared guilty by a jury, and condemned to suffer death, which took place by decapitation, at the Cross of Edinburgh, the 6th day of February, 1615. The Castle of Kirkwall was razed to the ground, and the Vandal Earl of Caithness would have demolished the venerable cathedral,* one of the architectural glories of the middle ages, had not Bishop Law, to his eternal honour, prevented it. The good Bishop had "much difficulty" in "hindering" the coronetted ruffian from committing this piece of sacrilege; and whoever hereafter may contemplate the beauties of this transcendent temple, which, having stood for seven hundred years, still remains pre-eminent in dignity and sublimity, cannot fail to bless the memory of the man who saved it from the fangs of barbarism.

After the fall of this gigantic feudatory, whose bond of allegiance was ever of the most flimsy texture, the victims of his oppression seem to have inhaled new life; the boon of liberty, in the proper sense of the term, they did not, indeed, receive—but the contrast was so striking, that it is almost felt yet by their descendants, and the cloud of obloquy which overspread the head of the oppressor centuries since, seems as dense as ever.

"Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods and fixed the trembling land,
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil;
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!"

* "The traveller from the central districts of the mighty empire, to which the far Isle of Pomona is now attached, looking with admiring wonder on its lofty tiers of strong and symmetrical arches, and its richly-mullioned windows, admits that old St. Magnus is matched but by a very few of the ecclesiastical edifices of our great cities, and those few are also ancient. Even as when it first reared its head among the fishermen's huts, it still frowns broad and dark over the surrounding houses of the old burgh of Kirkwall."—*Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities.*

BRITISH POLICY IN THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

A WARM debate has arisen on the subject of our recent policy in the Indian Archipelago, and we have reason for prophesying considerable discussion of the subject in Parliament. Some individuals are busily framing an impeachment against Sir James Brooke, who is the intellectual instrument, and Government, which is the motive power of that policy. Meanwhile the organs of the economical humanitarians are industriously accumulating charges against the Governor of Labuan. They derive their inspiration from a Singapore print, and promise themselves much honour from the success of their endeavours, which are to withdraw British influence from the Eastern Seas, and leave those magnificent waters to the unchallenged dominion of piracy. Their hostility strikes out into many ramifications, but it is not difficult to trace all these to the parent root.

Sir James Brooke, assisted by a small British force, has encountered and destroyed a piratical fleet off the coast of Borneo. The power of two buccaneering tribes has been, at least, partially annihilated; their prahus have been scattered, their strongholds overthrown, and their lands laid waste. The spectacle presented by the scenes of devastation formed a fearful and melancholy picture, and nothing but a terrible necessity should lead to the infliction of a chastisement so severe; but whether the blow struck at the organisation of the Sarebas and Sakarran should be described as a massacre of simple and innocent traders, or a victory gained over cruel and incorrigible pirates, is a question to be decided by a review of the circumstances which preceded, which provoked, and which, in the opinion of all well-informed writers in Europe and in the East, justified the recent operations against the freebooting communities of the Bornean rivers.

A liberal, but impartial inquiry into our policy as represented in the conduct of Sir James Brooke, is the more necessary, because certain individuals, possessing

Digitized by Google

great talents and no information, engage in the debate, and cast upon the character of our countryman imputations of cruelty, vindictiveness, and a sordid attachment to self-interest. The nature of these accusations, and the spirit in which they are delivered, reflect little credit on those who give them circulation. It is, therefore, a task, agreeable to our feelings, as well as easy to our reason, to stand between Sir James Brooke and the aspersions which hail upon him from the economical humanitarians.

It will never be imputed to us that we are the ever-ready and uncompromising defenders of British colonial policy. On the contrary, it is too often our task to attack men, measures, and principles; but where a course favourable to the national interests, friendly to civilization, conformable with justice, and consistent with humanity, is pursued, it is right to encourage and applaud it; it is shameful and ungenerous to select it as the subject of censure. True, it may be, that no evil can come from the hostility of the writers to whom we allude; true, it may be, that the inaccuracy of their assertions as to practical facts, destroys the effect of their theoretical declamation; but this does not subtract an atom from their intemperate malignity.

From private sources, as well as from the known works of authority, from a constant attention to the current flood of events, and from a simple theory of humanity and justice, we may draw the complete refutation of all that has been charged against Sir James Brooke, and against our policy in the distant waters of the Indian Archipelago. We assume much; but our unlimited confidence is grounded on irrefragable testimony. Reviewing, therefore, the long files of objections, charges, and statements, the truth and philosophy of the question, and the qualifications of those who condemn the recent operations, let us decide between the Rajah of Sarawak and his antagonists.

To the north east of the territory ceded by Muda Hassim to our adventurous countryman, lies a large province, fertilised by many considerable rivers. The banks of these streams have been, from a period beyond the memory of man, inhabited by the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, whose fleets, frequently joined by prahus from weaker tribes, have been wont to scour all the neighbouring waters, to intercept the traders on the high seas, to devastate the coasts, burn villages, massacre the defenceless natives, and carry off women and children to a hopeless, although somewhat softened, slavery. This admission, however, should not be laid to the account of their humanity, because their cruelties on the weak, the resisting, and the aged, are celebrated and dreaded throughout the Archipelago, but to motives of self-interest, since captives harshly treated are neither serviceable in bondage, nor valuable in the slave markets of the Indian Islands.

On the last day of July, 1849, Sir James Brooke, accompanied by the Nemesis steamer, an European ship, several English boats, and numerous native war prahus, encountered a fleet of a hundred and twenty Sarebas and Sakarran prahus, returning from a marauding expedition, and intent on another. A contest, protracted during six hours, took place after sunset. The whole bay, at the mouths of the Sarebas and Kaluka rivers, blazed with the flash of artillery, rockets, and small arms. The pirates—"innocent and simple traders"—made no offer of submission, no attempt at parley, but commenced the conflict, and replied to the fire of the British force with equal determination, although their loose and random discharges were ineffectual. Their fleet was destroyed; more than eighty prahus were battered to pieces or driven on shore. One was sunk by a rocket, one was run down by the Nemesis, and the dawn of morning revealed a spectacle at once terrible and strange. Shattered wrecks, shields, spears, and fragments of vessels, floated amid the frothy foam, along the whole line of the bay, and more than seventy prahus lay on the beach, with the natives swarming around them as flies upon carrion. Immense quantities of merchandise—evidently the plunder of numerous trading craft, were taken from them, and a flotilla of native boats, laden with the recaptured goods, shortly proceeded to Sarawak. Numbers of the pirates escaped into the jungle; but the slaughter was great. None place it lower than five hundred men killed, whilst some compute it at more than a thousand. However this may be, it was enough; it was a melancholy thing, and the effusion of so much blood must be regretted. Yet, whilst we regard with pain the sad spectacle of this tremendous havoc, it is our duty to inquire into its necessity, before denouncing it as an "indiscriminate massacre" of "innocent and simple traders."

Sir James then proceeded to the town of Paku, on the Sarebas river, and destroyed it—thus rooting out a notorious haunt of piracy. The untaught, unsophisticated natives had thickly planted the ground on both sides with short, sharp spikes, and it was necessary to send a small native force in advance, to pick them out, ere the European force could proceed. The pirates, like poor ignorant people, "wholly addicted to commerce," displayed considerable ingenuity in their practice of the warlike art. They hovered along the line of march, they threw heavy booms across the river, they made frequent sallies from the jungle, they scattered spies all over the forests, amid the branches of trees, and altogether appeared to have studied Polyænus to some purpose. The two unarmed sons of the Otang Kaya of Landu, advancing to reconnoitre, were cut down by a party in ambush. Their father grieved bitterly over their loss. When he saw the dead bodies of his children—one headless, the other gashed with many gaping wounds, his face darkened with a sudden cloud of anguish. We have before us the manuscript journal of an eye witness, who describes the picture as one deeply pathetic. Sir James was standing on a little eminence on the river's bank, when the mutilated remains were brought down. The Otang Kaya looked at his dead sons, and then, overwhelmed by his bereavement, burst into a storm of passion, vowing no more to serve—as he had bravely served—the English, who allowed his boys to be slain. Nothing gave him comfort until he heard from Sir James Brooke what the same writer tells us is deeply prized by all the friendly people of Borneo, a panegyric on his sons' bravery. "They died like warriors," said the Rajah, and the old Otang Kaya smiled through his grief. All present respected and pitied the unhappy chieftain, whose enthusiastic friendship to the Rajah, long tried fidelity, and remarkable courage, had rendered him famous among the Bornean allies of the English. The melancholy relics of the dead were delivered to him, and he commenced the descent of the river in a boat, but ere the

Digitized by Google

day dawned was doomed to a new bereavement, for a rope accidentally touched the trigger of a loaded musket, and the charge killed the Otang Kaya's son-in-law, and buried itself in the breast of a Malay boatman. "Three sons in one day!" cried the aged man, and almost sunk under this accumulation of sorrow.

The settlements on the banks of the Kanowit river were destroyed, several captures were made, and numerous slaves released. One little child, a white-skinned, fair-haired girl, supposed to be an European, was found in a private dwelling, and confided to the care of a missionary at Sarawak. Sir James then steamed in the Nemesis to the town of Poe, whose inhabitants were deeply compromised in the atrocities of the Sarebas and Sakarran; but they promised amendment, declaring they would never again join the piratical expeditions of those tribes, and their dwellings were spared. They gave a hostage in pledge of their faith. This circumstance should not be lightly overlooked, since it refutes the calumnious assertion that the Rajah spares no occasion of bloodshed; and proves, if other evidence were wanting, what has been denied, that the Sarebas and Sakarrans were pirates. Such, in outline, are the occurrences which have stirred society here into a ferment of debate, and, in particular, awakened the hostility of some critics, whom we shall not name, since our purpose is to refute their statements, and not further to injure their reputation.

The destruction of the pirate fleet is compared to an Algerine *razzia*. The Sakarrans are described as the most populous and civilized of the unconverted inhabitants of Borneo; the assertion is quoted that they are pirates, and carry on bloodthirsty pursuits, with the reply that not one tittle of evidence can be produced to justify this "foul language." This is the preamble to the impeachment. Let us pass judgment on it before we pursue the question further. An Algerine *razzia!* Here is a shameless slander upon our countrymen in the Indian Archipelago. The same writers compare it to a steamer dashing through a flotilla of coasting sloops and fishing craft, and running them down right and left. Will they picture to themselves a fleet of a hundred and twenty coasting sloops and smaller craft, manned with freebooters, appearing in the British Channel, after seizing several merchant ships, after murdering and mutilating a number of women, after plundering three villages, killing many fishermen, and returning gorged with blood and plunder, to revel in their dens, with the intention of visiting and destroying by the way another peaceful settlement? A British steamer, assisted by numerous small vessels, approaches this formidable fleet. The "innocent and simple" crews yell in fierce defiance, brandish their weapons, beat drums, gongs, and tattawas, firing the first discharge, and then replying to the steamer's broadside by a blaze of artillery and small arms. They do not show one signal flag of peace; they do not ask for quarter: they rush madly against the enemy, and for six hours return volley for volley, without one offer of submission—without one call for mercy, clinging to the wrecks of their ships, and fighting to the last moment of life. If the critics could suppose themselves in constant dread of their depredations, or remember a long category of their atrocities—would their destruction be denounced as a massacre, and compared to an Algerine *razzia?*

Entirely omitting all mention of the Sarebas, or confounding them with the Sakarrans—although they are two distinct tribes—the writers proceed, as we have seen, to declare them populous. That assertion we leave untouched, for it proves they are so much the more formidable. However, on this point, a fact may be welcome, and we therefore inform the critics that the Sakarrans numbered, a few years ago, no less than ten thousand males. As to their civilization, however, it is little surprising that the critic fixes it at a high standard, considering what his notions are in that respect. But the reader's opinion may be different, and a few illustrations of their refinement it may be worth while to mention. Are we to balance the testimony of an ignorant journalist against that of the Rajah Brooke, who has sojourned among the tribes whom he describes, and has enjoyed the best opportunities for observing their characteristics? Of the Sakarrans he says, "They are the most savage of the tribes, the Sarebas excepted, and delight in head-hunting, and pillage both by sea and land." They are distinguished from the rest of the population by the number of rings worn in the ears, and it is a proverb among all the peaceful native tribes on that coast, "When you meet a Dyak with many rings in his ears, trust him not, for he is a bad man." They attire themselves in the most fantastic costume, and frequently several of them go on the war-path with a vow not to return to their village without a fresh human head to add to the trophies of their valour. The Sarebas wander about the forests in large hordes, and, whilst engaged in their stealthy expeditions, rest at night under the shelter of trees; but if by civilization is meant skill in the art of defence and aggression, we acknowledge their superior merits.

This leads to the question, whether the Sarebas and Sakarrans are or are not pirates. From private sources we learn that a most ample accumulation of evidence in support of the affirmative has been prepared at Singapore; but from what we already know, from information open to the critics as well as ourselves, we are prepared to convict them of ludicrous ignorance, or wilful perversion of the truth. That they are assaulted in their own rivers is dwelt upon with pathetic indignation. Among those thus visited were the people of Kanowit, whose "innocent simplicity" may be illustrated by an account of one of their achievements. In the autumn of 1845 these peaceful traders equipped a force of four hundred men, and marched stealthily to a large building erected on lofty poles on the river's bank lower down. Not a word was spoken—not a spear was thrown. The marauders, crouching, crept along the ground, protected by an impenetrable roof of shields, and commenced cutting and bringing away the posts. The defenders, fifty in number, poured down boiling water, and missiles, through apertures in the floor, but in vain, and their fate approached every moment nearer. At length, the Kanowits retreated from the tottering piles. It fell, and its inmates were buried in the ruins. Many were killed; many were maimed; many women and children were captured, whilst the rest fled into the jungle. This achievement was performed to revenge the refusal of the Palo people to join Patingi Abdulrahman of Siriki in a marauding expedition, in company with the Sarebas and Sakarrans. Similar atrocities, frequently repeated, provoked a visit from

Digitized by Google

the Phlegethon war-steamer. The Kanowitians expected nothing less than destruction; but the British officer merely warned their hoary-headed chieftain to desist from his nefarious pursuits. He confessed his piracies, and promised amendment, but a long train of crimes at length drew upon him the active vengeance of the English force. He had engaged to desist from buccaneering, but similar promises, continually repeated, were constantly broken, until reliance on them would have been a display of puerile credulity. This is one instance of the maligned innocence of the Bornean freebooters; but others may be necessary.

The *Singapore Free Press*, a journal of great value, distinguished for the ability with which it is conducted, the liberal spirit by which it is inspired, and the information it contains, offers a strong refutation of the assertions made by the critics, that the pirate tribes, recently punished, are peaceful and innocent traders. The Kaluka river, on whose banks once flourished numerous happy communities, possessing fields, and gardens, and groves, well-planted lands, and stores of provisions, presents at this day a spectacle very much the reverse. The borders of the stream are peopled by a small remnant of the tribe; and the few hundreds remaining are incessantly harassed by the attacks of pirates from the sea and from the land. The blackened remaining towns and villages, depopulated and abandoned, in consequence of the unremitting assaults of the Sarebas, are visible everywhere along its course. Miles upon miles of cleared grounds, once producing rice, now uncultivated, alternate with the forests of the sago palm, where the Kalukas dare not work. There the wealth of nature wastes itself, because man is not allowed to profit by its abundance. The desolated course of this river is a commentary on the critic's theory of civilization.

It may be presumed that the unfortunate Muda Hassim, from whom Rajah Brooke is said to have obtained, by equivocal means, accession of territory, knew the character of his neighbours, and we have before us his letter begging for assistance, and saying, "There are certain great pirates, of the people of Sarebas and Sakarran, in our neighbourhood, seizing goods and murdering people on the high seas. They have more than three hundred war-prahus, and extend their voyages even to Banjermassin; they are not subject to the government of Brune; they take much plunder from vessels trading between Singapore and the good people of our country. It would be a great service if our friend would adopt means to put an end to these piratical outrages." The result of this was, that the freebooters were, in 1843, attacked in their rivers and punished; but had the humane economists been at Sakarran, in 1841, when a fleet of a hundred and forty Sarebas and Sakarran prahus arrived, with the boasted object of attacking and plundering a peaceful tribe in the interior, the scene might have forced conviction into their minds through the medium of their eyes. Reason and the ear appear to be closed up by an impenetrable wall of prejudice. The pirates vaunted their own strength, calculated the number of their boats at eleven score, and their warriors at four thousand, entering readily into battle with a superior force, but enraged beyond measure when informed that their marauding expeditions would not be permitted. These are truths which dissipate all doubt; but consult all the recent works on the Indian Archipelago, and there is not one which does not supply accounts of the atrocities committed by the Sarebas and Sakarrans, and the *Singapore Free Press*, in its elaborate defence of our recent policy, satisfies us that "the evidence of these people being pirates, and that of the most inveterate and determined kind, is abundant and conclusive. No means have been left untried to induce these tribes to desist from their piratical pursuits; engagements have been made by them, and repeatedly broken, and it is only after they have shown themselves thoroughly faithless, and spread desolation and destruction far and wide, that it has been resolved to take measures against them.

None can be more averse than ourselves to excessive severity; but the law of nations has been, through all time, and in all countries, to make incessant war against buccaneers; and the pirates of the Indian Archipelago have grown so formidable, so destructive to commerce, so injurious to civilization, and so terrible to the peaceful and well-disposed, that we shall most lamentably fail in our duty, if, guided by the puerile declamation of ignorant jealousy, we relinquish that richest portion of the fertile East, to the mercies of barbarian freebooters; if we allow our trade to be cut up by the roots, and, withdrawing our influence altogether from those fertile regions, suffer them to relapse into the poverty and degradation of the primitive ages. We have pledged our faith to the well-disposed native tribes; we have engaged to protect them in peaceful pursuits, if they abstain from piracy; but the philanthropists of the Manchester school would leave them to their fate, to suffer the vengeance which the pirate powers would, assuredly, wreak upon them. This bane of industry is not an evil that carries within itself the cause of its own decay. It is vital and reproductive; for the trading communities, if abandoned by us, would seek an alliance to avoid the attacks of the freebooters; and certain it is, that hundreds of native prahus, now engaged in piracy, have been detached or deterred from commerce by the corrupting influence of that gigantic system. But the economists are not consistent, for that little print *in the straits*, which appears to be the feed counsel of the Sakarran and Sarebas pirates, launches forth in magnificent denunciations of those less atrocious marauders who infest the China Seas, and advocates their thorough extirpation. This is singular, and assists us in our progressive inquest of the motives of its hostility to our recent policy. Transplant Sir James Brooke to the China Seas, and the China pirates will become innocent and simple traders, whilst no flourish of rhetorical invective will be fierce enough to pour upon the freebooting communities of the Indian Islands. With our critic at home, the case is different. He is the Attorney-General of piracy, and sympathises with its professors in all quarters of the world; so that, whether in the Ægean waters, or the Barbary coast, or the slave shores of Africa, or among the channels of the Twelve Thousand Islands, the blood-thirsty buccaneer may pursue his track of plunder, and confide in the sympathetic protection of a philanthropist in Lombard Street.

The resistance of the Sarebas and Sakarran fleet is compared to that made by a covey of pheasants at a *battue!* "They fired incessantly for six hours," as the

Digitized by Google

letter of an eye-witness, dated 28th of August, testifies, in graphic language—"With straining eyes we watched the scene (not a shot had yet been fired from the British force), when suddenly, from thousands and thousands of throats, broke a yell, so fierce and loud, that nothing earthly can afford a comparison for it, accompanied by the sounding of martial instruments, and the ineffectual fire of numerous guns"—so that, at any rate, the "pheasants" fired first; and whether a "covey" at a "*battue*" could support a conflict with artillery and small arms for five or six hours, we shall not decide. Unquestionably, however, it appears clear to our apprehension, that if the pirates, making no attempt at parley, maintained repeated discharges of firearms for so lengthened a time, they sought to kill their enemies; and, whether they succeeded or not, their resistance was equally determined. But if the critics imagine they fired for mere amusement, we leave them to the possession of an opinion which they may display as the sample of their wisdom. None, of course, can blame the pirates for their courage, since, in sustaining the conflict, they only followed the dictates of instructive nature.

With respect to the "mulct" inflicted by Sir James Brooke on the people of Poe, which is compared to the policy of Julius Cæsar, it is altogether an imaginary creation; but the temptation was too powerful to be resisted, of accusing our countryman of a mean act. No mulct of any kind was inflicted. The guns which had been employed against us were taken away—the constant practice in war—and the hostage, willingly delivered, was kindly treated. But a curious illustration of the critic's knowledge is afforded by his ingenious attempt to polish the reputation of the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates. On board several of their vessels, and on the *beach* (which the writer, to suit his own purposes, alters into *bank*, that it might appear to have been in the interior), were found the bodies of many women, headless, and gashed, from the shoulders to the feet, with fresh, yawning wounds. They are supposed to have been those of the captives taken in the course of the expedition; but the critic suggests that the Dyaks, like the Hindus, and ancient Spaniards, massacred their own women to prevent them falling into the power of strangers.

This is clever sophistry; but it melts before the faintest light of inquiry. The pirates do not take their women with them on their excursions; and in all the various conflicts which have occurred between the English and the freebooters, nothing of the kind was ever found before. We have taken many forts, we have seized many towns, we have arrested many prahus, but the Dyaks never slew their own women; and all the accounts of their manners which have been collected, tend to oppose the probability. But in this particular instance we have more than presumptive proof. The eye-witness to whom we have alluded was present at the examination of some prisoners, who boasted of the numerous body of warriors which manned the fleet. The Sarebas and Sakarrans had plundered Palo, taken two prahus—one proceeding to, the other returning from, Singapore—killed numbers of men, and taken some women captives. Another division of Sarebas boats, which eluded the pursuit of the British force, cruised off Sambas, and massacred several Chinese. They then boldly steered for the entrance of the Sarawak river, seized a trading vessel, and attacked a group of men on the shore, killing twelve. These, and numerous other instances of their barbarous ferocity, will be remembered by those who peruse the lucubrations of the humane economists. These are "the lambs" of the Singapore print; these are they whom "conciliation and peace" are to civilize; these are the people "heretofore described as so simple and innocent." We confess ourselves at a loss here, and shall owe infinite thanks to the critics, if they will point out a single passage, in a single work, in which either the Sarebas or Sakarrans are so described. No account published in Europe, since the name of Sir James Brooke first attracted notice, supports the statement, and we confidently challenge the writers to call forward their authority. Unless, aided by an antique Malayan grammatist, they refer to Valentyne's four Dutch folios, which are too ponderous to read, we must believe that no description by any author paints the Sarebas and Sakarrans in these gentle hues of innocence.

The single prahu, run down by the Nemesis, has been magnified into "the thronged array of the native flotilla," through which the steamer "crashed," "crushing the frail boats, mangling and destroying their crews." We here witness a splendid power of exaggeration, which none but a confident genius would venture to exert. We admire this bold flourish of imagination; but our regret is, that it should be employed to cast odium at our countrymen in the Eastern Seas. But, in addition to this, we perceive, heaped upon the heads of Sir James Brooke and his companions, accusations of murder, cruelty, and plunder, so utterly atrocious and revolting, that they defeat their object. A vein of virulent malignity runs through their charges, which we are ashamed to see. However, we shall not pass in review all their statements. They have been circulated, and, in company with them, the manly denial by the Governor of Labuan, who singly takes them up, singly proves them untrue, and in a mass, characterises them as they deserve. "I blush for the authors of this monstrous calumny, lest they should be unable to blush for themselves. I claim, as a gentleman, the ordinary credit due to every man, for good sense and humanity. I can appeal to all present whether any inhumanity has been committed in the late expedition." Sir James discovered, with surprise, that the lawless and bloodthirsty pirates of Borneo found advocates in the Christian community of Singapore; but when we find writers in the very heart of European refinement, advocating pirates and piracy, palliating every species of cruelty, and excusing the murder of women, shall we feel astonishment when a journalist—probably of Malayan blood—in the remote outskirts of civilization, deprecates all interference with this miserable, harassing, and destructive system?

But against the personal defamation of his character, we leave the Rajah to defend himself. He best knows its sources, and can very well shield himself against the attacks of private libellers. It is with the public policy of this country that our present purpose is, and therefore it is well to consider what we are to conclude from the assertion that, according to their present aspect, the recent operations appear to be a war between Rajah Brooke and his unfriendly Dyak neighbours. The question is put, of which of his titles,

Digitized by Google

Governor of Labuan, or Consul in Borneo, does Sir James avail himself to authorise his instructions to the British officer in command? It was a contest, it is said, between our countrymen and some neighbouring chiefs; a private war, the result of private animosity, springing out of the collision of private interests. It was not in defence of Labuan, not of English traders in Borneo, not of the general commerce of the Archipelago, but for the aggrandisement of Sarawak—a territory held by Brooke by a foreign title, in virtue of a grant (or an alleged grant) from a foreign prince.

Such is the ground of complaint. But the commercial community of Singapore, speaking through their admirable organ, the *Free Press*, sufficiently refute the whole of it. "Sarawak," they say, "has no direct interest in these proceedings greater than Singapore; the Rajah of Sarawak has no advantage to gain from the suppression of piracy greater than the inhabitants of Singapore, or any other settlement in these seas. His territory is less molested by the marauding tribes than any other province, because its own strength is sufficient for its self-protection, although not equal to the pursuit and discomfiture of the pirates in their fortified strongholds." A gun-boat, and twenty armed prahus, protect his coast, which, since Keppel's visit in 1842, was never attacked until July, 1849, when the flotilla was momentarily withdrawn, and an immediate visit was the consequence. These truths are unpalatable to the Singapore pirate advocates, who are somewhat bold in their modification of facts. The population of Sarawak is now thirty thousand—they reduce it by two-thirds. A small police force only is necessary, since each Dyak tribe has its head man, or Otang Kaya, responsible to the Datus, and these to the Government, whilst a system of internal administration is maintained, which is admirably adapted to preserve peace. A policy should be applauded or condemned on its results; and the fruits of Sir James Brooke's measures in Sarawak may be indicated by a glance at the crimes committed in his territory, under his sway. In eight years five murders have been perpetrated, and two men seriously stabbed. These, with common pilferings, constitutes all that can be laid to the charge of that large population during that long space of time.

This is true civilization; when men are turned from savage practices to the amenities of social life; from thievish idleness to honest industry; from head-hunting to the building of houses and boats, to rice planting, and garden cultivation; from roving in the woods to domestic habits in villages and towns; from piracy to commerce; from heathenism to Christianity. Whilst constructing the basis of social order, our countryman is sowing the good seed of Christianity. On the 28th of last August he laid the foundation-stone of the Church of St. Thomas, in Sarawak, and he will shortly behold the gratifying spectacle of a Dyak congregation gathering under the roof of a Christian house of worship, in acknowledgment of the true God.

But the main question is, whether Sir James Brooke is authorised to operate against the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, as well as all the other buccaneering communities of the Indian Seas. That these tribes are piratical, has been so indubitably proved, that not a shadow of doubt on the subject remains in the minds of any who are in the least acquainted with the free-booting systems of the Archipelago. It required some courage, in the first instance, to deny this truth; but we have seen of what turpitude a philanthropic economist is capable, and are, therefore, not surprised when, in the face of numerous authorities, writers venture to place their ignorance in opposition to the knowledge of a gentleman who merits the encouraging applause of all civilized humanity, who cherishes warm sympathies for the plundered and oppressed, who is labouring zealously to plant the civilization of Europe amid the wilds of insular Asia, and to graft upon the minds of heathen and degraded races a belief in that religion at once the purest and most ennobling that has ever, in any age, or any quarter of the world, commanded the veneration of mankind.

On the 25th of October last, since the return of Sir James Brooke from England to his territory of Sarawak, he started with his suite for Brune, the Sultan's residence. The particulars of the transaction we derive from a private journal. Skirting the green shores of that province, and passing the little islands of Moerra and Chermin, "The Jolly Bachelor," and a small steamer, with two boats, entered the Borneo river. Beautiful undulating hills roll away on either bank. Some parts were covered with jungle, some lay waste and naked. These were formerly flourishing plantations of pepper, but piracy had destroyed them. Arriving at the city, which is, for the most part, built on piles in the water, Sir James Brooke proceeded towards the Sultan's residence, which is composed of a cluster of fantastic houses, and, amid salvos of artillery, landed. Meanwhile, crowds of boats put forth upon the river—from the little hollowed log, navigated by a child, to the cumbrous canoe, paddled by numerous men, and the shores were covered with curious multitudes, watching the movements of the strangers. They now came in a peaceful manner, with a small force; but the people remembered when we had formerly advanced with war-steamers and gun boats, under the fire of the Brune batteries, and driven the piratical Sultan from his city. The treaty was presented to Omar Ali, in a silver box with a silver seal. The old prince received it humbly, and after a few days a great meeting was called to his council hall, and the motives of the convention with Great Britain explained to the principal chieftains of the place. The treaty renews to the Sultan of Borneo the pledge we gave in 1824 to the Netherlands Government—that we should endeavour to suppress piracy. Since our convention with the Hague, it has been made the subject of reproach to us, that, having engaged to "concur effectually" with our Dutch friends in the project, we have neglected the task; but now that we have commenced with serious purpose the defence of commerce in the Archipelago, the philanthropic economists, with their organ in Lombard Street, and their little favourite at Singapore, burst into loud denunciations of our policy. Their pathetic appeals in behalf of the bloodthirsty pirates of Borneo evince the tenderness of their sympathies, and the malleable nature of their intellects. But their insinuations against the motives of our countryman illustrate another and less creditable trait. To these, however, it has been well replied—does Sir James Brooke covet Dyak plunder—some mats, some fowls, some pigs—that he should employ the people of his territory on distant expedi-

Digitized by Google

tions, when their labour at home would—did private reasons direct his conduct—conduce infinitely more to the advancement of his self-interest, by swelling the streams of revenue, improving the soil, and piling up the accumulation of wealth?

One curious fact appears to have been entirely overlooked by the English critics. Had they observed it, it must have ruffled the smooth stream of their complacent calumny. With a selfish ruler of Sarawak, peace in his territory and gold in his coffers must be the ends of ambition; and Sir James Brooke, on frequent occasions, might have secured both, by pursuing a policy, which he rejected with an indignation somewhat inconsistent with the sordid, greedy, selfish, unprincipled, cruel, ferocious, and inhuman character for which his enviers at home and his enemies abroad have not blushed to give him credit.

The pirate chiefs have made numerous overtures to Sir James Brooke, offering to establish the same relations with him which existed between them and Sheriff Sahib. What was the nature of this agreement? It secured peace to the latter, and—a large share of the booty. This proves much. It places beyond doubt the fact that the chiefs were pirates, that they openly avowed their course of life, that they understood the Rajah's object in the suppressing of the system, and that he rejected a proposition which only allowed him still stronger justification for attacking the buccaneering powers. Another consideration should not be forgotten. In the course of a few years the piratical communities will purchase European fire-arms, and learn the use of them, when it will be seen that their innocent volleys were intended to be rather destructive. A conflict with them would, in that case, involve immense bloodshed on both sides; whereas, by following up one blow by another, we may uproot the system, ere it has recovered from the shock, and recoils upon us with a vigour taught by ourselves, to our own destruction. It is no wholesale slaughter that we advocate. On the contrary, let all peaceful means be tried. Let conciliation be pushed to its utmost verge, let warnings be given and expected, and let the sword be resorted to when all other instruments prove useless. But when, as with the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, every expedient of humanity, every device of friendly overture, reasoning, promising, and threats, have been employed without effect, it is only the puerile whimperings of an effeminate humanitarianism that will condemn the resort to force. The fleet recently destroyed was engaged in a war against the commerce of the Archipelago. It was cruising on the highways of trade, ravaging peaceful coasts, and visiting harmless communities—landing pirates at places of small population, to murder defenceless men, and make captives of women and children. They were arrested in their career of plunder, and if called to a terrible account for their atrocities, it was because they would display no sign of submission; and there remains no doubt but that, had the British force been inferior to the piratical, every man would have fallen victims to the krisses of the enemy. It, therefore, seems indisputable that the Sarebas and Sakarrans were pirates; that they were surrounded whilst on a buccaneering expedition, and that the conflict was severe and protracted—not a massacre of unresisting, unarmed, and innocent traders. The circle of the question, consequently, again brings us round to the question of right.

In reference, therefore, to the treaty concluded in May, 1847, between the Queen of England and the Sultan of Borneo—which we refer to because, possibly, the critic's knowledge will not go back as far as 1824—we cannot fail to perceive in it not only the justification but the imperative duty of our assaults upon the piratical system. In the ninth article of that convention, it is stipulated that two contracting powers shall take all possible means to suppress piracy in the seas, straits, and rivers, subject to their respective control or influence. The agreement made between the British Government and the Borneo Sultan remains as a memento of the service conduced to humanity by the pursuit of our energetic policy. Formerly, the capital of Omar Ali's territory was a rendezvous of piracy, a mart where the plunderer sold his booty; and he trafficked under the protection of the prince, and with his assistance. The old Sultan, indeed, was little better than a pirate himself, and ventured so far in his audacious temerity, as to fire upon the British flag. He was severely punished, forced to abandon his freebooting propensities, and entered upon that honest course, which, as he learned by experience, was the only link which could bind him securely to a friend as powerful as Great Britain. Consequently, the pirates have disappeared from the waters of Borneo; for Labuan is the key to that splendid river, and the city may one day again become the Venice of the Indian seas, the centre of commerce, and prosperity and European influence—radiating from it as from a centre—be extended throughout the length and breadth of the Archipelago. Three powers, however, contest our right to establish a dominion there. Spain, in her prostration, retains energy enough to protest feebly against our policy. Holland, with bold effrontery, contends that we are trenching on her territories, and France lavishes upon us her usual redundant acrimony, repeating the oft-told tale of our passion for intrigue, our contempt for international rights, our insatiate ambition, and our treacherous attempts to undermine the authority of all other countries.

But what has our neighbour to do with Labuan? From the Hague we naturally expect jealousy; but with France this rancour can spring from no other source than unqualified hostility to all the measures of our countrymen in every part of the globe. One Parisian journal, however, inspired by an ex-consul, makes a remarkable discovery. It announced, with pompous confidence, that M. Fontannier, formerly the representative of France at Singapore, had encountered Sir James Brooke, and detected his real character, his genuine position, his proper title, and his hidden views. He was not Governor of Labuan; he was not Consul to the Sultan of Borneo; he was not the Commissioner of Great Britain to the independent chiefs of the Archipelago; but he was "intriguer-general" against the Dutch. That is—he was a sort of diplomatic spy, in the pay of the English Cabinet, and his duties were, secretly to undermine the influence of Holland, and, by insidious arts, to injure the character and the authority of the Netherland Government throughout their territories in the Eastern Seas. This revelation astonished the native mind in France, and many a diplomatic eye was upturned in melancholy marvel at this new detection of *La Perfide Albion*. But what was the reason of M. Fontannier's anger? Before Sir James Brooke had

Digitized by Google

been installed in his post of duty, the impetuous Frenchman was down upon him with a severe inquisition as to the powers to whom he was accredited. No one accustomed to diplomacy could have been ignorant that the proper quarter for such questions was the Foreign Office, and as our countryman politely declined to answer them, M. Fontannier wrote him down a spy, a low intriguer—one whose office was to work silently and secretly against the influence of Holland. The explanation is obvious; but another great ground of foreign hostility to the Treaty of Borneo is the provision in the tenth article, that the Sultan having ceded Labuan and its little companion isles to us, shall make no similar cession to any other power, without the consent of the British Government. The same provision has been made in our convention with the Sulu, and it will destroy the roots of much national altercation. Rival powers protest against this article of the treaty; but the deepest examination into history places our right beyond dispute.

These are the great springs of French, of Dutch, of Spanish jealousy. Touch them, and a vast framework of objections, protests, arguments—even dimly shadowed threats—rises to view; but a steady perseverance in our proper course of policy can be productive of no evil consequences.

To the critic's question. By what title does Sir James Brooke undertake the extirpation of piracy? The answer is, by his dual authority as Governor of Labuan, and Commissioner to the independent chiefs of the Archipelago. As Governor, his duty is to protect British territory, to encourage trade, and open the avenues of commerce. As Commissioner, he must show what are the intentions, the wishes, the plans of Great Britain; and when engaged in missions to piratical princes, it will be a poor tale to tell, that this country has threatened, has obtained promises, has made agreements, has given warnings without number, and that all these are disregarded because the pirates have had no example of their power. It is a maxim in politics, in discipline, in all cases where authority is concerned, that a threat should never be uttered, unless its fulfilment be contemplated. We threatened the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates; we visited them; put them on their guard; warned them of punishment; declared our purpose to put them down; and listened to their declarations of amendment. Would it have been consistent, after this, to have allowed a fleet of a hundred and twenty prahus, laden with the fresh fruits of plunder and massacre, to enter their rivers without molestation—to ravage a village, and retire to their strongholds, with exultation in their success, and contempt for our power. For what was Labuan established a British settlement? To be the home of an idle Governor, or a centre of trade?

Among the critics of our policy, there prevails a singular theory respecting the duties of a Governor. Labuan, when the English flag staff was erected, was all but uninhabited. The objects of this settlement were the attraction of a trading population; the establishment of a depot seven hundred miles nearer Hong Kong than Singapore; the protection of the neighbouring coast; and the shelter of vessels driven by storms, or pursued by pirates, to seek a port of refuge. Accordingly, a Government was formed; its members were sent out; and a force allowed them for defence—a force occasionally withdrawn through the caprice of the admiral on the station. The economists complain that Sir James Brooke, as Governor, is not constantly resident at the island. They would have him perform the duties of a chief police-magistrate over his suite—the few marines and the native population numbering, on the whole, about seven hundred persons. He is to inhabit his Government-house; watch every one; place everything in order; maintain peace, and sit in royal inactivity, wishing commerce would come to the port; hoping to see a population growing up; lamenting the existence of piracy; abstaining from directing our naval officers to perform any duties, and playing altogether a very humble imitation of King Log's part. Meanwhile, from all the rivers on the piratical coast issue forth, in fleets of armed prahus, hordes of hereditary buccaneers, to scatter themselves over the sea, to devastate peaceful shores; to visit and plunder trading communities; to massacre the resisting, and bear off the helpless to slavery—to blockade the highways of trade, and sweep off the waters every merchant vessel sufficiently weak that crosses their track. Rich cargoes are to be seized in sight of the British flag, because it would be cruel to fire upon the pirates—poor simple innocents—hitherto described as so amiable and harmless. English war steamers, ships, and boats, are to be lying at anchor, whilst this rapine spreads along the shore, because it would be appalling to attack the freebooting fleets. Women are to be murdered with diabolical ferocity. English vessels are to be assaulted and rifled, and their crews cut to pieces, because a London critic and a Singapore print, animated by the encouragement of parties in this country, are pleased to denounce the Labuan settlement as a job, Sir James Brooke as an adventurer, the pirates as simple innocents, their destruction as indiscriminate warfare, and the British public as the credulous victims of a fraudulent self-interest.

But the great commercial communities of the United Kingdom better understand the philosophical theories of trade. They petitioned in favour of the Labuan settlement; they foresaw its advantages; they admired with generous enthusiasm the long course of exertion, of unwearied patience and self-sacrifice, by which Sir James Brooke attached the North of Europe to the magnificent Indian islands. Those regions, rich in the materials of trade, lay neglected, their waters were scoured by pirates, and their commerce languished under the heavy discouragement of these accumulated evils. Things have changed, and our recent policy has communicated an impulse to enterprise, which must, at no distant day, be felt by all the manufacturers of Great Britain. The Governor of Labuan, prompted by enlightened views, knows well the duties of his position, and is labouring to throw open the gates of commerce; to scatter the predatory fleets that prey upon it; to establish relations with the native powers of the Archipelago, and develop the system under which the whole region has developed its resources so slowly. In this we find the justification of his conduct; but it is not true, as stated by the critics, that whilst ostensibly serving his Government at Labuan, he is worshipping Mammon on his own farm at Sarawak. Having established himself at the new settlement, he remained there until a fever, resulting from the unfortunate selection of a site for the town, prostrated him at the door of death; and it was not until warned that a fur-

Digitized by Google

ther stay would be fatal, that he removed from the island. But did he retire to ruralise in Sarawak? He went on the journey to Brune; he went on his two important missions to Sulu, and concluded a treaty with the Sultan of the islands—a treaty which will effectually and peacefully arrest the growth of piracy there where it was formerly most rampant; which secures great commercial advantages to this country, and settles a momentous political question. Even when at Sarawak, he scarcely allowed himself a day for his private affairs, but was constantly working in the interest of Great Britain. It is not for us to defend Sir James Brooke, unless his conduct as a public servant be answerable to his duty, and whenever his policy calls for censure, we shall as readily subject him to it, as we now defend him from the expressions of reckless defamers. "If it is a crime," remarked the *Singapore Free Press*, "that, when forced to leave Labuan on account of his health, Sir James Brooke, instead of seeking amusement and change of scene in other climes, devoted his time to accomplish an object of the greatest benefit to the public, then, all we can say is, that we wish we had many more such criminals."

From this, the course of our discussion leads us to the history of Sir James Brooke's acquisition of the territory of Sarawak. It has been related by the critics, in a manner which does credit to their ingenuity. They have concocted a skilful fiction, somewhat amusing, and cunningly told; but the true details of the transaction will be found in the Rajah's own journals. It will there be seen that the little insinuation of "an alleged grant" is an airy feathering-shaft intended to wound our countryman's character by oblique implications.

In this manner it would be no difficult task to enumerate all the charges, insinuations, and attacks made against Sir James Brooke, and singly to confute them, prove them untrue or frivolous, and expose their secret sources. In this way it would be easy to destroy all the arguments adduced against our recent policy in the Indian Archipelago, and melt the flimsy fabric of declamation, which describes piratical communities, celebrated for atrocities, as innocent and simple tribes—which relates their overthrow with frantic horror—denounces their chastisement as a massacre, and characterises a protracted conflict between a pirate fleet of 120 prahus, and a small British force, as a reckless slaughter of defenceless traders—who returned volley for volley during six hours, and fired the first shot. But, further to prolong these observations were a task of supererogation. That the Sarebas and Sakarrans are pirates of the most fierce and formidable description, may be proved by tens of thousands of witnesses. The whole population of Banjor, Sambas, and Partiana—the Dutch residents; the English settlers in Sarawak; the Malays of the provinces of Samatahan, Sadarg, Linga, Kaluka, Siriki, Rejang, Malo, Palo, Bruit, Eya, Mucha, Buitulu, and all the other neighbouring districts; the peaceful tribes of the northern and southern Natunas; the wild inhabitants of the Tambelan Isles; and numerous other communities, will offer their testimony on the point; and the knowledge of numerous piracies committed—of merchant vessels seized—of villages plundered and burnt—of fields and plantations wasted—of murders innumerable, and kidnappings beyond calculation—recall themselves to the memories of all who have watched the recent development of the Indian Archipelago. These facts are historical; the denial of them requires a boldness which would deny that Rome rose, declined, and fell. The particular fleet destroyed was proved to have been engaged in the perpetration of robberies on sea and land—of horrid massacres and slave captures; and yet, in the face of all these facts, the English critics describe them as "innocent and simple natives."

> "But, as a dog that turns the spit
> Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
> To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
> His own weight brings him down again;
> And still lies in the self-same place
> Where, at the setting out, he was."

Therefore, as it is pleasant to convict an adversary out of his own mouth, we claim attention for the *Straits' Times*, which very voluntarily justifies our policy. Referring to the recent Spanish expedition against the Balamini pirates, whose depredations were in violation of a treaty with the Sulu Sultan, to whom they were nominally subject, it remarks that they made descents on the Philippine coasts, and that consequently "their *extermination* was justifiable and praiseworthy." We do not go so far as the humane economist; extermination appears to us in a more serious light, and we prefer inflicting chastisement for depredations on English territory before the enemy has so multiplied his atrocities that nothing less than total annihilation can suffice. But it is the general characteristic of such commentaries, that they supply the ready materials of their own refutation. Still, in justification of the Singapore critic, it should be remarked, it is only in the particular instance of Sir James Brooke's policy that it affects sympathy for pirates. In every other quarter of the world he recommends their suppression, and, even where the Indian Archipelago is concerned, he displays warm feeling on the subject, unless the Governor of Labuan has attempted to perform this signal service of humanity. Then the whole complexion of the case is changed. It becomes cruel to attack the freebooters—it is unjust to arrest their career of atrocity—it is a libel to accuse them of blood-thirsty practices—and it is a shame upon the British reputation that such transactions pass almost unchallenged in Parliament, and are applauded by the united voice of public opinion. With the economists at home it is far otherwise. They form a society for the propagation of piracy—for the protection of sea-robbers—for the extirpation of commerce, and the obstruction of civilization. At their head is a great cosmopolitan philanthropist, and one of our most experienced lecturers, well known in the Tower Hamlets, and they are served openly by two or three acrimonious individuals, who should have supplied themselves with information, previous to their headlong onslaught on the rising reputation of the Rajah Brooke, the successor of Sir Stamford Raffles.

None have forgotten the storm which was raised by the *Edinburgh Review*, when it entered this field of controversy. It seriously injured the cause of the economical humanitarians, and such a tempest of debate was excited, that we involuntarily called to mind the clamorous cranes of the Iliad. Homer compares

Digitized by Google

the glittering armour of the advancing battalions to the light shed abroad by the blaze of a forest conflagration in the mountains. This was recalled by the account of piracy. But then came the economists:—

——"ωστ' 'ερνίδων ωφτιρηνταν ιδυια ωολλα
Χηνων, ἢ γηρανων, η κυκνων δουλιχαδειρων
'Ασιω ω λιμνῶνι, Καυστριου αμφι 'ρεεθρα
'Ενθα και ἐνθα ωετωνται ἀγαλλομεναι ωτερυγεσσι
Κλαγγαδον ωρο καλιζουσων, αμαρζει δε τε λιμνη."

So, continuing to tune it as the classic muse would sing, the many critics from the many offices, and the many committee rooms, thronged upon the Scamandian plain, and the whole earth trembled under the feet of them and their organs. But their arguments are not equal in keenness to the Achain swords, nor their facts in solidity to the Argive bucklers; and, though pressing forward with hot impetuosity whilst resistance was distant, they fell back in scattered and tumultuous route when a good phalanx of well-informed writers was detached to meet them.

But let us leave poetical allegory, and return to the sober truth of the question. Since it has been asserted that piracy is a nuisance, but not formidable, we refer the reader to the list of square-rigged vessels captured within the last thirty years by the buccaneers, and, as a modern instance, may allude to a recent disaster in the Indian Archipelago.

In May last, Sir James Brooke visited Sulu, and concluded a treaty with the Sultan, and, on the last day of the month, departed for Malludu Bay, in the island of Banlan. Here he met the Spanish Governor of Samboangan, who, with a force of seven gun-boats, was in search of pirates. He returned with him to Magindanao, and, whilst there, received intelligence that an English whaler had been cut off by the buccaneers. The mate and five men escaped to Samboangan; but the captain and the remainder of the crew fell victims in a ferocious massacre. These are the tender-hearted innocents of the writers in question, and this is a corroboration of the statement that they have never attacked a square-rigged vessel. This assertion is the more remarkable, since it emanated, it is believed, from an ancient historian of the Archipelago.

But another, and a serious feature in this piratical system is, that it has almost destroyed the commerce of Singapore with Cochin China—a trade of great value, and susceptible of immense development. To a commercial people this must be of high importance; since it is unnecessary to remind them, that, if the population of that region derive from Great Britain the materials of their clothing and consumption, the intercourse with them must be of a lucrative nature. Formerly, indeed, a regular succession of their vessels poured towards Singapore; but their numbers have been diminished gradually through the excessive peril of the voyage. Exposed as they are to danger of capture by Malay or Chinese pirates, they still, nevertheless, cling to the enterprise, and the numbers that actually run the gauntlet of that infested sea may afford an idea of the value of the trade thus shrunken and diminished. In the month of May last, an instance occurred which strongly illustrates the innocence and simplicity of the predatory hordes that sweep all the waters of the Archipelago.

Two Cochin Chinese vessels left Singapore for their own port. They were laden with good cargoes, and numerously manned. Escorted as far as Pedra Banca, by a gun-boat, they reached that point in safety; but scarcely was this protection out of sight, than two Malay prahus bore down upon the traders. Imagining them to be defenceless, the pirates at once fired a volley, and the merchants, who were armed with muskets, replied by another. The Malays startled, prudently sheered off, and the Cochin Chinese pursued the voyage. Sailing for five days without molestation, they began to congratulate themselves on success, when a fleet of ten Chinese junks, in portentous array, crowded round the foremost prahu. Their pirate crews at once crowded the deck, plundered property to the value of several thousand dollars, and generously leaving a supply of provisions barely sufficient for the rest of the voyage, sent the merchants empty-handed on their way. The other prahu, which had dropped far astern, also fell into the hands of these sea-thieves, who stript it of everything valuable, leaving only a scanty store of water, rice, and dried fish. The vessel then pursued its way, but again encountered the same fleet, and part of its crew leaped into the sea through alarm. The freebooters again boarded the prahu, cruelly maltreated the merchants, put them to a species of torture that they might confess where they had concealed their opium and money stores, and compelled them to turn over several times their sand-ballast to prevent any concealment of gold. Numerous other Cochin Chinese traders have, during the past season, suffered the same fate from the pirates of the Celestial empire, or those of the Indian islands; but the former are more humane than their predatory rivals. On one occasion a prahu, manned only by five persons, was captured by Malays, who severely wounded some of them, and they all only escaped death by seizing planks and plunging into the sea. Tossed for some time upon its waves, they had no prospect but that of perishing miserably amid the waters, when a magnanimous Chinese freebooter picked them up, and conveyed them to the lower coast of their own country.

The instances of piracy in the Indian Archipelago are countless, and a collection of the anecdotes connected with it could rival in bulk, and, doubtless, far exceed in interest, Valentyn's four Dutch folios, or Crawfurd's ponderous, incongruous, and imperfect history. Yet we find economists at home, and philanthropists abroad, pleading in favour of this infamous and destructive system.

Allowing—what truth will not permit us to concede—that square-rigged vessels rarely fall a prey to the pirates, this admission does not affect the question. It is not square-rigged vessels that, from all the ports, all the native depots, all the lesser islands of the further east, collect the materials of trade, carry them to the great marts, and accumulate them in vast stores, whence they are shipped in European ships for the great markets of the world. All this branch of industry is confided to native merchants, who range the length and breadth of the Archipelago, collect the produce of the islands, bring down from the interior of the waters of the navigable streams the productions of Indian industry, and transport them to Singapore, to Penang, to the Spanish and Dutch ports, and to Dobbo. By them is piled up that im-

Digitized by Google

mense accumulation of merchandise which is annually distributed throughout the world, which has fostered to prosperity the youthful community of Singapore—the monopoly of which was long coveted by the Dutch as the richest privilege of trade. Its loss would be a serious one to the national welfare; its increase would be enormous, but for piracy. All who comprehend the economy of commerce, and our present relations with the luxuriant regions of the Indian Archipelago, know the amount of British manufactures annually transported to our settlements there. These are all distributed among the native population by native traders, in native vessels, and every prahu that floats on those waters runs imminent risk of capture by pirates. Thousands are seized and plundered—thousands are prevented from engaging in commerce; whole tribes remain naked, savage, and apathetic—whole provinces and islands lie unexplored—whole mines of wealth continue unwrought—the whole region is undeveloped, because this vast and ancient system is allowed to flourish.

There is a philosophy in trade as in all other things, and none can comprehend this who does not perceive the infinite extension that civilization would enjoy were the piratical hordes of the Indian Archipelago restrained from their depredations. This is a commercial country, and will not be deluded by the artifices of a whimpering humanitarianism, or the flimsy sophistry of a false economy. It knows the value of our commerce in the Indian Archipelago—it has been shown how great may be its future development, and it is aware how severe are the restrictions imposed upon it by the depredations of a formidable piratical system. The policy, therefore, which protects commerce from this great enemy, as long as it is characterised by humanity and justice, must be supported by all who have at heart the interests of their own country, and the welfare of the Indian Archipelago. That fertile region is not as a mine whose quick exhaustion floods the owner's coffers with a sudden tide of wealth; but as a vast neglected estate, whose productiveness will be in proportion to the care expended on its cultivation.

WINTER PICTURES FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

(Continued from page 44.)

VI.

BRIEF GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF COPENHAGEN, INTRODUCTORY TO FUTURE DETAILS.

Let us perfectly understand one another, reader. If you imagine that I am about to give you a full, true, and particular account of all the lions in the city—to enumerate, in guide-book fashion, the thousand-and-one remarkable buildings, and to dwell, with stupifying minuteness, on the contents of museums, churches, palaces, arsenals, and so forth, I give you fair warning that you will be grievously disappointed. Such dreary rule-and-square drudgery would of itself fill a huge quarto volume, and even then the subject would be far from being exhausted. I only profess to notice such striking external objects, and such general traits of manners, as come immediately under my personal observation or inquiry, and can be correctly described by a stranger; for it would be absurd presumption to affect to write aught of higher pretension on the strength of a few weeks' residence. Nothing but a very long sojourn, a perfect familiarity with the manners of the people, and a thorough knowledge of the language, would enable an Englishman to authoritatively and fully depict life in the capital of Denmark, and to pleasingly illustrate it with legendary lore.* My object, so far as Copenhagen is concerned, is to give a tolerably clear and faithful general idea of the place and people, with notices of a few objects of really surpassing interest; and happy shall I be if my humble sketches prove instrumental in creating a desire on the part of the public for a work of the description above spoken of.

At the time I pen this, I am familiar with the external features of nearly every part of Copenhagen, and feel sufficiently qualified, therefore, to give one man's humble but honest impressions of its salient features and general characteristics. So sensitive are nearly all men to the *first sight* of both cities and individuals, that sometimes the most intimate subsequent acquaintance fails to change the original intensely vivid conception, no matter whether it is right or wrong. Undoubtedly, many a traveller who glances for the first time at a landscape bathed in golden sunlight, or who first visits a city when it is unusually prosperous, gay, and splendid, is impressed with a correspondingly exaggerated notion of the beauty of the one, and the attractions of the other. But let him first see the same landscape when a black storm is louring over it, and first see the same city when its commerce is depressed, and its dwellers spiritless—his opinion would be just the reverse. And yet that opinion would, in either case, be an erroneous one. For my own part, I have a singular affection for the road or street by which I may first enter a strange city; and however long I may afterwards sojourn there, and however humble or uninteresting in itself the road or street in question may be, I afterwards tread it with greater pleasure, and more

* I know only one gentleman who eminently possesses all these qualifications, and I have strongly and repeatedly urged him to write a work on the subject, which could hardly fail to be replete with interest. I allude to Mr. Charles Beckwith, who has distinguished himself here by his Danish-English works, and is favourably known to the English public, by his admirable translations of his friend, Hans Christian Andersen's, "*Bazaar*," "*Rambles in the Harts Mountains*," "*Two Baronesses*, &c."

Digitized by Google

frequently than any other. It happened that I entered Copenhagen in a way by no means calculated to bias any impressions of it, and yet the very first time I trod its streets I imbibed opinions concerning it which every day's acquaintance only more strongly confirms.

Copenhagen contains about 130,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Sound, about nine English miles distant from the opposite coast of Sweden. It is as flat a place as can well be conceived, nor are there any elevated grounds very near it. The view of Copenhagen from the sea is very striking, owing to its having on the west side an enormous mass of dockyards, forts, batteries, &c. It is inclosed with ramparts, elevated to a considerable height, and forming delightful walks planted with trees. There are also beautiful promenades in other parts of the city. Many parts of the town are intersected with canals.

Copenhagen is emphatically a city of palaces, of museums, of public buildings. This is its grand distinctive feature, and to appreciate it fully nothing but a personal visit will suffice. No person of ordinary intelligence can walk through it without, at every step, exclaiming—THIS IS A CAPITAL! The number of grand edifices belonging to the State are truly astonishing, and yet, taking the city all through, there is not one erection of extraordinary grandeur—not a palace, not a church, not a square, which will bear comparison with those of many other cities. It is true that some of the Government buildings are of amazing extent, and are well built; but, generally speaking, they are essentially plain in their architecture, and exhibit little grandeur of conception. Some of the churches are very extraordinary erections, and contain paintings and sculptures (especially the latter) of inestimable value. There are theatres, a very grand casino, and many places of exhibition. The generality of the streets are narrow, and the people are surprisingly mixed up with the carriages, on the middle of the road, in the narrowest streets; but as no vehicle by law is allowed to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile (about five English) per hour, accidents rarely occur. The houses have all a substantial and yet a light appearance, owing to the great number of their windows. Some are lofty, especially those facing the ramparts. Although there is not one truly grand street in Copenhagen, there are astonishingly few mean ones. Nearly every street throughout the city is at least respectable. You will search in vain for those dirty, dismal, fetid, sweltering alleys and courts common to all English towns; and you will look equally in vain for any of those repulsive street scenes common in the latter. Beggars are certainly not unknown here, but they are exceedingly few—no miserable objects in rags and tatters ever disgust the eye; and never yet have I met a drunken man in Copenhagen, although I have traversed it at all hours.

There is no lack, as I shall hereafter show, of indoor gaiety in Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. Partly, this arises from the very little show the shops make, the comparatively trifling business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the Danes have *not yet learned to live in a hurry;* but, although they are "slow," they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of England in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally. My countrymen! I scorn to flatter you—what I here say may be unpalatable to some among you; but it is true.

[I regret that, in order to send off my M.S. in time for publication in *Tait* for February, I must here bring this brief general sketch to an abrupt close; but the reader may rest assured that, ere I have done with Copenhagen, I will do my best to give him such minute details of its outer and inner scenes, and such notices of its prominent buildings, as will, I trust, confer a very fair idea of the whole.]

VII.

THE EXIT OF THE OLD YEAR, AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW YEAR, AT COPENHAGEN.

Christmas Eve! Yes, it hath come again; and as *der Wandernde Vogel* sitteth all alone, whither have his thoughts fled? Listen! for his heart is very full, and out of that fullness will he speak.

"There is a vision fills this foreign air;" o'er land and ocean does my ken pierce, and I read one word, traced as it were by an angel's pen, in the Heaven beyond—yea, one word only, and that word is—HOME! Vividly do I picture to myself my old paternal hearth, and the family circle assembled around it. There is a vacancy on which the eyes of father and of mother are fixed as on a sacred spot. *What* "fills the place of their absent child?" Search thy own heart, reader, and probe not mine!

Throughout the length and breadth of old England at this moment what re-unions are taking place! Children, who have been scattered far and wide, are once more assembled beneath their parents' roof, and tears of joy are dropping from aged eyelids, and kisses of welcome are being exchanged, and words of love and gladness are sweetly showering around. I see, I feel, I hear all this—I, the lonely *Wandernde Vogel*, who am far away in person, but present in spirit. My soul throbs in sympathy, and from its very depth blesses them, and prays that theirs may indeed be a happy Christmas.

Cheerily, heart o' mine! and in fancy join the swelling chorus!

> "Ho! ho! for Christmas!
> By Island, Sea, and Isthmus!
> There's no old boy brings so much joy,
> As jolly, holly Christmas!"

To-morrow will be Christmas Day! O, ye visiting winds! bear the glad tidings east, west, north, and south, and tell every land, clime, and people, to cast aside all troubles, and be happy on that thrice blessed day! O, ye birds o' the air! whisper to those who call themselves Christians, and bid them,

Digitized by Google

ere they prepare to spend their Saviour's natal day, to look around, and, remembering the precepts He inculcated on earth, gratefully and gladly give of their abundance, that their poor brethren also may fittingly celebrate the glorious advent. Bid them cheer the sad heart—raise the drooping head—heal the bruised spirit—clothe the shivering naked—fill the hungry with good things—and teach all to join in fervent gratitude to the Great Giver of every gift. Bid them do this, and, even on earth, assuredly, they will have their reward!

* * * * * * *

Christmas-tide is looked forward to in Denmark as the great national holiday of the year. There is no extraordinary display heralding it in the shops, nor any outward indication whatever of its approach; but from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day, both inclusive, is one period of general recreation and good-will among all classes. There are no very peculiar customs observed in Copenhagen on New Year's Eve—at any rate, none requiring particular mention.

On Christmas Day I was one of a happy party met to keep the anniversary in true Danish fashion. It was a delightful family re-union; the guests, with few exceptions, being more or less akin. The hour at which all tradesmen dine in Copenhagen is one o'clock, but professional people and the upper classes dine at three, which was the usual dinner hour of my friends in question, although on this occasion we did not sit down to the hospitable board until between four and five. As I then glanced around, I truly thought the scene worthy of the genial pencil of Kenny Meadows, for he alone, of all artists whom I know, would have caught its peculiar inspiration; and, by a few bold strokes, have graphically delineated it with a masterly pencil. At the upper end were seated the venerable grandparents; and, as I watched their gentle smile, and the mildly-beaming lustre of their glance, I thought I could read a volume of placid happiness—an eloquent, though silent expression of their gratitude to the Supreme Giver for thus permitting them once more to enjoy the Day of Days in the midst of their friends, their children, and their children's children. Towards the centre of the table sat our host, and nearly opposite him presided his accomplished lady—*der Wandernde Vogel* being honoured with the seat at her right hand. There were many charming, bright blue-eyed Danish lasses, and some of the loveliest children I ever beheld. Indeed, our hostess's eldest child, a little girl three years of age, was the most beautiful and engaging creature conceivable. Her liveliness presented a strong contrast to the bearing which I have elsewhere ascribed to the generality of Danish children. I forthwith christened her Fairy Queen, and never do I visit her parents' house without absolutely enjoying a kiss from her rosy lips. God bless her! She is the petted favourite of not only myself, but also of another mateless *Wandernde Vogel*—even one Hans Christian Andersen, who will play with her for hours, and can enter into the very spirit of her infantile delights. 'Tis his nature, and a divine nature too! "Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure for a child!" and he whose nature assimilates itself to that of little children, is verily nearest Heaven.

There was nothing deserving especial notice in the dinner itself, which mightily resembled an English one, down to the huge boiled plum-pudding, which, "let me whisper i' your lug," was capitally concocted by an elderly English lady. A touching national trait came under my observation at the conclusion of the dinner. The two little children of the host ran to him and said, "*Thank you for my dinner!*" This is the constant custom of Danish children every day. A few appropriate toasts were given by our host, and each guest—ladies as well as gentlemen—bowed to each individual present in succession, ere they drained their glasses. On the company rising simultaneously from table, another national custom was strictly followed. The guests of both sexes shook hands all round, saying at the same time, "*Vel lekomme Dem*;" which literally means, "*Good may it do you!*" But those guests who were previously unacquainted merely bowed to each other. This is a custom observed at all dinner parties throughout the year.

We adjourned *en masse* to the drawing-room, and certain whispers and movements intimated to me that something was in preparation likely to give me a pleasant surprise. Nor was I long kept in suspense, for the word came to "follow our leader," and away the entire fleet of us gaily scudded, pell-mell, towards another room; and, on sailing in, the secret was revealed at a single glance.

The Danish Christmas Tree! Yes, there it towered in all its glory—with its countless sparkling lights, and its dangling tickets. Beautiful, exceedingly, was the novel effect. A buzz of admiration burst from all lips, and bright eyes grew brighter, and smiling cheeks grew more radiant, and prattlers prattled faster, and little feet danced around with irrepressible joyous excitement.

Let me soberly describe the Christmas Tree. It was a beautiful living specimen of a species of evergreen pine, growing in a tub placed in the centre of the room. It was about nine or ten feet in height, and its horizontal branches symmetrically stretched around, shooting out widely at the base, and gradually lessening until the apex was formed by the straight single stem. In the branches were fastened scores of various coloured wax lights, placed in wine-holders, and from root to top were suspended pasteboard tickets, each inscribed with a certain number. Interspersed were gilded apples, bunches of grapes and raisins, nuts, figs, &c., to be plucked by the company at pleasure.

The host armed himself with a pair of scissors, and calling upon us to aid him in finding the successively numbered tickets, as the latter were purposely mingled in pleasing confusion, he commenced operations by clipping off number one. This he delivered to the guest whose name it bore, and he, in turn, presented it to the hostess, who was the presiding Good Genius at a large and long table, completely covered with articles of all sizes, mysteriously muffled in paper, so that it was impossible even to guess what their contents might be. These were the *prizes*, each having a number answerable

Digitized by Google

to some particular ticket, to indicate to whose share the corresponding prize was to fall. Having found the article bearing the duplicate number, the office of the Good Genius was smilingly to deliver the parcel to him or her, as the case might be. The fortunate party would then forthwith eagerly tear off the wrappers, and exultingly exhibit the prize to the company. These prizes consisted of every conceivable variety of articles, and, by what I esteemed marked good taste, were, in most cases, not merely ornamental, but useful: not a few of them were elegant and expensive light articles of dress. Neither host nor hostess knew what all the prizes were, nor what would fall to their own personal share; for those which they designed for each other were privately deposited among the collection, and ticketed at the last moment.

Number after number was found and called, and prize after prize delivered; and such a gleeful, busy, rattling, chattering, happy set as we all were, never was seen since the world began to make merry, I will take my affidavit. There was at least one prize for every body—from grandsire to the wee todlin' bairnie of only eighteen months of age, which, with the usual precociousness of Copenhagen infants, could run about and talk as well as many English ones thrice as old. Oh, reader dear, it would have gladdened the very soul of the sourest misanthrope to have seen us! The silver-haired grandparents, the black-bearded fellows like myself, the gold-laced officer, the charming, bonnie, sonsie lassie—*all were children!* Oh, the glorious fun, the frolic, the exuberant bursts of laughter—now echoing in the deep bass of manly voices, and anon in the silvery ringing melody of the "sister seraph-band!" Sometimes a prize would turn up designedly of a description to create a peal of cordial merriment at the expense of its owner—in which he himself could not but irresistibly join.

And, pray, what prizes did *der Wandernde Vogel* get? No less than three. My first was particularly acceptable—a beautiful portrait of Hans Christian Andersen, the gift of my host, who well knew I should treasure it. I will get Andersen to write his autograph beneath it, ere I send it to England. My second prize was—*a Danish wife!* Hear that, ye listening Daughters of England! and oh, ye Sons of England! question not concerning her, but believe me I only wish each of *you* may live to win that prize of prizes—*a Danish wife!* Unto whom my gratitude is due for this priceless gift, I deplore I am even yet profoundly ignorant. My third prize was a beautiful penholder (in use at this moment), the gift of the Good Genius. Be assured *der Wandernde Vogel* did not neglect to then and there warmly salute her, and to assure her that he would never use it to write aught inimical to the cause of virtue.

The last prize was that magical number, ninety-nine; and it appropriately fell to the share of the Good Genius herself—a fitting reward for her graceful labours. She had not the remotest idea what it was, and closely did we circle round her as she detached fold after fold of paper. At length a square case appeared, and on its lid being raised, the prize was revealed in the shape of a beautiful new gold watch—a present from her husband. Her delight only equalled her surprise at this timed gift, and clinging was the fond kiss with which she tearfully acknowledged it. The entire distribution of prizes occupied nearly two hours.

The Christmas Tree is a genuine old Danish affair, looked forward to by the young with inconceivable expectation. The gifts it distributes vary in value, of course, with the rank and wealth of the host, and sometimes they are of so costly a nature that the aggregate value of the prizes amounts to a very large sum. I ought to observe that, on the occasion in question, an improvement on the ordinary custom of distributing the prizes was effected, but in all other respects the orthodox usage was rigidly observed. Indeed, my kind friend afterwards told me that he had got up his Christmas Tree with extraordinary precision, expressly to give me an opportunity of beholding a perfect specimen. His end and aim were fully answered, and I shall look back to the occasion as one of the most delightful of my reminiscences.

And now, reader o' mine—thou who feelest that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less"—surely thou wilt heartily shout with me, Hurrah for the brave old Danish Christmas Tree! Long may it flourish to gladden the true and gentle-hearted, both old and young! Long may it rear itself, the emblematic dispenser of bounty and benevolence—the fitting medium of affectionate offerings—the kindly cementer of friendship and love!

The remainder of the evening was spent by the younger portion of the company in playing curious Danish games, of which there are an immense variety. One was, I believe, a very antique kind of "mystery," founded on the Scripture parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—candles being borne by the young ladies to represent lamps. As I gazed at the innocent and animated groups around me, I muttered aloud the exquisite expression of Goldsmith's *Vicar*:—"As some men by nature admire the gaudy colours of a tulip or a butterfly's wing, so I by nature am an admirer of happy faces." And then the laugh of the little ones! Oh, what music can vie with the laugh of a child "fresh from the hand of God?" Surely none on earth; and we know that children's voices blend with those of seraphs and of morning stars, as they chaunt the hymn of Love and Light, before the throne of the Lamb.

The whole of the guests departed together, and as we grouped at the last moment, all united to sing a Danish Christmas Song; and as the sweet voices of the virgin singers blended in the touching chorus of "*Jul, Jul,*" it sounded to me like a strain of delicious melody—like an echo of a hymn caught from heaven in my childhood's hours, and now once more floating back on my soul, to remind me of the holy time when I was pure and undefiled in the sight of my Creator. So ended my Christmas Day in Copenhagen; and if thou, O reader, anywhere passed a happier, I can only say it must have been a foretaste of elysium itself!

The week succeeding Christmas is, as I have already said, a universal holiday. It is true the

Digitized by Google

shops are open, but no business worth mentioning is transacted, and the streets swarm with well dressed people. I was particularly invited to a brilliant party on New Year's Day, but circumstances beyond my control compelled me most reluctantly to fail in my promise to attend. The assembly only separated at three o'clock on the ensuing morning, but my disappointment was materially mitigated by a knowledge that, as there were no peculiar national customs worthy of note in the observance of this day, my presence would not have enabled me to have taken any sketches for my English friends. But where and how did I spend the New Year's Eve? To tell you the exact truth, reader, I was labouring in your own service—painting these "Pictures," to enable you to read them in the next number of our old friend *Tait*. But although I ever feel it a proud privilege to hold communion with you, yet on this occasion my hand dragged heavily over the paper, and I daubed rather than painted. Marvel not: for solemn extraneous thoughts were thronging my brain. As the midnight hour drew nigh, I ceased my task altogether; and then commenced the heavy and continuous explosions of guns and cannons in the court-yard which my windows overlook. This is a custom (now only partially observed in Copenhagen) of firing the Old Year Out, and the New Year In. At length, amid a profound silence, TWELVE boomed. Then my feelings flowed in a rapid current, and thus did my thoughts shape themselves:—

Aye, another year has ended, and I look backward and ask myself—What have I done worthy of remembrance during the past three-hundred-and-sixty-five days? What passion have I mastered?—what evil habit have I cast off?—what benefit have I conferred on my brother man? I am a year nearer the grave, but have I drawn one hair's breadth nearer my God? I have added daily, hourly, to my store of knowledge and experience, but have I become really wiser than I was at the past year's commencement?

What a year hath that past one been to me! What joys and what sorrows, what triumphs and what humiliations, what luxuries and what privations, what warm friends and what bitter foes have I encountered during it! What thrilling and marvellously contrasted scenes have I gone through in those twelve fleeting months! No living being but myself knoweth, or ever shall know, all of them; and, truly, the events of my previous span of twenty-four years put together, sink into insignificance compared with those crowded in that, my twenty-fifth!

And what will the New Year, now a few moments old, bring forth? And where shall I be the next New Year's Day? I know what the past has been—I know what the present is—but not one second of the future is revealed to me. Infinite is the wisdom, and infinite is the mercy, which ordains this impenetrable mystery of the future. Life would be unbearable were we conscious of the events which time has in store for us. And yet we are ever foolishly striving to peer through the divinely compassionate veil which bounds our purblind vision.

Thus I reflected, thus I reasoned; and in my soul I cried aloud—Up, heart! question not the future—enjoy the present—dwell only on the pleasant memories of the past! There is only One who knoweth what the New Year will prove to thee; but thinkest thou that He who feedeth the young ravens when they call upon Him, and without whose divine will not a sparrow falleth to the ground—fearest thou that He will be unmindful of even the poor *Wandernde Vogel*, who ever hath perfect faith in His protecting arm?

And then my proud man's heart melted within me, and my eyes were wet, and my soul overflowed. I lowly bowed my head—preferred an unuttered, brief, and simple prayer—and sank into repose as trustingly and fearlessly as an infant on the bosom of its mother.

VIII.

ANENT COPENHAGEN CHILDREN, WOMANKIND, AND SIMILAR MATTERS OF NO INTEREST TO THE PHILOSOPHER.

I will anticipate what your fine writers call "the womb of Time"—though, as Washington Irving says, "Some folks would fain persuade us that Time is only an old gentleman." Thus it is:—*Period*—this day twelvemonth. *Scene*—a London drawing-room. *Dramatis Personæ*—a matronly lady, her three unmarried daughters, and myself. *Der Wandernde Vogel* has just arrived in England, and made a morning call on his friends in question; whereupon the following dialogue ensues:—

MAMMA. But as to those horrid, narrow, slippery streets in Copenhagen, where the people on foot are all mixed up with the carriages, I shudder to think of the number of dear little children who must be annually run over by them—by the carriages I mean!

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Sheer wasted sympathy, madam. Never heard of dear little Copenhagen children being run over. Drivers wouldn't do such a thing for the world. Yet really there are no little children in Copenhagen.

OMNES. No little children! Oh!

WANDERNDE VOGEL, (*very coolly.*) Remarkable fact. They are all miniature men and women. One look at them, as they soberly trudge along the streets, would satisfy you of that. Bless my heart! I have sometimes thought, as I gazed at their little faces, and their queer old-world attire, that they must be a separate race of Scandinavians, quite full grown, and only very diminutive. These little old men, my dear madam, may be daily seen trudging to school, with a thing very much resembling a soldier's knapsack, made of seal skin with the hair on the outside, fastened neatly over their shoulders with a double strap. That is their *Tournister*—their satchel; but they don't "creep like snails unwillingly to school," but go steadily towards it, neither hurrying nor loitering, but just with the aspect of plodding men of business attending an appointment as a matter of course. And yet, when they are a little older, I am told they are "wild devils" enough. And then the "women bairnies!" only mark their demure aspects, and I am sure you would never

Digitized by Google

hesitate to entrust any one of them to go and do your marketings! As to the infants, from the very moment they can toddle about, they know how to behave "distinctly," as Dandie Dinmont would say.

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. What insipid little creatures they must be! *I* love children who *are* children—full of life and glee, fun and frolic.

WANDERNDE VOGEL, (*emphatically.*) So do I. But possibly mothers may view the matter in a different light. Think of what a world of trouble and anxiety must be spared the Copenhagen matrons, by the precocious gravity of their interesting offspring! No fear of their playing truant, or being lost in the streets, or rolling in gutters, or being brought home by some charitable individual, who has either fished them out of the canal, or dragged them from under a cart-wheel! What a comfort these sober-going, miniature men and women must be to their favoured parents! Ah, my dear young lady! perchance a few years hence, you will have reason to wish *yours* were like Copenhagen immortals!

(Prettiest young lady turns rosy-hued, and pouting ly remarks that she finds der Wandernde Vogel as impudent a fellow as ever, and wonders what country will eventually have the honour of teaching him manners. Whereupon eldest young lady modestly suggests "Timbuctoo.")

MAMMA But the dresses of the ladies! What do they wear?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Gowns, my dear madam, and quite an extraordinary allowance of petticoats.

MAMMA. For shame, sir! All I meant was, what is there peculiar in the fashion of their attire?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Nothing whatever, madam, which would distinguish them from English ladies. They all dress with the utmost propriety and neatness, and I never noticed any slovenly or ill-dressed lady in Copenhagen. The countrywomen, indeed, are radiant in all the colours of the rainbow. The only thing that struck me as being remarkable was that elegant ladies promenade in many instances in white satin bonnets and white lace veils, in the depth of winter. But then, even this harmonizes with the snow around!

ELDEST YOUNG LADY. I recently read in a book this passage about the Danish ladies:—"Their complexion is dazzlingly white; but upon the whole, their features are destitute of animation, and soon after twenty-five they begin to lose their charms." Now, is this correct, sir?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Fudge! So far from their complexion being "dazzlingly white," I deliberately declare that in no country which I ever was in have I seen women, of all ranks, with complexions of a more agreeable cast. It is true their hue is not olive, like that of the Spanish dames; nor brunette, like those of the south of France; nor exactly of that beautifully blended red and white which peculiarly distinguishes our English ladies; nor of such a deep crimson as the cheeks of a Nottinghamshire milk-maid; but a clearer skin and a pleasanter roseate tint than most of them have, I would not wish to gaze upon. S me, indeed, have almost too much colour; but I don't know whether I ever saw one whose complexion was "dazzlingly white," and at any rate such lady-birds form the exception, and not the rule. Again, as to losing their charms at an age when those of English ladies have actually not fully ripened—[*Der Wandernde Vogel* here bows to eldest young lady — never mind *her* exact age — and she evidently lays the unction to her soul]—that also is erroneous. I admit that my experience is not ample enough to enable me to give a very positive denial on the subject, but I believe there is little foundation for the sweeping assertion. At any rate, I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Danish ladies who had undoubtedly passed the Rubicon in question, and I very much doubt whether their graces were even arrived at maturity. Bah! to talk in that way of their early fading charms is as great a libel as that wicked old calumny which assigns high cheek bones and a lathy figure to Scotch ladies! And as to the young Copenhagen charmers—those say, about "sweet seventeen" or eighteen—they are as fascinating little baggages as ever— —

MAMMA. As ever smiled on *der Wandernde Vogel*, you were about to say?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Precisely, my dear madam; I thank you for the word.

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY, (*impatiently tapping the carpet with her foot, and pouting more than ever.*) Ah! you have been petted and smiled upon till you *won't* see any faults in your Danish beauties!

WANDERNDE VOGEL, (*tartly.*) On principle I never seek for shades so long as I have sunbeams to bask in. But I must admit that the Danish ladies are guilty of one serious sin of omission.

OMNES, (*with intense interest.*) Oh! What is that?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. On second thoughts, I had better not tell, lest my next reception among them should be——

OMNES, (*coaxingly, and with tenfold eagerness.*) Oh, *do* tell us!

WANDERNDE VOGEL. It is rather a delicate matter, but to oblige you, and as it is in strict confidence, why—if it must out—THEY DON'T WEAR "BUSTLES!"

OMNES, (*with ineffable surprise, disgust, and indignation.*) That is a naughty, shameful, wicked, dreadful, aggravating, insinuation! Too bad for anything, really!

(It is some time ere they recover their equanimity, and then the torture of cross-questioning—in which instinct itself makes all ladies so very ingenious—is resumed.)

MAMMA. Then you actually mean to say that the Danish ladies are unrivalled?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. Heaven forbid! I have seen exquisitely beautiful women in every country. Even in France, which I place rather low in the scale, I knew one very lovely lady; nay, to me she was a ministering angel, for she smoothed my pillow, and wiped my brow, and tended my couch, as I lay wrestling with the grim Cholera Fiend. When my heart ceases to beat, I shall forget her.

OMNES, (*with strongly-aroused curiosity.*) Oh, who was she?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. A young married lady;

Digitized by Google

and, if truth must be told, she was no other than——

OMNES. Who? Who?

WANDERNDE VOGEL. An Englishwoman!* But I am quite impartial in my admiration of the ladies of all nations. As dear Burns says—

"Clear your decks! here's a' the sex!
I love the jades for a' that!"

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. You are always quoting that wicked Burns! You don't know what remarks people make about it. They say—

SECOND YOUNG LADY, *(who is of a "decidedly serious" temperament, and speaks in a sepulchral voice.)* Would you have the goodness to tell us all about the Danish Lutheran sermons and burial rites?

PRETTIEST YOUNG LADY. And all about the balls and drawing-rooms?

MAMMA. And all about the betrothals and marriage ceremonies?

ELDEST YOUNG LADY. And all about the christenings and—

(Der Wandernde Vogel wildly stares round for the means of exit, and in a moment his place is vacant. The three daughters of England, constructed on Mrs. Ellis's latest model, utter some very pungent remarks on his characteristic departure).

MAMMA, *(with becoming dignity.)* My dears, you must make some allowance for the behaviour of that exceedingly eccentric young man, when you recollect that he has so long wandered among those uncivilized Northern nations—which, in spite of what he says, are, I am morally sure, yet in a shockingly barbarous condition, both physical and spiritual.

IX.

DANISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

The booksellers' shops were, of course, a subject of particular interest to me. They make very little external show, generally having only one or two small windows, a considerable height from the pavement, with a few books and prints displayed against the lower panes. Glazed show-cases, also, containing new works, &c., are attached underneath the windows, and along the sides of the entrance passages. In many instances, the shop itself is only accessible by a flight of steps from a side entrance—strongly contrasting in this, as in other respects, with similar concerns in England. Some of the shops are well stocked with works in various languages (especially German and French), and the publishers are intelligent men, *au courant* on literary subjects. They sell English books at the London prices; but the time occupied in procuring them to order is never less than one month, and sometimes above three. One striking feature in English large towns, shops devoted to the sale of weekly literary sheets and periodicals is altogether unknown in Copenhagen. There are no works whatever published in numbers in Denmark, and no magazines, with the exception of one, a literary and critical monthly, entitled "*Nord og Syd*," (North and South). As to English cheap journals they are utterly unknown; but the English and French monthlies and quarterlies have many subscribers. The number of newspapers of all descriptions issued in Denmark is from seventy to a hundred. In Copenhagen alone there are ten daily and four weekly newspapers, and nearly every little village—under which designation Englishmen would, in fact, class almost all places in the kingdom, excepting the capital—has one or more papers of its own. The largest of the Copenhagen papers is somewhat larger than *one leaf* only of the London "*Times*," and the smallest are not quite double the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. The type is large and the lines leaded out, so that the mass of reading in one of these papers is actually much less than is contained in even half a page of some of the London weekly papers, which use small type. These miniature papers give a little local and foreign intelligence; but the bulk of the matter consists of original leading political articles. One important feature in them is their *feuilleton*, which consists of either fiction or poetry, original or translated. At this time, one of the biggest daily journals, called the "*Fædrelandet*" (Fatherland), is publishing in its *feuilleton* a regularly continued translation of Dickens' tale of "*David Copperfield*," which occasionally occupies nearly half of the current number. The Government organ is "*Berlingske Tidende*" (Berling's Gazette). Some of these papers are printed in Roman characters, but the majority are in German type. Their price is from one penny to twopence each number. There is also a weekly publication called "*Corsaren*" (The Corsair), of the same description as "*Punch*" of London, and the "*Charivari*" of Paris. I am informed that it was originally very able, but is considered to have fallen off greatly of late. Some of its illustrations struck me as being good, but most of them are puerile, without either wit or satire discoverable in them.

Denmark is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural sequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable, and some of them—especially gift books and annuals—are got up in a style which would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works at times attain here, I may mention that a poem of length, entitled "*Den Lille Hornblæser*" (The Little Trumpeter), by H. P. Holst—having for its subject the recent war with the Duchies—was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of very great talent—a few even are of brilliant genius. Foremost in the latter rank is the veteran Oehlenschlæger, of whom a gentleman, who I know to be a first-rate authority, said to me, "Sir, his tragedies

* I may be permitted to add, that every opinion and incidental remark put into the mouth of *der Wandernde Vogel*, in this little colloquy, is strictly in adherence with truth.—W. H.

Digitized by Google

are entitled to a place on the same shelf with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth a foreigner's while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate Oehlenschlœger." "Really," I replied, "if that is the case, it is grievous to reflect that the accident of language should confine the works of such a man to so limited a circle of readers. It seems to me much like giving 'to a party what was meant for mankind.'"*

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained such an unrivalled popularity in England. I have conversed with many on the subject, both at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and all agree that Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a very high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly gifted man; nor are they insensible to his peculiar merit. All they contend for is, that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of such beings as Oehlenschlœger. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. At present, I much regret that I have only read a little of Andersen's writings; but that little is quite sufficient to impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark. I loved the man ere I had read a dozen of his pages: he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned heartfelt affection for his brother man. I should, for my own part, bitterly abhor any author who merely simulated sensibility—I should loath his very name. Now I have private reason to know that Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantile yet finely-poetical and noble nature.† This it is that gives that charm to his writings, which has been so universally felt. This it is which will impart unto them an enduring vitality, for human nature is the same in all ages, and what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now, will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Andersen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem; and so thoroughly has he pre-occupied the field, that I know for a fact, that the London publishers decline to bring out works of any other Danish author, on that very account.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know not any other Swedish writer; but here publishers and critics alike smile with surprise, when I tell them this, and they unanimously declare, that both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer. Really, after all is said and done, it is enough to make one mutter something about a prophet and his own country—is it not?

I felt naturally curious to learn what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and I learned, from an undoubtedly reliable source, that the four favourites are Bulwer, Marryat, Dickens, and James. The sequence of their names, as here given, indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read; and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Fauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small—not one-fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this, when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then, nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognises the claims of literature—paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever. I blush for my own mighty country as I write this, for with all her countless wealth, England, as a state, grudgingly assigns so niggard, so beggarly a mite, for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science, that foreigners may well cry shame. When will this burning stain be wiped away? When will British legislators learn that spirit is superior to matter—that mammon will perish, but that the eliminations of God-given genius never pass away? The crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works, which, from their abstruse nature, cannot, of themselves, command a remunerating sale, and, consequently, but for its assistance, would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was, I believe, a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago, the Bishop of Copenhagen published a translation of Ossian.

There are in Copenhagen two literary institutions, principally devoted to reading. One is the Athenæum, and consists of a suite of many very commodious and handsomely-fitted reading-rooms, a refreshment room, and also one devoted to conversation and smoking. It possesses a valuable library of upwards of 20,000 volumes, principally in the German language—few shelves only being French and English standard works, including latest editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is plentifully supplied with Danish, German, and French journals and serials, but rather scantily with English ones. It only takes the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and *Punch*; the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and "Law Reviews;" and *Tait's* and the *United Service* magazines. None other than regularly-elected members of the first personal respectability are admitted to this excellent institution; but shortly after my arrival Mr. Philepsen, a Copenhagen publisher, very kindly made application on my behalf to the directors, who immediately accorded me free usage

* Since writing the above, I have learned that Oehlenschlœger has sold the entire copyright of all his works—which fill many volumes—for the sum of only 6,000 rix-dollars Danish, or £675 sterling. Why, there are English novelists who have earned twice as much within one fortnight! And yet, the works in question are the long-life-labours of a mighty intellect.—W.H.

† I probably shall hereafter give some personal details concerning Hans Christian Andersen. W. H.

Digitized by Google

of all the privileges of a member—of which I have daily availed myself. While thus acknowledging the courtesy shown me, I wish I could positively assure my Danish friends that my own countrymen would not be less generous towards any of them, should they sojourn in Britain under similar circumstances. The other establishment, which is called the "*Arissalon*" (News Room), is a much humbler and less exclusive place, and has only very recently been opened. It is tolerably well supplied with newspapers, and the public can at any time go there, by payment of half a marc (about 2½d. English) per visit, or by monthly or quarterly subscriptions.

To conclude this chapter of literary gossip, I may just add, that, happening to say to a literary gentleman here, that the phrase, "*James's solitary horseman*," is a standard joke with the English critics, he replied—"Yes, and so is '*Andersen's solitary stork*' with us, for he introduces it into every book he has ever written."

THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.

During the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and to successively experience what spring is in London; what summer is in Paris; what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Vividly indeed can I dwell on the marvellous contrast of the night-aspect of each, but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them is that presented by the watchmen of the last-named. When I first looked on these guardians of the night, I involuntarily thought of Shakspeare's Dogberry and Verges. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great-coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they carry a staff of office, on which they screw, when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the *Northern Star*. They also sometimes may be seen with a lanthorn at their belt; the candle contained in said lanthorn they place at the top of their staff to relight any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the re occurs, and they also put out from the tower flags and lights pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening, until four o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chaunt a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone; and from a distance, it floats on the still night-air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of old antiquity, and were written, I am told, by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved in the old style, and in the centre is a large engraving exactly representing one of the ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete custom, with his staff and Northern Star in hand, a lanthorn at his belt, and his dog at his feet. A copy of the broadside has been procured me, and my friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, (Andersen's translator), has expressly made for me a *verbatim* translation of the verses, and his able version I will now give at length. I am induced to do this, because, not merely are the chaunts most interesting in themselves, as a fine old relic of Scandinavian customs, but there seems to me a powerful poetical spirit pervading them. At the top of the sheet are the lines:—

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Vaag og bed,	Watch and pray,
Thi tiden gaaer;	For time goes;
Tænk og ftrar,	Think, and directly,
Du ved ei naar.	You know not when.

In large letters over the engraving of the watchman are the words:—

Lovet være Gud! vor Herre, ham
Skal Lov, Priis, og Ære!

That is—

Praised be God! our Lord, to whom
Be love, praise, and honour.

I will now give the literal version, printed exactly in the same arrangement of lines, letters, and punctuation, as the original:

COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the Earth,
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave;
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step
To the grave place, *
And grant a blissful death.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the day strides down,
And the night rolls forth,
Forgive, for Jesus' wounds,
Our sins, O mildest God!
Preserve the Royal house,
And all men
In this land
From the violence of foes.

TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,
Husband, † girl, and boy;
Then it's about the time
That one prepares for bed.
Commend yourselves to God,
Be prudent and cautious,
Take care of lights and fire,
Our clock it has struck ten.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God, our Father, us preserve,
The great with the small,
His holy angel-host,
A fence around us place!
He himself the town will watch;
Our house and home
God has in care
Our entire life and soul.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour
Our Saviour he was born,
The wide world to console,
Which else would ruined be.
Our clock it has struck twelve,
With tongue and mouth,
From the heart's depths
Commend yourselves to God's care.

* Burial-place. † Wife is also understood.

Digitized by Google

ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesus dear!
Our cross here in this world
Patiently to bear;
There is no Saviour more. *
Our clock it has struck one,
Extend to us thy hand
O consoling man; †
Then the burthen becomes light.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Thou mild Jesu child,
To whom we were so dear,
Wast born in darkness wild,
To Thee be honour, love, and praise.
Thou worthy Holy Ghost
Enlighten us
Eternally,
That we may thee behold.

THREE O'CLOCK.

Now the black Night strides on,
And the Day approaches;
God let those stay away
Who us will distress!
Our clock it has struck three,
O pious Father
Come to our help,
Grant us Thy grace.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Thou eternal God have honour
In thy Heavenly choir,
Who watchman wilt be
For us who dwell on earth.
Now it rings off watch,
For a good night
Say thanks to God;
Take good care of Time.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu! morning star!
Our King unto thy care
We so willingly commend,
Be thou his Sun and Shield!
Our clock it has struck five.
Come mild Sun,
From mercy's pale,
Light up our house and home.‡

* There is no other Saviour. † O consoler!

‡ Many of the Danish words of this song are obsolete, but Mr. Beckwith has with great care given the precise equivalents. I am not aware that any translation of it has ever appeared before.—W. H.

THE MIDNIGHT PROCESSION.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.

No. V.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THE idea of efficacious rebukes being administered from the invisible world, to those transgressors whom laws as they are framed on this side of the grave have either passed by or encouraged, though not restricted to the peasant faith of Ulster, was in simpler times so prevalent among its people, that the report of any action better than could have been anticipated from the doer's general conduct is still followed by the proverbial question, "What ghost appeared to him?"

Of course, rustic tales and legends on the subject are not wanting; and one of the latest, from its bearing on certain peculiarities in the social state of the province and still pressing evils of Ireland, is worth the reader's perusal.

Voyagers to Belfast now mark from the deck of many a steamer the massive fortifications and sombre quiet of Carrickfergus, where it stands on the southern shore of that long lake, or bay, which takes its designation from the capital of Ulster. Besides possessing the local importance of a military garrison, a parliamentary borough, and the assize town of the county Antrim, Carrickfergus, though scarcely numbering four thousand inhabitants, and never larger in its most distinguished day, may be said to contain in its own an epitome of Irish history, at least since English dominion was established in the isle.

Its name, which signifies the rock of Fergus, from a Celtic king, who, long ago, perished there, occurs among the first conquests of the Norman de Courcey, to whom Henry the Second gave an anticipatory grant of all the lands he could conquer in Ulster, and whose castle, with tower and donjon-keep, in true Norman fashion, still accommodates a British garrison, and stood for many a century the bulwark of the English pale.

Round it rose the city (as Sir Henry Sidney called it, when he built its massive walls in the sixteenth century), a group of narrow streets, or rather lanes, between high houses built of brick set in strong oaken frames by English settlers before the Elizabethan age, when the present site of Belfast was a wild strath on the Laggan, commanded by a decaying stronghold of the O'Neills.

As conquest progressed, the lords-deputy of Ulster had their mansion at Carrickfergus; a suburb was assigned for the residence of the "mere Irish," none of whom were admitted within the walls; and a colony of Scottish fishermen, removed with their Presbyterian faith from the shores of Galloway and Episcopal persecution, and built themselves a village next the sea, hence called the Scottish Quarter. Thus representing the three constituent nations, Carrickfergus was in turn besieged and captured by every conqueror, from the great Rebellion of 1641 till Thurot's invasion in 1760—Monroe, Monk, and Schomberg held it in succession—there King William first trod the Irish soil; and Paul Jones last alarmed its garrison by sailing up the bay and capturing a British vessel, in the midst of the American war. At the period of our story the latter event was still fresh in the memory of its inhabitants; but Sidney's city retained few of its antiquated dwellings, the greater part having gradually given place to modern houses of various construction, from the mere cabin to the substantial slate roof. The Scotch and Irish quarters had largely increased, but their peculiar distinction was now limited to the name. The mansion of the lordly Chichesters had long disappeared, and the growing importance and commerce of Belfast left the town scarce a vestige of

Digitized by Google

trade; but besides its walls and castle, Carrickfergus was, as it is still, noted for two indispensable edifices, a church and a gaol—the former being the chapel, and only remnant, of a once extensive Irish monastery, whose foundation traditionally dates from the sixth century; and the latter believed to be the oldest of its kind north of Dublin.

Carrickfergus had another notable point in those days, the Orangemen of sundry adjoining counties regarded it as the head-quarters of their order; and William Jackson, Esq., its lately elected mayor, was also master of the town lodge, and known to be one of the most zealous partisans in Antrim.

Mr. Jackson was wont to say that he "was descended, on the maternal side, from that bulwark of Protestantism the renowned General Ginckle; that his ancestors had suffered for their loyalty and religion in 1641; and that his grandfather had landed with the Prince of Orange, who distinguished him with special favour, on which account the for-ever-famous name of William had been transmitted to his family." These outlines of genealogy were generally accorded to his company when "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" had been drunk with all the honours, which were not those of the Temperance Society's kind; but old neighbours, especially those in the Irish quarter, unanimously averred that he was descended on the maternal side from Willie Thrum, a Lisburn weaver; that his ancestors had been Catholics of the O'Heirly tribe; and that his grandfather came from Connaught with a spendthrift colonel of the Antrim family, in whose service he was supposed to have made his fortune and turned Protestant, as, after the Colonel's decease, he purchased sundry old houses, and set up for a gentleman in Carrickfergus.

The discrepancy of those accounts it is fortunately not our province to reconcile; suffice it to say, then, that Mr. Jackson was a handsome, bold, empty-looking man, who would have done anything for what he imagined greatness, and whose chief characteristics were vanity and assurance. He had been the only son in a family of six. The property, consisting of the already-mentioned houses, was entailed, and, as too frequently happens in Ireland, no money had been saved for the five girls. They, whether owing to that circumstance, their hope of high matches, or their very red hair, for all these causes were assigned by considerate gossips, occupied a part of their brother's house, and continued to be known as the Misses Jackson.

There was also a Mrs. Jackson in that house, though their mother had been long dead. William had, some years before, given unmingled satisfaction to the eldest and proudest of his sisters, by his marriage with a Lisburn lady, not of the family from which his descent was popularly traced, but one of the highest ranks in that linen manufacturing and very genteel little town, (for Ulster has its uncommon localities,) who believed themselves related in some way to the Marquis of Downshire, and "The most Noble," was said to have acknowledged as much on an election canvass.

Miss Carson—such was the lady's name before she went to church and changed it—had one sister married in the excise, another in the army, and her brother had already been elected mayor of Lisburn. She transferred all the remaining rank of the house to the old and lengthy, but still substantial, brick tenement, close by the castle wall, which Jackson averred had been built by his persecuted ancestor in the reign of Bloody Mary, and which all Carrickfergus knew to have been bought by his grandfather; but so perfectly did the lady understand the importance of her connexions, that the descendant of Ginckle, or Willie Thrum, was presumed to enjoy little quiet and less sway within it, while the five single ladies were obliged to have a street door opened for egress from that part of the mansion assigned as their dwelling, and a solid partition erected between them and their distinguished sister-in-law.

Limited, indeed, was their domain; a couple of apartments on the ground-flat, with an equal number on the second, and attics, to which all the superannuated furniture in Mrs. Jackson's house was transferred. There was an allowance sufficiently moderate to support that establishment, placed under the care of the eldest, Miss Grace; but on it the five continued to dress and live, ay, and look comfortably, keeping their own servant, and entertaining to tea, at long intervals, some select acquaintances, and a discreet officer or two, when such were in the garrison.

Meantime, their brother attended meetings, and made speeches when opportunity served, and that was not seldom. It was the breaking-up time of the Irish Volunteers. Titled patriots began to think they had gone too far in the declaration of popular rights, and their country's attendant fatality of discord had risen among their ranks. The grand dispute between Grattan and Flood, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, now divided the Protestants of Ireland. Ulster, as might be expected, had a large share of the agitation; and the Orangemen, who, like other parties, had been temporarily lost in the volunteering fervour, once more became prominent.

Between the Protestant colonist and native Catholic of that province there ran a stream of bloody tradition. There was scarcely a family of the former who had not some tragic legend of ancestral suffering in what they too truly called, "The massacre of 1041, and the Papist times of James the Second;" while "Crummle an' the wars ov Irelan'," inextricably blended in the minds of the latter, furnished them with tales of no less terrible import.

The debasing operation of the penal code, whose remnants still pressed on the body, and, probably, that of their peculiar creed and clergy, never suspected of promoting popular education in any country, left among the Ulster Catholics, at the period of our story, little property and less intelligence, compared with their Protestant neighbours, by whom they were consequently despised as well as distrusted. The proposition to admit Catholics to parliament acted, therefore, like an alarm-bell on the prejudices and memories of the north. Orange Lodges revived in districts where their existence had become traditional; half-forgotten anniversaries were restored to the honours of flag and drum; Protestant meetings and petitions were got up in every town, to the great exercise of provincial eloquence; the clergy of the Established Church proclaimed from the pulpit that it was in danger; and thoughtful Presbyterians had debates among themselves, "touching the lawfulness of giving power to Papists."

Digitized by Google

The Mayor of Carrickfergus had taken his oath of office, according to the burgh's old charter, in the Castle-yard, just when this ferment had reached its climax; and, as civic authority was rather a support to party zeal in those days, the Tory citizens triumphed in his election; intelligence of which was received by all the surrounding lodges with the expected display of joy and orange lilies. This height in party estimation had been gained by what might be justly termed extreme forwardness in their cause. It might have arisen from a desire to refute the tale of his Catholic origin, the love of local distinction so common to shallow minds, or a laudable endeavour to escape beyond the bounds of his lady's empire; but certain it was that Mr. Jackson made himself notable in every Orange movement, from carrying about an Anti-Catholic petition, to heading a commemorative procession to the stone whereon King William (and, of course, his grandfather), first set foot when landing to the rescue of loyal Protestants.

It was not to be expected that the Catholics could remain unconcerned spectators of this demonstrative period. Many of them had been enrolled among the volunteers, and the better-informed had high hopes in the national spirit, then rapidly gaining ground among the more-enlightened Protestants of Ulster; but the uninstructed mass, to whom emancipation conveyed only a vague idea of triumph for their faith and people, saw in Orangemen the hereditary enemies of both, and confounded with them the whole Protestant population. Opposing societies had risen among them from age to age, under the rustic designations of Rockites, Hearts of Oak, Whiteboys, &c.; but by far the most widely-spread and formidable was that of the notorious Ribbonmen, so called from a green ribbon, the badge of their order. Often denounced from the altar, though said to be secretly encouraged by the priests, Ribbonism has been for many a generation the bitterly-hated rival of the Orange faction, the terror of peaceful Protestants, and the continual apprehension of the vice-regal government.

Owing to the social and political inferiority of the Catholic body, its motions have been always more mysteriously concealed, and its operations more obviously mischievous than even those of the Orange faction, as many a tale of barbarous retaliation and party hate but too strongly attests in the criminal records of Ireland. Orange activity was always a signal for that hostile party, and rumours of Ribbonism arose with the "No Popery" ferment in Ulster. Popular report, of course, exaggerated its secret workings, but even in the neighbourhood of Carrickfergus a Ribbon lodge was said to hold nightly meetings, and plan another Popish insurrection. The leaders of that division were believed to be found in the household of Frank Finnerty, a farmer among the Antrim hills, whose homestead was visible from the battlements of the castle. His family was one of the few Catholic ones that had attained respectability in the province—Frank being the occupant of a farm about fifty acres in extent, and held by what lawyers term a deed renewable for ever; a large, comfortable-looking thatch house, and farm stock and appurtenances, which few of his neighbours could surpass. They, however, chronicled, (a fact rare in the history of any family) that the Finnertys had been all just and prudent people for at least three generations, and had risen to their present importance solely through honest industry. Frank inherited that character and its consequent respect; he was now an old man, white of hair, but still erect and active; his wife, Rose, was near his own age, but of a much feebler constitution. They had been married more than forty years, and had five grown-up sons, all residing with them, but no daughter.

The Finnertys were a steadily-working and harmonious family, honourable in their station, and pious according to their creed. Neighbours of all sects spoke of them as kindly and obliging. The poor knew them to be charitable, and the parish priest never found them in arrears of either dues or duty; yet there was a strange division of temper and mind among them. Frank Finnerty had a large stock of worldly prudence and every-day sense, which, combined with a frank and generous nature, made him a good husband, a worthy father, and a most successful farmer. Rose said she was "one of the O'Neills," but the woman rarely spoke on that subject, an habitual delicacy or rather sickliness of frame, and the laborious duties of a farm-house, in which her vigilance supplied the place of activity, had tamed down to the reading of dreams and the love of rustic song and legend, a character originally belonging to the finest of the Celtic orders; fiery but tender, keen but imaginative, given to wild beliefs and changeful moods, but never to forget or grow cold. Her four younger sons partook more or less of their mother's nature, but in their rougher sex and untaught youth it was allied with a fierceness of wrath which few cared to provoke, an almost fanatical enthusiasm, and a strange delight in perilous adventure. All parties agreed that young Frank, as they called the eldest son, by way of distinction from his father, was the flower of the Finnertys. Sensible, kind, and clever, was the popular summary of his character, the scholar and poet of his district. Frank had early acquired some education, thanks to his own abilities and those of a hedge schoolmaster, long and gratuitously boarded at the farm-house. His mother boasted that he had a shelf of books in the parlour, and could read them all, including a Douay Bible. Moreover, Frank interpreted the Latin prayers which his people were used to repeat, carried on the entire correspondence of the parish, and composed sundry songs to the old airs of his province, which, indeed, never found their way into print, but were sung at spinning wheel and harvest home by many an admiring neighbour.

Everybody knew that Frank was too wise to be a party man. Protestant farmers made choice of him as an arbitrator in their rustic disputes. The Presbyterian minister who (as then often occurred) had come from Scotland to Carrickfergus, with a strong horror of Popery, and a general suspicion of Ireland on his mind, talked with him freely at country wayside and inn; and his own pastor, Father Phelim, an easy-minded polished man, who, like most priests of the last century, had been educated in France, and cared more for a social glass than the reins of spiritual power, occasionally remarked from the altar, that Frank Finnerty was an example to his flock, as none of them gave him so little trouble.

With his four brothers the case was different,

Digitized by Google

Strongly prejudiced in favour of their hereditary faith, and well-skilled in its traditional arguments, glories, and persecutions, but without Frank's judgment or knowledge, their zeal blazed up on the slightest token of Protestant domination, and many a furious controversy was terminated by blows between them and the adorers of King William. Sundry cases of assault and battery might thus have been proved against the Finnertys, but partly because they had always a ridiculous side, and partly on account of Frank and the old people, none of the sufferers had yet gone the length of prosecution; and being tall, powerful young men, the four were a kind of standing admonition to the ultra-Protestants of their neighbourhood, who were by no means surprised when that rising rumour regarding the Ribbon Lodge mentioned the senior pair, Art and Owen, as its leading members.

This near approach of Ribbonism to the seat of his authority brought the mayor's Orange fervour to its deepest shade. He talked mightily of rebellions and massacres, advised all true Protestants to stand on the defence of their liberty and religion, and declared his own resolution to put down the murderous conspiracy. Jackson's family and the Finnertys had long known each other in the way of business. Catholics though the latter were, they brought the best farm produce to Carrickfergus market. The justice of their dealings, too, was proverbial, and all the ladies of the mayor's household patronised Mrs. Finnerty's dairy. Now, however, the mayor and mayoress for once according, discovered it was only encouraging Ribbonmen, and took the most public opportunity to notify the withdrawal of their custom. Old Finnerty said, "it was hard for a common man to keep his senses and be called a mare."

Art, to whom the intimation had been addressed in the course of his market business, delivered a rather lengthy reply, commencing with the sins of Henry the Eighth, and terminating with "parsecutin' thurncoats;" but it was remarked that Frank seemed more discomforted than was his wont regarding pecuniary matters.

The farm was Frank's legal inheritance, but he had lived till the age of thirty-five without appearing to think of matrimony. All his brothers followed his example, and it was a disputed point among their acquaintances whether the Finnertys thought no girl in the parish good enough for them, or "wud put no woman afore thir mother." "Shure its munks the whole five of ye 'ill thurn all out" was the wonted conclusion of rallying friends—"why don't yez close up the doors and windys, and take to the doin' for your souls intirely?"

Frank usually replied by a series of observations on marrying in haste and repenting at leisure; but among the five young ladies partitioned off from Mrs. Jackson, there was one whose juvenility had remained singularly long in the reckoning of her sisters. Lucy Jackson had reached the wrong side of thirty, by common computation, a neat little girl, as all the Jacksons called her, with a quiet, comely face, which rather became the curls an old poet might have safely compared to the red gold. Lucy was the most popular, as well as the youngest of the five; everybody called her good-natured and wise; but owing to the prolonged youth already mentioned, she was generally employed on those family errands with which their limited gentility could not entrust a servant; and they often conducted her steps to Mrs. Finnerty. Frank was always in the way on these occasions, but nothing was ever whispered on the subject, till one evening, about a month after Art's extempore lecture, when a terrible commotion arose in the mayor's house in consequence of a letter which a beggar-boy delivered to the elder sister, Miss Grace, in the twilight. It was read in the parlour, and the four immediately proceeded in a body with it to their brother; but when he entered—according to old Peggy their servant, "clane mad"—the low parlour window was open, and Miss Lucy no where to be found.

That was no great sign of her attributed wisdom, but Lucy knew her family, and what an unpardonable sin they would consider a correspondence with one of Frank's faith and race; besides, the gulph between them and the Finnertys had been lately deepened by private feud, but that unlucky accident brought on the complete discomfiture of the Jacksons. Frank, who had been waiting in hope of an interview, met Lucy on her terror-stricken flight, and having learned the state of the case, he took measures at once safe and honourable, by conducting her to his father's house, where he explained matters, and craved the old people's consent to an immediate wedding. Frank was their eldest and most valued son, and however against her family's consent, the match was, on the whole, rather creditable to the Finnertys.

"Ye hive my consint wid a blissin', Frank," said the father. "It was nivir an onproper thing that crassed yir notion, bit if we had all known soonner—"

"Troth, I might hive known," said Rose, "thir wis two black crows in me drame last night, an a new branch on the ould tree in the garden. Miss Jackson, avourneen, yer welcome; shure its me had need of a daughter-in-law."

Frank's brothers, though more surprised, (for their mother's dream was not her only source of previous information,) were no less kind and cordial, but their satisfaction with the match arose chiefly from the triumph it afforded them over the Orange mayor. That, however, the young men had policy enough to keep among themselves till a regular licence was procured, and Frank and Lucy, to the utter astonishment of Carrickfergus, legally married in what Irish peasantry are accustomed to term the Parliament Church; after which a wedding feast took place at the Finnertys' house, joyfully attended by all their Catholic acquaintances, of course including Father Phelim, who was said to repeat the binding ceremony after his own fashion, with closed doors and sundry recommendations of quietness to all present.

The state of the laws regarding Protestant and Catholic marriages at that period justified these precautions, and the whole affair created an immense sensation at Carrickfergus. Most of Lucy's neighbours bitterly blamed her, but some insinuated that her life among the four seniors had not been over pleasant, and Frank Finnerty was a fine fellow, though a Catholic. With the Jacksons it was war to the knife, and their indignation belonged not to the silent order.

The mayor spent his social hours in alternately abusing and threatening the Finnertys. The mayoress commanded Lucy's name never to be mentioned in her presence, and advised her sisters-in-law not to survive the disgrace, while they made the junior Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Finnerty and her new connexions the subjects of untiring vituperations. Friends and servants as usual were not slow in conveying these prelections to the farm house, and the smouldering fire there was soon fanned into a flame; old Frank and Rose, though often fretted, said little. Frank allowed no stranger to mention the subject to himself or Lucy, and the pair seemed to have made up their minds for the worst; but his brothers lost no opportunity of repaying scorn with scorn. They recalled every episode of Jackson's history most wished to be forgotten, and attacked the entire family with not only party but personal reflections. As might be expected, the Catholic population of the parish made common cause with the Finnertys, while the airs and sayings of their now over-exasperated adversaries were such as to gain them little respect among the better-informed Protestants; but the Jacksons had one powerful assistant in their Lisburn brother-in-law.

Gervaise Carson belonged to a class of characters unfortunately not rare among the forward men of his party. His knowledge might have been fairly divided between the Orange Lodge and the cock-pit; these being, at least in Ireland, contemporary institutions, and, true to their spirit, he was a deep drinker, a desperate shot, and an ill-reputed bachelor, approaching fifty. The fact that both were presidents of those mysterious assemblies by which the nation was to be preserved from popery, originated between him and Jackson an intimacy closer than that of their legal connexion, while the superior cunning and boldness, as well as rank of Carson, made the latter look up to him as his chief counsellor in all affairs of moment.

The Lisburn mayor felt his honour involved in that of the family, and his observations on Lucy's match were neither made in private nor pleasing to the Finnertys. They and their Catholic friends accordingly responded with similar remarks on his personal history and general character. Party spirit, that Irish root of bitterness, was largely intermingled with the whole, and hostile feelings on both sides became general throughout the parish.

Poor Lucy had tried to live in peace at the farm-house, and partially succeeded; for the Finnertys, with all their provocations given and received, esteemed their sister-in-law, but those who knew her said the woman had got a care-worn anxious look since her marriage. Frank, too, looked troubled and uneasy. There was more ceremonious civility now, but less confidence between him and his brothers, and the young men were given to talk apart, and go out on slight excuses on the long winter nights. These were shortening fast. It was the seventeenth of March, a day long dedicated to Ireland's patron saint, and celebrated by the wearing of cross and shamrock among the Catholic peasantry—no larger demonstration being for ages permitted in the Protestant north. Lucy sat alone spinning by the kitchen hearth, for night was falling fast, and Rose had gone to summon the men of her family, late at work in the adjoining field, to supper. The outer door had been left ajar, and deep in her thoughts the solitary spinner heard neither knock nor step till she was roused by a hand on her shoulder, and turned to see old Peggy her sister's servant, looking fearfully out from the red shawl, which as usual enveloped her head.

"It's proud I'm to see ye, Miss Lucy—Mrs. Finnerty I mane," said Peggy, in a frightened whisper; "Lord be good till ye, an' thim ye'r come among. It's murdired entirely I would be if the Mair and his sisters foun this out, but I can't see my own sort kilt, avourneen. Warn the boys not to go out this night on the walkin', for your sweet fowl from Lisburn's in the house, an thir's bad work a-brewin';" and the old woman dashed out with an agility which fear alone could have conferred upon her age.

The walking to which Peggy so ominously alluded was a ribbon custom vaguely whispered of for many a year in Ulster. Debarred the glory of a daylight procession in St. Patrick's honour, it was said the dreaded lodges were wont to march at midnight with green sash and banner, through town and country, renewing their terrible oaths of hostility to their order at the very doors of the Orangemen. Lucy had dark forebodings of her brother's wrath, and still more of his Lisburn adviser; she knew that the commander of Carrickfergus garrison belonged to their party, and the old servant's warning fell heavy on her mind. In a few minutes Frank entered, and scarce could she communicate Peggy's message, when the rest hurried in.

"Say nothing about it, dear. I'll spake to the boys myself," whispered he; and Lucy having an unwavering trust in him, busied herself with the supper. It was got over quietly. Mrs. Finnerty and she resumed their wheels; the old man took his seat by the fire, and Art, taking up his hat, inquired carelessly, "Is thir any of yez for ould Billy Dogherty's wake?" alluding to the house of a deceased neighbour about three miles distant.

"It's cowld," said old Frank, lighting his pipe, "and far," rejoined Rose, "I'll go in the mornin, plaze God; but boys, yez ought to go, one does'nt know how thir own wake might be attinded."

"Come away, then, boys," said Art; and the three followed him to the door. Frank also stepped out among them. Five tall, strong men they were, and little dreaming that they stood together for the last time on that home threshold. "Boys, dear," said he, "ye know that I'm not of yer principles, but we're five brothers, an for the sakes of all that's here, as well as yourselves, take my advice, and do'nt go to walk this night—ould Peggy was here not an hour ago, warning Lucy that Carson was in Carrickfergus, and the Orangemen had some plot on hands."

"Will we be frightened by the likes of them?" cried Art and Owen in a breath.

"From uphoulden our pathron saint," rejoined Pat.

"Does my mother know?" said young Con.

"No," said Frank, "I could'nt tell her; but sure there'ill be other Patrick's Days."

"Thrue enough," said Art, in a tone of conviction. "We'll let the walkin' alone, for this night, boys;" but Frank did not perceive the signal he gave his brothers—"Wont you come to the wake house, Frank? I'm tould thir's fun there in airnest."

Frank didn't care for leaving Lucy, who never attended wakes, besides he was tired of the day's work, and rallying him on being a settled man now, the young men set out with a general promise "not to try the walkin'." Frank telegraphed Lucy that all was right, and seated himself by the fire; neighbours dropped in to chat, and a glass in comfort

Digitized by Google

was taken on Patrick's night; but the young men didn't return. Rose remarked that "the divarshun must be beyant as will at Billy Dogherty's wake," but it was bedtime, and the remnant of the household retired to rest.

"The boys are in my mind, Lucy dear," said Frank, as soon as he and his wife were alone. "Somehow I would like to be sure they were at the wake, an if ye wait I'll run to Billy Dogherty's and bring them home for fear of meeting the Ribbonmen."

Lucy agreed, as the proposal seemed a safe one; and, promising not to be long, Frank left her with his oft-repeated wish that they were "both far away at paice in Amirakay or Scotlan'," —by the way, two favourite quarters for Ulster emigration—"to hear no more of that worryin' party work."

There was a bye-way leading through the fields to the wake house, into which Frank struck at once, and arrived to find it still full of company, whose mirth seemed without limit, as the deceased had been one of life's superannuated. His son and daughter-in-law welcomed Frank with a weeping declaration of how much he had esteemed him, and an immediate summons to tea in the parlour "with Father Phelim and the cream of the neighbours."

It would have given mortal offence to have refused that invitation, though Frank also learned that his brothers had gone about half-an-hour before by the Carrickfergus road, and in company with sundry young men he believed to be members of the Ribbon lodge; but being a prominent man in that society, an additional hour elapsed before he could find sufficient excuse for departure, which Frank at length took in spite of an earnest request to stay for company, and a friendly intimation that there was a fiddle in the barn.

Thinking that his brothers might be at home before him, and how anxious Lucy would be, for it was now past midnight, Frank's progress on the Carrickfergus road was rapid though solitary—it led past his father's door, but midway between that and the Dougherty's residence stood a house noted in the district as Alick Maginnis' shebeen. It was, as that Celtic term denoted, a sort of half inn, half farm-house, where whisky could always be found, failing other entertainment for travellers, and owned by the above-named individual, with a son-in-law and two daughters, the entire family enjoying a local notoriety for warlike inclinations, unscrupulous consciences, and a boundless though ignorant attachment to the Orange cause. It was said the lodge occasionally met there, and, notwithstanding the difference of rank, Jackson and his brother-in-law were on familiar terms with Alick.

Frank had just reached the tall, thick hedge which parted his domain from the road, when he perceived there was still light within, and the same moment caught the heavy tramp of an approaching battalion. At once old Peggy's message, and the danger of being found in such a vicinity, flashed across his mind, and he instinctively stept into the shadow of the old hedge. It was a calm moonlight night, with masses of heavy clouds drifting along the sky; and, as one of them passed, Frank could see a troop now almost in front of Maginnis' house. It was the Ribbonmen in full array, and, to his horror, at their head marched Owen and Art.

"Halt!" said the former in a low tone; but it was followed by a loud report of fire-arms from within, and Frank saw the leaders fall. A wild shout went up, the mingled cries of wrath and fear, and with it rose Frank's voice, calling on his brothers, with a hand on the breast of each, but they did not answer; and he scarcely heard the clash of arms, and the shout of "down with the Papist rebels," with which a company of soldiers rushed from behind the very hedge that had sheltered him. Ill armed, and worse prepared, as they were, the Ribbonmen tried to make a defence, but it was short. In less than fifteen minutes, the greater part had fled in wild confusion, and Frank remained among the five prisoners in the hands of the military, with a bayonet-stab in his right arm, received while covering the retreat of his two younger brothers, who thus escaped arrest. Owen and Art had been shot dead on the spot, as if aimed at; by what hand was never known, but old Peggy told most of her neighbours, in confidence, that neither the Mayor nor his brother-in-law had been in the house that night. Next morning there was news in Carrickfergus that Alick Maginnis had the night before obtained a company of military for the protection of his house against the Ribbonmen, with the other particulars we have related. The Orangemen rejoiced in the ruin of a Ribbon Lodge; but nobody could believe that Frank Finnerty had belonged to it. All the respectable Protestants believed his story; but Jackson, who would accept no bail for his Catholic brother-in-law, as some thought, because the broken-hearted man spoke of "justice to come for the poor boys that had been waylaid and murdered in their folly;" and Frank, with his fellow-prisoners, were committed to Carrickfergus jail, to take their trial at the next assizes, for Ribbonism, and an attempt to burn Maginnis' house.

On the terrible consequences of that night to the Finnertys, old neighbours often enlarged in after years—how the father at once grew stooped and aged—how poor Rose sunk into a state of sad and early dotage—how Pat and Con turned sober boys about the house, and Lucy was never herself again. But a still stranger story followed regarding the Jacksons.

Gervaise Carson had gloried over the defeat of Ribbonism at Carrickfergus, and gone home in triumph, promising to be present at the ensuing assizes, when he publicly expressed his hope that the disgrace of a Protestant family would be transferred to Botany Bay; but before that term arrived, the typhus fever, then prevailing in the dark old prison of Carrickfergus, had seized on Frank and his companions in captivity, and their trial was postponed till another assize, which Gervaise Carson was destined never to see. As the summer advanced, rumours began to spread, it was thought from the Mayor himself, of the Lisburn Orangemen's intention to celebrate the 12th of July (on which the party annually commemorated the Battle of the Boyne, in modes productive of many a minor battle), that season, with peculiar solemnity, and a mounted procession to Carrickfergus, where their brethren should join them in saluting the before-mentioned stone, as a token of victory over Popish conspirators.

The grand occasion was at only a month's distance, and sundry preparatory steps had been taken, when Mr. Carson having attended a hunting dinner, and returned rather late one evening, was seized with sudden apoplexy, at the top of his own stair, and fell to the

Digitized by Google

bottom. Physicians and friends were of course at once summoned; but the fit and accident together overcame his much-tasked strength, and he died on the third day, to the deep regret of the Orange Lodge, who accorded him the funeral honours of a grand master, and that of his brother-in-law, whose grief was only alleviated by the division of his property.

Mr. Jackson never liked going abroad at night after that event, especially in the direction of Maginnis' shebeen, though he and Alick had many a private talk together. Frank and his fellow-prisoners had slowly recovered—poor Lucy had caught the fever from visiting him, but she too was rallying, and the whole parish pitied that luckless pair, when the troublesome 12th came on, and the Lisburn Orangemen having agreed that their master's memory required the fulfilment of his project touching its celebration; the Lodge of Carrickfergus, not to be outdone in respect, determined to meet them half-way, a proposal to which the Mayor, being admonished by his lady, consented with great alacrity.

The way was long, and most of the Lodge, not-over well mounted—for ardent partizans are rarely a flourishing portion of any community—besides sundry delays for additional company at the hamlets in their track, were anticipated, and it was requisite to re-enter Carrickfergus at an imposing hour; so the Mayor and his company took the road soon after twelve, on a midsummer night, warm but hazy, and without moon or star, but the faint light which never leaves our northern skies at that season, sufficiently showed the broad outlines of objects as they passed.

The Antrim roads, some sixty years ago, were far from their present state of improvement; theirs was rough, and wound along the shore of that glorious bay, and Jackson, mounted on his own familiar steed, led the van. Next came Alick Maginnis, who occasionally dealt in horses, and straggling after him at unequal distances, the rest of the Lodge, rather in their order of riding than rank.

They had reached a narrow part of the road, with tall trees on one side, and a sea cliff on the other, when Jackson's horse started as if at some object of fear. The mayor looked round and could see nothing; but he plainly heard the sound of another horse beside him. Again the animal started, and tried to turn back. Jackson struck and swore at him; but as the oath was uttered, he saw a man at his right hand, mounted on a large coal black horse.

"For God's sake, who is that at your side?" inquired Alick Maginnis, from behind.

"It's I," said a voice, which Jackson knew to be Carson's; "come back to settle what we'll get sworn against Frank Finnerty and his dead brothers."

The mayor heard no more, neither did Alick. It was said the former's horse never stopped till it reached the High Street of Belfast, and the latter returned a silent bewildered man, with that frightened lodge, to Carrickfergus. The procession from Lisburn came in due time, and saluted the sacred stone; but Jackson never led another march, though he returned home, as his lady remarked, rather indisposed, having lost his horse, which died, after that fearful gallop, in the shelter of a friendly stable. When the next assizes came no prosecutor appeared against Frank and the ribbonmen, who were eventually discharged, and the matter hushed up, as things could be managed in those days.

All the Jacksons were observed to lead a more quiet life after that anniversary, but none of them ever cared for going to Lisburn. As for the Finnertys, matters prospered with them, and their farm was divided between the two remaining sons when they married; for Frank and Lucy, tired of a scene where they had experienced so much of malice and misfortune, emigrated with what funds the family could afford them, and in time had a farm of their own on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, where, as their old neighbours were wont to remark—"Some wan ov thim thurned for paice sake, but nobody ivir axed whether wur harities or Romans;" and it is said the rival factions of Orange and Ribbonmen have gradually dwindled away in Carrickfergus from the date of that midnight procession.

OWEN GLENDOWER: OR, THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

The idea of seeking in Owen Glendower, the hero or central figure of a grand historical romance was worthy of the rich and teeming mind in which it was conceived. It was suggested to the author, or, as probably, authoress, by Sir James Mackintosh, whose death deprived the writer of that friendly encouragement which might have cheered or lightened literary labour; without, however, as we apprehend, aiding in any material point to the accomplishment of the design. It would require no ordinary powers to pourtray a character so strangely mingled in its primary elements, and so changeful and fluctuating in its moral aspects as that of the Welsh chief, of whom it still remains doubtful whether he were the dupe of self delusion, or whether, as in other pious frauds, the supernatural powers, at first feigned to serve the immediate purposes of policy and ambition, in a superstitious age came gradually to be believed as real, as they were found potent. But, whatever the philosophical historian may finally determine of Glendower, there can be no question of the judgment and taste of him who pointed out the heroic necromancer and his stirring period as high vantage ground to the imaginative writer of romance. And this field has, on the

* Two Vols. Bentley.

Digitized by Google

whole, been ably occupied; not so powerfully, however, in that psychological delineation of the heroic Cambrian wizard, the princely Glendower, as in the broad, bold outline, of those contemporary characters and events which are interwoven with a story of well-sustained interest. The author has evidently prepared for the task by diligent research into the annals of the principality; but especially into its traditions, legends, peculiar superstitions, and social usages. Illustrations obtained from this faithful course of study enrich, but also, at least to the impatient reader reluctant to forego, for one moment, the thread of the narrative, sometimes encumber the page. This, however, is only applicable to a first perusal.

The story opens with a midnight adventure in the streets of London, of which the ringleaders are, the "mad wag" Prince Hal, and his usual train of merry masquers; in which the prince generously interferes for the rescue and safety of young Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, the legitimate heir of the crown, and the object of the continual fears and inquietude of Henry IV., who never could believe the throne which he had usurped secure while any of the Mortimer family survived. On this particular night the young Earl had been placed in imminent peril by the intrigues of Sir Robert Neville, the villain of the piece, who sought to advance personal interests with the jealous and yet remorseful usurper, by plotting the destruction of his innocent rivals, and filling his mind with doubts of the loyalty and fidelity of all who approached him, not excepting his own son. History is dumb as to many of those adventures which, whether fact or fable, tell powerfully in the romance; and, yet, nothing is better established than the generous magnanimity, so strongly opposed to the narrow and jealous policy of his father, with which Henry V. treated the family of Mortimer, and the confidence and reliance with which his conduct inspired the Earl of March; who, in ordinary circumstances, would have had the greatest reason to hate and distrust him. The opening scenes, in which the Prince and his carousing band baffle the villainous schemes of Neville, constitute "Prince Hal" the true hero of the story—the reader's hero—long before Glendower is seen. Disturbances, following the fatal battle of Shrewsbury, are again threatened in the Principality; and Prince Harry, at the head of a gallant force, takes the route for Wales. Neville, his royal father's trusted minion and spy, accompanies the army, and as the best or only means of preserving Mortimer from the toils, the Prince carries him off from his place of concealment in London, under the character of a herald, bound by a religious vow to silence and disguise. The march through the borders, and into Wales, affords scope for the author's powers as a landscape painter. Many of the fairest scenes in the Principality are spread out before us under still existing names, with passing glimpses of her ancient castles, and feudal strengths—now in ruins, then in their pride. The scene is by this time filled and alive with the various groups—the Prince and his friends, the watchful villain Neville, with the usual complement of mysterious pages, &c., &c.—whose mystery, by the way, is admirably preserved. There are, besides, episodes of chivalrous though lowly minstrels, devoted to high-souled Cambrian dames, and turbulent chiefs of all kinds, from the lofty and enthusiastic Glendower—half-crazed with passionate nationality, pride of descent, and hatred of King Henry—to the boisterous Ap Jorworth, and the cautious, self-seeking Lord of Ruthen Castle, his sons-in-law. But the youngest and fairest of Glendower's daughters, Eva, educated at the Court of France, happily remained unmarried to become the heroine of this romance. Through a series of cross chances, Eva gives her heart to Edmund Mortimer, her gallant protector, imagining him all the while the true Prince Harry, the enemy of Glendower, the usurper of the throne of Mortimer, to whom, as sovereign of England, her father owned fealty, while he claimed absolute dominion in Wales. This misconception when Glendower and the other insurgents are everywhere defeated and scattered by the prowess of Harry Monmouth; when her kinsmen were slain, her country subdued by her ungenerous and treacherous lover, plunges Eva into the deepest distress. Treacherous! for had he not solemnly promised her peace, amnesty, mercy. And thus had Edmund Mortimer rashly done in his name, while mistaken for the "true Prince." To complicate her miseries, the arch-villain Neville, from mixed motives of revenge, pride, avarice, and what he profanely called love, had well nigh got her into his power under the pretext of having captured her father, and her hand must be the ransom of Glendower's life and freedom. But now the end draws near. It is time that poetic justice were dealt on Neville, who falls by the hand of Lieutenant Poins, Prince Hal's, and the reader's old friends, whose sister, "poor Nell Poins," the ruffian had seduced. The painful delusion, which caused such agony to the lovely Eva, is happily dispelled, when seeking the hiding-places of the vanquished chief in the fastnesses to which he has been driven, she discovers in her imaginary Prince of Wales the real Edmund Mortimer and her true lover. She is more easily reconciled to the innocent deception he had been compelled to use than the reader may to her protracted bewilderment. The married lovers retire to the estate of the Earl in Ireland, until the blast is blown over, and the old lion stands at bay in his Alpine territory and mountain fastnesses, until the death of the detested Bolingbroke—the usurper Henry IV., when the accession to the throne of a more generous and gallant adversary opened the way for treaty with the undaunted outlaw.

We have very faintly indicated the scheme and filling up of this attractive romance, in which, however, we can promise the reader, instruction, entertainment, and much valuable information. Glendower's story has a moral too, which might, even at this day, be read with advantage, especially in Ireland. "However favoured by ephemeral success; however struggling for the so-called liberties of Wales; while spreading his own fame with that of the principality throughout Europe, no eventual benefit was the result. Upon the land which he professed to love—the people for whom he fought—his allies and his sons—were entailed all the evils of civil war, expatriation, poverty, loss of hereditary possession, loss of life."

Digitized by Google

TO * * * * * * * *

Yes, lady, you are passing fair,
And pleasant to the eye—
I've said that few with you compare,
So, lady, still say I.

In beauty that you stand alone,
I've said—so say I yet;
t much in wisdom I have grown,
Since, lady, first we met—

For coral lips and starry eyes
That witched the boy before,
The man has learned, with years more wise,
Alone, to prize no more.

How, since that often-thought-of night,
That first—remembered ball—
I've sunned me in your beauty's sight,
Is, lady, known to all;

How, since I've held me day by day,
The servant of your will,
It, lady, boots not now to say,
Though well-remembered still.

And have you lost a single grace,
That so I am estranged?
No—still the same in form and face
Are you; 'tis I am changed.

The secret, lady, would you know—
The riddles would you spell,
How I, so bound, have freed me so?
Then, lady, mark me well:

A tinted cheek—a lily brow—
A tangling eye like yours,
The thought of which can move me now,
The boy's whole heart secures.

But, lady, reason grows apace,
Do all that beauty can,
Believe me, it will find a place
Within the love of man.

For velvet cheeks—the starless night
That slumbers in your hair—
Your rounded arms, soft veined, white,
Alone the boy may care;

The statue-like luxurious swell
Of your full, peerless form,
To blind, hot passion, lady, well,
The boy's young heart may warm—

Ay, so that it was first with me,
To you I need not tell,
But more I've learned than eye can see,
The man's heart needs as well.

Awhile my fancy snared might be
By beauty such as yours;
But beauty only, trust to me,
No life-long love ensures;

The bonds grow weak—the ties will part
That only beauty binds—
Few such there are but from the heart,
The hand of time unwinds.

And she who trusts to outward charms,
And outward charms alone,
That she by far too weakly arms
'Gainst time at last shall own.

Good-temper—in that single word,
Trust me, there lies a spell,
Of power, of which you scarce have heard,
That used, had served you well.

In kindly words, forbearing love,
A magic, lady, lies,
Whose strength, all beauty's towers above,
Whose power all coldness flies;

Young love may hold it worth no thought
But, older grown, would miss,
If with their loss it would be bought,
Full many a grace for this.

You had it not—ay, lady, there,
Your riddle finds its key;
At first it caused me little care,
At last 'twas all to me;

At first it mattered not to me
If it were yours or no,
Charm-bound, what might your temper be,
I little cared to know.

Its want, your beauty hid awhile—
At last the knowledge came—
Less witching grew your voice and smile,
Nor long was I the same.

Of love your eyes in vain might woo
From mine their old return;
The knowledge of that blot in you
I never could unlearn;

Against that knowledge for awhile
I strove—I strove in vain—
Its first-found sweetness in your smile
I never found again;

Less witching grew with every day
What in you charmed before;
Nor withered many months away
Ere I could love no more.

Your voice—ay, still I could but feel
'Twas sweet as May-time's own,
But love no longer could conceal
Its many a jarring tone;

And from your large eyes, moonless night
Not love itself could doubt,
For other than its own sweet light
At times came flashing out;

Not love itself could long deny
The cold, unwelcome frown,
Too often lined your forehead high,
And drew your white brows down.

Your wit—not I with truth could say
That less it sparkled through
The common talk of every day,
Than it was wont to do;

But love to this no more was blind,
That, round you little flung,
That left no rankling sting behind,
And pleased you as it stung.

So wit and voice, and lip and eye,
The same one story told,
And, telling it, in vain might try
To bow me as of old.

In looks like yours are fearful spells,
The dullest heart to try—
To eyes in which such sweetness dwells
But few could love deny;

But in your sneers, your tart replies,
Your biting jest and scoff,
The potent counter-charm there lies,
That waves their witchery off;

So has it, lady, been with me,
Nor need I further tell
How now I'm from your service free—
Fair face—cold heart—farewell!

Greenwich. W. C. Bennett.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAGEDY OF GALILEO GALILEI.*

This little work, be it poem, or tragedy, or dramatic essay of some middle class, has, it appears, already had many critics; and, as with critics all, its judges, in the main, have been hard to please. One has said, "it is not this:" another avers, "it is not that:" one decerns it too elaborate; another desiderates heavier symptoms of heavier toil; most wonder for what secretive or mystical purpose it has been published; and—critics being ever so deep, and so able to get deep into millstones—no one can find truth or explanation in Dr. Brown's own simple narrative. "It was composed a year and a half ago, when I was confined to the sofa of a country lodging by a sprain. Beyond the reach of society and books, lame below, but sound enough above, unaccustomed to be idle, and glad of a change of pursuits, I began it for amusement. It was then prosecuted for the purposes of exercise and self-culture, and, at the last, it was finished just for the sake of finishing what had been begun."

The impulse thus accounted for and described, to which we owe the "Tragedy of Galileo," is doubtless not such a divine *afflatus* as now and then takes hold of an intellect, masters it, and constrains it to some mighty achievement; but, with all deference to criticism, it is far from new in literature, that slight opportunities, improved in happy and resolute moods, can enable fine spirits to cast themselves for the while into trains of thought and even action, not the less worthy that they have been recreative, and which may be distinctly stamped with the character of the mind producing them, although the impress came only from a passing stroke.

The "Tragedy of Galileo" is exquisite in conception, and of loftiest aim. It is by no means so deeply cut, nor are the tints so perfect, as one would be sure to find in any "labour" of Dr. Brown's "life;" but, in every chief respect, it is eminently expressive of the purity of his genius, and the peculiar vividness and sensitiveness of his artistic perceptions. We shall explain briefly what "Galileo" is, and was meant to be.

The tragedy is at once different from the tragedy of ordinary life, and the same. Tragedy, in its universal sense, is the tearing of a spirit from its moorings; the destruction of its *lares* or household gods; and the picture of how it then bears itself. Usually we live amid mere passions or emotions: great souls stake themselves on dies of this description—the success or failure of a love, or an ambition, or a revenge. But there are spirits also—and the world may be thankful that there are—whose dwelling is with simple impassionate truth; with discovery, which is the herald of all human progress; with witchcraft in their own age, which is the next in wisdom; with blasphemy and impiety, as say the moles around them, but which are really vast advancements of our knowledge of creation and the infinite mind. There have been who could die for such views. There was Bruno, there was Huss, there is a bright martyrology. But neither death nor persecution is the full tragedy of this case. Though men suffer for truth, they may yet hold by it. The flames cannot burn such *lares;* or, at the worst, they and the spirit clinging to them may burn together. The really frightful thing—that of which the name of Galileo will ever be the terrible symbol—is, forced recantation, the abandonment, through the fear of, or the killing influence of external power, of all that one holds most sacred. An act so dread is not to be compared with a holocaust of the soul on the altar of its own temple: it is the destruction of the temple without the soul, which is left fleshless and shivering, without covering kindred or home; or, as Galileo himself groaned forth in his agony, no better than a jabbering idiot, a spectacle and laughing-stock for the universe.

In the management of his picture of the great Florentine, Dr. Brown has evinced much skill. The wonderful old man, with prophet tongue, now and then appears personally, but we judge his greatness chiefly from its influences. The one grand *direct* view of the hero is his appearance before the ducal court, where he unfolds, at the request of the Duke, the nature of the conceptions possessing him. As this is the *light* that is to be quenched in the dire tragedy, we must give it in full:—

"GALILEO.

"Prince cardinal, fair princess, royal duke!
The sun illumines our antipodes;
His vastitude, wrapped round with fiery steam,
(A fiercer shirt than ever Nessus wore)
Stands like a king among his courtiers sleek;
Mercury, Venus, Mars, our Earth, and Juno,
This Jupiter, Saturnus—and another;
Each in his place about the touchless throne,
Each at the distance measured by his rank,
Proceeding ceaseless round the monarch mild,
For mild he is, although he brooks not Nay.
Some of those barons wear their knights in turn.
The blaze of Mars and Venus hide their trains;
Dear Earth is tended by her maid the moon;
Old Saturn's girdled by a thick-set host,
Ringing him round as if he would rebel;
Jove carries four, and three you've seen to-night.
Usurper once of Greek and Roman fame,
He now inclines before the sacred star
Our Sun of Grace has chosen for his sign.
Shorn of his thund'rous glories, he retains—
Only these Medici!

"BELLANI.

"A mere defiance:
But certes this is poetry, not science.

"GALILEO.

"In fine, this kingly court or solar system,
Repeated many times and many ways,
Maketh an empire huge, or constellation.
Constellation upon constellation, endless piled,
Builds up a firmament or milky-way.
Firmament over firmament, and firmaments
'Neath firmaments untold, unseen, unthought,
Unspeakable, invisible, beyond
All thinking, yea, beyond imagination,
Bursting with life, yet musically ruled
By the harmonious force that fills a stone:—
Such is the world of sense."

The author of the tragedy is right; and, indeed, all history tells us that a splendour so undimmed as this could not arise in those times of midnight without penetrating to the heart of many souls asleep, and telling them that what they had taken for *day* was, at best, a foul and murky morning. Still more, when the *man* is

* By Samuel Brown. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: R. Groombridge & Sons.

Digitized by Google

considered who brought the tidings. Few, even now, understand the entire greatness of the Royal Galileo. If he bore with him news of victory, it was also *he* who had won it—a glorious conqueror, everywhere—and every inch a King! A scholar of the first order, so learned that even in Italy he was famed for his classic lore; the purest writer of his age, as still we feel when perusing his exquisite dialogues; of taste so refined, that the best painters of the day consulted him with deference; passionately fond of music, and seldom surpassed on the lute; of wit most sharp, and the keenest dialectic;—could such a man have failed to sway the world, even though he had not trodden in glory within the chambers of that higher palace, whose floor is the boundless azure, and its roof yon "clear crystal of the infinite Heaven?" It is wrong utterly to imagine Galileo merely the quiet retired student, unnoticed and unknown. He did what even Copernicus could not do; he made the deadly Inquisition shiver to its inmost and foulest dens; for they felt that the question had, through his surpassing genius, become one of death or life—it was the Inquisition or Galileo? We have in Dr. Brown's page, accordingly, no portraiture so false as less knowledge or less discrimination might have given us, but the reality; a source of imperial light, piercing in every direction through the gloom, and disposing the hearts of men to turn and worship it. It was a fine and thoroughly artistic idea to attempt to measure the intensity and nature of that light by its victorious struggle with so many shades and kinds of darkness; and, perhaps, if the work before us had been more elaborate, Dr. Brown might have extended and farther varied this portion of his machinery; but as we have it, there are many exquisite touches. The devotion of Agostino, the favourite pupil of the astronomer, would, indeed, have been thought of by most writers, although its fervency and purity are here beautifully brought out by its contact with, and almost entire resemblance to, his passionate affection for Marina: the shy, half-withheld, unwilling, but yet thorough subjection of the Lord Cardinal, and the entirely unreluctant tribute of the Princess, the type of high-souled earthly power—are touches of a subtler kind: but what most pleased us, and what is a good specimen of the many quiet and very searching things to be met with in this unpretending play, is the character of the beggar Marco—a representative of plain, honest, sturdy humanity:—

"MARCO.

"That fellow cried you on; now hearken me.
I've watched the state o' things these fifty years.
Forty of these I toiled as hard as bone,
Firm flesh, hot blood, and honest soul could toil.
Ten o' them I've begged, awaiting death.
All the fifty I've kept an eager eye
Upon the poortith-smitten men we are.
The church, our mother, has not baked us bread:
The state, our father, seems too poor to buy.
Nor dukes, nor cardinals can prove our friends.
We live by chance; are not forgotten merely—
Because we're here to shout bravissimo!

"SECOND LAZZARONE.

"Tut, what of Galileo?

"THIRD LAZZARONE.

"Tell us of him.

"MARCO.

"Winter last year, one night I found him here,
Upon this very spot, and asked an alms.
He held his peace. 'He's just the churl they say,'
Thought I, and went my way, but turned to curse him.
Then did I see the wight was lost in study:
Skyward his eye, his mind was yonder clearly.
I begged again. He started, and, 'Alas,
Old man,' he said, 'I'm alms ashamed to give:
No man should supplicate his brother thus
In Christendom; come home and sup with me.'
Then did he lead me to his starry house;
And there a blythe old servant-friend did spread
A table for the sage, himself, and me.
We ate together: nay, a young gallant
Came from the roof, nor thought it vile to sit
Beside poor Marco. Next, a heavenly maid
Rose like a spirit by a little door:
She did not eat—I knew not if she did;
She only thoughtful moved about us all,
Most like an angel. Galileo then,
The heretic, impostor, and what not,
Did speak with kindling lips of times to come
When kind mankind shall make this world a home
For all the world, and one shall help another;
Mother and father, sister, lover, friend,
The only names. Whereon the sprightly girl's
Fingers did play among the prophet's hair,
And the gay youth did smile with courteous grace,
And the old servant crossed himself space,
Saying, Amen; and I was only dumb!
Misunderstanding men, recant your curses;
Round to the royal gate and bless his name,
Send it with kisses to its native sky;
His body's here with us, his soul's on high!

"ALL THE LAZZARONI.

"The people's friend, bravissimo, evo!"

Of Marina, the astronomer's daughter, the "heavenly maid," we would fain speak at length; and yet what we might say would be too rough and rude—for though of earth she is not earthly. Her function in the play reminds us of the best uses of the old Greek chorus—to tell the high will of the gods; even while partaking of suffering, and tears, and terrestrial bewilderment, ever to rise above them all, to look with unblenching eye in the face of duty, to act, to live, or to die, and—whether through woe or joy—to long for the right, and to triumph. What a terrible affection that for Galileo, which, overlooking *certain* consequences, thinking only of the nobler part of *him*—one hair of whose revered head was yet of more worth to her than Earth and all its kingdoms—could yet forbid him to disguise himself, or think of flight! Here is the scene:—

"GALILEO.

"Children, the Inquisition——Why, you start!
She is a prudent matron of the Church,
And wants mine instant presence;—Shall I go?
Our mobled friends here warn and bid me flee.

"AGOSTINO.

"Father and bride, one moment lost may lose
The venture. Dare you hesitate? Away!

"JACOPO *(stripping)*.

"Master, make off at once in my canonicals.

"GALILEO.

"What says my Gamba's daughter?

"MARINA.

"Go to Rome.
Obey the call of destiny and heaven;
Neglect the hint of cowardice and love.
Who counsels Galileo not to stand,
Or dares pronounce his name with words of flight?
Shame on you all!——To-night we watch in Rome:
I shall be ready in a trice to march.

[*She is going by her door.*]

Digitized by Google

"GALILEO.

"No, not a step, proud girl! Mind you the house,
See to my gear, to letters write replies,
On with the work. Your lover needs you here.
Thou shalt be married, sweet, when I return.
Thy duty then shall root thee at his side:
A bride is not less duteous than a wife.

"MARINA.

"Oh, take us both, my father! Joy is not,
Nor hope, nor love to us without our sun.

"AGOSTINO.

"In mercy, I adjure thee, hear her prayer.

"MARINA.

"Bid two young moons delay behind their world:
Let us two sink wherever thou art plunged.

"GALILEO.

"Rise to my heart, I hear them come; one kiss.
There, stand bye like a princess as thou art:
Not a tear, not a word; suppose me gone.
O, Agostino, cling to her for life:
She surely is the darling of the age!
I know her all by heart; ay, every word:
A matchless child must prove a peerless wife.
[*He kneels before the* CARDINAL.]
A mimic blessing from a silent hand.
[*Rising, he kisses the* PRINCESS' *hand.*]
Adieu, there is a world of souls around!
Farewell, Jacopo. Thou art needful here.
Faithful old man, thy hand: Come, not a tear!

[*The* FRIAR *enters with his Myrmidons and* MARCO. *He hands* GALILEO *the commission, who glances over it, and beckons him to lead the way; and they leave the Observatory like a funeral procession.*]"

And yet, good reader, this Marina was no stoic! No, no, she was all love, love; only that highest love, which is love itself; love, above time, because including it; love, whose child—*duty* is, and which sees *duty* as a child, and not as a taskmaster, or *law*. Look for farther illustrations of this fair young creature to page 35, or to the remarkable pages 64, 65, 66, and 67; the latter being more striking and powerful in *idea*, than even in execution. Marina's fate is, perhaps, the direst in the piece, counting sorrow by ordinary standards; yet she is not to be wept for! Her death is like that of Cordelia—a great relief; we feel as if an overburdening sigh escaped us; for at length she is *free*, away towards untroubled ether on the wings of a dove!

Unhappily, our limits forbid further details; so we must on to the tragedy. The shapeless phantom ever in the background, at length comes forth, with the mystery and potency of Hell. Neither Galileo with his greatness; neither the terrestrial powers and friendships which environ him; neither those bright voices from the Heavens which he has interpreted and declared; nothing can withstand that phantom. It is EVIL, with a form superhuman rather than human: but *that* day belonged to *it*. And yet it has no array of apparent power around it. It has no soldiery, no train of officials, none of the apparatus of mere outward force; it is seen glaring in the distance; it beckons its finger, and the work is done! Hell incarnated; the very demon in human shape; the blackness and darkness of the human heart distilled into deadliest poison, and tipping one fatal shaft: the shaft flew from a bow of Upas, in the midnight, but the aim was sure! Alas! for our enlightened nineteenth century! does not the midnight yet hustle with throngs of such arrows—thick and devastating as clouds of locusts!—or, worse a thousand times, may they not fly all unnoticed, and therefore with deadlier aim, under the midday sun?

In the pride and splendour of his fame, Galileo was summoned before the dark tribunal; and we know the rest of the history. It is now beyond reach of doubt that the great Florentine suffered the ordinary *torture*; that, with oath and imprecation, he *recanted*. Dr. Brown has pictured the effects of this act, in the utter ruin and death of this illustrious man, better than any pen has yet done it. The entire scene is one of maddened and maddening delirium. The poor old man escapes with life; but it is bodily life only, and that brief. His heart and soul are on fire, for he thinks that all earth and sea are filled with wild surging waves, bearing through the universe the tale of his infidelity. Let us read one heart-rending passage:—

"*Arcetri: the Library.*

"MARINA *alone: poison in a glass upon the table.*

"MARINA.

"Poor earth, the mother of our wondrous bodies,
Claims us for hers; and silently complains
Her children leave her ere their wings be grown,
When such as time has not full-fledged depart:—
How must she yearn when sleepless suicide
Uplifts her wilful hand, but makes a pause!
To plunge within the naked world of souls,
Alone, perhaps unknown, were horrible:
The heart of woman shrinks from life so sheer,
So bare and unindued, so pure and cold:—
But I am looked for ere the sun go down.
O faithful Agostino, be at hand!
Or, be thou rapt away to rule some star,
My famous father joins my flight from Rome:—
His high renown will cleave the heavenly air,
Until we quickly reach thy kindling poles!
He drinks his parting cup this very hour:—
I must not be behind.
[*She drinks the poison. Cries of joy are heard from the street.*]

"THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE.

"Evo, evo!
[*Enter* LUCIA *and* JACOPO.]

"LUCIA.

"Signora, think! Bravissimo, my sweetheart!
The gladdest news, O joy! Signora, joy!

"JACOPO.

"My dearest mistress, here's my master home,
In triumph too:—Woe's me, were Reni here!

"MARINA.

"Is this the juice's deadly work begun?
[*Enter* GALILEO *between the* FRIAR *and* MARCO. MARINA *stares upon them without intelligence.*]

"FRIAR JOHN.

"Thine honoured father!
[*She still gazes vaguely on the group.*]

"GALILEO.

"Ay, thy father, child!

"MARINA.

"My very father? Speak, my father there?

"GALILEO.

"What ails my darling?

"MARINA.

"O it is, it is!
How lean and scared thou art—thou art not well!
But how didst thou escape? I'll hide thee here:
Or shall we steal to Germany?—Alack,
I cannot hide thee now, I cannot flee:—
O father, we are doomed!

"GALILEO.

"Why, what has hapt
More horrible at Arcetri than Rome
To drive thee madder still than faithless me!

Digitized by Google

"MARINA.

"Dost thou not know of Agostino's death,
By traitorous Night the hag assassin's hand?

"GALILEO.

"Night, whom he worshipped like a Persian boy!
We are accursed, daughter:—Didst thou hear
The roaring oath wherewith I swore
Fair Night, with all her pomp, is false as fair!
Ha, she hath struck me home with just revenge!

"MARINA.

"O what, hast thou recanted? Never! never!

"GALILEO.

"Yes, in an hour of madness.

"FRIAR JOHN.

"It was an hour of faith.

"GALILEO.

"Faith, doubt, repentance, pain, in one wild cup
I drank: The burning physic drove me mad.
Nothing will heal me now but death's cold hand,
Laid on my smouldering heart and scorching brain:
The heavenly will be done! I merit all;
My guilt transcends reward: But why shouldst thou,
My child, my beautiful, my blameless one——

"MARINA.

"Hold: Pity give me none, beneath it now!
This thunderbolt hath turned me to a stone,
And fixt despair congeals my wondering blood.
Call me not innocent: I have a tale
As dreadful as thine own: O sinful house!

"FRIAR JOHN.

"Marina Gamba, stop! Thy father sinks
From sheer exhaustion, heart and head forespent.
Let him repose awhile, collect thy thoughts;
And, in an hour or two, confer with calm,
But frank humility about the past.

[*They let* GALILEO *down upon a narrow couch.*]

"MARINA.

"An hour or two! Amen.

[*She falls on her knees beside her father, and puts her arms about him.*]

"One ancient kiss
Upon this dizzy brow before we part!
May charitable nature give thee sleep
Speedy and sweet, content, oblivious, deep."

And can people say that *this* is no tragedy? Why then, where is or ever was there tragedy, on the surface or during the history of this rolling and toiling world? Was the story of the Moor a tragedy? Deep indeed, and sore! But can you compare the fancied infidelity of Desdemona with what would have been the Moor's agony, had he become aware of foul infidelity on his own part to her—his very angel? And *there* was that tottering old man who had seen the peerless Urania, and knelt before her in her courts, and sworn that he adored her, and felt himself encircled by the glory of her smile, awakening from his terrible trance to know that he had cursed her and denied her name! Verily, he might well go forth and weep bitterly! But tears like these, Earth will not receive or dry! Like, Hamlet, Galileo was a wreck; and he could only hope that some Horatio, in better times, would explain or find excuse for his frailty, and show that, even yet, he deserved a portion of a good name.

In his conduct of the recantation scene, Dr. Brown has gone into a question so dark, perplexed, and painful, that we know not if we ought to venture to follow him. It is the *subjective* cause of the recantation of the astronomer, or the *form* of the necessity as it then appeared to himself. His idea is, that in his dismal prison-house, racked and fevered, and his nature all upturned, the sufferer may have thought that he had been too forward and confident; and that in expounding the inner mysteries of the Universe he had trusted too much to the deceiving evidence of the senses. Hesitation of this sort, assuming bodily shape, may, Dr. Brown supposes, have momentarily recommended, or inclined him to those early thoughts concerning the sacredness and infallibility of the Church, in which, probably, his childhood was reared; and so have elicited his recantation. We are not disposed to pronounce dogmatically on so difficult a subject; but we have strong doubts of the possibility of such a process of thought. It is true that the broken-down body often admits curious lights into the intellect—carrying it quite away from the course and form of thoughts by which it was surrounded when the sinews were quite knit, and the bowl unbroken; but it is not according to our experience that a change like the foregoing ever does occur in such circumstances. We speak, too, from experience neither slight nor solitary. More than once has the writer of this been at the very entrance of the farther world, and seen a wondrous light streaming through its barred gates: but the part of our habitual nature which then vanishes is the *unreal*, the purely *logical*, the *artificial*. There is not a logical system on earth, touching on the concerns of the inner spirit, which can stand for a moment under the gaze of that clear eye with which we look ourselves through and through, on the turn of an almost fatal fever. Down they go, though high as Heaven, and covering the spacious earth with their bases—down they go like a house of cards, or rather, as the mist of a morning rolls away, they are gone! But never in our personal consciousness has one *truth*, whether of sense or reason, or intuition, been shaken in such crises; and we would fain that Dr. Brown examine this peculiar question once more, modifying the part of his work relating to it, if he shall see cause; for the special view he has taken, has no relation with the general texture or conduct of his tragedy.

We must now bid our author farewell, with very sincere thanks. This tasteful little volume has given us much pleasure, and made us *think*, more than many ordinary ones. When he next happens to sprain his ancle, we pray him just to take a similar method of sending away *ennui*; so that we shall have occasion again to thank him, probably, yet more. He will, perhaps, excuse our saying, that of *himself*—when his ancle is not sprained—we should all very gladly hear at as great length as he may choose. We were aware, some years ago, of the great sacrifice he considered himself entitled to make because of disputes concerning some of his scientific views; and we were sure that knowledge would gain from his temporary retirement, either through the substantiating of his opinions, or a full and distinct avowal of what had led a mind so acute and persevering, into error. We hoped the former, and still hope for it; but *hora fugit!* and, in all frankness, we should prefer either alternative, to the misfortune that, by prolonging that withdrawal, he should keep himself really or apparently, and in any fashion or degree, out of clear and understood relationship with that army of Inquirers of which in many ways he would be a leading and distinguished chieftain—meanwhile, old friend! adieu! *Euge et vale!* A pillar of fire is before thee! *I pede fausto!*

Digitized by Google

SCULPTURES OF THE MODERN ATHENS.

THE CECROPIAN ACROPOLIS which Edinburgh has been alleged to emulate under her designation of the Modern Athens, was "one vast composition of architecture and sculpture," as we are told by Pausanias, the most competent because the nearest contemporary authority. What measure of approximation we have made to such a boast may be comprehended at a glance. Edinburgh has certainly, before all cities in the United Kingdom, begun the example of artistical embellishment. There would be little difficulty in showing that London itself does not, in proportion to its extent and resources, display an equal amount of decorative taste, and certainly not an equivalent disposition "to glory in the encouragement and excel in the practice of art," after the spirit of the ancient Greeks. But before we can exactly claim for Edinburgh the honour of rivalling her ancient prototype in sculpture, it may be wise to reflect for a moment over the multitudinous fragments of that glorious art, which, surviving the wreck of ages, still astonish with their systematic beauty, the modern worshippers of the antique ideal.

In a pamphlet on "the Restoration of the Parthenon," by Mr. Cleghorn of Clephans, a well-known Edinburgh *connoisseur*, we have an elaborate collation of all the accounts transmitted to us of that edifice, and its profuse and splendid sculptures. From the ruinous and dilapidated state of the temple, it is obvious that much of its statuary had been totally destroyed. The remaining portions—known as the Elgin marbles, now in the British Museum—are often so mutilated and defaced, as may be noticed in the casts at the Gallery of the Royal Institution of Edinburgh, as often to indicate imperfectly, if at all, the objects originally represented. The east and the west pediments, we are however aware, were adorned with groups of statuary of heroic dimensions, some of them being entirely detached, emblematical of the birth of Minerva, and her contest with Neptune about the appellation of Athens. Figures so arranged, from the erect to the recumbent, as to fill the entire space of the tympanum, adorned the pediments, and formed two magnificent compositions in statuary, extending longitudinally nearly 80 feet, and including each about 20 figures. The sculptures in *basso relievo*, of which the relics are now in the British Museum, formed technically the Zoophorus or frieze "under the soffit of the peripterus which crowned the exterior of the cella and its two vestibules." This frieze is held to have been descriptive of the grand quinquennial and panathenaic procession in honour of the goddess Minerva.

Having some fancy for directing attention to the profusion and splendour of antique sculpture, as contrasted with the isolated and scanty displays of modern art, we may as well indulge in an extract from Mr. Cleghorn, which will serve, perhaps, to supply a hint of those illustrative purposes by which refined and creative skill may yet become instrumental in commemorating the heroism, the patriotism, and achievements of our own country, whilst perpetuating the genius of our sculptors. If told that it is now an idle dream to imagine that accumulated wealth and ultra-civilisation will ever more indulge in those extravagant manifestations of taste which the embellishments of the ancient city of Athens indicated, we may urge that it is equally idle to predict the limits to which intellectual and artistical refinement will extend in that future, which, with the blessing of Providence, is probably awaiting the social progress of man. Without arrogating to our age an undue superiority in intelligence, do we not know that its advancement in science has been prodigious, and that, in all that constitutes true knowledge, it has never been surpassed in learning or enlightenment? and what does all this amount to, if not to the assurance of a future, bright with all the amenities as well as other advantages of improved intelligence? Strange, indeed, should it be accounted, and only explicable through that billowy rise and fall which, through all ages, has characterised the human lot; if, according to the present progression of intelligence, an age should *not* arrive, though generations may yet pass away without having seen it, which, in all that is demonstrative of mental superiority, will surpass any age of the world. To act as pioneers to such a period is the bounden duty of the present and each succeeding generation. And yet, from the following summary of the artistic monuments of antiquity may be learned how much has even to be accomplished to redeem the past—not to say to transcend it in the future:—

"The procession" of the Panathenaic frieze, says Mr. Cleghorn, "in two parallel lines, is represented advancing from east to west, both on the north and south sides of the temple, so that, by turning round the angles of the eastern front, they approached each other in the centre. Towards the centre of this front are twelve figures seated, supposed to be deities, from their superior size—one half facing the north, the other the south, for the purpose of receiving the heads of the respective columns. These two divisions of sitting figures are separated by five standing figures, which occupy the centre of the frieze. Visconti supposes them the anhephori delivering the baskets of unknown contents to the priestess of Minerva. The next figure he thinks is the Archon, or βασιλευς, King of the Sacred rites, who receives the peplus or sacred awning. With respect to the twelve seated figures, seven of which are male and five female, there seems great difficulty in ascertaining what deities they are intended to represent. This proceeds from several causes: from the heads and countenances of many of them being either defaced or entirely obliterated—from the usual symbols and attributes which indicate the different deities in after-times not having been in use in the age of Pericles—and from many of the attributes and minute characteristics having been represented by metallic ornaments, of which only a few vestiges now remain. In the front of the six deities, facing the south, are six figures supposed to be magistrates—one of them leaning on his staff. At the head of this column are young women bearing trumpets, vases, and pateræ. Then follows a magistrate turning round to the sacrificial procession of oxen, some of which are proceeding quietly, others struggling to get loose from the men who are conducting them. Next appear four women bearing square instruments, followed by a crowd of people of different ages—the procession being closed by numerous cars and horses.

"In the front of the six deities, facing the north, are seven

Digitized by Google

magistrates, four of whom are leaning upon staves. The seventh turns towards the procession, and appears giving directions to the two young women heading the other column, between whom and the next file is another magistrate similarly employed. Then follow females singly, some bearing vases, others candelabra and pateræ. On the north side commences a similar procession of victims, followed by meteci (σχαφηφόροι) bearing trays of bread, and other offerings; men carrying skins of wine, and playing on the flute and lyre; then a crowd of people of all ages on foot, closed like the others by cars and horsemen. On the western frieze the figures face the north, being a continuation of the northern column of procession. It consists of dismounted horsemen, accompanied by a magistrate, some fitting their backskins, others their bridles, some in the act of mounting and restraining their horses."

There is nothing in all this to overshadow us with a doubt of the possibility of its reproduction. We adduce the description as a detailed specimen of the simple and natural component objects of the high art of antiquity. And, more especially, in connection with the modern sculptures of Edinburgh have we two motives for placing the citation prominently before the reader. The first is this: The fact that a self-taught British artist, Mr. John Henning, to whose penetrative sagacity is owing all that genius and learning failed to accomplish in the restoration of the Elgin marbles, from their inexplicable mutilation to the clear details of them furnished in the foregoing extract. He studied them in their fragmentary condition with that purely instinctive feeling for their original conception and design which may have animated the mind of Phidias, as they started to existence beneath his chisel. John Henning and his sons followed, as they believed, and as we too believe, the practice and example of the great sculptor of the Parthenon, when, standing on a scaffolding swung in middle air, they cut, with all the force and freedom of original genius, the figures that at this moment decorate the *facade* of the Athenæum Club House in Pall Mall. If the father (though by years of study) could solve the mystery of the Panathenaic procession, and the father and sons unhesitatingly execute the *ex post facto* embellishment of the Athenæum, there surely need be little difficulty in emulating, even in modern times, the finest of the processions, groups, and sculptures of antiquity.

A second motive inducing us to quote an example of the style and character of the Grecian sculptures, originates in the proposal of the very gentleman from whom we have extracted it for the restoration of the Parthenon on the Calton Hill. Our readers are aware that this restoration is actually commenced, and in progress. Our present business is more expressly, however, with the sculptures it may be made to exhibit and contain; and although we shall not, even for the sake of furnishing forth an illustrious example, and upholding the practicability of copying it, enter farther with Mr. Cleghorn into the description of the friezes, comprising the Combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, the wars of the Amazons, or the warlike exploits of the Athenians, yet we must say, that there are scenes in Alison's History of Europe, or in the previous History of Scotland alone,' which might with ease and propriety be rendered equally commemorative by art, and imperishable in stone. At the same time, it may be requisite to enumerate farther, for example's sake, some of the principal statuesque decorations of the ancient, against all we as yet possess in the modern Athens.

There was in the Parthenon itself, erect, and robed to the feet, the Chryselephantine statue of Minerva, the *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias, in ivory and gold, in height reaching to the ceiling, helmeted and crested with a sphynx, panoplied with the Medusa's head, whilst a golden spear penetrated the roof, and glittered in the sunlight. In this daring and gigantic composition, the gold alone, according to Thucydides, weighed forty talents, in value £120,000. Deem not for a moment that we favour the barbaric gold and pearl, worthy as such materials were of the value of the workmanship. No; a block of fair Carrara marble, of Aberdeen granite even, or Binny freestone, is alike better suited for our grey atmosphere and dismal climate, and more secure from the cupidity of the Goths of time, than precious metals and perishable animal materials; although certainly it was a thought worthy of that fine spirit too early parted, the late Thomas Duncan, that gilded statuary was the thing for us; and, for that matter, why not electroplate the surfaces in these days of scientific appliances? To resume, however. Statues in bronze abundantly adorned the colonnade, as well as other parts of the temple. Other, and not dissimilar, though certainly inferior, structures were placed on different levels of the Cecropian rock. In short, the Acropolis, at the period of the visit of Pausanias, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, possessed the following sculptures of the best times and of the greatest masters—passing over those of inferior note:—

"The statue of Jupiter Pollias; the *Gigantomachia*, the subject of which was the battle of the Gods and the Giants; the brazen colossus of Minerva, by Phidias, commonly called the Minerva Promachus, which was dedicated from the tenth of the spoils of Marathon; the brazen Quadriga, dedicated from the tenth of the spoils of the battle of Chalcis; the Hierum or Sanctuary of Venus Lescna, which contained the brazen lioness and statue of Venus by Calamis; Minerva flaying Marsyas; Theseus overcoming the Minotaur; Phrixus sacrificing the ram; Hercules slaying the serpents; Minerva rising from the head of Jupiter; the Bull dedicated to the Areopagus; the contest of Neptune and Minerva; the Jupiter of Lescharas, and the Jupiter Policus; the Apollo Parnopius by Phidias; the Anacreon; the statues of Io and Calista by Deinomenes; the Olympodorus; the Diana Leucophryne; the ancient statue of Minerva by Endœus; the colossal composition of Erechtheus and Eumolpus; Cycnus fighting with Hercules; Theseus finding the slippers and sandals under the rock."

But is it such imaginary or mythological subjects with which we would illustrate our monumental tastes? Mr. Cleghorn calmly, in his advocacy of a restoration of the Parthenon, suggests the remains of the Panathenaic and Phygalian Marbles, with the casts from the Temple of Theseus &c., as models for compiling "a national sculpture for the pediments, friezes, and metopes, approaching as nearly to the general grouping and appearance of the original as circumstances and an infinitely humbler execution would permit." There are difficulties just at present in the way of even this much. And, first, for materials—where are they? We have mentioned some native granite and freestone; and we are reminded that the pediments of the

Digitized by Google

Madeleine of Paris are of sculptured stone, alike with those of the new Exchange of London; whilst Mr. Barry, in his evidence on the application of sculpture to the Houses of Parliament, stated that he by no means approved of white marble, because the effect would be crude and unsatisfactory, and very inharmonious with the building; but recommended any of the best kinds of stone, as the Caen stone, or the Maltese stone, or the stone from Painswick, Gloucestershire. If Mr. Barry did not know then, he knows now, of the triumphs of our favourite native sculptor, Alexander Handyside Ritchie, in the common freestone of Binny Quarry—whereof more anon—Mr. Ritchie having already executed a Gothic and a Norman figure for the House of Lords, in the liver rock of that renowned stratum.

Mr. Cleghorn justly maintains that this application of sculpture would give an extraordinary impulse to our sculpture and high art. What although the costumes of modern heroes, of horse-guards and grenadiers, be less classical than those of Centaurs and Lapithae? The national sculptors of the Continent have already, in the public edifices of Berlin and Munich, as well as in the Parisian Madeleine, surmounted this obstacle. Grecian and Roman statuaries themselves adhered little to national or periodic costumes; the *paludamentum* was thrown over the shoulder, or the *lorica* drawn round the middle of the Roman figures especially, to display as far as possible the nude. And assuredly we should infinitely prefer the notions of Patric Park, who is now constructing a colossal nude of Wallace in his *atelier* in Picardy Place, to those of Flaxman, as exemplified in his draping of Burns in the college library. Wallace, Park insists, was once a man, but is now a myth, and has nothing to do with costume! It is a pity the great Flaxman did not think so when he indued Burns in a plaid, resembling a Roman *paludamentum*—for thus he might have avoided a conventional "classicality," so outrageously out of character, in our peasant bard. The Greeks, though fond of the nude, made more frequent use than is generally supposed, of national costume, in statuary; but they did not descend to every minute peculiarity of dress and equipment. Saddles, spurs, horse-shoes, and such things, they never sculptured; and that unhappy artist who committed suicide on account of some trifling imperfection of pastern discovered in the statue of King Charles's horse, in the Parliament Square, might have lived for that matter, unchallenged for his fault, in the days of Phidias or Praxiteles. It is thus conjectured that the British civil, or military, or naval costumes, whether of Celtic or Saxon origin, might easily be reduced to simple and general forms sufficiently classic for sculpture; and we may instance one felicitous adaptation in James Fillans's statue of Sir James Shaw, in his Aldermanic robes, at the cross of Kilmarnock—another in Handyside Ritchie's Ralph Erskine, at the cross of Dunfermline—both of them being free from the mannerism of the effigies in modern costume that disfigure St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

The completion of the edifice on the Calton Hill, and its internal and external decoration with sculpture, may be a work of time—although, it is to be hoped, not quite so protracted as that of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, for the completion of which the revenues of eight centuries, and the donation of different states, were found inadequate—nor even of St. Peter's of the Vatican, for raising which a century and a half was required. The Gothic Duomo of Milan, completed at an enormous cost by the enterprising genius or caprice of Napoleon, had previously received the contributions and labours of seven centuries. The Temple of the Madeleine at Paris occupied thirty years in its construction, and the Walhalla at Ratisbon twelve; whilst the museum of the Medici, at Florence, has remained for three centuries incompleted. There is no room, therefore, for despair. There may be a disposition, indeed, to divert the decorations of Edinburgh from time to time in another direction. The movement towards completion of the National Monument has latterly been purposely deferred to admit of the completion of the Scott Monument, for which there are figures yet required. The parade extending westwards from the base of that structure it is also intended to ornament with statuary. But the example furnished by the erection of the German Walhalla ought to stimulate to the establishment of a similar monument for Scotland. The interior of the Walhalla consists of one large chamber, destined for the reception of busts and statues of distinguished Germans. The pediments are sculptured by Swanthaler. Caryatides of marble, stained like ivory, with richly-gilt drapery, in imitation of the ancient statues of ivory and gold, have been sculptured by Greek sculptors, with long beards, to support the ceiling over the gallery, on the colonnades at either end of the interior. The imitation of the Greek statues of ivory and gold is accounted a happy idea, and commended for adoption in the National Monument of Scotland.

By way of conceiving what is to be done, let us now enumerate and criticise such works as we are either already possessed of, or are about to possess in Edinburgh. We shall adduce a faithful enumeration; we fear it may appear meagre in extent, and even in some of its items obscure; but we do not think, upon the whole, that any other British city can outvie it, poor as it is.

We begin with the King Charles of the Parliament Square, and by an easy transition enter the Parliament House, in which are the statues of Erskine, Lord President Blair, &c. The busts of the Signet Library, the figures in the Council Chamber, Flaxman's Burns in the College library, Campbell's Duke of York on the Castle esplanade, the equestrian Earl of Hopetoun, Sir Francis Chantrey's colossal William Pitt and George IV., Steele's Queen Victoria, the forthcoming equestrian Wellington, Scott, and the four figures of Prince Charles Edward, Meg Merrilees, the Last Minstrel, and Lady of the Lake, by A. H. Ritchie, James Ritchie, and Patrick Slater. Handyside Ritchie's Tympanum of the Commercial Bank pediment, and emblematical group over the porch of the Highland Society's Museum; John Steele's Tympanum of the "Ten Virgins" on the pediment of the Standard Insurance Office; Hygeia in the open Temple, at St

Digitized by Google

Bernard's Well; Escalapius and Hippocrates, by Handyside Ritchie, in front of the Royal College of Physicians, not forgetting Forrest's figure on the top of Melville's pillar, and the new emblematical figures surmounting the neighbouring columns of the British Linen Company's Bank; these, with numerous other monumental and votive sculptures of more or less merit, but perhaps less conspicuously exhibited, make up the sum of our *Edinburgh Street and Sculpture Gallery*. Amongst these last, however, are Nolleken's bust of George Drummond at the Royal Infirmary; the bust of the Rev. Dr. David Johnston of North Leith, at the Blind Asylum; the rude bust of George Heriot in the quadrangle of his hospital; Handyside Ritchie's monumental group in memory of the Rev. David Dickson of St. Cuthbert's, or West Church; and Steel's monument to the late Robert Jameson, in the same place of sepulture; his bust of Dr. Patrick Neill, in the Hall of the Experimental Garden; and, if we may include them, the small square monumental urn of Linnæus, and the urn on Playfair's monument. Although we refer to these cenotaphs, there may be other monumental sculptures besides, worthy to be included in this numeration, such as the fine monument of Lord Belhaven in the chapel royal of Holyrood. It is not, however, in such examples of art that Edinburgh excels; and it would be wasting time to pursue the subject in that direction.

Art and the Reformation, it is well known, were at variance; and in Edinburgh, the head-quarters of Iconoclasm, it is hardly to be expected that many monuments of antiquity would survive the surges of the popular fury, and the destructive warrants of Argyle and his destroying angels. One of the recent legion of pamphleteers which our most prolific of publishing seasons has produced, has thus described the effects of that crisis: "It fell upon the arts of architecture, painting, and music, like a deadening blight. Those noble and magnificent structures that once existed in this country, the few remaining time-honoured ruins of which fill the mind of the beholder with awe, wonder, and admiration, fell, with all of art that they contained, a prey to an unsparing ruthless zeal, never to be replaced."* So sweeping, indeed, was the cleansing out in Edinburgh of the Augean stable of ecclesiastical imagery, or, as Lord Lindsay would call it, "Christian Art," that though niche and canopy abound to tell where statue of saint, apostle, martyr, and virgin stood—save the grotesque figures of the late Trinity College Church, (now also removed)—we are not aware of above one or two exceptions to the general sentence of annihilation. The mode in which these appear to have escaped, is sufficiently whimsical. An *alto relievo* at the angle of John Knox's house has obviously been spared, under the impression of its being an orthodox representation of the Reformer himself, and not a Roman Catholic image of worship. And yet more recent investigation has shewed it to be nothing else. It represents Moses, we believe, at the burning bush, with the inscription "God" in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The pulpit in which the figure has been enshrined as a Protestant saint, is, therefore, a bold innovation. In like manner, the effigies of the emperor Severus and his consort, Julia, on a slab of stone, built into the front wall of the house immediately opposite that of John Knox, have escaped, under the impression of their being representations of Adam and Eve, as which they are popularly known to this day. Pennant, in his Tour, designates this a Scotch mistake, and quotes the misapplied inscription, Anno 1621, which has absurdly been added to these fine profile specimens of Roman sculpture:—*In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane*—or, for the non-Latinated, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," a very likely motto for a Roman emperor and his spouse! Thus it seems, however, that these figures escaped the fate of all things Roman. We know that the Abbey of Holyrood was reduced to the bare and roofless walls of its Chapel Royal. And as for Trinity College Church—although we have clambered, during its latter days, through all its impassable pinnacles to catch glimpses of its grotesque Gothic humour, inane nuns, droll fellows of monks, crouchant under the fancied burdens of waterspouts—waterspouts themselves, bent up double, with a good swingle-tree under their knees, and playing all sorts of monkey tricks, nay, absolutely caricatured as monkeys—we, nevertheless, must leave to the Hon. Lord Cockburn the lamentation over the loss of this sculptured edifice:—

"It was not only the oldest, but almost the only remaining Gothic structure in Edinburgh; and those who understood the subject revered it as one of great architectural interest. Though never completed, what was of it was quite entire; insomuch, that a congregation met in it. The presence of such a building honours a city. It was imputed to it that it was ill-formed and ill-placed for modern use. Both true; but they are objections that enhance its importance. They disconnected it from modern times, and uses, and associations, and left it to be seen and felt solely as a monument of antiquity. Of what *use*, in the sense of these objections, is any ruin? Yet this church was sacrificed, not to the necessities, but to the mere convenience of a railway. The railway had been finished, and was in action. But it wanted a few yards of more room for its station, and these it got by the destruction of the finest piece of old architecture in Edinburgh. The spirit that did this, or that submitted to it, would carry a railway through Pompeii."—*Cockburn on the Beauty of Edinburgh.*

But we must leave Lord Cockburn, like another Marius, amongst the ruins. *Delenda est Carthago;* and there's an end of Trinity College Church. It was not of ruins we meant to speak, and yet there is another whose stones, like those of this same Gothic shrine, are still surviving.

"Dun Edin's cross—a pillar'd stone
Rose on a turret octagon;
But now is razed that monument
Whence royal edict rang."

Lord Cockburn joins Sir Walter Scott in execrating the author of the removal of this street obstruction, who, since 1756, has thus been doubly damned in poetry and prose by two officials of the College of Justice. The "pillar'd stone" is, however, extant. It stands upon the lawn in front of the house of Drum, four miles from Edinburgh, on the way to Dalkeith; although Sir Walter himself had got into his Abbotsford Collection four carved heads appertaining to its decorated cross, and the

* "Observations on the State of the Art of Music in Scotland and its Capital." Edinburgh: W. F. Wat

Digitized by Google

cistern which, in gala days, used to flow with wine. And we entertain no doubt that if the Right Hon. Lord Provost, and the Hon. Lord Cockburn, incline to restore thus much of "the beauty of Edinburgh," they may do it, as the latter says, "for a very small sum." We could easily point out to them a site which would exempt their nerves from the wide-street outcry—we mean the centre of the quadrangle at the Royal Exchange.

Within the building now used as the Town-Council Chamber of Edinburgh, situated in that quadrangle, but which was originally the Custom House, then the Exchequer, and, finally, saw the scattered offices of the Municipality collected under its roof, there is a piece of sculpture which, if not the finest, is, from its mysterious history and prominent position, probably not the least remarkable of our Edinburgh collection. It is supposed to be the statue of Prince Charles Edward, from the circumstance of its having been disinterred in the burial-ground formerly attached to St. Giles' Cathedral, and afterwards forming the site of the Parliament Close. The supposition is, that in the hey-day of Edinburgh Jacobitism, this fine bronze had been commissioned from abroad, but having arrived too late, its alarmed importers had consigned it to the tomb, little dreaming that the Magistrates of Edinburgh would elevate it to the place of honour as the chief ornament of the Council Chamber. It is a full-length figure, in an elegant and easy attitude, sustaining in the hand a lance or spear, and always reminds us of Shakspeare's admirable delineation of a youthful hero—

> "I saw Young Harry, with his beaver up;
> His cuisses on his thigh," &c.

Availing ourselves of the courtesy of Mr. Sinclair, the depute city clerk, we were most solicitous to have obtained from the city records some trace of the history of this mysterious figure. Our united researches were, however, in vain. Arnot tells us, that, from the manner in which the records were kept in 1685, the period of the erection of another statue, probably our finest equestrian monument (the forthcoming Wellington excepted), and undoubtedly our earliest important piece of sculpture—we mean King Charles II., in the Parliament Square—it does not appear by whom that fine work was executed, nor at whose expense. He quaintly enough criticises the figure as being "naked, in the Roman manner, without spurs," &c.; nor does he omit to detail the *facetiæ* of the bar of his day regarding the position it seems to have occupied in the Parliament Close, with the horse's tail turned towards an image of Justice, which, it appears, stood over the door of the Parliament House; nor the remarks passed on its alleged resemblance to Nebuchadnezzar's image; nor the "great fact" that the setting up of the figure cost the town 1,000 pounds (Scots of course). Aided by the gentleman above referred to, we ransacked the city records also for the singular history of this piece of sculpture—which seems even to have undergone vicissitudes as strange as those experienced by Louis Kirnego, *alias* the Merry Monarch, himself; for although never perched in a Royal Oak, or sheltered by an Alice Lee, the statue, horse and man, appears literally to have long lain ensconced for safety in the Calton Gaol. Arnot especially notices that the statue bore, in his time, no inscription. This is no longer the case; for a lengthened rigmarole effusion in Latin, likening Charles at the Restoration to the sun bursting from a cloud, graces a portion of the pedestal; and from our researches in the civic records, we find that on the 19th April, 1817, Dean of Guild Johnston reported to the town council the discovery of the tablet amongst some lumber belonging to the city, in the vault under the Parliament House. This fulsome inscription is incomplete; but what remains is in all conscience quite enough. The tablet was replaced not only at that time, but again after the great fire in the Parliament Close. On the 18th August, 1824, we find it reported that its internal supports had given way; the superintendant of the town's works was therefore authorised to take it down and have it examined. The parties who chiefly interested themselves in its preservation were two citizens well known for their attachment to art, Messrs. Sclater (die cutter), and Bryson (watchmaker); and accordingly we find an acknowledgment on the 6th November, 1833, on the eve of the city's bankruptcy, to the effect that Deacon Sclater had been mainly instrumental in preserving this valuable statue (and rescuing it, we believe, from durance vile), and recognising his claim for expenses. On the 12th May, 1835, we find thanks accorded to the Lord Provost, Sir James Spittal, for his very great and successful exertions, whereby the great equestrian statue of King Charles II. had been again restored, and in so splendid a manner, to the Parliament Square; and, finally, on the 22d December following, we find the sum of £32 5s. 6½d. voted to pay the different accounts for repairing the statue previously to its being placed in the Parliament Square. The hollow bronze, we believe, was not only provided anew with proper internal supports, but filled with a composition resembling the paving asphalte now in use, so that it is very nearly possessed, as it stands, of absolute solidity. It is worthy of remark, in connection with the artistic details in the execution of its equine portion, that, as the city record bears, "at the same time, the superintendant expressed his gratitude to Convener Dick (our well-known Professor of Veterinary Science), for his kind and gratuitous services in superintending the repairs on the horse, whose symmetry had been rendered more perfect than ever by his attention." If the tradition goes right, the hapless artist must on this occasion have been perturbed in his sleep of death; for the deficiency of a pastern, which made him a suicide, according to the popular recital, was nothing to the aberration of symmetry detected by the eye of modern science. Professor Dick was just the man, however, to put to rights the symmetry of a horse of bronze; and in the spirited creation of Parliament Square, to accommodate whose rotundity of side the legs of the royal rider are most unceremoniously bent till the statue becomes more the statue of a horse than of a centaur, we must necessarily possess the finest of all models of equestrian sculpture.

Let us now pass into the Hall of the Parliament

Digitized by Google

House, whose magnificent area, possessed of four superb pieces of sculpture, may almost be pronounced our principal gallery of modern sculpture. Who, then, are the men whom Edinburgh delights to honour? Burns knelt and wept upon a nameless poet's grave, and was left to rear his monument when "steeped in poverty to the very lips." The Greyfriars holds no monuments more obscure than those of George Buchannan, Dr. Robertson (the Historian), and Dr. Black (the father of Chemistry). First of all, however, we have, in "the Outer House" of the Court of Session, the expressive Roubilliac's pungent characteristic statue of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court during the troublous times of that rebellion which he patriotically impoverished himself to suppress, and which, by a striking coincidence, expired on his patrimonial property. This statue was erected at the expense of the Faculty. The figure is seated, but, in its animated attitude of delivering a charge from the bench, seems to start forward on the spectator, who might almost expect the marble lips to speak. The outstretched hand—the intense and zealous posture—the sharp and somewhat finically complicated angles of the drapery, render this, indeed, the most impassioned piece of sculpture we possess. There is a trifle, perhaps, of foreign exaggeration, contrasting greatly with the masculine vigour and staid dignity of the neighbouring productions of Chantrey; but, in the living spirit which has been made to possess the stone, you forgive and forget that it is a French rather than a Highland Lord President whom Roubilliac has bestowed upon the Court of Session of the first half of last century. Chantrey's full length statue of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, is truly a noble figure. A bold breadth of drapery depends from the right shoulder athwart the body, giving majesty to the difficult costume of the statesman, and relief to the entire composition of this stalwart and stately form. Its proportions are colossal; and, being elevated on a pedestal which places it at a due altitude before the eye, is really an imposing object; difficult though it might be, in scanning the merely commonplace details composing it, to tell to what, besides its composed and steadfast mein, its dignity is attributable. A finer specimen, probably, of Chantrey's art will be found in the sitting figure of Lord President Blair, so accurately characterised in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolks." This fine sculpture, which formerly occupied a niche in the first division of the Court, now forms one of the Outer House gallery of figures—the remaining one for the nonce being also a seated and rather commonplace figure, ascribed by many to Chantrey; but we should say more resembling the style of Campbell, of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Advocate, and ultimately Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. This plain figure was erected at the expense of the county of Edinburgh; and, prior to its removal to the niche in which it is presently immured, in the side wall of the Parliament house, had, we believe, been absolutely lost sight of amongst the lumber appertaining to the County Hall.

In the reading-room of the Advocates' Library, on the same floor with the hall of the Outer House, is an old French bust, of sharp severity of feature, decked with the conqueror's bays, and representing the head of General King George II. In all probability it is from the graphic chisel of Roubilliac, to whose style, as shown in the statue of Lord President Forbes, it undoubtedly approximates. At the farther end of this apartment we have another of those exquisite works which Sir Francis Chantrey so frequently threw off in marble, abounding in character, feeling, and intellect—and breathing of inspiration, poetry, and life. It is the head of Baron Hume, 1832. There is but little hair decorating the posterior portion of the head; but it is managed with supreme felicity. It would be difficult to surpass the profound intelligence which Chantrey has infused into the meditative expression of this head; and, to the readers of his recently published biography, it may be prescribed as a study illustrative of the force of sentiment he could impress upon his works. A neighbouring bust of that celebrated philanthropist, the Hon. Henry Erskine, by P. Tournerelli, contrasts unfavourably with Chantrey's fine conception. Its aspect is sensual; but great firmness is imparted by the curvature of the nose, despite the duplicating tendency of the chin. Let us do justice, however, to the memory of Henry Erskine. He was in his time unquestionably one of the most eminent men on the Whig side of the bar, and beneath this dull phlegmatic exterior covered an exhaustless fund of wit, a love of poetry and music, and, what is better, a warm enthusiastic heart—for it is a well known anecdote, that when a poor suitor, in a remote district, was menaced by a wealthy neighbour with an expensive plea, he retorted, "Ye dinna ken what ye say; there's nae puir man in Scotland need want a freend while we have Harry Erskine." The bust was presented to the Faculty by Miss Craig of Edinburgh.

In the upper vestibule of the elegant Signet Hall we have a bust of Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, by Campbell. He was deputy-keeper of the Signet, and a great friend of Sir Walter Scott. There is in this bust little room for the display of drapery; yet it is managed with great decision. Confronting it is an early bust of Sir James Gibson Craig—not now a good likeness of the venerable baronet—by Laurence Macdonald, now one of the most eminent sculptors settled at Rome. This is certainly not a good bust; the plaid which envelopes it is singularly bulged and expanded. We might, perhaps, with propriety notice another ornament of this particular spot—it is a model of the Borghese vase in *terra cotta*, presented to the society by Mark Sprot, Esq., of Garnkirk, and made at his celebrated Garnkirk works.

Attired in the robes and insignia of the Garter, in an absurd and awkward situation, slightly raised above the middle of the northern wall of the castle esplanade, stands Campbell's unprepossessing bust in bronze of the late Duke of York. This scion of royalty, who combined the functions of soldier and priest, might well have been left out of the statue gallery of the nation until his creditors had received payment of their just and lawful claims.

Digitized by Google

And yet he was the instrument of some little good in his day and generation—not as the wearer of the lawn sleeves of Osnaburgh—but as the friend of the poor soldier, in pitying his condition, and causing his pay to be raised from 6d. to 1s. a day. If, however, only one of his statues could have been spared to commemorate his younger brother, the beloved Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of our Queen, it would have been more grateful in a nation's eyes than any of the collossal bronzes reared to him of York.

Flaxman's Burns, a figure in every respect a misconception of the peasant bard, removed from its inauspicious site within the monument on the edge of the Calton Hill, has found shelter in the grand hall of the College Library, where there are several other marbles. We could have expected from the genius of Flaxman something more in keeping with the character of our nation's greatest poet. Burns is supposed to be apostrophising the mountain daisy, which, no doubt, springs almost unseen at his foot; his bonnet is thrown down, but his plaid is made to perform the stage-property trick of Romanising the costume; and, as he stands with a furled scroll in his hand, he looks more like a Roman senator addressing the *patres conscripti*, than like him who

> "Walked in glory and in pride,
> Following his plough along the mountain side."

The finish, and grace of execution, apart from the erroneous spirit and purpose of this work, are at the same time exquisite. It is a fine mistake of a great sculptor, but does not represent Burns in any possible phase of his existence.

The bronze group of John, Earl of Hopetoun, and his steed, in front of the Royal Bank of Scotland, St. Andrew's Square, is the work, we believe, of Mr. Campbell. It is exquisitely conceived in its arrangements, but obviously disproportioned in the relative animal forms of horse and man. The heroic and even colossal figure of this hero of Waterloo is immeasurably injured by the *petite* character of the steed. And yet there is spirit and action—we had almost said blood as well as spirit—manifested in the restrained impatience of the little Arab. The semi-recumbent attitude of the warrior is rather affected. There is an elaboration of detail in this fine piece, which might be worthy of study.

Surmounting the pillar in front, which, notwithstanding its flutes, is ridiculously said to copy the column of Trojan at Rome, stands a freestone colossus of the same Lord Melville, commemorated in Chantrey's Parliament House marble. This figure, which is fourteen or sixteen feet high, is well elevated above the critical gaze; and, never having aspired so high as the top of the staircase within the column that sustains it, we really cannot more than guess at its merits. It is the work, we believe, of that untutored artist, Mr. Forrest, who has formed so extensive a popular exhibition of sculpture in freestone, on the Calton Hill.

The great artist in freestone is decidedly Mr. Alexander Handyside Ritchie, from whose *atelier* proceed the three figures in the emblematic device surrounding the ballustrade on the porch of the Highland and Agricultural Society's Museum, on George IV. Bridge; the spirited, rich, and picturesque sculpture of the tympanum of the pediment of the Commercial Bank in George Street, the finest development we possess of the classical taste of the ancients for combining sculpture with architecture. The novel introduction of the figures of Esculapius and Hippocrates, surmounted by a third of Hygeia, so nobly and justly poised and proportioned over the porch of the new Physicians' Hall in Queen Street (an idea which seems to have been carried out in placing his six figures just perched atop of the magnificent columns forming the frontage of the British Linen Company's new bank in St. Andrew's Square),* and the first two out of the only four subordinate figures that have, as yet, been supplied to the Scott monument, viz.:—"The Bonnie Prince Charlie," and "Meg Merrilees"—the other two, "The Last Minstrel," and "Lady of the Lake," having been executed respectively by James Ritchie and Patrick Slater. The freestone figures attached to the Scott monument are not easily discernible amidst the Gothic tracery from the Princes Street promenade; but they are fine free sculptures, and merit a closer inspection by ascending to the ballustrade on their level.

We must not forget, in passing, that Mr. John Steele, a sculptor of whom we shall immediately have infinitely more to say, has, upon the tympanum of the little pediment of the Standard Insurance office, in George Street, produced, in *alto relievo*, a representation of the parable of the "Ten Virgins," which is stated to have been the first application in Edinburgh of this truly Grecian embellishment to architecture.

The grand embellishments of George Street are, however, Chantrey's colossal bronzes of George IV. and William Pitt. The figure of George IV. wants dignity. To display the gartered leg, the drapery is violently parted, and the head and shoulders are thrown back into an attitude which gives a serio-comic strut to the entire deportment. It is not the most "*finished* gentleman of Europe" whom we see before us; but some stage king—"a king of shreds and patches;" "a poor player, whose pride lies in his ham-strings." The way in which the sceptre, too, reposes on the arm, so as to resemble the mode in which a pen is wielded, rather than that with which the emblem of royalty is grasped, deprives the latter of its significance. The king is crownless; and but for the striking likeness and real majesty involved in the drapery of the figure (one solitary fault excepted), it might be taken to represent not the first magistrate of the realm, but the legal order of Edinburgh, in the person of some advocate's first clerk.

With the statue of Pitt it is different. He is a noble fellow. Dignity informs every lineament of his frame. He adjusts his *toga* like a senator, and rears in stupendous moral supremacy his

* The completion of these emblematical figures, by Mr. Ritchie, representing Navigation, Commerce, Manufactures, Agriculture, Science, and Art, has just been effected, and the scaffolding removed. There is a curious story told of the head of Agriculture coming off as it was hoisted to its place—a circumstance of ominous aspect at the present moment.

Digitized by Google

"Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of heaviest cabinets."

In strength, force, and perspicuity of character, Chantrey's Pitt is, perhaps, his finest statue.

Steele's figure of her present Majesty surmounting the pediment of the Royal Institution, though rendered a little rigid in outline, chiefly from the notches in the mural crown with which he has encircled the brow of our Sovereign Lady, is very happily proportioned. It is not easy to conceive how a sitting figure could be gracefully placed on the top of a building, or anywhere in the outer air. The great faults of Chantrey's James Watt (Glasgow) and Steele's Sir Walter Scott (Edinburgh), arise from this difficulty. In the Queen, Mr. John Steele has produced a pyramidical effect, which harmonises the mass, however, as every regular geometrical figure must do, to the eye. It is true that the folds of the drapery are too much attenuated, and broken-up, as it were, into tangled threads, as if her Majesty had been attired for the occasion, not in the richest brocade, but in the lankest taffeta. The neck is also too extended for that of our Most Gracious Queen, as in a mere question of personal resemblance. But that matters little; and on the whole, in its present position, environed by the finely-sculptured sphynxes of the same author, looking forth from the wings of this edifice of the age, dedicated to the arts and sciences, upon the far future, with the calm of prophecy in their mien, the Victoria statue of grey freestone is one of our most pleasing sculptures.

The Scott statue, from the immensely disproportioned space it is left to fill, within the lofty pointed arches of the monument, has dwindled into an abyss of insignificance, in which, though as fine and characteristic a performance as Steele has yet produced, it is utterly sacrificed. It must either be raised to exclude the sky, or some species of Gothic canopy must be contrived to intervene skyward, and shut up the great and garish blank that diminishes it to a speck. Indeed, however outrageous a departure it might seem from the architectural design, we should prefer the latter expedient, and that from a feeling that, low as this statue sits, it could not, as a sitting figure, be elevated much without exciting that painful commiseration occasioned by beholding the bare-headed figure of the statue in honour of James Watt, exposed in a snow storm on an open pedestal in George Square, Glasgow. Mr. Steele has been less felicitous in his drapery of Scott than even in that of Queen Victoria. The "mighty magician," rolled in his plaid and seated in the cold draught of these open arches, is in anything but a heroic or dignified situation. *Date obolum Belisario* is the voice we almost expect to hear emanating from Scott's Gothic shrine. The folds, too, are frittered away till all the fine effects which, in colossal figures, are obtained from the judicious management of drapery, disappear and become tiresome and trivial in the multiplicity of petty details into which they are distributed. "But," it may be asked, "is the figure colossal?" It would seem so, from the tale of some fatalities attending the shipment and debarcation of the block of grey Carrara marble whence it is cut. When the block, weighing from 30 to 33 tons, was in process of being shipped at Leghorn, the shears in which it was swung on board snapt, and the ponderous mass, in the first place, descended right through the bottom of the vessel into the sea. On being fished out and conveyed to Leith, a similar catastrophe very nearly occurred to it, from the difficulty experienced in finding apparatus and tackling adequate to effect its landing. Placed, at length, upon a four-wheeled truck, it was transported to Mr. Steele's studio by a team of twenty powerful horses, in a sort of triumphal procession. Yet for all this, the general effect of the figure is now reduced, solely from the disadvantages of its position, (materially enhanced, however, by the faulty drapery,) to proportions anything but colossal in appearance.

And now, what remains for us to notice? With even the existence of Nolleken's bust of George Drummond in the Royal Infirmary very few are acquainted: very many opportunities, however, occur for the exhibiton of Steele's finely characteristic bust of Dr. Patrick Neill, in the hall of the Experimental Garden at Inverleith. Of Steele's busts, another and a very fine one of Earl Grey exists in the Council Chamber; in which place there is also a bust of George III., by P. Tournerelli, erected at an expense of £128 to the city in March, 1814; a full-length statue of that monarch, by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, is also placed under the dome of the General Register House. The monumental productions of the Hygeia of St. Bernard's Well, &c., we shall not presume to discuss.

SUPPLEMENTARY HINTS ON THE FRANCHISE.

The Executive will most probably meet the Legislative division of the State on magazine-day. The contents of the speech from the throne must, therefore, be concealed from us while we write; and the event would follow too closely on the prediction to allow us to guess or divine the contents of the parliamentary programme before its official appearance. The Queen will advise and promise economy—that is a safe assumption, for the same course has been taken in all the Royal speeches of the century; a reduction in the army will be promised, because some time will elapse before the estimates be submitted, and the Ministry will, during the interval, consider the propriety of observing this conditional promise; very little will be said on the Eastern question, since the public interest might suffer by the public being told plainly what they may have read in the correspondence of the daily journals at any time for some months past; and we are informed that the electoral fran-

Digitized by Google

chise may be submitted to reconsideration; and although we place little reliance on the information, yet the rumour induces us to turn over again this question, which is already more superannuated than poor Peter Peebles' law pleas, with the view of finding light in and an exit from the dark tunnel in which, longer than any other question, the suffrage agitation seems doomed to move.

The hints offered by us in January regarding the suffrage were not put forward as new, or striking, or very remarkable in any way, but merely as the means of compromising a difficulty, and turning an endless motion to some practical end. We previously suggested a similar course; and we think now, as before, that, however certain the realisation of any scheme may be fifteen or twenty years hence, that an instalment at the present date, without prejudice to the claim for the balance, is an advantage that may reasonably be desired. We are told by sanguine friends that our proposals are too late—that the struggle is over, nearly—and the victory is won, nearly. If their convictions be correct, and if they be better acquainted with the state of the case than we are, the circumstance will not distress us, and our proposals will do no harm. We remember the exultation regarding the Reform Bill, and the wide-spread conviction that a good time was coming, and that the golden age was trampling hard on the heels of the then current months; and we have seen and shared the disappointed hopes from that measure, not altogether in vain. Six years afterwards, we met an able and an honest advocate of the points entertained in the Charter. The agitation in favour of these views was more formidable at that time than now. We urged the propriety of an arrangement on a different basis, calculated in a few years to work out all that was sought, by educating as it advanced. The gentleman to whom we refer liked the scheme. He allowed that it was more likely to improve the condition of the working classes than the plan proposed; but he added that his friends were committed to the measures they advocated—that they would carry them in a few years; and that, if in five years they were not successful, he and others would mature this system, which, he felt, would silence all objections, except those which originated exclusively in an unjust love for power, and would be carried. Five years passed, and he was actively engaged in other pursuits, and had thrown aside the Suffrage movement, under the conviction that nothing could be done for its promotion in the present day and generation. So we have seen, one by one until the cases have become many, enthusiasm degenerate into indifference, and zeal freeze into apathy, under the discouraging influence of delay, and the proverbial power to sicken possessed by hope deferred. The friends of the people at the close of the last century have passed away, and the extension of suffrage proposed by them is not yet accomplished. The men of 1819 have been greatly thinned in thirty years, and their object has yet to be effected. Burdett, Cobbet, and Hunt, have been succeeded by other prominent reformers; and are the latter, like the former, to leave a legacy of suffrage agitation to the next generation? Is Britain to have a perpetual succession of agitation from one generation to another on this topic? Is it even to have some long period of struggle—two or three generations—before a definite end be reached? The questions are interesting; for, it might be wiser to fix upon some point where all parties would meet now, rather than wait for thirty years our arrival at a position, in an abstract view, higher and more advantageous than the lowly practical ground on which we may step at once. The franchise is the means to an end; and the end is neglected, while the country ferments periodically regarding the means. Great practical questions of currency and labour, of land and leases, of sanatory and social reform, are overlooked, because men's minds are occupied with discussions on the suffrage. It is possible to enact bad laws in a Legislative Assembly, elected upon the most extensive franchise. The United States support slavery, slave-breeding, and slave-dealing, with a representation based on the broadest surface. The National Assembly of France decreed the bombardment of Rome for the restoration of the Pope, and the establishment of schools for the better training of youth "to despotism;" although its members are elected by Universal Suffrage. Similar results are not to be expected in this country; and we mention these facts only to justify such a political heresy as this, namely, that if we had a franchise based on the age of twenty-five, instead of twenty-one, we should not participate in any labour that might be proposed for the purpose of cutting off the four extra years. Some parties, with a keener perception of political rights than we possess, might insist on agitation for twenty-one. We should, on the other hand, be pleased with twenty-five, or any similar year which might be in practice. Our object is cheap and good Government, so contrived that all classes may be fully represented in its formation.

The Cabinet get credit for some new scheme on this topic. Its nature is not yet explained; but if it be as stated in some quarters, the enfranchisement of all ten-pound tenants in counties, and all rate-payers in burghs—it will be supported by many parties who might wish a larger bill, but will take cheerfully the measure that they can obtain.

The plan proposed in this magazine some time since, merely because it might be easily obtained, has no startling features, and thus no great recommendation to those who hunt for original ideas. We propose merely to give the capital invested in a forty-shilling freehold the same political privilege in any other form that it commands in land. This part of the plan is only a project for extending the forty-shilling freehold qualification, and making it more easily and profitably attainable in towns than it is at present. Land alone qualifies under the existing law of England; but land represents merely its money value, and the thing bought should not confer political privileges greater than the means of purchase.

A good reason cannot be given for refusing a privilege to leasehold property that is attached to freehold, or

Digitized by Google

for the legislative assumption that heritable property is of more importance to the nation than its moveable goods and chattels. Land is not of greater public importance than the road that gives value to the soil; and if an industrious man saves money for investment in roads, he should not be worse treated than if he had found a patch of land to suit his purpose. The spirit of the law at present existing will not be violated by a change in the letter of the statute. The words confine the power of qualification to heritable property; while the spirit of the law clearly is, that any person who has acquired a given amount of property, of any description, unconnected with his immediate profession or trade, shall be invested with the full rights of citizenship, while he continues to hold that property. We want an extension of the letter of the statute to the full stretch of its spirit, and an extension of the law, thus amended, from England, to Ireland and Scotland. The new forty-shilling freeholds of England are said to be, in many instances, already mortgaged. This system is merely an evasion of the law practised also often in the qualifications of representatives. The evasion may be deemed a virtuous deed by those who say that the property qualifications for electors and representatives should be at once repealed; but all evasions are immoral; and the end never justifies the use of bad or exceptional means. So long as the Legislature require a property qualification, they should not be satisfied with the shadow, but exact the substance. They cannot inquire with propriety into private affairs. Inquisitions of that nature are not favourably regarded either in this country or in any other land. The public feeling is always against an exposition of losses and profits to tax-collectors. Indirect taxation has been generally adopted to avoid an over-curious examination into the progress or the retrogression of individuals in their temporal circumstances. Therefore, any man may hold a forty-shilling freehold, or one of five hundred pounds nominally, and yet not be worth a shilling. The state cannot, or it should not take any cognisance of that matter; but when property is specially alienated for a particular claim, we see no reason why it should be used by the borrower for the acquisition of political rights. Any attempt to accomplish this purpose by reformers, homologates abuses against which they protest. The property qualification for Members of Parliament would have been ere now abolished, if its terms had been rigorously enforced. The opponents of such regulations will effect their abolition more certainly, by avoiding all evasions of their terms, and insisting that the latter shall be strictly fulfilled, than by taking part in clever plans for cutting holes in these statutes. All property qualifications for political purposes should be unencumbered. A faithful observance of this rule will sooner destroy the qualification, if it be unreasonable, than any opposition unaccompanied by strict adherence to the law. A different course of warfare, a struggle of quirks and quibbles between parties cannot be followed by a valuable class of adherents to good measures. Conscientious persons will not willingly tread upon the edge of the law, but rather keep firm footing within its boundaries. We therefore hold that the present and the extended qualifications should be free and unencumbered. Money deposits are quite as capable of conferring an interest in the country, of establishing a man's character for industry, intellect, and economy, of answering all the purposes of a political test, as investments in earth, or stones, or any heritable property. Deposits in savings' banks were mentioned previously as qualifications that should be accepted for this purpose. Deposits in any similar institution, although not so likely to be offered, might be allowed without the slightest disadvantage to the State, or the subject. Purchasers of national securities might claim a similar privilege, and a better founded claim could not be presented. The objections to a direct qualification in money are almost entirely confined to the probability of fraud. Wealthy candidates might extinguish the political integrity of a constituency, or of so many electors amongst them, as would defeat and negative the honesty of their neighbours, according to one class, and that the most numerous class of objectors. This argument either means that men who could draw on their bankers for a hundred thousand pounds would, to gain an election, give qualifications to a thousand or five hundred persons, who previously were non-electors; or that they would divide their capital into a large number of qualifications, as some men divide their estates, and permit dependants or followers to vote on those borrowed rights, on the condition that they voted for the lender or his nominee. The first supposition, that a candidate would make a free gift of the necessary hundred pounds is not likely to be often realised, and when it occurred, would not infringe that principle on which the qualification rests. The gift might be deemed a bribe; but that is provided against or punished by a different act. The law against bribery is strict, and is more strictly enforced now than at a former period. Bribery ruled the Legislature many years since. Members bribed the electors to get into Parliament, and were bribed in return to repay the cost of their elections, which, ultimately, were defrayed by the nation with compound interest. The practice is now of comparatively rare occurrence. Members of Parliament get no direct return for their outlay; and, we believe that the number of bribed electors is also comparatively few. The edge of this objection is, however, blunted at once, by providing that the deposit qualification should duly arise on a deposit that had been made for twelve months, and continue unimpaired so long only as the money was not touched. It is very improbable, we think, that rich men would bribe poorer individuals with the view of making them voters twelve months, sooner than they could exercise this privilege. Candidates for parliamentary honours will not buy votes twelve months in advance. The suspicion that such conduct would be systematically pursued, is altogether absurd.

The second supposition, that large capitalists might multiply their single vote by a thousand, by putting their money into a thousand divisions, in a thousand names, and retaining that form of investment for twelve months, in anticipation of an election, reflects the highest credit on the honesty and uprightness of the class of persons to be

Digitized by Google

bribed, and assumes an extensive credulity and simplicity on the part of the tempter. The latter class of gentlemen do not pay for value to be received so long in advance; and if they were inclined to adopt that scheme, they could invest in freeholds, under the present law, far more readily than under those extensions which we suggest. The clause requiring twelve months' possession, without the possibility of any check that would prevent the appropriation of the sum, in the way that the apparent invester might deem most advisable for his own interest, will not supersede the possibility of fraud in a few isolated cases; only because, wherever a property qualification exists, fraud is possible; but it will render that crime extremely difficult, and confine its commission to those few instances where the buyer has remarkable confidence in the integrity of the persons purchased, or an unusual control over them and their actions.

These objections may be, therefore, put aside, without the slightest remorse, except for the necessarily severe nature of the check on evil-doing. Many parties may say that the twelvemonths' provision could be changed advantageously into one of six; but no grounds of apprehension can be entertained for the vitiation of the roll by the insertion of names, supported only by a nominal qualification. The exact sum requisite in different classes of investment is fixed necessarily by the returns. Inquiry is not made into the price of a forty-shilling freehold, but into its present value. It may have cost the owner little or nothing. The law asks no questions on that point, and receives no erroneous answers. A money investment may be also judged by the test of income, not when advanced to private parties who may pay nothing, but when in public stocks, of which the return is known. Another objection of an entirely different character may be urged. Money carefully secured is said thus to be withdrawn from the economists' control. That argument is useless, however, for the fund remains constantly under his control. He may do with it as his convenience or his pleasure directs. Its withdrawal destroys the claim founded on its existence, but meddles in no other way with the man's right to use his own as he may find advisable. The foundation of the right must exist twelve months before its use; and after that period it can be employed on every recurring opportunity until the foundation be removed. The ground of the claim may be partially used by the claimant, without its entire removal; and the law should offer no impediment to an operation of that nature. If the original sum be impaired by one-fourth at any period, then that fourth will require to be made good three months before the renewed use of the capital for a political purpose. A proportionate term can be required for every other sum that may be drawn out of the original fund. A party requiring to use one-half of the fund would not vote on that qualification, until six months after the draft had been replaced. Another taking out three-fourths of its amount would vote only after the whole had been for nine months replaced. But it has been suggested that a temporary draft on a man's own property, for a short period, should not weaken his right to vote for a longer term than the time which the money had been out. This is another, and, as we believe, a more liberal interpretation of the matter. A hardship exists in saying that a man could not use some part of his own money for a few days without deprivation of the political right conferred by it for a term of many months. No franchise connected with property is destitute of possible and severe anomalies; but they might be guarded against in this instance by a provision for casual drafts of the nature inferred. If it be understood that such investments are not in the nature of a deposit account, but must bear a permanent character, the hardship supposed is considerably alleviated and may be entirely removed by a separate rule, applicable to curtailments of the original fund; occurring, not systematically, but incidentally, and extending only over a short period.

Our province does not involve the arrangement of every possible detail, but merely a statement of the rough outlines comprised in a scheme of this nature. We do not legislate, but only suggest a probable topic of legislation; especially as we are not dealing with a perfect system, but a possible compromise of a question that has, we are informed, in common with the public, agitated the Cabinet, although, most probably, to little purpose. One sentence comprises the spirit of this scheme; for it consists, as already stated, in the extension of the forty-shilling freehold franchise of England to Scotland and Ireland; along with the enlargement of that qualification to property of the same value, or producing the same annual return, in any other form whatever, unconnected with the particular business in which the claimant may be engaged.

The second suggestion offered in preceding papers is more important than the first. The conjunction of political rights to a policy of Life Assurance would facilitate their acquisition without any cost or loss to the claimant or his family. The right could not immediately follow the issue of the policy; for in that case insurances might be effected at periods of excitement merely to obtain votes by zealous and unenfranchised politicians. It could not be attached to policies of any amount, for one of twenty pounds would not afford to a young man a perceptible interest in the security of public property. It should be arranged, if possible, to follow upon policies under peculiar conditions in present practice; but conditions that may be rendered universal. Policies may be issued on a conditional assurance of life. The premiums may be made to cease at a given date, and the amount for which the policy is issued may be payable at death, or at a specified period during the insurer's life.

We would suggest that the right to vote should be obtained on a policy that had existed seven years for £100, or four years for £200, issued conditionally, in the case of policies entered into after the adoption of the law, on the payment of the sum named in the deed, to the heirs of the policy-holder on his death, or to himself on the completion of his sixtieth year. This arrangement would bring in gradually a large number of voters on

Digitized by Google

whom it would confer an immense benefit. The forfeiture of policies immediately on the non-payment of premiums at the dates specified, should be in these cases relaxed, by allowing the insurers who have for a number of years made regular payment of their premiums, and may, from incidental circumstances, require that accommodation. The fear of being unable to meet periodical payments of this nature, extending over the whole period of life, prevents many persons from taking out policies of life insurance, and must continue effectually to prevent the increase of this beneficial custom amongst the working classes. The necessity of some plan by which this difficulty might be overcome, is obvious. The Government sells annuities, and might very readily sell life policies. For one present payment it makes many small future payments, and for many small payments it might agree to make one large future payment. Rules might be adopted in a government institution, that would greatly obviate the necessity of forfeitures on the one hand, or the inconvenience of irregular payments on the other. Even the conjunction of an elective qualification to a life policy would sharpen payments, because, whenever an election came on, a voter in arrears of premium would be silenced, as a voter in arrears of certain taxes is now temporarily disfranchised; for it is in the nature of this qualification, that with the policy the holder must also present the receipt for the last payment of premium then due. Private enterprise might accomplish all of the objects that we have in view. The formation and the correct working of societies that would not, after the payment of seven or of ten years' premium, forfeit a policy because the holder was two or even three months behind time with the eighth or the eleventh premium, could be well and wisely done by private enterprise. The only sacrifice made by the insurers is, the unhappy gain derived often from calamity or poverty.

Few members of mutual insurance societies would not rather want the hope of a bonus than expect it from the poverty of former partners. We believe, therefore, that a more indulgent rule than that generally existing now would be adopted, if its necessity were fully understood. Difficulties of a physical character exist in effecting insurances in heavy cases. The health of many persons is from their infancy in suspicious circumstances. Medical men consider their lives an unfair risk, and reject their applications for insurance. The number of rejected proposals must be great; for in the report of one society we find the number of applications within a limited period stated at 1,140, in which there resulted 467 rejections, and 673 admissions. Provision is not easily made for the former class, amounting in this instance to more than one-third of the entire number; but even they are not hopeless. Societies exist for the assurance of diseased lives—indeed, we believe many of the ordinary societies take these assurances at a proportionately higher rate than the terms of their published tables; and the nation might not make any loss by assuring the lives of all its male adult subjects for a fixed sum, not large enough to interfere with the operations of private societies, or to be the subject of speculation, unless to those persons who can be tempted to sin by the payment from a funeral fund; but sufficiently large to prevent many of the applications now made to the poor's rates.

It is obvious that facilities not now existing should be afforded; and that obstacles now operating most prejudicially should be removed; for we find in the reports of some of the new societies, lapsed policies spoken of in a tone of satisfaction that much resembles prosperity chuckling over adversity. One body of directors mention that all the claims upon them have been covered by the value of the lapsed policies; while others make similar statements.

It is altogether a question of money. More money would meet the objection; and higher rates, we believe, would be cheerfully paid, in many instances, as an assurance against the risk of insurance itself.

The extension of the forty-shilling franchise from England to Ireland and Scotland, is a measure so evidently just, that while many persons might endeavour to delay its progress, or its immediate realization, yet few—certainly very few—would venture to oppose its ultimate adoption. We mean, undoubtedly, forty shillings' worth of land, and not such miserable make-believes of qualifications as have been in past times known to exist in Ireland, with little benefit to the public, and less still to the occupants.

Next, we insist upon the employment of the capital necessary to furnish an income of *forty shillings* in any other investment besides land affording the same privileges, unless the money be used directly for the purposes of the claimant's immediate business. Stock-in-trade, the tools of an artisan, the library of a professional man, the household furniture of any man, would all be deemed inadequate qualifications, and any other property of the same class would be subject to a similar exclusion. On the other hand, house property qualifies under the present law, and should qualify hereafter, not merely in counties, but in burghs also, that thus the members of building societies—a most deserving class, who are endeavouring to rear a home for themselves, and to fix their abode in a locality—might turn their industry to a political account, and derive from their politics an inducement to economy.

The qualifying power of capital, or, in this instance, of savings, should extend, as has already been fully stated, to money invested in the funds—to money lodged in a bank—to money advanced on the mortgage of heritable property; and we see no reason why, with proper precaution, money advanced on railway debentures and shares, in many public companies, should not possess the power to qualify—except this reason, that so few persons are likely to seek a qualification on this kind of investment, that the trouble of making the arrangements would be taken without, we expect, any result, for the working classes could not be advised to use this class of securities at present; and those who can use them with propriety, hold other qualifications eligible under the existing law.

The rule to ascertain the value for a forty-shilling

Digitized by Google

freehold, in any other manner of investment, is simple. We have only to take the income. A hundred pound bond in the national funds is more than sufficient. It gives all that is required, and one-third more. A deposit of seventy-five pounds in a savings bank would probably always yield an income of two pounds, and, therefore, would always be sufficient. The interest in a building society that yields three pounds, must cover the qualification after allowing one-third for tear and wear, repairs and deterioration. A cottage that in England would rent for four pounds above the annual rent charge on the ground; or part of a house in Scotland, that would bring the same money after meeting the same condition, would qualify and allow, as it might be necessary to take five per cent. on the capital, or one-half of the rental, for a sinking fund to meet the current disbursements for repairs, and the steady depreciation of the property in value. A larger allowance is, we believe, requisite under this head for the thin brick houses of England than for the stone buildings common in Scotland, but the difference does not require any nice distinction in a case of this nature.

Then, the amelioration of a qualifying privilege to life assurance policies simplifies the transaction in numerous cases. Reference has been already made to the necessity for more liberal provisions, in respect to the terms on which these documents are issued by the greater part of the societies formed for life assurance. Amendments of that nature are requisite altogether, irrespective of this proposal, and their adoption would produce very favourable results on society. A policy of £100, on which the premium had been paid for seven years, or £200, on which payment had been made for four years, appears to us a fair qualification.

The selling value of the policy would be a small matter with only these payments made. The article would not readily sell for anything in the public market unless the insured were in the predicament of some unfortunate holders of benefices in England, who, wrapped in flannels, and shivering in a huge-backed arm-chair by the fire in July, may read, by the aid of spectacles, a brief and graphic sketch of their personal maladies, coloured and exaggerated by a desire to represent their chance of life as very short, and themselves as already in the grave to the neck. Unless the insured were in some such position as that, the policy would not sell, but it might be taken up by the issuers. Still, the insured have established an interest in the welfare of the country which they desire to be permanent; and the extension of the practice is so desirable, that every facility and encouragement should be given to its general adoption.

The difficulties of this latter franchise are few. A young man of eighteen may, by paying ninepence to tenpence weekly, begin to secure a provision for his relatives, or for himself at an advanced period of life, and find himself an elector at twenty-five. If his circumstances promise to be good, he can, by doubling the sacrifice, halve the time, and get upon the register at twenty-two.

The time occupied in preparing a qualification, by investment, would not be very tedious to an artisan, who had escaped honourably from his apprenticeship. In a good business, with steady employment, he might succeed in saving four shillings weekly—ten pounds annually—which would do the work in six, or, at farthest, in seven years. The plan may be theoretically objectionable, as we have said, to extreme parties, but to others its practical advantages may appear to outweigh this difficulty. These advantages are — First, the removal of doubts and fears lurking in diverse honest and upright minds—minds of a generous and straightforward character—regarding the manner in which political rights might be exercised. Second, a gradual but not slow increase of the constituent body, which could scarcely ruffle the fears of the most timid, and would look like anything rather than a revolution; while, in our opinion, and in the view of many individuals, it would consolidate the State, and render society more contented, if not more prosperous; and the calming down of agitation in a manner satisfactory to all parties, is a good and desirable object. Third, a great increase in the number of small capitalists —and of, therefore, independent families—an advantage to any country that can scarcely be overestimated; for it leads in its way, and not an indirect way, to the advancement of morals, education, and intelligence, fosters a spirit of self-reliance, and cuts at the root of pauperism and poor-rates. Fourth, the nurturing of an interest in the country, and its prosperity, that is highly useful for those at least who are to guide its affairs through their representatives. Fifth, security to financial reformers that their plans would be stringently pursued; for men who have been economical in their own habits, and have no interest in the State following any other course, will naturally direct their representatives to pursue a rigid economy in all departments.

The number of persons who would be immediately enfranchised by this scheme would not be so great as many reformers might desire, but it would be greater than by the present forty shillings freeholds, which are disadvantageous investments for numerous classes of tradesmen; it would double that number at once, and far more rapidly swell the roll hereafter, until, seven years hence, not all deserving men, but a majority of the number would be electors.

We have now fully explained the views entertained by us, of the grounds on which a compromise might be accomplished; not to injure any other movement, but to accelerate the end that all classes of franchise reformers profess to seek. We have done so, in our own opinion, without expressing an approval of this plan as a perfect scheme, and one against which very reasonable objections may not be taken. No interference can be volunteered between parties in disputes of this nature without incurring the risk of misconception. We have experienced the common fate in some instances, but we have been gratified to find that generally the rough sketch which we have submitted has been considered practicable—not unjust, and not impolitic. We leave the topic now, in the hope that, if it please not Parliament and the Queen's Ministers to offer something worthy of acceptance, when their hands are in the work, this project, or a better scheme, may make progress.

Digitized by Google

ANTI-RATIONALISM.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

CERTAIN recent additions (I cannot call them accessions) to our current literature, shew that the principles of rationalism, which seemed indigenous to Germany, are making some progress in our own country. These principles number among their supporters many great names, and are presented under such a fascinating garb of philosophy and eloquence, as to blind the inexperienced mind to their insidious and pernicious tendencies. No devout believer in the divinity of Christianity can look with unconcern on the growth of a philosophy whose real, though disguised purpose, is to explain away and render nugatory that Divine Faith. I am none of those who underrate genius because it belongs not to my creed. Genius levels all distinctions. Many of the rationalist writers possess powers of the highest order, but, in me, deserved admiration of these powers only excites equally deserved regret for their perversion. Admitting this, however, it cannot be gainsaid that there is an utter want of definiteness and system about their philosophy, which, while it unsettles everything, settles nothing. Man's soul has been sheltered and cheered for more than eighteen centuries within the hallowed stronghold of the Christian faith—from that stronghold the rationalist seeks to drive it forth into a bleak and trackless wilderness of doubt—to destroy that tower of strength; and yet he offers no worthy mansion (but only a visionary moonlight shadow of a house) for the mighty wanderer's reception. Vague and dreamy speculations can never be the ruler of man's conduct. A straggling river, until directed into a proper channel, will not set in motion the merest water-wheel, with any useful result, and neither will vague and visionary thoughts, however fascinating and seemingly profound, profitably influence human conduct, till brought to bear on society in some systematised and defined form.

According to my humble ability, I have, in the following poem, spoken out against this latitudinarian philosophy. In the introductory verses I have referred to a widely felt and widely deplored fact, that the preaching of Christianity is not, in many cases, what it should be. It cannot be doubted that the routine and lifelessness which the defrauded soul too often experiences in pulpit ministrations, indirectly helps the growth of rationalism; and its threatening increase only calls the louder for a deeper and more earnest enunciation of the Truth. The "good men and true," (and, thank Heaven, there are many such) who labour with self-denying devotion and earnestness in their high calling, cannot feel offended at these strictures, while language too energetic cannot be employed to rouse the more apathetic to the duties and dangers of the age.

> "But foremost of all studies, let me not
> Forget to bid thee learn Christ's faith by heart,
> Study its truths, and practice its behests;
> They are the purest, sweetest, peacefullest
> Of all immortal reasons or records:
> They will be with thee when all else have gone.
> Mind, body, passion, all wear out—not Faith,
> Nor Truth."
>
> FESTUS.

For ever on the sea of life,
  Tho' dulled by passion and by sin,
Will rise above all storm and strife
  The still small voice within;
And whisper of the land of rest,
  Prophetic faith's immortal goal—
The green spot of the desert breast—
  The loadstar of the soul.

* * * * *

Careworn and trouble-tried, I sought
  The solemn, sacred house of prayer,
Whence sound those words of love and hope,
  That cheer a world's despair.

My thirsting spirit longed to drink
  The fervid look, the impassioned tone,
That mark the speaker's earnest faith,
  And make men's soul's his own.

And, oh, if eloquence divine
  Ere touched the lips with living fire,
That story of triumphant woe
  Might coldest heart inspire.

The record of a faith sublime
  Which burning seraphs love to scan,
Might well arouse deep thrills of joy
  In fallen, feeble man.

The preacher came—his words awoke
  No answering echo in the soul;
  cold, so weak, so passionless,
  They from that preacher stole.

It seemed as if the Book of Life
  Lay dead before a soulless form;
Dry bones around—no strong breath came
  Their lifelessness to warm.

The Book was closed—with willing haste
  The preacher sought the welcome door;
As if, like me, he was well pleased
  The languid toil was o'er.

With downcast soul I turned away,
  No consolation had been given;
The longing spirit, dark and cold,
  Had drawn no fire from Heaven.

What wonder if the scoffer scoffs,
  And faith by sceptics be disdained,
If thus, before a wondering world,
  They see God's house profaned?

I know, with joy, the church hath men,
  In their high calling stern and true,
Such as make good men grieved to think
  That honoured band so few.

For never did her altars claim
  A stronger light, or holier zeal,
To fight for mankind's dearest hopes,
  A world's eternal weal.

O for brave Luther's voice, to rouse
  A slumbering faith to life again;
Doubt, death, and earnestness proclaim
  That men must speak like men.

High intellects and willing hearts,
  Scorning what wiser faith reveres,
Would crush the stronghold of man's hopes,
  The refuge from his fears.

See chief among faith's banded foes,
  The mighty dreamland of the mind,*
Proving, by *theory*, the world
  Hath left Christ's laws behind.

Forth from that ancient cloudland pour
  Dark showers of baleful poison-rain,
To drench men's souls with doubt, and make
  The Christian's glory vain.

---

* Germany.

Digitized by Google

Even on the soil where Luther fought
  Faith's glorious fight, and triumph won,
Rise up degenerate souls to crush
  What his great heart hath done.

Think not, tho' persecution's form
  Hath vanished from our native land,
Faith's fortress fronts no subtler foe,
  No deadlier to withstand.

Not the fierce tempest in its might
  Spreads wide such wreck and overthrow
As the dark pestilence that steals
  Along its path of woe.

For in those dark and storm-tossed days,
  When Freedom, Faith, were soiled and riven,
Each faggot pile that flamed for truth,
  Lighted men's souls to Heaven.

But Error, with presumptuous mien,
  Deserts the path our fathers trod,
Bids man place faith beneath her power,
  And little trust in God.

Tho' Reason's lamp may flicker through
  Life's little day of toil and gloom,
Oh, can it light man's weary soul
  To realms beyond the tomb?

No! Nature in a thousand forms
  Leaves Reason helpless as a child;
Baffles the boasted power by which
  Heaven's mysteries are reviled.

The time for apathy hath passed,
  When proud Philosophy's high name
Gilds the deep thoughts of men that seek
  To put our faith to shame.

When even the poet's hallowed hand
  Strikes to the theme his raptured lyre,
To clothe with majesty and light
  The scoffer's vain desire.

Up, then, ye guardians of the Cross!
  To man the power of Faith reveal,
Nor think a brother's soul to fire
  With what thine may not feel.

Arouse to earnestness and life—
  Let scoffers scoff, and sceptics jeer;
An earnest spirit strong for truth,
  Even scorners still revere.

And, standing on the Rock of Faith,
  Let words be theirs, let deeds be thine;
For not by words the Son of Man
  Did prove his life divine.

Still, earnestness! Each living chord
  Doth vibrate to that iron string—
Heart-work alone, to struggling souls,
  A Sabbath-calm can bring.

Fear not for Faith—tho' o'er the world
  Doubt's dreary deluge seems to fall—
The ark of man's immortal hopes,
  Shall triumph over all!

For Reason, Science, yet shall throw
  Their conquered kingdoms meekly down;
Twin-gems, to deck, like radiant stars,
  Faith's universal crown!

W. T. R.

Glasgow, December, 1849.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

To ———

Have more of earth, or more of Heaven above;
  More cruel still, or still more lovely be;
I cannot hate; alas! I dare not love,
  I cannot live without, far less with thee.

II.

To the Governor for complaining of the degeneration of Students.

We all ought to be flayed or hung,
  The students are such flunkies;
Mouboddo thought from apes we sprung,
  You say, we're growing monkeys.

III.

Translation from the Latin of Dr. Johnson.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque; aut ludere disce,
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

All life's a farce, all human things a play;
Be mad with them, or else more sad than they.

V.

(From the Latin of Warton.)

Oh, gentle sleep! thy influence give,
  And though like death, draw nigh;
Living, behold we do not live,
  And without dying, die.

VI.

(From the Greek.)

No more, no more, delight the scenes of Time;
  Hope, and thou, Fortune, take my last farewell;
My spirit soars unto a nobler clime;
  Ye've haunted me, but now with others dwell.

VII.

(From the Greek of Archias.)

When first the infant draws its breath,
  The Thracian mother weeps;
But when its eyelids close in death,
  High the glad music sweeps.
Oh, deed well done! for life has every ill;
Death, the kind angel, bids them all be still.

Civis Universitalis Glasguensis.

SONNET ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I stood within the mighty Abbey's wall,
  The sunbeams glimmered through the oriel pane,
And lit with crown of light the statues tall,
  Then quivered on the monuments again;
And low sweet music floated o'er the tombs,
  And died amid the chapel's long-drawn aisles:
Methought e'en so the hope of Heaven illumes
  And lights up sorrow's face with brightening smiles,
That those whose mighty ashes lie below,
  Kings of the earth, and knights of high degree,
Those of the daring front and laurelled brow,
  Should burst their bonds, when Heaven and earth shall flee,
As the Archangel's trump shall rouse the dead,
  'Midst purer light than sunbeams ever shed.

Civis Universitalis Glasguensis.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY REGISTER.

Bishop Hinds' Church History. Griffin : London and Glasgow.

THE volume now under notice is a part of the Encyclopedia Metropolitana, containing the first division of the History of the Christian Church ; in other words, the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity—from A.D. 1, to A.D. 167—by Dr. Hinds, Bishop of Norwich, to which is added the correspondence between Pliny and the Emperor Trajan, respecting the Early Christians, and a Dissertation on Miracles, in which the miracles of Scripture are contrasted with the spurious miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius or Tyana.

Dr Hinds has divided his subject into three parts, embracing the three great stages in the establishment of Christianity, viz. : The Ministry of Christ ; The Apostolic Age, and the Age of the Apostolic Fathers ; and the volume opens with an interesting introductory account of the religion of the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Samaritans, in which much valuable information is contained. Ascribing, and we think rightly, all religions, whether true or false, to one common origin—*the knowledge of a true God, or Supreme Being ;* and dating the first great era in the history of idolatry to the building of the tower of Babel ; the author proceeds to trace its progress, and to support his proposition, by a chain of brief, but incontrovertible arguments and reasonable conclusions. He does not deny the "tendency or the capacity of mankind to create a system of religion for themselves," but he holds that it may be "fairly assumed that no period has yet occurred, which has afforded an opportunity for the experiment." And he considers as certain that the "ancient heathen creeds could not have been originally the mere invention of fancy, or the independent deductions of reason, but rather the corruption," or, as he more emphatically, and, as we think, more correctly expresses it in another place, the *perversion* of "revealed religion." In support of this opinion, which we unhesitatingly adopt, it may be stated, that, at the dispersion of mankind, after their presumptuous attempt to build "a tower whose top was to the heavens," as it is literally expressed in Scripture ; they carried with them a certain portion of revelation, which, however much it might be neglected, would not be easily or soon effaced. But religion once corrupted, soon becomes utterly depraved ; and such being the case at the period referred to, the worship of Jehovah would rapidly be lost in the rise and progress of idolatry in the Gentile world. Amid this mass of idolatry which overspread the whole world, were the Jews—God's chosen people—the living monuments of the truth of his revealed word. After briefly describing the allegorical nature of the religion of the Jews, its objects, and the causes which led to their misinterpretation of it—the author informs us that "as early as the Babylonian captivity, some settlement of the Jews in Egypt appears to have been formed ;" or at all events, from the foundation of Alexandria they began to be established there in great numbers"—being allowed by the illustrious founder of that city "a share of privileges in common with his Macedonian colonists, and the free exercise of their religion," a liberality of policy which was continued towards them by his successors. As the author remarks, there seems to have been "a fatality in the connexion of the Jews with Egypt ; and when it ceased to be a scourge, it became a snare to them." The liberal policy pursued towards them there certainly seduced them into a grievous error. They had been directly commanded by God to perform their temple worship at the one place which He had appointed. Yet in violation of this express law, they sought and obtained permission to build a temple for themselves in Egypt, in order to avoid the inconvenience of an annual resort to Jerusalem. After this bold violation of God's command, and fatal departure from the path in which they had been directed to walk, it is not surprising to learn that they "began to imbibe many of the absurd fancies of the heathen philosophy, so much cultivated at that time at Alexandria, and blended it in their view of their own sacred doctrines ;" for those who could venture upon so bold a violation of God's law, as the erection of a separate temple in Egypt, to save themselves the trouble and expense of a journey to Jerusalem once a year, would be very unlikely long to resist the powerful seductions of so convenient a school as the Platonic. It does not appear that the Jewish creed was generally materially affected by what occurred in Egypt. Yet the intercourse between Jews and Gentiles, which, as the period of the advent approached, became general, could not fail to be productive of mischief to the former ; and so universal was this interspersion of Jews with Gentiles, as almost to justify, in the author's opinion, "a literal acceptation of St. James's assertion, that Moses had in every city them that preached him." Dr. Hinds infers, and with much likelihood of truth, that this comingling of Jews and Gentiles may have been permitted by God in order to afford to both "an opportunity of acquiring more preparatory light than either enjoyed, for the glorious scene that was approaching." But we must pass on to a brief notice of the religion of the Samaritans, which, though they "claimed for themselves all the privileges of the Mosaic covenant," cannot be identified either with that of the Jews or the Gentiles. It may be said to have partaken of the character of both, and yet to be distinct from either. And this peculiarity was perhaps the natural result of the origin of their faith. After the carrying away of the ten tribes into captivity by the King of Assyria, it appears that Samaria was repeopled by colonists drawn from various parts of the Assyrian dominions ; and it appears, also, that the country became infested with wild beasts. The colonists imagining that the God of Israel had, in his anger, sent them, one of the captive priests was sent from Assyria to "teach them how to fear the Lord." Hence a knowledge of Jehovah was introduced, and would naturally take root among them, and become mixed up with their idolatrous notions—so that religion with them would necessarily assume a "somewhat different character from that under which it has appeared either in the Jewish or the Gentile world." And with truth does Dr. Hinds concisely remark, that, religion "with the Jews, was revelation neglected—with the Gentiles, revelation perverted—and with the Samaritans, revelation corrupted." Yet, corrupted as may have been their religion, the true faith seems to have gained ground among them, for at a subsequent period they endeavoured to affect a union "with

Digitized by Google

the Jews, so as to form one people." But failing in this they erected for themselves an independent temple on Mount Gerizim, with a view to the more orderly observance of what they considered to be the pure Mosaic law—for be it remembered, one of their leading heresies was the rejection of all Scripture save the Pentateuch, or the writings of Moses. And it must not be forgotten that it was to them, and not to the Jews, that the Messiah condescended to declare himself in express terms. Because it affords a proof, that, "whatever were the deficiencies or the mistakes of the Samaritan creed," their views of a coming Messiah were more correct than those of their rivals the Jews. They held, in contradistinction from the Jews, that Christ's coming was to be a blessing to all nations; and it was doubtless owing to "this essential feature of their expectation" that the Messiah vouchsafed to give them a more explicit avowal of himself than he had given to the Jews.

With the views of Dr. Hinds on these points we entirely coincide; and we have dwelt upon this portion of the volume, not at greater length than it merits, for it is replete with interest, and suggestive of much that is valuable for reflection; but at greater length than what is in strict justice due to the volume before us, the introduction to which we have as yet only noticed. Nor will our space permit us at present to enter upon a lengthened review of the work. Suffice it, therefore, for the present to say, that as a Church History, it will be found faithfully correct, replete with learned criticism, and, from the systematic nature of its arrangement, to comprise a much greater amount and variety of information than is to be met with in similar works of greater extent, while the style is at once perspicuous and pleasing. Doubtless, there are many readers who will not be disposed to acquiesce in some of the views of the Right Rev. Lord with regard to church government, &c. But we opine, that, with no liberal and enlightened mind—liberal because enlightened—will the author's views on these points be considered as any detraction from the merits of his work as a Church History. And we venture to affirm that no such mind will rise from the perusal of the volume without the consciousness, that whenever it has been necessary to introduce controverted points, his Lordship has done so with a modesty and liberality, which, while it argues the sincerity of his own views, must gain for him the favourable opinion of those to whom he is opposed. And we can confidently recommend the work to all who desire to possess a lucid, well arranged, and concise, yet comprehensive history not of the church only, but of the rise and progress of religion and infidelity, from the first great era in the history of the latter.

Institutes of Theology. 2 vols. *Prelections on Butlers' "Analogy," Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and Hill's "Lectures in Divinity."* 1 vol. By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

In these volumes we have their illustrious author brought before us in his character of Professor of Divinity. The field travelled over is, of course, very wide, as will appear from the following brief statement of their contents:—Vol. I. General and Introductory, three chapters; Natural Theology, three chapters; Christian Evidences, ten chapters; Subject-matter of Christianity—Part I. On the Disease for which the Gospel Remedy is provided, eight chapters. Vol. II. Part II. On the Nature of the Gospel Remedy, thirteen chapters; Part III. On the Extent of the Gospel Remedy, seven chapters; Supplementary Lectures, six chapters. Vol. III. Introductory Lectures; Lectures on Butler's "Analogy;" Lectures on Paley's "Evidences of Christianity;" Notes on Hill's "Lectures in Divinity;" Opening Addresses delivered as Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.

Like many more, we anxiously looked for the publication of these treatises, and now that we have enjoyed the privilege of a careful perusal of them, we must say that our expectations, high though they were, have been fully realised, and our admiration and esteem for the celebrated author, if it were possible, still increased. The varied striking qualifications and pre-eminent endowments which made him shine so conspicuously in other departments, and rendered him the first of living preachers, these, we cannot fail to perceive, Dr. Chalmers carried with him, and turned to the best account, when transferred from the office of an instructor of the people to that of a teacher in one of the schools of the prophets—when he exchanged the pulpit for the professor's chair. More than this, in the way of commendation, it is impossible to say, and no more is necessary to indicate how precious a legacy has been bequeathed to the church, and what an invaluable service has been rendered to the cause of truth, by the publication of these treatises.

The subjoined extracts will help to show the correctness of the preceding statements.

Dr. Chalmers was quite a practical man; the question with him regarding any thing was—of what use will it be—will it benefit the world? and not—is it imposing and grand? or,—does it display great cleverness and scholarship? This invaluable characteristic he possessed to the end. We see it manifested in the very *plan* he adopted for instructing the students—not only delivering lectures of his own, but also conducting examinations from such text-books as Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, &c. We see the same evinced in the arrangement of his Theological Course, beginning with the more simple subjects and those lying nearest us, and advancing to those more abstruse and farther remote, thus adopting a mode of arrangement different from that generally followed in other systems of Divinity, but, in our opinion, preferable to the old one. The same love for the useful appears in the following advice:—

"It does not follow that because the theoretical exposition of this doctrine (Predestination) comes suitably from the academic chair, it is equally suitable for the pulpit. Now, I have ever thought that there should be the utmost delicacy and reserve in the introduction of it; the proper business of its ministrations being to ply men with the proximate and contiguous inducements for entering upon, or persevering in, a religious course, or to urge them on to that practical movement by which they turn from sin unto righteousness. It is a doctrine in fact which has less to do with the outset of the Christian course, than with the progress or the close of it; and it certainly serves at times to thicken those initial perplexities which beset the path of an inquirer. It is not with the decree that is behind him—it is not with the destiny that is before him, that the man who meditates an entrance on that career which leads to a blissful eternity, has properly to do. It is with the work of the day and the warfare of the day—it is with the prayers and performances of his current history—it is with the offers of pardon and the calls of penitence—it is with the danger of his irreligious course and the urgencies of his instant reformation—these it is the part of every minister to ply upon his people; and while he pours forth of his fervour and sincerity

Digitized by Google

upon them—this doctrine, at the very moment that it is exemplified, may not be recognised."

We have often heard of the striking effects produced by the delivery of the author's lectures on those who attended the Hall; and we wonder not that they should have been warmed, when called on to listen to such eloquent passages as the one we subjoin; and yet it is only a paraphrase of a passage delivered many years before in a sermon to a country congregation:—

"When crossed in the business of life, we have heard men taking comfort that it will be all the same a hundred years after this—a good reason why they should sit loose to this world's interests, but surely a better reason why they should forthwith enter on a busy preparation for the world which passeth not away. A hundred years after this! With what speed and what certainty will these hundred years arrive at their termination! This day will draw to a close, and a number of days makes up one revolution of the seasons. Year follows after year, and a number of years makes up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears to the eye of the fancy so big and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come, and they will carry along with them the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on its mother's bosom will only live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and intelligence before you will be changed into the dark and loathsome forms of corruption. The people who hear you will cease to be spoken of; their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms, the dark and creeping things which live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies: their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in loose and scattered fragments among the earth of the new-made grave."

Though a giant in attainments, and towering above most of his fellow-men, yet he had the modesty and humility of a little child. How delightful it is to find this lovely feature in full operation in the academic chair, and the entire absence of all pedantry and pride of learning:—

"It delights me to find that all of Scripture truth which is of effect to medicate and enlarge the soul, or make it meet for Heaven, like any of the cheap or common bounties of nature, is accessible to every one; not monopolized, as an unfeeling pedantry would have it, by a select few, who hold exclusive possession of the only cipher which unlocks the treasures of revelation; but brought—by the help, not of a rare and difficult, but of a very ordinary and every day scholarship—brought within the ken even of the humblest of our common people. There are depths and recesses in Scripture criticism which have only been explored by linguists and philologists of the first order; and the biblical curiosities which they have fetched up are worthy of a place in the cabinet of the student, or in what may be termed the museums of theology. I say nothing to intercept or to mar this enjoyment; and so far from discouraging the labours of these collectors, I trust they will persevere till every conquerable difficulty shall be unriddled, and so long as any farther approximation can be made to the immaculate edition that will form a perfect exemplar of the words, to the faultless, the unexceptionable version that will form as perfect an exemplar of the mind and meaning of the Bible. But with all the complacency I feel in the progress of these lucubrations, I confess a thousandfold higher complacency in the cheering thought that, through the medium of the English version as it stands, with all its errors and all its susceptibilities of improvement, the light of saving knowledge can be poured forth so clearly and abundantly throughout the families of our land, that all the critics and lexicographers of all of our universities can make no sensible addition either to its brilliancy or to its fulness. To me the intolerable thing is that haughty and heartless scholarship which would feel a pleasure in disowning this, or rather would not feel most triumphant satisfaction in the thought of our species—even to the most sunken in want and drudgery—being so richly and so largely provided for. It is well to be told of the Polyglots and Thesauruses, and other elaborate compends and digests of biblical lore, in the preparation of which the lives and labours of our mightiest men, whether on the field of controversy or in the high places of a recondite and lofty erudition, have been expended. But is it not also well to be told that in the Bible—the current and familiar Bible—used in every village school, and a universal inmate or companion in the tenements of our peasantry—that in this book, not the truth only, but the whole truth which is unto salvation, without adulteration, without change, without defect, for not one particle of essential doctrine or duty is there wanting—that thence the light, which is the life of man, shines in the eyes of a pious cottage family with a lustre which no learning can either enhance or extinguish; and, in a word, that the real subject-matter of Christianity is placed before them so entire and so unimpaired by the transitions which it has undergone, in the lapse of centuries, from one country and from one language to another, that all the truths and all the treasures of immortality are their own."

The author's religious views are known to have been those of Calvin and of Jonathan Edwards of America. The latter occupied a very high place in his estimation, as will be seen from the following passage:—

"And now we shall have recourse again to the more precise though prosaic argument of Edwards, who, though not the first that entered on the field of this philosophy, was the first that entered it with the might and the prowess of a conqueror, and has made it all his own. His is far the highest name which the New World has to boast of; and if aught can enhance our reverence for the achievement by which he distanced so immeasurably all the speculations of all the schools in Europe, it must be that it was an achievement consecrated by the deepest sense of religion, and performed by a man who, almost unconscious of science, or at least unambitious of all its honours, was prompted to the task which he fulfilled so admirably, by his devotedness to that cause which, as a Christian minister, he felt to be the dearest and the best. There is, indeed, a wide contrast between the unlettered people among whom he laboured as a pastor, and the philosophers with whom, as an author, he held converse; and something most touchingly beautiful in the adaptation that he made of himself to both—giving rise to a corresponding contrast between the plain ministrations of his Sabbath, and the profound musings and inspirations of his solitude. His book on the 'Freedom of the Will,' with a homeliness of style that represents the worth and the simplicity of his private life—by the fine staple of its thoughts, and the whole texture of its wondrous argument, is an undying testimony to the superiority and unrivalled strength of his metaphysical talents. Never was there a happier combination of great power with great piety; and were it not for the higher examples, and the surpassing volume wherewith Heaven has directly furnished us, I would hold it as the brightest eulogy both on the character and the genius of any clergyman, that he copied the virtues and had imbibed the theology of Edwards."

The same peculiarity of style which distinguishes all the author's writings, characterises the volumes before us. We refer to his well-known practice of presenting the same idea, over and over again, in various aspects—a peculiarity that led the celebrated Robert Hall to compare the author's mode of treating a subject to the workings of a kaleidoscope:—

"There is a distinction made by theologians between the active and the passive righteousness of Christ. Substantially, I am inclined to adopt it. I hold it to be scriptural, and there is a fulness in the conception which better accords with all that we are taught to believe respecting the fulness of the Gospel remedy, and which seems suited to the real exigencies of our species. By this view He is regarded, not merely as having suffered, but as having served for us—not merely as having born our penalties, and so furnished us with a plea for forgiveness, but as having done our work of incumbent obedience, and so furnished us with a plea for reward. He hath done more than purchased our release from the agonies of Hell. He hath purchased for us an inheritance in Heaven. Had He only brought an atonement into the world, we should have been but as assoilized criminals, or dismissed simpliciter from the bar—freed from the vengeance of our country's outraged laws. But He brought in an everlasting righteousness also, and on its strength we are preferred to a seat

Digitized by Google

of honour and distinction in the palace of our Sovereign. On the limited conception of the matter, we are but placed in a midway state between a wretched and a blissful eternity. On the extended conception of it, there is secured our complete translation from the condemnation of the one, to the triumphs and enjoyments of the other. The redemption that is through the blood of Jesus, is but the forgiveness of sins. But He is made unto us righteousness, as well as redemption; and we, in virtue of this glorious investure, can lay positive claim to a place and a preferment in Paradise. In a word, we can not only plead the efficacy of His death—we can plead the affirmative merit of His obedience; and so, all humbled as we ought to be when we think of our destitution in ourselves, we in Him have both a right of discharge from the prison house of condemnation, and a right of entry into the upper mansions that He has gone to prepare for us."

Throughout the volumes we have not only the theologian, but also the philosopher and man of literature and science, addressing us; and it is delightful to observe the frequent use the author makes of his rich stores of science and philosophy, in expounding and illustrating the different parts of divine truth. Indeed, one cannot fail to see how much the value and superiority of the work before us is owing to this combination of gifts in the writer. Out of many, we give an example of this—not certainly the most striking that might be selected:—

"In further illustration of this high theme, when propounding it to the more lettered of your hearers, you may add that the planet we occupy forms part of the material world; and that if it lost the inclination of its gravity to the sun, it would drift waywardly in space, and become an outcast from the harmonies of the great mundane system. Such an arrangement would, besides, disturb and derange mightily the terrestrial physics of our globe; yet, without their annihilation or the entire reversal of any of their laws—for still might magnetism and cohesion and chemistry retain their wonted affinities and produce their wonted effects, even on the surface of this stray world. And so the rational species by whom our planet is inhabited, form part of the moral world; and, should the hold of our allegiance be broken, we quit the place that belonged to us, and wander afar from God's spiritual and unfallen family. Such an event must—such an event has—introduced the utmost derangement and disorder, both into the relations and the ethics of our terrestrial society. Yet it has not utterly destroyed these relations, nor has it utterly extinguished the ethics; and there do, in the midst of all our alienation from God—there do, after the extinction of all true religious principle, survive other principles that operate beauteously and beneficially among the families of earth. There still subsist many of the equities of social life, many of the charities of home and kindred, many of the courtesies, not of manner alone, but of honest friendship, many, in short, of the honourable and kind-hearted virtues of good citizenship; the citizenship of the world, we mean, though we have no part in the citizenship of Heaven. It is not needed to prop the cause of orthodoxy, it is not needed harshly to refuse them, as has been done by many a stern theologian. There are undoubted virtues in the world—but still the virtues of a world which, in reference to God, is lying in wickedness. There are the affinities and the duties of brotherhood amongst us—but such a brotherhood as we might observe among exiles, whom their crimes have separated from the community which gave them birth. We have not entirely broken out among ourselves; but we have entirely broken with our God. We have laws of our own which we may or may not adhere to—laws of state, laws of honour, laws of conventional morality; but the law of love to God has lost its hold of us; and before the justice that sits on the eternal throne, we must all lie low in the abyss of condemnation. We may range the better and the best of such a world around a terrestrial standard; but under this celestial standard, to speak of sinners greater and less, is to speak of distances greater and less of earthly places from the sun. God reads on every forehead the characters of revolt and dissatisfaction against himself; He looks across a dreary gulf of separation from us all, and finds that there is none who understandeth, none who seeketh after God."

To ministers and students the "Institutes" must especially be useful and attractive; but we should regret if the privilege of possessing and perusing them were enjoyed only by them. Such is the simplicity and charm of the author's mode of handling the subjects, and such the popular way in which the lectures have been prepared, that there is nothing to prevent any ordinary mind from reading them with great profit and delight. There are many such passages as the one with which we conclude:—

"Let me first, then, instead of our supposed criminal, fasten on a man of average and every-day character in society—such a one as we meet daily in hundreds upon our streets, or in the walks of ordinary fellowship—a person who divides his time between the sleep which refreshes him and the food which sustains him, and the work which earns for him the means or materials of his livelihood—one who is not at all to be shunned or execrated as a delinquent, but a very tolerable, companionable, and neighbourlike person, who loves his children, or the members of his own household, very much as the bulk or the generality of other folks do—keeps up a fair and courteous standing with his acquaintance—pays to all their dues—and, on the whole, makes his way evenly and inoffensively through the world. I would just ask such a person—and I have no doubt there are hundreds of such in many a congregation—that he will just look on these the wonted stages or cycles of his history, and, taking a review of the thoughts, and the feelings, and the desires, and the purposes that pass all the while in ceaseless and busy succession through his heart, will he just tell me how much or how little of God has been there? I do not wish to overtask his memory, and therefore will not send him over a very wide or extended survey of the years that are past; but, to facilitate and abridge the labour of this self-examination, I would rather, if he chose, limit him to the retrospect of a single day, and to fix on the most recent and so the freshest in his recollection of any—I would bid him take an account of the proceedings of yesterday, and then tell me how much or how little the will of God had to do with them. Was His will thought of at all, or ever once adverted to? Did the principle, to walk worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing—did this principle give direction to one movement, or impulse to a single footstep in the transactions of yesterday? Was it the history of a self-willed and self-regulating creature, or of a creature ever looking upward from the earth he treads on to his Creator in the heavens, and subordinating himself in all things to the rightful authority of this Sovereign and Supreme Lawgiver? Let him tell me, in a word, was it God's will or his will—whether the promptings of his own spontaneous inclination, or the precepts that issue from the throne of God—which of these, we ask, presided, or had the practical ascendancy over the whole course and conduct of the very last day which rolled over him? We leave the question to every man's conscience, and if it do bear witness to a godless yesterday, then, although the lights of our own memory should fail, there is a book of remembrance which tells in undying characters if the habit and character of this one day be not of a piece with the habit and character of all our days upon earth; and so the godless yesterday were but the type and representative of a godless past week, a godless past month, a godless past year, a godless life-time; or that, in other words, from the first breath of our infancy to the moment of the reckoning which we now hold, we may have been living in exile from God, living without God in the world."

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. By Lord Campbell. In 2 vols. London: John Murray.

A work of this nature cannot be properly noticed in a mere register, but our attention at present is entirely confined to the first volume. Lord Campbell dedicates his work very gracefully to his son, who pursues the profession of the law, with a better prospect than that through which his father struggled from the Fifeshire manse, St. Andrews, and the *Morning Chronicle* office, to the Chancellorship of Ireland, and its liberal retiring allowance. Lives of the Chief Justices come appropriately from Lord Campbell after the completion of the Chancellors. The latter work has not gained for him the

Digitized by Google

Woolsack, and it is rumoured that he will be now contented with the Chief Justiceship if Lord Denman would retire; but the *Times* has failed to persuade the present Chief Justice that he is done—a respectable man, deserving to be superannuated.

As to the commencement of the office of Chief Justice, Lord Campbell says that the office was introduced by William the Conqueror from Normandy. The office was thus a badge of conquest, entirely opposed to the customs and habits of the Anglo-Saxons. Centralization indeed came in with the Normans, and no doubt exists that the Saxons before the day of Hastings were nearly in the position of the Anglo-Saxons in the United States at present, except that the slaves were white. Free men were very free, and bought or sold slaves. The best half of the first volume is necessarily occupied with statements regarding men of whom the world knows little, and for whom now it cares less; but they have cost the author long hours of poring into records that could only have been agreeable to a writer with a legal turn of mind. Happily, in this instance, that quality is joined to a facility and clearness of style that weaves all those lawyer tales together like a romance. After looking over the first volume, we find few names belonging to persons who are not amongst the illustriously obscure, of whom mankind say nothing evil.

Odo, the first of the Chief Justiciars, was a remarkably wicked person, and quite ungrateful to his great patron, the first William, who put him into one of his dungeons, and there confined him, in his strong town and tower of Rouen, till death dealt with the Conqueror, and his friends warned him that forgiveness became the dying. Odo did not improve by adversity, and died at last in poverty in Palermo. The office was held, in past times, generally by men who gained their knowledge of the civil law as soldiers or as ecclesiastics. Thus, William de Warrenne and Richard Glanville—both undoubted plagues of the Scots—held the office, although of course they knew little of the principles subsequently set forth by their illustrious successor, Coke.

The history of the Chief Justices is, in reality, a history of England, from the Conquest downwards, enlivened by personal anecdotes. For our purpose, however, it is better to notice the estimates formed of one illustrious Chief Justice, than to attempt here to follow the probable future Chief Justice through the maze that he has threaded.

Coke's name is, from the nature of his works, best known to the profession; and Hales, from his invincible adherence to justice, best beloved by the people. The world did not always favour the great commentator on English law; but the legal world is perhaps indebted to that circumstance, for he passed his retirement in correcting his great work:—

"The first months of Coke's retirement were devoted to the publication of a new edition of his 'Commentary on Littleton,' which was the most accurate and valuable, till the *thirteenth*, given to the world in the end of the last century by those very learned lawyers Hargrave and Butler. We have scanty information respecting the occupations and the incidents which befel him, till the closing scene of his life. He continued constantly to reside at Stoke Pogis. He was never reconciled to Lady Hatton, who, there is reason to fear, grumbled at his longevity. Mr. Garrard, in a letter, written in the year 1633, to Lord-Deputy Strafford, says, 'Sir Edward Coke was said to be dead, all one morning in Westminster Hall, this term, insomuch that his wife got her brother, the Lord Wimbledon, to post with her to Stoke, to get possession of that place; but beyond Colebrook they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who told her of his much amendment, which made them also return to London; some distemper he had fallen into for want of sleep, but is now well again.'

"Till a severe accident which he met with, he had constantly refused 'all dealings with doctors,' and 'he was wont to give God solemn thanks that he never gave his body to physic, nor his heart to cruelty, nor his hand to corruption.' When turned of eighty, and his strength declining rapidly, a vigorous attempt was made to induce him to take medical advice; of this we have a lively account in a letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville:—'Sir Edward Coke being now very infirm in body, a friend of his sent him two or three doctors to regulate his health, whom he told that he had never taken physic since he was born, and would not now begin; and that he had now upon him a disease which all the drugs of Asia, the gold of Africa, nor all the doctors of Europe, could cure—old age. He therefore both thanked them and his friend that sent them, and dismissed them nobly with a reward of twenty pieces to each man.'

"Of his accident, which, in the first instance, produced no serious effects, there is the following account entered by him in his diary, in the same firm and clear hand which he wrote at thirty:—'The 3d of May, 1632, riding in the morning in Stoke, between eight and nine o'clock, to take the air, my horse under me had a strange stumble backwards, and fell upon me (being above eighty years old), where my head lighted near to sharp stubbles, and the heavy horse upon me. And yet, by the providence of Almighty God, though I was in the greatest danger, yet I had not the least hurt, nay, no hurt at all. For Almighty God saith by his prophet David, "the angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them;" *et nomen Domini benedictum*, for it was his work.'

"But he had received some internal injury by his fall, and from this time he was almost constantly confined to the house. His only domestic solace was the company of his daughter, Lady Purbeck, whom he had forgiven—probably from a consciousness that her errors might be ascribed to his utter disregard of her inclinations when he concerted her marriage. She continued piously to watch over him till his death."

Even when thus usefully employed, he incurred the wrath of a fretful king and his jealous favourites, who suspected treason in Coke upon Littleton, and seized the copy:—

"The Ex-Chief Justice was looked upon with constant suspicion, and the Government was eagerly disposed to make him the subject of prosecution. Buckingham had fallen by the hand of an assassin, but his arbitrary system of government was strenuously carried on by Laud, and those who had succeeded to power; taxes were levied without authority of parliament; illegal proclamations were issued, to be enforced in the Star Chamber; and Noy's device of ship-money was almost mature. Sir Edward Coke, having then resided in the same county with Hampden, and at no great distance from him, it is conjectured, without any positive evidence, that they consulted together as to the manner in which the law and the constitution might be vindicated. So much is certain, that, from secret information which the Government had obtained, Sir Francis Windebank, the Secretary of State, by order of the King and council, came to Stoke on the first of September, 1634, attended by several messengers, to search for seditious papers, and, if any were found, to arrest the author. On their arrival they found Sir E. Coke on his death-bed. They professed that they would, under these circumstances, offer him no personal annoyance; but they insisted on searching every room in the house, except that in which he lay, and they carried away all the papers, of whatever description, which they could lay their hands upon. Among these were, the original MS. from which he had printed the 'Commentary on Littleton;' the MS. of his Second, Third, and Fourth Institutes, his last will, and many other papers in his handwriting. It is believed that Sir Edward Coke remained ignorant of this outrage, and that his dying moments were undisturbed. He had been gradually sinking for some time, and on the 3rd of September, 1634, he expired, in the

Digitized by Google

eighty-third year of his age; enjoying to the last the full possession of his mental powers, and devoutly ejaculating, 'Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done!' His remains were deposited in the family burying place at Titleshall in Norfolk, where a most magnificent marble monument has been erected to his memory, with a very long inscription, of which the following will probably be considered a sufficient specimen:—

"'Quique dum vixit, Bibliotheca viva,
Mortuus dici meruit Bibliotheca parens,
Duodecem Liberorum, tredecim librorum Pater.'

For the benefit of the unlearned, there is another inscription in the vulgar tongue, which, after pompously describing his life and death, thus edifyingly concludes,

"'Learne, reader, to live so, that thou mayst so die.'"

Sir E. Coke, as may have been reasonably expected, had little respect for poetry, except as illustrative of the law, and did not participate in the respect for genius and the courtship of the Muses shown by many of his successors. He never wrote sonnets like those of Lord Robertson, or tragedies like Sergeant Talfourd, but he wrote law.

The antipathy for poetry extended itself with more force to the drama, and the Chief Justice despised the giant of his era, accounting Shakspeare nothing better than a vagrant. This disclosure will not gratify the friends of the Bard of Avon, but good men of strong prejudices exist in all generations; and Shakspeare even may seem more admirable at a distance than he looked to his neighbour the Chief Justice:—

"He values the father of English poetry only in so far as the 'Canon's Yeoman's Tale' illustrates the statute 5, Hen. IV., c. 4, against alchymy, or the craft of multiplication of metals; and he classes the worshipper of the Muses with the most worthless and foolish of mankind. 'The fatal end of these five is beggary—the alchemist, the monopotext, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster:—

"'Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.'

"He shunned the society of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, as of *vagrants* who ought to be set in the stocks, or whipped from tithing to tithing. The Bankside Company having, one summer, opened a theatre at Norwich, while he was recorder of that city, in his next charge to the grand jury he thus launched out against them:—

"'I will request that you carefully put into execution the statute against *vagrants*—since the making whereof I have found fewer thieves, and the gaol less pestered than before. The abuse of *stage players*, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may easily be reformed, they having no commission to play in any place without leave; and, therefore, if by your willingness they be not entertained, you may soon be rid of them.'

"His progress in science we may judge of by his dogmatic assertion that 'the metals are six, and no more—gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and iron; and they all proceed originally from sulphur and quicksilver, as from their father and mother.'"

The legal works of Coke have been received as authoritative by lawyers in all the times between Shakspeare and the present, but Lord Campbell doubts their accuracy in some cases:—

"Notwithstanding the value of his Reports, no reporter could venture to imitate him. He represents a great many questions to be '*resolved*' which were quite irrelevant, or never arose at all in the cause; and these he disposes of according to his own fancy. Therefore, he is often rather a codifier or legislator than a reporter: and this mode of settling or reforming the law would not now be endured, even if another lawyer of his learning and authority should arise. Yet all that he recorded as having been adjudged was received with reverence. The popularity of his Reports was much increased by the publication of a metrical abstract or rubric of the points determined, beginning with the name of the plaintiff. Thus:—

"'Hubbard: If lord impose excessive fine,
The tenant safely payment may decline.'
(1 Rep. 27.)

"'Cawdry: 'Gainst cam non prayer if parson say
In sermon aught, bishop deprive him may.'
(5 Rep. 1.)

"His *opus magnum* is his Commentary on Littleton, which in itself may be said to contain the whole common law of England as it then existed. Notwithstanding its want of method and its quaintness, the author writes from such a full mind, with such mastery over his subject, and with such unbroken spirit, that every law student who has made, or is ever likely to make, any proficiency, must peruse him with delight.

"He apologises for writing these Commentaries in English, 'for that they are an introduction to the knowledge of the national law of the realm; a work necessary, and yet heretofore not undertaken by any, albeit in all other professions there are the like. I cannot conjecture that the general communicating these laws in the English tongue can work any inconvenience.'

"This work which he thus dedicates—

"'Hæc ego Grandævus Posui Tibi Candide Lector,'

was the most valuable fruit of his leisure after he had been tyrannically turned out of office, and in composing it he seems to have lost all sense of the ill usage under which he had suffered, for he refers in his preface to 'the reign of our late sovereign lord King James, of *famous and ever blessed memory*.'"

The religion of the lawyer was doubtless sincere, but his profession was of an official character:—

"In his old age, he agreed with the Puritans, but he continued to support the Established Church; and, a great peer threatening to dispute the rights of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, he stopped him by saying, 'If you proceed, I will put on my cap and gown, and follow the cause through Westminster Hall.' From his large estate, he had considerable ecclesiastical patronage, which he always exercised with perfect purity, saying, in the professional jargon of which he was so fond, 'Livings ought to pass by *Livery and Seisin*, and not by *Bargain and Sale*.' He certainly was a very religious, moral, and temperate man, although he was suspected of giving to law a considerable portion of those hours, which, in the distribution of time, he professed to allot to prayer and the Muses, according to his favourite Cantalena:—

"Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis
Quatuor orabis, des epulis que duas
Quod superest ultra sacris largire."—CAMONIS.

The following particulars regarding the family of Sir Edward Coke, whose descendant was the best English farmer of recent times, are interesting:—

"He never betrayed a friend, or truckled to an enemy. He never tampered with the integrity of judges, or himself took a bribe. When he had risen to influence, he exerted it strenuously in support of the laws and liberties of his country, instead of being the advocate of every abuse, and the abettor of despotic sway. When he lost his high office, he did not retire from public life 'with wasted spirits and an oppressed mind,' overwhelmed by the consciousness of guilt; but bold, energetic, and uncompromising, from the lofty feeling of integrity, he placed himself at the head of that band of patriots to whom we are mainly indebted for the free institutions which we now enjoy.

"Lady Hatton, his second wife, survived him many years. On his death she took possession of the house at Stoke Pogis, and there she was residing when the civil war broke out. Having strenuously supported the Parliament against the King, when Prince Rupert approached her with a military force, she fled, leaving behind her a letter addressed to him, in which having politely said, 'I am most heartily sorry to fly from this dwelling when I hear your Excellency is coming so near it, which, however, with all in and about it, is most willingly exposed to your pleasure and accommodation,' she gives him this caution:—'The Parliament is the only firm foundation of the greatest establishment the King or his posterity can wish and attain, and, therefore, if you should persist in the unhappiness

Digitized by Google

to support any advice to break the Parliament, upon any pretence whatsoever, you shall concur to destroy the best groundwork for his Majesty's prosperity.'

"Sir Edward Coke, by his first wife, had seven sons, but none of them gained any distinction except Clement, the sixth, who being a member of the House of Commons at the beginning of the reign of Charles I, in the debate upon the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, had the courage to use these words:—'It is better to die by an enemy than to suffer at home;' for which there came a message of complaint from the crown, and he would have been sent to the Tower but for the great respect for the ex-Chief Justice, who was sitting by his side, and disdained to make any apology for him.

"Roger Coke, a grandson of the Chief Justice, in the year 1660, published a book, entitled 'Justice Vindicated,' which, although without literary merit, contains many curious anecdotes of the times in which the author lived.

"In 1747, Thomas Coke, the lineal heir of the Chief Justice, was raised to the peerage by the titles of Viscount Coke, and Earl of Leicester; but on his death the male line became extinct. The family was represented through a female by the late Thomas Coke, Esq., who, inheriting the Chief Justice's estate, and love of liberty, after representing the County of Norfolk in the House of Commons for half-a-century, was, in 1837, created Viscount Coke, and Earl of Leicester, titles now enjoyed by the son. Holkham, I hope, may long prove an illustration of the saying of the venerable ancestor of this branch of the Cokes, that the blessing of Heaven specially descends on the posterity of a great lawyer.'"

The second volume, being nearer our own times, appears more useful than the first in many respects, and we will examine it more fully at another opportunity.

RAILWAY AND JOINT-STOCK BUSINESS OF THE MONTH.

RAILWAYS.

The month of January is generally the quietest in the year in regard to railway transactions. We have few business meetings of any kind to record, and those are of a comparatively unimportant character. The year, so far, is auspicious to railway property, as a considerable improvement has been experienced in the stock of the leading companies. Whether it will be maintained, or rise still higher in value, is doubtful; though the general impression is, that we have seen the worst, and that a steady advance in the shares of good companies may be expected. There is, however, some agitation on foot respecting one or two leading companies, which tend to assist the Bears. The shareholders of the Caledonian Company are organising a strong opposition to the present directors, in order to effect a change of board at the next half-yearly meeting; and the North Staffordshire proprietors are engaged in a similar work. Both parties complain that their directors have ruined, instead of managed their property, and they do not scruple to say so at public meetings, and through the press. Hence a spirit of distrust and fear is kept alive, which checks the upward tendency of stock setting in, now that the public are recovering somewhat from the Hudson panic.

Speaking of Mr. Hudson, after a long silence, he has at last volunteered a defence, which has extensively gone the round of the press in the form of an advertisement. The case he endeavours to make out, however, is deemed by many far from satisfactory or straightforward, and is to a great extent an admission of the bungling which characterised his reign.

The actual business of the month may be condensed into a narrow compass; and is to the following effect:—

York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway.—A special general meeting of this company was held at York on January 8, to consider an arrangement for extending the time for payment of the purchase money of that line; and also an agreement between the new directors and Mr. Hudson, by which all legal proceedings against that gentleman were to be abandoned on his paying a stipulated sum to the company. After some opposition, resolutions, approving of the plan of settlement suggested by the directors, were unanimously adopted.

Walton and Driffield Junction Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at Walton on Tuesday, 8th January, the Earl of Carlisle in the chair. The directors' report showed that the receipts up to the 30th December, 1849, amounted to £132,525 5s. 7d.; payments to £129,409 14s. 2d.; leaving a balance in the hands of the bankers of £3,115 11s. 5d. The works are stated to be rapidly approaching completion.

Railway Audit.—At a general meeting of directors and other officials connected with railways, held in London, January 16, it was resolved to abandon the bill formerly agreed to—and to leave the matter to be discussed and settled by the shareholders at the forthcoming half-yearly meetings.

Scottish Central Railway.—A special general meeting of this company was held at Perth, on Tuesday, January 22, for the purpose of considering and determining what course it would be most expedient and advisable for the company to pursue, in consequence of the refusal of the London and North-Western, Lancaster and Carlisle, and Caledonian Railway Companies to continue the working of the line, in terms of the working agreement. Lord Duncan in the chair. The Chairman moved the adoption of the report of the directors, which was seconded by Mr. Bruce, when the Marquis of Breadalbane moved an amendment to the effect, "That a committee of shareholders be appointed to investigate the affairs of the company, including an investigation into all contracts and agreements of every description heretofore entered into by the directors, and to report thereon; an inquiry into the general management of the line, the revenue, expenditure, and liabilities of the company, and to report their opinion thereon, and as to what line of conduct they would recommend to be adopted by the company. And that, in carrying out such investigation, the committee shall have power to call competent accountants, counsel, and engineers to their assistance, and to examine the directors, officials, and books of the company, and have all the powers necessary for making their investigation. And, in the meantime, that the directors should do nothing to alter the position in which this company now stands in relation to the southern or other companies, and that the following gentlemen form the committee:—Mr. W. Bonar, Mr. Buchanan, Edinburgh; Mr. Wilson, do.; Mr. Bridges, W.S.; and Col. J. A. Robertson, Edinburgh." Mr. Spiers seconded the amendment, which was adopted, and the directors immediately resigned.

North Staffordshire Railway.—A meeting of the Metropolitan shareholders in this railway was held at the London Tavern, on the 22d January, for the purpose of "considering the expediency of obtaining a committee of inquiry to investigate the affairs of the company generally, to reduce the number of directors, to diminish the working and other expenses, and to co-operate with the committee of shareholders already formed in Staffordshire for similar purposes." There was a large attendance of proprietors. Major-General Briggs was voted to the chair. Mr. A. Asher Goldsmid proposed the following resolution: "That it seems expedient to this meeting that measures be immediately adopted for the formation of a committee of shareholders at or after the ensuing half-yearly meeting of the North Staffordshire shareholders, at Stoke-upon-Trent, on the 30th instant, if it should be then thought necessary to inquire generally into the position and engagements of the North Staffordshire Railway Company; the relations with the London and North Western, and the probability of any saving being effected in the expenditure. Mr. Durham seconded the resolution, which, after some discussion, passed unanimously, the words "if it should be thought necessary" having been first expunged. A deputation of London shareholders

Digitized by Google

composed of General Briggs, Mr. Taunton, Mr. Renwick, Mr. R. P. Brown, and Mr. George Smith, was appointed to collect the proxies of such persons as might be unable to attend the meeting at Stoke, with a view of supporting the resolutions for a committee of investigation.

This comprises all the material business of the month under the head of Railways.

INSURANCE COMPANIES, BANKS, &c.

Subjoined will be found an abstract of the transactions of the month connected with this important branch of joint-stock enterprise.

Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society.—The annual court of proprietors was held in London on the 22d of January—Anthony Hudson, Esq., in the chair. The accounts were arranged under three classes—First, the annual balance sheet of the cash transactions of the office; second, the capital account, and how invested at the 29th September last; third, a return of the aggregate sum insured in the past year, amounting to £60,994,177. The President remarked that the annual income of the office for premiums on insurances now amounted to £93,500 0s. 10d., a greater sum than ever before was received in a single year. The losses by fire in the past year were below the average, and the result of the year's transactions left them with a profit of £22,746 13s. 7d., which, added to a former reserve of £14,016 19s., gave them a total of £36,753 13s. 2d. now disposable. A dividend of £10 per cent. on the paid-up capital was declared. The President next adverted to a loss of £20,000 sustained by the society in Derbyshire. Provision was made for this loss by the reserves in hand of £24,000. Henry Browne, Esq., then moved, "That this court, having taken into consideration the resolution come to at an extraordinary board of directors, held on the 28th day of November last, that it was advisable to continue this society for a term of years beyond the original term of thirty years mentioned in the deed of settlement, such further term to commence on and from the 6th day of August, which will be in the year 1851, when the original term will expire—doth resolve on the further continuance of the society, and to fix such further term at thirty years, to commence on and from the 6th day of August, 1851. And this court doth also resolve that the said society shall be continued upon the same laws, regulations, and conditions as are expressed in the society's deed of settlement." P. J. Money, Esq., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Hailstorm Insurance Company.—On the 20th of January last, the annual meeting of the shareholders was held at the office, in St. Giles's Street, Norwich—Samuel Bignold, Esq., in the chair. The statement of the accounts was so satisfactory, that bonuses of 75, 60, 45, or 30 per cent. were declared, according to the number of years the parties have insured; and a dividend of 5 per cent., with a bonus of ten shillings. The society has never had a single case litigated. It secures the safety of its insurers by the whole of the capital, £150,000. The report stated that the whole £150,000 capital stock has been subscribed for; and, after appropriating £1,500 to form an additional reserve fund, each proprietor will receive a bonus of 10s. per share, to be added as a credit to his paid-up capital; and to each insurer a bonus of 75 per cent. upon his annual premium, where he has been insured for five years, with a proportionate lesser amount in case of insurance for a smaller number of years; the insurers' bonus to be payable upon the renewal of their insurances.

National Mercantile Life Assurance Society.—The following report of the past year's business in the life department was read at the recent meeting of this society. This society has been singularly fortunate in only having had to pay the small sum of £1,500 for claims by deaths caused by cholera; and the amount paid for claims by deaths, from all causes, from the commencement of the society, in 1837, up to the present period, does not amount to more than £32,600 11s. 1d., being less than the present income of the society for one year. One of the advantages held out by this society is "economy in the management." The total amount of current annual expenditure of 26 offices (exclusive of commission and medical fees), by their last published balance sheets, was £142,625, averaging for each office 5,486*l.* The expenditure of this office for the last year (exclusive of commission and medical fees), amounts to 2,695*l.*, showing a difference in favour of this office, as compared with the above, of 2,791*l.*

The total amount assured during the four years, ending December, 1845, was —	£355,605 18
During the four years, ending December, 1849, was — — — — — —	653,985 13

Showing an increase during the last, as compared with the preceding four years, of 84 per cent. During the same period the assets of the society have increased upwards of 100 per cent.

City of London Life Assurance Company.—The annual meeting of this institution was held in London on the 23d of January—James R. Bennett, Esq., M.D., in the chair. The number of new policies issued from the 1st Nov., 1848, to 31st October, 1849, was 148, assuring the sum of £66,097 11s. 2d., and producing an additional income of £2,263 9s. 3d. There had also been 31 proposals for insuring the sum of £16,102 declined. The total number of policies in force on 31st October last was 597, assuring a sum of £209,729 2s. 10d., and producing (after deducting the premiums upon all lapsed policies) an annual income of £7,766 14s. 1d. To these had been since added 16 policies, assuring £5,747, and increasing the annual income to £7,998 2s. 10d. In the third year of the society's existence a claim for £500 had become payable. During the past year a further claim of £1,000 only had arisen, and that from the epidemic which was recently so prevalent. The balance sheet showed an amount of receipts under various heads, £90,844 10s. 4d. A dividend of 5 per cent. was declared.

Sovereign Life Assurance Company.—The fourth ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of this company was held in London, on the 2d January—Lord Arthur Lenox in the chair. The report contained the following statement—That, from the 9th October, 1848, to the 9th October, 1849, there have been issued 218 policies, covering assurances to the extent of £112 350, and yielding annual premiums to the amount of £3,221 9s. 2d.; 187 of these policies were issued during the last nine months of the year; and there is a marked increase of business throughout the whole of the financial year 1849, compared with the corresponding months of the year preceding. The renewal premiums received on subsisting assurances during the past year have amounted to £3,570 10s. 3d.; the premiums received on new policies, during the same time, have been £3,047 14s. 6d., being an increase on the preceding 2¾ years of about 86 per cent. The premiums received during last year amounted to £6,614 14s. 9d. From the commencement of business to 9th of Oct. last, there were issued 638 policies, covering assurances to the amount of £206,539, and yielding annual premiums to the amount of £8,542 5s. 4d., and of these no less than 130 policies, assuring to the extent £62,205 have lapsed, the annual premiums on which equal £1,811 5s. 10d. There have been made to the company no less than 1,140 proposals for assurances, amounting to upwards of £625,000, and out of this number 673 only have been accepted and completed. This large number of proposals which have been declined is principally to be accounted for by the care exercised on the part of the medical officers, and the determination of the

Digitized by Google

Board not to accept a life in any case without satisfactory evidence of the individual being in a good state of health. The total amount which has been assured exceeds, however, £300,000, in respect of which upwards of £15,000 has been received in premiums. The total amount of all claims from death from the commencement of the company to this date (four lives only having fallen in) is £2,500, which is more than covered by £400, the consideration for an annuity which has ceased by the death of the annuitant, and £2,795 17s 2d, the amount of premiums received on account of policies which have lapsed. The sum of £3,235 has been received for annuities granted. The annual income from premiums of policies in force is now upwards of £7,300. The report was carried, after which a dividend of 5 per cent. was declared for the past year.

Temperance and General Provident Institution.—In their last annual report, the directors announced an increase in the year's business, as compared with former years, of no less than 30 per cent. They have now to report a still further increase of upwards of 100 per cent. The entrance premiums on assurances effected in 1840, as compared with those of 1848, are more than doubled. The accounts have been balanced as usual to the 20th November, and the balance in favour of the institution at that date, exclusive of deposits and claims not due, is £31,153 4s. 2d. The amount of premiums and interest received during the year ending at the above date, is £14,479 19s. 7d., and the amount of claims on account of deaths £3,325. The sum of £651 1s. 9d. has been paid for the purchase of policies and in returns of premium pursuant to the rules. The number of policies issued during the year ending 31st December is 910. The annual premiums on these policies amount to £5,351 10s. 8d. These policies are distributed among the departments as follows, viz.:—

Temperance Section, Life Policies	597	covering	£70,000
Ditto Funeral Fund	58	,,	635
Public Section, including depart. 11	119	,,	74,637
Total Life Assurances this year	847		£145,272

The remaining policies are for annuities, deferred sums, and endowments for children. The total number of policies now issued is 4,077, bearing annual premiums amounting to £18,787 15s 2d. The net annual revenue from premiums and interest, after deducting lapsed policies and those in arrear, is £15,999 3s. 7d., being an increase of £4,986 5s 9d since last year. The deaths during the past year have been as follows:—

Temperance Section, departments 1 and 2	19
Ditto Funeral Fund, £20 and £10	4
Public Section, departments 9 and 11	3
Total deaths among 2,795 life policies in force	26

Notwithstanding the ravages of the cholera, the rate of mortality in this institution has suffered very little increase; being still under 1 per cent. Excluding the funeral fund (consisting of about 200 assurances of £20 and under, and which shows a higher rate), the deaths have been less than 9 per 1,000; which is the usual rate of mortality, supposing all the lives assured were under 24 years of age: whereas, out of 1,074 lives in department 1, nearly one-half are over 40; sixty-four are over 60; and only thirty-eight under 25. A calculation has been made of the number of deaths which should have occured in the first department.

Number of deaths according to the published experience of the London offices	13
Ditto, according to the population returns	14
Ditto, according to the Northampton observations	21
Actual deaths in this Office (including 3 from cholera)	7

Assuming the experience of a cholera year to be a safe guide, the deaths which should have occurred up to this date would be, at the lowest computation, 135, and at the highest 219. The actual number has been 73.

National Provident Institution.—The annual meeting of this institution was held the first week in January. Considerable excitement prevailed on account of the opposition of a portion of the proprietors to the policy of the directors. In the present instance the retiring members were Mr. Christy and Mr. Tyler; and the directors had deemed it expedient, as a body, to recommend and support the return of these gentlemen to the vacated seats, in opposition to the pretensions advanced by Mr. Whetham, who was an unsuccessful candidate at the preceding election. The election has terminated as follows:—

Mr. Whetham	650
Mr. Castle	451
Mr. Bradbury	450
Mr. Christy	419
Mr. Tyler	401

The tabular statement of the progress of the institution from its commencement, appended to the report, shows that during the last year 1,736 new policies have been issued, the premiums on which amount to £27,233 19s. 5d. The annual income of the institution is £151,976 4s. 7d., and the amount of accumulated capital £517,243 17s 1d.

London and Westminster Banking Company.—The half-yearly meeting of this Company was held at the offices, Lothbury, London, on January 16—Mr. Josuah Walker in the chair. The nett profits of the bank for the half year have been £32,391 0s. 3d., on which a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum was declared. £2,391 was added to the surplus fund.

London Joint-Stock Bank.—The half-yearly meeting of the proprietors was held in London on January 17, Mr. George Scholefield in the chair. The nett profit realized during the half year was stated to be £25,132 10s. 8d.; which, with £15,433 14s. 1d., carried forward from June, makes a total of £40,566 4s. 9d., which it was resolved to appropriate as follows:—£18,000 for a dividend, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; £22,500 as a bonus, of 7s. 6d. per share; and £66 4s. 9d. to the Guarantee Fund, now amounting to £132,723 3s. 8d.

OBITUARY NOTICES FOR JANUARY.

MR. PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

Among the obituary notices of last month's number, we recorded the death, at Great Malvern, Worcestershire, on Christmas Eve, of Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, author of the "History of Scotland," and other historical and biographical works. He belonged to a literary family, and nobly sustained the honours which, in the world of letters, his father and grandfather had won. He was the grandson of Mr. William Tytler of Woodhouselee, a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and one of the vice-presidents of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society. His principal work is "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence produced against Mary, Queen of Scots," in which he combated the views taken by Dr. Robertson in his "History of Scotland," of the reign and character of that beauteous, but ill-fated Queen. He also published the "Poetical Remains of James I. King of Scotland," with a dissertation on the life and writings of the royal poet, which is honourable to his literary taste and research; and wrote an "Essay on Scottish Music," appended to "Arnot's

Digitized by Google

History of Edinburgh." Among his papers in the Antiquarian transactions, are a "Dissertation on the Marriage of Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell;" "Observations on the Vision, a Poem," first published in "Ramsay's Evergreen;" and "An Account of the Fashionable Amusements and Entertainments of Edinburgh in the Seventeenth Century." To the sixteenth number of "The Lounger," he contributed a paper on the "Defects of Modern Female Education, in teaching the Duties of a Wife." He died in 1792.

The eldest son of this gentleman, Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee (born at Edinburgh in 1747, died there in 1813), the father of the subject of this notice, distinguished himself both as a lawyer and as an author. Admitted advocate in 1770, he was for many years Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh; and after being Judge-Advocate for Scotland, he was raised to the bench of the Court of Session in the beginning of 1802, and took his seat as Lord Woodhouselee. In 1811 he became a judge in the Justiciary Court. For the use of the students attending the Chair of History, he printed in 1782 the heads or outlines of the lectures delivered by him, under the title of "A Plan and Outlines of a Course of Lectures on Universal History, Ancient and Modern," which he afterwards enlarged and published in 1801, in 2 vols. 8vo, with the name of "Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern." The lectures themselves, as finally revised by the author, were published at London in 1834, in six small volumes, under the title of "Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century." Among his other works are a "Treatise on Martial Law; an "Essay on the Principles of Translation;" "An Historical and Critical Essay on the Life of Petrarch;" and "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Kaimes."

By his wife, Anne, eldest daughter of William Fraser, Esq. of Balmain, whom he married in 1776, Lord Woodhouselee left four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, in right of his mother, succeeded to the estate of Balmain, in Inverness-shire, and the second, James Tytler, W.S., judge-depute for Scotland, to that of Woodhouselee, near Edinburgh—the "haunted Woodhouselee" of Sir Walter Scott's ballad of the "Gray Brother." Another son, Alexander, published, in 1815, a work in two volumes, entitled "Considerations on the Present Political State of India." The youngest son was Patrick, the historian of Scotland.

Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler was born about 1790. He was enrolled a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1813, and held for some years the office of King's counsel in Exchequer. His tastes and inclinations led him to forsake the law for the laborious paths of literature. His first adventure was a volume of travels in France, published in 1815, written in conjunction with Mr. Sheriff Alison, who has since acquired distinction as the author of "The History of Europe."

Mr. Tytler's first publication of consequence was his "Life of the Admirable Crichton," published in 1823, in which he adduced the most satisfactory evidence to establish the authenticity of the testimonies and authorities, on which the statements regarding the marvellous stories related of Crichton rest. The same year he also published, in one volume, an interesting and elaborate work, entitled "An Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton," including biographical sketches of the most eminent legal characters, since the institution of the Court of Session by James V., till the period of the Union of the two Crowns.

The first volume of his principal work, "The History of Scotland," appeared in the summer of 1828. It professed to be an attempt "to build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments." In the prosecution of this important work Mr. Tytler anxiously and carefully examined the most authentic sources of information, and consulted the State papers and all other attainable documents bearing on the events of the times commemorated, for his materials. Successive volumes of Mr. Tytler's history appeared at intervals, and the ninth, and last, was issued in the winter of 1843, with the following touching peroration:—"It is with feelings of gratitude, mingled with regret, that the author now closes this work—the history of his country—the labour of little less than eighteen years; gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion." The work commences with the accession of Alexander III., in 1240, because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader, and continues to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England in 1603. Mr. Tytler's style is plain and perspicuous, always animated, and often elegant and vigorous. In this work Mr. Tytler evinced great talent and industry, and has added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. His laborious researches begin especially to be most effective when he reaches the troublous times of James V. He is then most successful in bringing new sources of information to light, in correcting old mistakes, and combating and overturning revived prejudices. The first and second volumes were reviewed by Sir Walter Scott, and he intended to have criticised the work throughout, for he considered it, says Mr. Lockhart, as a very important one in itself, and had, moreover, a warm regard for the author, the son of his early friend, Lord Woodhouselee. During his University career, indeed, Sir Walter attended the class of history, then taught by the author's father, by whose example and advice he was much benefited and assisted in his studies, in other departments also.

In Sir Walter's diary, under date, August 6, 1826, there is the following touching entry:—"Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs. Tytler, a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal of the family, who were very kind to us when we newly entered on the world. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother; yet there we sat like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is over, the difference of years, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence."

Mr. Tytler's "History of Scotland" introduced him to the notice of Sir Robert Peel, when Premier, and a pension of L.200 a-year was bestowed upon him by Government. A charge which in the seventh volume of his history, he brought against John Knox, as being "pre-cognizant of and implicated in" the murder of David Rizzio, has been ably answered by the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, son of the distinguished biographer of Knox, in the appendix to his "Sketches of Scottish Church History;" and also by other writers zealous for the character and honour of the great reformer. The evidence adduced by Mr. Tytler, certainly, appears altogether insufficient to sustain such a charge, in the face of all historical testimony to the contrary.

Besides the "History of Scotland," Mr. Tytler was the author of several other works of interest and value, written during the period when he was principally engaged in its composition. To the "Family Library," published by Mr. Murray, he contributed, in 1832-33, three volumes of "Lives of Scottish Worthies," one of the most attractive of his publications. For the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," he wrote an "Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more northern Coasts of America," 1832; the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," 1832; and the "Life of King Henry VIII.," 1837. His "Life of Raleigh" is remarkable for the view which he starts and supports on the subject of Sir Robert Cecil's plots connected with Raleigh's ruin. It contains some new materials of interest, and is valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state papers and contemporaneous events. The same, indeed, may be said of all Mr. Tytler's works.

For a London publisher, he edited two volumes of "Letters, illustrative of the Reign of Edward VI.," printed from the original in the State-paper Office. About 1829, he wrote a few verses for one of the "Bannatyne Garlands;" and in 1833, in conjunction with Mr. Hog, of Newliston, and Mr. Adam Urquhart, advocate, he presented to the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, a volume illustrative of the revolution, entitled, "Memoirs of the War carried on in Scotland and Ireland, 1689-1691, by Major-General Hugh Mackay."

Mr. Tytler's constitution, never robust, gradually gave way under the exhausting labours of a literary life, and his health had long been in a declining state. He was a severe, and, in general, an accurate historical student; and his pension, it was thought, would have enabled him to continue his studies in British history; and, perhaps, have induced him to write a portion of English history, which he is known to have contem-

Digitized by Google

plated, and for which he had made collections. For the last six or seven years, however, the state of his health prevented him from pursuing his favourite studies.

Mr. Tytler was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. Hog of Newliston; his second, a daughter of Mr. Bonar, the Russian merchant. He has left a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

In private life he was a lively and engaging companion, of agreeable deportment, and interesting conversation. To the peculiar excellence of his private character, indeed, all who knew him, can bear their testimony. His deep and unaffected piety, the warmth and benevolence of his heart, and the gentle sweetness and courtesy of his manners, were evinced not only in the affectionate intercourse of his family, but in the society of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. A correspondent who knew him well, writing to us on the subject of his lamented death, says:—"In all my long intercourse with the world, and especially with the best part of it, the world of literature, I never know a more estimable or more amiable man."

LORD JEFFREY.

One by one the great men of our land and our century are passing away. It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to record in this number of *Tait's Magazine*, the death of FRANCIS JEFFREY, the critic and orator, which took place at Edinburgh on the evening of the 26th January, caused by bronchitis, accompanied by fever. He was in court, in good health, on the previous Tuesday, but in the evening was seized with his last fatal illness.

Francis Jeffrey, the son of George Jeffrey, a Depute-clerk of Session, was born in Edinburgh in 1773. He received the first part of his education at the High School of his native city, and commenced his college studies at the University of Glasgow, whence he proceeded, in 1792, to Queen's College, Oxford. In 1794, he was admitted a Member of the Faculty of Advocates. He formed one of the members of the Speculative Society, which comprised also Walter Scott, Henry Brougham, Francis Horner, Thomas Brown, and others, whose names have become illustrious in literature, science, and philosophy. With some of these young men originated the *Edinburgh Review*, which, during the first year of its existence, was edited by the late Rev. Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh as tutor to Lord Webb Seymour. On the return of Mr. Smith to England, Jeffrey became the editor, and in that capacity acquired a literary reputation unique of its kind, and obtained an influence on contemporaneous literature, and on public opinion, such as few have had the good fortune to enjoy. He became, in fact, the monarch of the realm of criticism, and the arbiter of the destinies of all the young authors of that day.

From 1803 to 1829 he continued to act as editor of the *Review*, to the pages of which he was at all times a large contributor, particularly in the departments of poetry and literature. His writings are characterised by ease and grace, while his political remarks are distinguished by the utmost liberality of sentiment. At a time when political excitement in this country was at its height, and it was dangerous to avow liberal opinions, Mr. Jeffrey did not hesitate to give his adherence and support to Whig principles; and for many years he was one of the principal leaders of the Reform party in Scotland. Through a most stormy and exciting period he held faithfully on in his course, and he lived to see the Test and Corporation Acts annulled, the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill carried, the Reform Bill and the Municipal Bill part and parcel of the law of the land, with other advances in the great direction of political progress which, at the commencement of the century, it was considered as something amounting to sedition, even to demand. To counteract the great influence of the *Edinburgh Review*, both in the literature and politics of the early part of the century, the *Quarterly Review* was organized by Sir Walter Scott, who, though differing "widely as the poles asunder" in politics from Mr. Jeffrey, continued one of his most intimate friends till his death.

In the meantime, Mr. Jeffrey's ability, eloquence, and fearlessness, as an advocate, soon placed him at the very head of the bar in this country, and for many years he was one of the leading counsel in Scotland. In 1821, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1829, he was unanimously chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, on his election to which office he relinquished the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, which was then entrusted to the late Mr. Macvey Napier.

In 1830 Mr Jeffrey was appointed Lord Advocate, and in January 1831, he was returned to Parliament for the Forfar district of burghs. At the general election, the same year, after being defeated in Edinburgh, for the representation of which city he had stood as a candidate, he was again elected by his former constituents. After the passing of the Reform Bill, he had the satisfaction, along with Mr. Abercromby, now Lord Dunfermline, of being elected member for his native city. He made no great figure in Parliament, his style of oratory being unsuited for the House of Commons. In 1834, on the death of Lord Craigie, he was nominated a Lord of Session, and took his seat on the bench as Judge Jeffrey. As a judge, he discharged his duties with undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability. His contributions to the Edinburgh Review, like those of Macaulay and the Rev. Sydney Smith, have been collected, and republished in a separate form. They extend to four volumes of valuable and brilliant criticism, and are sure to occupy a standard place in English literature.

Lord Jeffrey was twice married,—first in 1801, to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Andrews; and secondly, in 1813, to Miss Wilkes, an American lady, a grandniece, it is understood, of the celebrated John Wilkes. Mrs Jeffrey survives her husband. They had but one child, a daughter, married to Mr Empson, Professor of Civil Law, at the East India College, near Hertford, and now Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. For the last thirty-five years, Lord Jeffrey resided chiefly at the beautiful village of Craigcrook, situated at the foot of the Corstorphine Hills, three miles or so from Edinburgh.

SIR FELIX BOOTH.

On the 25th January, at Brighton, of disease of the heart, Sir Felix Booth, Baronet. He was the son of Philip Booth, Esq., of Russell Square, and was a wealthy distiller, having extensive establishments in London, Brentford, and in Scotland. In 1828 and 1829, he filled the office of Sheriff of London, and in 1834, was created a baronet. He was distinguished for his munificence, having presented Sir James Ross with £20,000 to enable him to fit out his Polar expedition. He is succeeded by his nephew, John William Booth, born in 1805.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN, R.N.

Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N., the gallant and persevering pioneer of the overland route to India, died at his residence, Golden Square, Pentonville, London, on the 8th January, in the 49th year of his age. His death was sudden and unexpected, although his health had been for some time considerably impaired by anxiety of mind, arising chiefly from pecuniary engagements, contracted in his prosecution of the Trieste experiments in 1846. These liabilities the sacrifice of his entire property were inadequate to liquidate. He had only returned on Christmas day from Malta, where he had been residing a short time for the benefit of his heath. Independently of the main incidents of his history, in connexion with the Indian overland enterprise, which has immortalized his name, his career was a most extraordinary one, full of the strangest vicissitudes, and abounding in instances of character and energy of no ordinary kind. A pension had been granted to him by Government, but he lived to receive only one quarter's payment. He has left a widow in very straightened circumstances.

MR JAMES M'COSH.

On the 9th of January, at Inverness, Mr James M'Cosh, editor and proprietor of the *Inverness Advertiser*, in the 35th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart, but he, at no period of life, enjoyed robust health, and for many years he had been occasionally confined to his residence by partial indisposition. He laboured under a complication of physical weakness and malformation, which rendered his activity of mind, and energy of disposition, the more remarkable. Mr M'Cosh was a native of Dundee, and, when an infant, he fell out of his nurse's arms, whereby his spine was irretrievably injured. In his youth he was much given to reading, and at school he was remarkable for his recitations, notwithstanding his deformity. After he had finished his education, he was placed in a writer's office, but early showed a predilection for literary pursuits. After the expiry of his apprenticeship, he became managing clerk in the same office where he had served his time. In January, 1841, under the

Digitized by Google

auspices of the then Non-Intrusion party in the Established Church of Scotland, he started the *Dundee Warder*, of which he was editor and part proprietor, and which is now published under the name of the *Northern Warder*. From Dundee he removed to Edinburgh, about three years ago, to edit *Lowe's Magazine*, which was for a considerable time under his management. While at Dundee he projected the Continental Translation Society, for publishing translations of foreign theological works, and under their auspices several valuable volumes were issued. This society's publications ultimately merged in Mr. Clark's foreign theological series. Mr. M'Cosh had only been about eight months resident in Inverness. He went there to establish the *Inverness Advertiser*, and during the short period that has elapsed since its commencement, it has attained a highly respectable circulation. He possessed very extensive and varied information, and was an able and clear writer. He was partial to close and minute reasoning, and his style, though sometimes heavy, was remarkable for its purity. He was a zealous member of the Free Church, and, at the time of the Disruption, he published a pamphlet on the clergy, entitled "the Wheat and the Chaff," which was reviewed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and characterised as "the most malignant pamphlet of the day."

CHARLES O'MALLEY, Q.C.

Died lately at his residence, Hawthorn Lodge, in the County of Mayo, Ireland, Mr. Charles O'Malley, Q. C., of the Irish bar. He was formerly an officer in the Seventh Dragoon Guards, and served with much distinction in Italy and the Peninsula. In 1817 he retired from the army, and became a member of the bar. He was the original "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," in Mr. Lever's popular tale of that name.

MR. JOHN DUNCAN, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

On the 3d November, on board her Majesty's ship Kingfisher, in the Bight of Benin, Mr. John Duncan, the African Traveller. He was the son of a small farmer in the County of Wigton. At an early age he enlisted in the First Regiment of Life Guards, in which he served with credit for eighteen years. About the year 1840, he was discharged with a high character for good conduct. In the voyage to the Niger, in 1842, Mr. Duncan was appointed armourer, and during the progress of that ill-fated expedition, he held a conspicuous place in all the treaties made by the Commissioners with the native chiefs. He returned to England, one of the remnant of the expedition, with a frightful wound in his leg, and a shattered body, from which he long suffered. With a return of health, however, came a renewed desire to explore Africa, and, under the auspices of the Council of the Geographical Society, he started, in the summer of 1844, not without substantial proofs from many of the members, of the interest they took in his perilous undertaking. The particulars of his journey along the coast until his arrival in Dahomey, were detailed in letters to his friends, and published in the "Geographical Society's Journal" of that period. From Dahomey he again returned to the coast, having traversed a portion of country hitherto untrodden by any European, but broken down in health, and in extreme suffering, from the old wound in his leg. Apprehensive that mortification had commenced, he at one time made preparations for cutting off his own limb, a fact which displays his great resolution. All these journeys were undertaken on a very slenderly furnished purse, which, on his arrival at Whydah, was so totally exhausted that he was compelled to place himself in "pawn," as he expressed it, for advances which would take years of labour on the coast to liquidate. From that disagreeable position his friends of the Geographical Society soon relieved him, by an ample subscription, with which he proposed to make the journey from Cape Coast to Timbuctoo, but the state of his health compelled him to return to England. He was lately appointed by Government Vice-Consul to Dahomey, for which place he was on his way when he died. The hopes which were entertained that, from his influence with the native chiefs, and more especially with the King of Dahomey, an effectual check might be put to the slave trade on that part of the coast, were entirely frustrated by his untimely death. Although without much education, Mr Duncan was a man of much observation, and strong natural good sense, and under all his trials and hardships displayed a courage and spirit of endurance worthy of all respect. He has left a widow, who is, we believe, but poorly provided for.

SIR DAVID JAMES HAMILTON DICKSON.

At Plymouth, on the 2d January, Sir David James Hamilton Dickson, M.D., Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, in his 70th year. He was the youngest and last surviving son of the late Rev. George Dickson, minister of Bedrule, Roxburghshire. He became a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, in 1798. In the following year he was appointed a surgeon in the navy, and served in the expeditions to Holland, in 1799, and to Egypt, in 1801. In 1806 he was appointed acting physician and inspector of the fleet and hospitals of the Leeward Islands, and in 1813 superintending physician of the Russian Fleet in the Medway. For his services in the latter capacity, he received the thanks of his Imperial Majesty, and was nominated a knight of the order of St. Waldimir. In 1814 he was appointed physician to the Mediterranean fleet, but changed to the Halifax station. In 1816 he became a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and in 1822 a member of the Royal College of Physicians, London. In 1824 he was appointed physician to the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, and in 1840 Inspector of Hospitals. He was Physician Inspector at the capture of the French and Danish Islands in the West Indies, and in the expedition on the Chesapeake, New Orleans, &c.; and for his services he was knighted by King William IV. in 1834. Sir David Dickson was the author of many medical works of interest and value. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, and of the Linnæan Society, &c.

ROBERT SHEDDEN, ESQ.

A young and enterprising navigator, Robert Shedden, Esq., has been cut off in the spring-time of his days. In the Nancy Dawson yacht, owned and commanded by him, he sailed from England about two years since on a voyage round the world, and with the intention of proceeding, at the end of his second year's absence, from England, to prosecute a search for the missing expedition under Sir John Franklin. It appears from the accounts which have reached England, that the Nancy Dawson touched at Petropaulski, Kamschatka, fell in with ice on the passage through Behring's Straits, and found her Majesty's ships Herald and Plover (two ships despatched by government for Sir John's relief) just as they were sailing from Kotzebue Sound. The yacht kept company with them for some days, and went with the boats despatched from her Majesty's ship Plover round Point Barrow and rendered great assistance, and afforded much kindness to the boat expedition to the Mackenzie River. On two occasions the yacht was nearly lost. The Nancy Dawson sailed south in company with her Majesty's ship Herald, and passing through the Aleutian Group, arrived at Mazatlan on the 13th November. On the passage, Mr Shedden was extremely ill, and three days after his arrival at Mazatlan, in spite of the assistance rendered him by the naval medical officer present, he died in his 29th or 30th year. His funeral was attended with great regret and respect by most of the naval officers at Mazatlan. Mr Shedden was in possession of a large fortune, and had great expectations. He resided at one time with his mother at Newton Don, near Kelso. The family to which he belonged is of Scottish origin, but has long been honourably connected with the commercial pursuits of the city of London, and many of its members have acquired great wealth. His father, William Shedden, Esq., a merchant, was the fourth son of Robert Sheddon, Esq., the head of the well-known London house of Sheddon, and the brother of George Shedden, Esq., of Paulerspury Park, in the county of Northampton. He married Wilhelmina, the daughter of Captain William Miller, R.N., and died in 1820, leaving an only child, Robert Shedden, Esq., the subject of this notice. The late Sir David James Hamilton Dickson, inspector of fleets and hospitals, whose name also appears in this month's obituary, was the uncle of his mother and of her sister, Mrs Robertson of Eduam House, Kelso.

PRINTED BY GEORGE TROUP, 29, DUNLOP STREET, GLASGOW.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1850.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

(Continued from page 29.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CALM AT SEA.

No one, perhaps, has yet succeeded in describing to the life a calm at sea; it is so monotonous. One may possibly be able to explain one's sensations during its continuance, though even that seems doubtful. It is the negation of motion, almost of life. Beyond the deck on which you stand there are only three objects visible—the blue sea, the bluer sky, and the fiery sun rolling through it. For a time these inspire you with the most sublime ideas; you seem to have got within the serene halls of eternity. Everything is still, silent, unruffled, tranquil and beautiful as death; and you appear, as you gaze around, to be absorbed in a delicious dream, from which you never desire to awake. The ineffable serenity of the heavens infuses itself into your soul, which becomes impregnated, as it were, with a celestial joy not translatable into language.

The "Black Eagle" seemed anything but an eagle now. It lay like a log upon the waters, where not a ripple was discernible. Then it was that I beheld, in all its beauty, the sapphire blue of the Mediterranean, which looked like another sky, equalling in serene loveliness the sky above. The sun's wake appeared like a glittering line of fire, drawn over a metallic surface. Yet even at such moments there is a pulse in the sea, which throbs, and pants, and heaves under the influence of the attracting luminary overhead. Perhaps, also, the earth's motion may have something to do with the everlasting agitation of the waters.

At night the prospect from the ship's deck possessed marvellous fascination. By I know not what process, patches of the sea appeared to be bathed in moonlight, while dark shadows here and there enveloped other portions of it, and gave them the appearance of islands dotting a luminous ocean. When clouds came, white and ghost-like, to vary the face of heaven, they added wonderfully to the charms of the landscape. Sometimes they seemed to descend in columns to the edge of the deep; and through the clear, open spaces between them, you looked far away, as it were, into another creation, where figures of light and beauty, winged and wreathed with amaranth, alighted on the pearly waves, or emerged from them heavenwards, like Thetis or Leucothoe, when ascending to the court of Zeus. Then I understood the meaning of "the silver-footed queen;" for the mother of Achilles was only a personification of the sheen of the sea when it has been lulled into ineffable slumbers by the breath of night, and the moon walks over it like a fairy power, making it glad in its sleep, and pouring visions on the eyes of all beholders.

From the birth of time to the present hour, men have looked at night into the heavens as towards an oracle, always on the point of making revelations, which it never makes. Standing alone on the deck, I looked up at the celestial host, marching eternally, in silence, towards some unknown goal. There were Orion and Bootes—the Pleiades, ever searching for their lost sister—and the blazing planets, and stars of the first magnitude, wheeling beyond the moon. The Homeric passage on the night projected itself at once into my mind, and for the first time, perhaps, in my life, I felt its entire truth.

One other thought I had which must be common to all men. While looking at those eternal orbs, I felt myself to be eternal, like them. Though surrounded by all that is transitory—though resting on the lap, as it were, of the everlasting type of vicissitude—I raised my ideas to that immeasurable elevation which the empire of change does not reach. For the moment, the perishable communed with the imperishable, and there was between them a deep sympathy, as between God and his creatures. I fancied there must, in all those bright stars, be beings like me looking across the measureless gulfs of space towards this loved planet, the earth, which is our mother and our nurse, and the tomb that covers our ashes when we have ceased to be sentient beings. Where goes then the thing that thinks, the divine breath which broods over the sea of matter, and makes it pregnant with thought, speculation, ambition, and love? In the depth of my heart, I interrogated the power which seemed to hover above me in the vault of heaven; but there was no response. Nature will not on such occasions come to our aid. In the dark we come into this world, and in

Digitized by Google

the dark we go out of it. Still, at all times, and in all places, I feel my being to be inter-penetrated with another being of imperishable goodness and beauty; and the consciousness of this communion seems to be the best guarantee of immortality. Towards the infinite we always yearn, and then most when we are deeply dissatisfied with the finite and the perishable.

In this faint record I cannot restore life to the feelings which then lived in me. I looked backwards and forwards to the persons I had known and loved, and to the things I hoped shortly to see. Egypt, with all its atmosphere of antiquity; its pyramids, its subterranean palaces, its temples, its chambers of death, its palm groves, its camels, and its deserts, and, above all, its mighty and mysterious Nile, haunted me perpetually. The very moon I then saw blanching the waves, rested that instant on the Pyramids and Lybian sands, rendering them pale and spectral, and imparting to everything a sort of hieroglyphical significance. Within a very limited number of days I should probably be among these objects, which now—like the matter of the Berkeleyan theory—existed for me only in thought.

The Bey, being unable to sleep, joined me about midnight, on the deck, where, sitting down together, we leaned against the companion, lighted our pipes, and entered into one of those dreamy conversations which partake more of the nature of sleep than waking. I was glad, I confess, to be delivered from myself, for I had felt a sadness come over me which would not be dispelled. But Ali was not, that night, in the humour to be cheerful. We soon came to talk, I know not how, of the strange objects that must be found paving the bottom of the sea; the treasures of ancient kings, gold and sparkling jewels, and the skeletons, perhaps, of those who owned them. The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones. Carthagenians, Syrians, Sidonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans—there they lie, side by side, beneath the eternal waters; and the modern ship that fetches freight from Alexandria sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves.

Ali told me that in the East they have a superstition on this subject, which represents the spirits of the dead as hovering, whether on land or water, over the spots where the ruins of their earthly tabernacles are found; so that in ploughing the Mediterranean, we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam, and at other times repose in those delicious little hollows, which look like excavated emeralds, between the crests of the waves. It is their union and thronging together, say the Orientals, that constitute the phosphorescence of the sea, for wherever there is spirit there is light, and the billows flash with the luminousness of buried generations, that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings.

Presently, one of my English friends joined us; and, by way of variety, we struck up a song. The Bey smoked and smiled, as we sang together the monotonous stanzas of Alice Gray.

The other passengers, in the course of a short time, followed our example; and we held a sort of midnight levee on deck, smoking, laughing, telling anecdotes and stories, and entertaining ourselves in the best way we could. Kafoor, who made coffee like one of the inhabitants of Jinnistan, brought his apparatus near us, and prepared endless cups of this delicious beverage, which diffused its fragrance around, like "Sabean odours from the spicy shores of Araby the blest, till, pleased with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiled;" joined with this perfume was that of the Gebel Latakia which descended on us like the soft and somniferous dews of Lebanon.

As, however, we made no progress all this while, everybody was internally dissatisfied. The Bey hated the sea, and used to contrast its wearisomeness with the pleasures of travelling on land. "Imagine yourself," he said, "arriving at the close of day, on horseback, at the gates of a caravanserai. The keeper comes forth to meet you with a salutation of peace, leads your horse into the court, assists you to alight, gives provender to your beast, and, if you have no slave, assists you in preparing your evening meal. Then prayer-carpets are spread upon the terraces, and the voices of the faithful ascend to heaven. Palm trees nod over you, and, on the breast of the solid earth, you sink into delicious sleep, such sleep as a man tastes after the fatigue of a long journey, when wrapped in security and repose."

We all agreed in praise of the land; but supposing that the feelings of a sailor would be different, I inquired of the mate, who stood musing at some little distance from us, what he thought of the matter.

"If I had my will," he replied, "I would build myself a cottage somewhere in the recesses of the Apennines, where I might never more, during the remainder of my life, by any possibility, catch a glimpse of the sea."

CHAPTER L.

THE STORM AT SEA.

I hate the man who quails and shivers when surrounded by danger and death; but, the moment he escapes from their clutches, smirks and smiles, and affects to have thought nothing of them. I am not a hero of this stamp. Life has always been pleasant to me, and I should be loath to lose it—most of all should I have been loath to lose it then, when a crowd of little urchins, clustering round their mother, prayed nightly for me, unconscious how near we were being parted for ever. Besides, I appeared to be on the point of realising one of the great dreams of my life, visiting the valley of the Nile, and experiencing all those deep and powerful sensations which such a scene must necessarily awaken in me. People with wealth at their command may smile at this, because it would be easy for them to visit Egypt and Nubia if they could muster the courage. But that is what they cannot muster; and if they could, they would still, perhaps, be very far from experiencing the pleasure which I knew I should feel. The world is exactly what you make it for yourself—you carry with you the source of all your joys and sorrows; and, therefore, a peregrinating grandee, with tens of thousands at his command, may not be able to extract from a year's intimacy with Isis and Osiris one thousandth part of the delight it afforded me. To speak the truth frankly, I would not exchange the gratifications of

Digitized by Google

that journey for all the barbaric pearls and gold which the gorgeous East ever showered on her kings. I had enjoyed some foretaste of this pleasure ere the storm commenced, and my imagination unfolded before me all the rest. Doubly cruel, therefore, did it seem, to be washed away, like a sea-weed, from the warm precincts of the cheerful day, when standing, as it were, on the very threshold of such a harvest of enjoyment. I called to mind Grey's lines, sublime in their touching pathos,

> "For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
> Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
> No children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Yet, when the gale began, I thought it grand, and was struck with admiration. Over that very sea old Odysseus, the much-enduring man, had been driven pell-mell before the tempest. What he suffered seems magnificent in poetry; and pious Æneas, too, the pale copy of him of Ithaca, did he not encounter a storm somewhere in the neighbourhood? While a man can think of epic tempests he is not much to be pitied. In fact, while the Mediterranean, during the first paroxysms of its fury, was lashing up its waves, and preparing to make its appearance in all its terrible grandeur, L—— and I amused ourselves with recalling our schoolboy reminiscences of Homer and Virgil.

Thus we went on during the first few hours of the storm; then, however, all its poetical beauty passed away, and the grim, stern, cold reality remained. Sick and dispirited, I crawled on deck, where it was impossible to take a single step without holding by a rope. The sailors were drenched to the skin; the muzzles of the guns on the one side under water; the sails, all but one, reefed close; and of the little canvas that was visible, I could only now and then catch a glimpse through the driving spray. The ship's side had been turned to the waves, which the captain assured me would have staved in the stern in ten minutes. No sea I have ever seen resembled that. The billows in no way equalled those vast swells which in the Atlantic rise like mountains, and roll majestically over its boundless surface. Here the waves were short and broken, churned into a confused mass of foam and spray, boiling, hissing, and seething like a cauldron; while at night the wind howled through the yard-rings like a chorus of devils.

In the cabin there was a dead blank. We scarcely spoke to each other. Every one was wrapped in his own thoughts, preparing, in the best way he could, to face the king of terrors, whom none of us doubted we should have to face in the course of a few hours. One of my companions, who was so sick that he could not crawl out of his berth, besought me to go on deck, and if possible reckon how long, in such a sea, it would take us to die. In my attempt to ascend, I was washed back by a huge wave, which completely drenched me. A sail was then thrown over the stair-head by the sailors, and lashed tight with a rope, so that there was no exit from the cabin. Had the ship gone down, therefore, we must have been drowned where we were. From the glimpse I had caught, however, of the face of the sea, I felt sure the most powerful swimmer could not live five minutes. My companion thanked God; and, throwing himself back in his berth, during the whole of that day he never again opened his lips, except to express his surprise that I could in such circumstances think of taking off my wet clothes, and putting on dry ones. "It will be all the same," he said, "in half an hour; why then do you trouble yourself?" In reply, I said, "I feel uncomfortable, and had rather be dry than wet." Invited by the example of Gaetano, who sat silently smoking in a corner, I mechanically lighted a cigar, and followed his example, my mind possessed meanwhile by the most gloomy apprehensions. The Bey and his slave lay like two bales of cotton in their cabin, never uttering a word, or even so much as venturing to smoke. They also had taken their farewell of this world, and were trying to reconcile themselves with the necessity of leaving it.

One night, I know not which, as I really lost all idea of time, our last moment seemed suddenly to have arrived. The iron and marble with which the vessel was freighted for the Pasha, during one dreadful lurch, seemed all to have rolled to one side of the hold, the partition boards having given way. At the same moment there was a fearful cry on deck, and a death-like lull, as if the "Black Eagle" had given up the struggle with the winds, and was now sinking calmly through the sea. We looked at each other, pale and trembling, and expected to see the cabin fill in a moment. Presently, however, we heard the contents of the whole roll back, the "Eagle" righted herself, and once more bore away gallantly before the tempest. Then there rose a shout wild and joyous from the sailors, and I endeavoured to force my way upon deck to join them. But the sail was still bound tightly over the stair-head, and there was no exit. I called, but no one heard or heeded. Returning to the cabin, I beheld, by the light of the dim lamp, Gaetano, the blasphemous Neapolitan, kneeling before a little rude picture of the Virgin. His stupid apathy had been subdued by fear. He prayed now, but had never, perhaps, prayed before since he left his mother's lap. It was a melancholy sight. How long he remained in that posture I did not notice, but when my attention was next called to him, he was quietly smoking, as usual.

One of my English friends, who had with him a prayer-book, took it out, and, with something like the "Sortes Virgilianæ," sought to discover what was to become of us, by observing the first verse or sentence on which his eye lighted. Curiously enough, it was this, "And He brought them up safe from many waters." This comforted us by directing our thoughts towards the only source of safety or protection.

I kept, as I have said, no note of time; but the next morning after this was Sunday. I went into the Bey's cabin, and sat down on his bedside to talk with him. The motion of the vessel had become a little more steady, and secretly all of us now began to hope we had seen the worst of it. Suddenly, while I was speaking, a ray of sunshine descended through the bull's-eye into the cabin, upon which, patting the Islamite on the shoulder, I exclaimed, "Inshalla; it is all right." Ali raised himself upon his elbow, and, peering out under his heavy eyebrows, beheld the little golden patch of sunshine on the floor. His very beard seemed now to tremble with joy.

Kafoor said he would get us some coffee. "We have taken nothing for I know not how many days, and we will make a good breakfast now." He then rose, as did

Digitized by Google

the rest of our companions; and we all went on deck together. Nothing as yet was in sight but sea and sky. The clouds, in ragged and fantastic masses, still arched the firmament from east to west, but here and there there were large rents in them, and through these, floods of sunshine descended on the disturbed waters. It was one of the most glorious scenes that could possibly be beheld at sea. Here and there the cloud-vault was of a lurid black, deepening as it descended towards the edge of the horizon, and beneath it the sea reflected the full depth of its gloom. Contrasted with this sombre background, were large fields of laughing light clouds, of fleecy whiteness, and circling expanses of bright blue sky. The sun, when disentangled as it were from the vapour, looked like the "god of this new world," refulgent in golden brightness, and infusing life into everything beneath.

CHAPTER LI.

ANY PORT AFTER A STORM.

The captain's brother now came to me, and, reverting to a wish I had formerly expressed, offered to make for some harbour in the Morea, if I would pay the port dues. Of course I immediately consented; and the ship was put about, and went dashing along through the glittering waters towards the glorious country whose interior I so ardently desired to visit. Every sail was unfurled; and, at the rate of eleven knots an hour, we flew gallantly along. Now the "Black Eagle" vindicated her right to the name; her bows ploughing up the waves into one sheet of silver foam, which rose above us in a glittering canopy, and descended midships in a heavy shower.

Ali, who had overheard the mate's proposal, now came up to me, and not only offered to bear his share of the expenses, but insisted that every other passenger should do the same. All cheerfully agreed, and the sacrifice was thus reduced to a trifle.

Towards the afternoon, the aspect of the sky again portended high winds, if not a storm. In the west the clouds gathered together, and were heaped up into mountains, above the edge of the horizon, along which extended a narrow belt of light. From these superincumbent clouds descended numerous dark columns, which seemed to be so many streams of rain, travelling rapidly over the ocean before the wind, like the sand-columns observed by Bruce in the Nubian Desert; like these, too, they were slightly penetrated by the rays of the setting sun, which flashed, as it were, upon their sides, and produced a magnificent contrast with their dusky metallic centres. Shortly afterwards these clouds clustered together into one dark mass, eclipsing the sun entirely.

Next morning I ran upon deck, and certainly expected, or I should rather say dreaded, from the appearance of the heavens, that we should have had another terrible storm. To the east the sky was lowering, and black streams of rain seemed to be descending upon sea and land. The wind increased, and lew off shore. Presently the sun rose awfully sub-'me. Seen through the mists which hovered over the sea, it presented the appearance of a vast furnace-mouth, glowing with intense fire; and from this portal streaks of light struggled heavily into the gloom, casting a blood-red hue over a large portion of the sky. The clouds thickened, the wind increased, but the storm, thank God, did not reach us. It cleared away, and we had then a fine view of the coast of Peloponnesus from the island of Sapienzo to Cape Matapan.

If I had on a former day admired the wild, rugged, irregular aspect of the Peloponnesian coast, beheld from a distance, my admiration was greatly increased on drawing near. No two hills seemed to have the same form; some were conical; others resembled a vast wave driven before the storm; others again, like long unbroken sweeps of forest trees, rising and sinking in a strange, fantastic manner. As we drew nearer still, we observed that there was no beach, either sandy or pebbly, but the dark rocks came down close to the water, which leaped up, and broke about them in snow-white foam. As far as the eye could reach, no traces of vegetation appeared, excepting a few scattered patches of young grass, and a small range of stunted trees along the summits of the nearer and further ranges of mountains, which in this part of the Morea have a character truly Alpine.

As the day advanced, the sky cleared up, the sun burst from behind the clouds, and threw a flood of glory upon sea and land. The blue, misty mountains towered majestically in the distance, blending their summits with the vast ridges of clouds, which rested upon them, and seemed to form a part of their substance. Above these, as daylight passed away, the stars came forth, cresting the peaks of cloud and hill as with a coronet. Such were the appearances of nature as we drew near Navarino. On our right, at a short distance, was Modon, a small town, with the aspect of one extended fortress, running along the shore level with the water. Two great towers, on the right of the town, form its regular defences, and another similar building, rising like a minaret towards the centre, marks the site of the place to those who approach it from the sea.

A lofty conical mountain indicates the position of Navarino, which lies at its foot towards the north-west. As we drew near the entrance of the harbour, we observed on the right a spacious cavern in the rocks, into which, when the wind is high, the waves dash with a thundering sound. A little further on, a large black crag projects from the shore, and is constantly surrounded by leaping waves.

For some time the wind had been gradually dying away; Posidon and Æolus having, I suppose, agreed that I, one of the devoutest of their worshippers, should enter their ancient dominions in peace. Many a heroic prow in mythical times had ploughed these waters; but never did god or hero enter the port of sandy Pylos under more agreeable auspices. Overhead, the sky was studded with stars and constellations, which gazed, Narcissus-like, at their own beauty, reflected from the serene waters. The soft air was not that of Italy; there was no languor in it. It was at once balmy and invigorating. With all our sails spread, we could scarcely woo sufficient wind into them to waft us along the Point of Sphacterea into the bay—and what a bay!—fifteen miles in circumference, and protected completely by the land, from every wind that blows. As we moved up slowly along the island, rendered sacred by Spartan valour, we admired the gigantic natural arch, which, extending through its

Digitized by Google

whole breadth, afforded us a prospect of the sea without.

The first sound of life that came to me from Greece was the barking of a shepherd's dog in the mountains, to which one of our sailors replied with admirable powers of imitation. Next I observed a bright fire on the northern shore of the harbour, and then the lights of all the windows of Navarino streamed out a welcome upon us.

Let not the English reader be offended by what I am going to say. I had lived in France until I was half a Frenchman; and therefore, when I heard on shore the roll of the French drum (the whole Morea was then occupied by French troops), and listened to the songs of the soldiers as they paced the beach, my heart leaped with pleasure. Historical associations are weak, compared with living sympathies. Classical Greece I loved, as one loves one's ancestors; but towards revolutionary France I felt all the yearnings of a brother, and at that moment I knew of no sound that would have been so welcome to my ears as a snatch of the "Marseillaise," which, in defiance of orders, some republican soldier was humming to himself on the solitary beach. Few, perhaps, give the French due credit for the tremendous struggles they have made for liberty. The excesses they committed during the Reign of Terror, as well as before and after, everybody is sure to remember; but we are not so sure to remember the unparalleled virtues they displayed at the same time. In the annals of liberty there are no more exciting, and few brighter pages than those which record the achievements of revolutionary France; to which no writer, historian, or politician has yet done justice. The old, forgotten melodies of 1793, seemed to rise from the depths of time, and become audible as I listened to the thrilling words of the "Marseillaise," as they floated upwards, like a hymn, through the atmosphere of old Hellas. The Demos of Athens would have rejoiced to thunder forth so patriotic a song, worthy to be classed with the democratic air of "Pallas, stormer of cities."

Perhaps, if I may venture to say so, I belong to the South by my temperament, or it may be that the education we receive impregnates more persons than choose to acknowledge it with an enthusiastic fondness for republican Greece. I looked upon it as the birthplace and cradle of beauty, intellectual and physical. I had drenched myself with its literature, its poetry, its popular eloquence, its matchless histories, its philosophy, and its arts, and I found it impracticable to look calmly and unmoved on the shores of the first Hellenic harbour into which I had entered. It was like stepping back two thousand years into antiquity. No one on board exactly shared my feelings, though L—— remained with me for several hours on deck. The night was perfectly delicious. On board and ashore everything was still, so that not a sound could be heard, save now and then the scream of the sea-fowl, as they soared along the cliffs of Sphacterea.

The sky looked beautiful, but had not the beauty I should have wished. It had clouds on it, the lingering skirts, as it were, of the late storm—white, indeed, and fleecy, but still clouds, and I should have preferred one immense vault of luminous ether. The moon, surrounded by innumerable stars, appeared at intervals, as these vapoury curtains were gathered up or withdrawn, and then the Peloponnesian hills and mountains appeared to be invested with almost preternatural loveliness. The moon seems to me always to impart an air of unreality to the world. I am short-sighted, to which circumstance, perhaps, I owe half the ideal beauty and grandeur which the earth often assumes in my eyes. On the present occasion the Peloponnesian mountains looked like things piled up by some magic pencil, against a background of turquoise and silver bedropped with gold. They did not seem so much substances as the airy creations of a dream. Here and there the moonlight rested on them in patches, while their half-transparent summits seemed to be entangled in the golden embraces of the Pleiades or some other constellation. L—— left me about midnight, and I remained alone upon the deck. My thoughts then travelled along the most deeply-worn track in all the intellectual field of associations, to the banks of the Leman Lake, where those I most loved on earth were, no doubt, then slumbering beneath the same moon. Distance is a sort of mystery, and the ways by which we produce it often appear mysterious also, when we deeply consider them. Within a comparatively few days, I had been at Jolimont, writing, reading, smoking, laughing with my children, or chattering with my wife. I had now crossed the Alps, traversed a large portion of Italy, passed along Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and was now in the half-fabulous land of Hellas, the first syren look of whose beauty had literally intoxicated me. It is in such moods that the most unambitious write poetry; and I, also, who can say with Ovid,—

> "Nor Clio nor her sisters have I seen,
> As Hesiod saw them, on the shady green—"

found my ideas taking a poetical turn, and—

> "Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Whoever has travelled thus far with me will have become tolerant by this time, so that without further preface or apology I shall introduce at once my unpolished verses, warm from the heart, and I wish I could add, faithful to its fires; but now that I see them before me in black and white, they look, as Roubiliac said of his own statues, very much like tobacco-pipes. However, as the French conducteurs say, "*Allons, mes enfants; il faut marcher toujours:*"—

> Wherefore do we toil in youth?
> Wisdom, gray, confess the truth;
> Wherefore dare the battle's strife,
> Deeming light of death and life?
> Wherefore haunt the Muses' spring,
> Or touch Apollo's golden string,
> Or, in some ancient turret gray,
> Charm the drowsy hours away
> By the spell of learned page,
> Full of precepts quaint and sage?
> Wherefore watch the golden fires
> Wherewith night her head attires,
> When in silent state she lies
> Above the cloudy fretted skies?
> Wherefore, in the crowded hall,
> With hired fury chafe and brawl?
> Wherefore in the senate sit,
> And brandish eloquence and wit;
> Fire the breast with patriot zeal,
> To struggle for the common weal?
> Wherefore thus, in youth and age,
> Toil we o'er this weary stage;
> But that by the sacred hearth—
> The loveliest, holiest, spot on earth—

Digitized by Google

Woman's smile should meet our eyes,
And gild with love our energies?
This, this, is all the golden spoil
We seek in life's Olympic toil;
And this, through wavering good and ill,
The central power, attracts us still;
We think, we toil, we war, we rove,
And all we ask is—woman's love!

CHAPTER LII.

SANDY PYLOS.

Next morning I was up with the first break of dawn, scrutinizing, by the rapidly growing light, the unfolding features of the scene. The fort, the town—picturesquely scattered on the slope of a hill, and with its white houses relieved against the yellow marly soil—the tranquil waters of the bay, the gently swelling eminences, the blue mountains in the distance, with the rich sky above, blushing with the purple light of the morning—all these formed a prospect of singular magnificence.

Soon after breakfast we went on shore in the captain's boat. Of course, the travelled and the wise will smile, but I must acknowledge my weakness—my object being not to appear philosophical, but to confess the truth—at every pull of the oar my heart beat more quickly; all the inspiration of my boyish days was upon me. I felt the most devouring impatience to be ashore; and when from the boat's bow I leaped on the beach, and felt myself standing on the soil of Greece, I experienced a thrill of delight equal to that of the long-parted lover when he rushes into the arms of his mistress. It matters not what you love, but if you love it earnestly and honestly, the attainment of it must always give you extraordinary delight. I had loved Greece, since the earliest dawn of memory, as the cradle of republican liberty; and the reader will pardon me if I acknowledge that my eyes were moist with pleasure as I first planted my foot firmly on its breezy shore.

When I attempted to walk, I found myself tottering like a child just escaped from leading-strings—the roll of the ship seemed to be still throwing me from side to side. Everything around appeared to rock and pitch as in a high sea. We went to the custom-house, gave in our names, and were then at liberty to go where we pleased. The Greeks who were here assembled possessed very striking features—in most cases handsome, but savage, with immense mustaches, and long hanging elf-locks. One of these sinister-looking gentlemen, who spoke Turkish, accompanied us to the town, conversing with Ali Bey as we went along. It gave me pleasure to see Turk and Greek thus walking side by side, now no longer as tyrant and slave, but on terms of proud equality.

The people of this place, like all other Greeks, are remarkably inquisitive, and came flocking in crowds to stare at us. It was now some time, perhaps, since they had seen a Turkish Bey, and in all probability had never beheld one walking peacefully by their doors, arm in arm with two Englishmen, as Ali now did with L—— and me, rather as a timid spectator than as a haughty despot.

The aspect of Navarino is very remarkable. It was quite that of a new settlement in the wilderness. Houses hastily run up with timber, little wooden cabins three or four times the size of a watchman's box; no streets, no pavement, no regularity; many, perhaps most, of the houses have wooden stairs outside, like the Swiss chalets, or the more ancient houses in Normandy. Two or three were neat and pretty, plastered and whitewashed on the outside, and apparently clean within. On one I observed a series of festoons, painted in bright colours beneath the eaves. There is an hospital, a church, and a large fortress. Four years ago there were few or no houses in the place, that is when the French arrived.

The Greek burying-ground, which is beside the church, has no wall or inclosure of any kind. The graves, in some instances, are marked with rude stones; but the whole space is left open, to be trampled upon by man and beast, and has the appearance of a cemetery in a long-deserted city. The Frank burying-ground is enclosed by a wall. There are here many graves. In fact, the French on their first arrival were attacked by a sort of pestilential disorder, supposed to have been caused by the great number of dead bodies cast ashore after the battle of Navarino, and left unburied, or only half interred, to fester and putrify in the sun. When these had been cleared away, or thoroughly decomposed, the place became healthy enough.

The situation itself seems to be particularly salubrious. The soil is rocky, gravelly, and dry, and the houses considerably above the level of the sea. The water used in the fortress is conveyed thither by an ancient aqueduct, constructed by the Venetians. In the public square there is a fountain, which is now quite dry. The inhabitants are said to be supplied with water by other fountains, scattered about the town, which totally escaped my notice; but if these resembled the one above commemorated, the modern Pyleans must occasionally live, like chameleons, on air, unless they choose to make a pilgrimage to the aqueduct provided for them by their old masters, the Venetians.

The only garden in the whole neighbourhood belongs to a Maltese, who, abjuring the appellation he bore formerly in Malta, Khanina fior del Mondo, now rejoices in the name of Smith. He says this is merely a translation of his original name. No matter whether it is so or not; he is a jolly good fellow, and does honour to the fraternity of the knights. Smith keeps a coffee-house, in the best part of the town, where we had the honour to make his acquaintance. Here, also, our motley company fell in with a group of French officers, among whom there was one of the children of Erin, who having gone to Paris as a medical student, had spent all his allowance in a few weeks, and then entered as a common soldier in the French army. Paddy had now risen, by dint of merit, to be a non-commissioned officer, and expected on that very day to be invested with a pair of epaulettes. He spoke to me a great deal of the vicissitudes through which he had passed, but cheered himself with a hope of being some day, like Murphy, a marshal of France. Whether or not he ever realised this brilliant expectation is more than I can say, but before I left Navarino he enjoyed the extraordinary pleasure—for it evidently was so to him—of showing me the announcement of his promotion to the rank of a commissioned officer.

I have said we breakfasted on board; but what was

Digitized by Google

one breakfast to people in circumstances so exciting? The thin fare of the Genoese captain seemed no better than the feast of the Barimeides, and was totally dissipated before we had taken ten steps on *terra firma*. No sooner, therefore, did we enter the coffee-house of Maltese Smith than we ordered another, such as boys and gentlemen ought to eat. First came in the smoking coffee-pot, whose black contents were poured into large white French cups, and filled the air of the whole apartment with its perfume. Then came to us the novel luxury of cream, with new-laid eggs, and delicate white fresh butter, from the interior of the Morea, with rolls of the finest quality, and lemonade, and rosolio, and heaven knows what besides. Our whole party ate like a parcel of famished sailors, who had been tossed about the ocean for a month on a raft, after having devoured their shoes and Russia ducks. For my own part, I thought that Navarino would never furnish me with enough. However, I found time, between the mouthfuls, to laugh and chat with the French officers, who, seated at a table close by, were doing considerable justice to a breakfast after their own taste, consisting of omelets, coffee, and bacon. For our parts, we finished off with a few cold fowls, when we had despatched which we felt ourselves in a condition to smoke. Smith then brought us a mountain of cigars, which were piled upon a basket in the middle of the table; and Ali, Kafoor, L——, and I, of course with the everlasting Neapolitan, began to puff away, which seemed to alarm the Frenchmen, for, apprehending the conflagration of the Maltese's premises, they one by one made their escape.

The house stood at no great distance from the beach, and through the windows we could see the tiny waves chasing each other towards the shore, while the whole broad face of the harbour glittered tremulously in the sun. Who does not remember the luxury of reposing on land after a voyage? Who has not exclaimed, in the words of the old song, "Where's the danger now?—who feels it?" The breeze came softly in through the doors and windows, gentle but refreshing; and everybody's animal spirits were overflowing. Ali's hilarity knew no bounds; he laughed, chatted, told innumerable anecdotes, and seemed to be already in Paradise. The grave Italian, of whom I have before made mention, felt his enthusiastic features relax at the sight of the old Turk's joyousness; and Gaetano now and then grinned, though he still held the cigar tightly between his teeth.

Nothwithstanding my fondness for society, I contrived, as soon as breakfast was over, to slip away from my companions, and stroll out alone towards the hills. Against this enjoyment the French officers had cautioned me, observing that I should inevitably get shot if I proceeded to any great distance beyond the town. But I neglected their warning. The slopes of the mountains, fanned by a delicious breeze, were still, though far advanced in autumn, covered thickly with wild flowers, interspersed with patches of evergreen thickets. Here and there were diminutive ravines or gullies, over which the soldiers of Athens and Sparta had once marched. All around, however, was completely silent now; so that, forgetting where I was, I went rambling on, now picking up a pebble, now a flower, or a little earth which I meant to keep, and have preserved to this hour. One of the wild flowers, too, shrunken and faded like Greece itself, still sticks to the page of my journal, and often serves to remind me of the quiet pleasures of that morning.

Most persons, I believe, are fond of wild flowers, which often possess a charm greater than that of the richest denizens of the garden. These, in their artificial splendour, seem boldly to challenge your admiration; whereas the others retire modestly away, and seek to conceal themselves behind some bush, or brake, or rude stone fence, or bank, or rock, from the gaze of man. If you would enjoy their sweetness, you must search for them, and pleasant is that search. You light upon them as upon so many new stars, beautifying and rendering fragrant the face of earth. My old friend, Campbell, in some of the last verses he ever wrote, touchingly expresses his fondness for these children of the waste. The perfume of the things he celebrated seems to breathe from his lines, which, without apology, I shall introduce here:—

"Ye wild flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old;
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

"I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams;
And of broken glades breathing their balm;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow coo of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

"Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell;
When I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

"E'en now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in the lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore.
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangle their shore.

"Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart you were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."*

I am partial to people who are fond of flowers; and as I knew Ali was, I picked up a few for him. It is no fancy, but the wild flowers of Greece are sweeter than any I have ever smelled elsewhere. This is particularly the case with the wild thyme, which, when trodden upon, fills the air with a sudden fragrance, beyond description rich and soothing. Everybody knows the passion of the Athenians for flowers, particularly for the violet, with which they crown themselves, regarding it as a symbol of their democracy. There were here no specimens of this republican flower, this sweet and modest citizen of Attica, otherwise I should have selected it in preference to all others—even to the gaudy and imperial rose. The little

* These verses, I believe, have never appeared in print before; but of this I am not sure. To parody Catullus's words, "He who has never read them should read them now, and he who has read them should read them again."

Digitized by Google

flowers I did gather, were nameless to me, for I am no botanist. Perhaps I liked them the better on this account, imagining for them poetical appellations in the liquid softness of the old language of Hellas, where flowers of all kinds almost obtained an apotheosis for the important parts they played in all religious festivals and ceremonies.

CHAPTER LIII.

AGLAIA AND HER BROTHER.

In the midst of my classical musings, I was suddenly recalled to myself by the report of a musket close at hand, and the whizzing of a ball over my head. I could not imagine it was aimed at me; but if it was they mistook me for a Frenchman, and I forgive them. However, having no ambition to be shot, I at once took the hint, and retreated towards the town, though as the firing was not repeated, I think the affair must have been entirely accidental. Why the Peloponnesians should hate the French, who had come hither for their political emancipation, is not difficult to be explained. Lively and agreeable as our neighbours are, they generally contrive to render themselves objects of dislike wherever they go in any numbers, by their reckless interference with the feelings and prejudices of the inhabitants—especially in all that regards women. This I was told by every Greek that I conversed with at Navarino, especially by one extremely handsome young man, with whom I got into conversation in a billiard-room, where Greeks only were present. In figure, countenance, and expression, he seemed to be a true representation of his classical ancestors, carrying himself with a noble air, which indicated extraordinary courage and resolution. I asked him how it happened, that, with the exception of two or three very aged persons, I saw no women in the place. He replied, it was entirely owing to the detestable French, but added that, if I would smoke a pipe with him in the evening, he would show me what features Greece could still boast. Though it interrupts my narrative, I may as well finish this little digression at once. I accepted his invitation; and when we were comfortably seated on a divan, in a back room, overlooking a little moonlit grove, and had our pipes filled and lighted, my young friend clapped his hands, upon which a lady made her appearance, beautiful as Artemis, and with much of her character of mind and features. It was his sister.

"Aglaia," said he to her, in a most gentle and affectionate tone, "bring us in some coffee. This is an English gentleman, so you need not fear."

Aglaia soon vanished, and returned with the coffee, which, in such houses, is always kept in readiness. While she was pouring it out for us, I made several attempts to address her in Romaic, which I spoke so abominably that it quite upset her gravity, and she laughed outright. She was a girl of about seventeen, tall, fair for a Greek, with large liquid black eyes, and a profusion of black hair. Her brother seemed intensely pleased at the admiration she excited in me. He said in Italian, of which she did not understand a word,

"Confess that beauty has not yet vanished from Greece."

"No," I replied, "nor will it ever disappear from the country, so long as you and your sister remain in it."

At this he laughed, and said—"Aglaia, sit down and sing a song; mother will hear you, and be delighted."

Without further ceremony, the Greek girl seated herself, and sang. Of the words I could not judge, for, through her pronunciation, I could attach no meaning to them. But her voice was rich and melodious, and she seemed to sing with all her soul. I fear I shall scarcely be able to express in what consisted the difference in her manner, and that of the Italian women. If I say she was austere, it will convey a wrong idea. She seemed like an innocent child with a woman's form. A veil of extreme modesty enveloped her. She expected no admiration, and courted none, but talked with the most natural simplicity. I was often reminded of her afterwards by the young Bedouin women I saw in the desert, beneath their father's tents, though no Arab ever possessed features like hers; so delicately proportioned, so soft, so fair, so radiant with intellect. I wished I could have seen her mother, but she appeared to be unwell, and the father was not that evening at home. To what rank they belonged, I could not inquire; but from the style in which they lived, it was obvious they were wealthy, for though she chose to wait upon her brother, I saw several servants about the house, all females of course.

This was the only opportunity I enjoyed of seeing a Peloponnesian woman, but, combined with the beauty of the young men, it was sufficient to convince me that the Hellenic race has not much degenerated in that part of the country.

I ought perhaps to say one word of her dress; it was a relic of Turkish domination, being purely oriental in fashion and materials. On her head she wore a red velvet cap, flowered with gold, and from beneath this, her numerous tresses, studded with gold coins, descended over her shoulders. She wore a tightly fitting vest of pale pink, embroidered with white, open in front, so as to expose a portion of the bosom and the chemise; around her waist was a crimson shawl, tightly twisted, in lieu, I suppose, of a corset; and her trousers were of white muslin, with gold sprigs. They were gathered in at the ankles, like Mameluke trousers; and a part of the bare white foot was visible above the slipper of green embroidered velvet.

CHAPTER LIV.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

But I must bid adieu to Aglaia and her brother, who have betrayed me into a sad digression, and return to the business of the day. This, of course, was dinner, which I invited L—— and the Bey to share with me at a country house belonging to Maltese Smith, situated in the midst of a garden outside the town. We proceeded to the scene of action early in the afternoon, and found the whole place perfectly charming. Smith was obviously a man of taste. In a space comfortably enclosed with walls, like an English garden, was a perfect wilderness of trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers; such flowers I mean as flourish in autumn, beneath that genial sky. I hate melancholy comparisons, especially when the business at hand is enjoyment. Yet I cannot help comparing the

Digitized by Google

last flowers of the year to old age, which, when invested with poetical feelings, seems like a long-drawn bright line, growing dim as it approaches the horizon, to mingle with the darkness which encircles life. In most countries autumnal flowers are scentless: but in Greece a perfume always lingers about them, as beauty and majesty do about age, for the human form, when impregnated with intellect and virtue, is beautiful even in decay; and I have often gazed with silent delight on those grand old men one often meets in the East, where the white hair and towering bald forehead seem to aspire towards the skies, whitherward they are hastening.

These remarks, I see, have not much to do with gardening, so I shall stick more closely to the alleys which conducted us around the fragrant wilderness of Maltese Smith. I particularly admired some magnificent rhododendrons, sixteen or eighteen feet high, with beautiful specimens of the oleander and the cagnus cactus, which reminded me of the gardens of old Attica. The reader of Rousseau will remember with what rapture, after a lapse of fifty years, he saw a specimen of the pervanche he had looked upon in youth in company with Madame de Warrens. It was with somewhat similar feelings that I now beheld a small bed of violets, whose delicate perfume seemed to be redolent of Athenian glory. Beside them were a few red flowers, which appeared to produce the same effect upon Ali, whose eyes filled with tears as he gazed at them. As we walked along, I carelessly asked him why the sight of those flowers moved him so. They reminded him, he said, of those which grew on the banks of the little lake close to the kiosk, where he used to sit at evening with his wife. "Walla!" he exclaimed; "I could see her face distinctly amongst the petals; and can you wonder that I was moved?"

We walked on for several minutes without speaking another word, L—— following us at a distance, conversing in Arabic with Kafoor.

What infinite reminiscences may be crowded into one day! And with what marvellous facility do we glide from one track of thought or feeling to another. The sun was now sinking towards the west, and, like a great and glorious spirit about to take its leave of earth, appeared to invest itself with tenfold magnificence at each departing footstep. The firmament was flooded with colours for which language has no name; clouds there were none, but the ethereal mists which supplied their place were painted with hues of infinite variety. Amethyst, purple, saffron, green, and gold, terminating on the edge of the horizon in a field of blood red. In this heavenly panorama, the changes and transitions were almost as quick as in the play of the Aurora Borealis, which, in the Arctic regions, supplies the place of sun and moon. The great celestial painter, Helios, seemed to be drawing a thousand colours from the light, and flinging them in infinite profusion over sky and earth. It was a sight of unparalleled beauty, which literally intoxicated the soul, and enabled it to taste for the moment the raptures of beatitude which it anticipates after its emancipation from the body. Such sunsets are beheld nowhere but in the East; no, not even in Italy, which would otherwise be too enchanting. Greece and Egypt alone have such landscapes, where the true theogamia, or marriage of the gods with earth, is consummated before our eyes. What we behold of the surface of our planet seems to be framed, as it were, with celestial glory, and glows and burns like a bride in the intensity of love.

Ali and I stood still—Turks have sentiment, like other people—he put his hand on my arm, and said, "If paradise be more beautiful than this, we shall be too—too happy."

From this sort of reverie, we were aroused by Smith's coming to inform us that dinner was ready. In an instant our ideas flowed into a new channel. In fact, Smith's face was an antidote to the sublime: you could not look at him without laughing; there was such a mixture of drollery and harmless cunning on his cocked-up nose, small eyes, and sharp chin. The rogue looked exactly as if he had been perpetrating a practical joke; and so, as I afterwards discovered, he had been. As our appetites were sharp, we followed him, nothing loth, into the house, which, in its way, was as great a wilderness as the garden, there being no two rooms on the same level, or any such thing, properly speaking, as a floor; but a labyrinth of stairs and little passages, and detached rooms, and closets, some with beds, others without; bedding up, down, there, and everywhere.

As we entered, I inquired if we were to be introduced to Mrs. Smith. He grinned, and replied there was no such person.

"Then," inquired I, "do you wear that gown yourself?" pointing to a handsome French silk dress, which hung suspended from a peg in a sort of open wardrobe, and beside it, on another peg, a very fashionable pair of stays.

"The truth is," answered he, "Mrs. Smith is not quite well;" but an extraordinary merry laugh, which I twice or three times heard from a neighbouring chamber, convinced me that Mrs. Smith's illness was not likely to prove fatal that time. However, on we went to the dining-room, which was large, and well furnished with divans, as well as chairs. The window (it had but one) was unglazed, and opened upon the harbour, which the last rays of the sun were now covering with crimson and gold. But adieu to the picturesque. The soup was on the table. We were all hungry; so down we sat, and fell to at once—Englishmen, Bey, slave, and all, for we were thoroughly democratic. It is always best never to inquire what you are eating. The soup was excellent, though with what it was made Smith only knew. To me it tasted like nothing sublunary, and the Bey ate it with as great a relish as if it had been composed of stewed Efreets. L—— declared he had once tasted a similar soup in northern India, made with the wings of wild peacocks. At any rate, it soon disappeared; then followed a pilau, in the true Turkish fashion. Over this we lingered for some time, as being loath to abridge the pleasure. Next came a dish of most suspicious aspect, which at once attracted the attention of the Bey. He was not in many respects particular; but still there were things, which, as a devout professor of El Islam, he could not touch, and this appeared to him to be one of them.

"Is it not," said he, turning pale, and speaking in a whisper, "is it not a part of the unclean beast. May Allah singe the beard of the Maltese!"

It had never occurred to me to think what it was. However, now that he mentioned it, I feared it was

Digitized by Google

pork; and calling in Mr. Smith, I inquired of him, in an angry tone, how he dared to place pork before a Mussulman.

"Pork, sir!" exclaimed the innocent rascal; "pork, sir! Lord bless you, it is the best mutton you ever saw. It is a peculiar sheep that is found in the interior of the Morea, and the flesh is so white and tender that strangers often mistake it for pork; but I assure you, sir, it is the best Morea mutton, and all the Turks that have been at Navarino," (he had never before seen a Turk in his life, at least in his own house)—"all the Turks, I say, eat it, and think it delicious."

At this audacious speech, both L—— and I found some difficulty in restraining our laughing, but turning round to the Bey, I explained to him that it was mutton, and that he might eat of it boldly. He still seemed to have some qualms of conscience, as he glanced over the strangely-shaped leg of mutton; however, upon our assurance, he was determined to silence his scruples, so he desperately attacked the pork, and protested it was the nicest mutton he had ever tasted. I was glad of this, as a hitch might have spoilt our dinner. Smith looked excessively penitent, and next brought in some magnificent fowls, the roasting of which Mrs. Smith had evidently superintended, for they were done quite *à l'Anglais*, though the sauce that accompanied them was perfectly Levantine. To complete the list of our delicacies, we had excellent potatoes, boiled to a nicety, which I regarded as an irrefragable proof of the presence of an Englishwoman in the kitchen.

Our dessert was altogether answerable to the dinner. Water-melons from Kalamata, melons from Malta, apples from Ancona, almonds, walnuts, and grapes, from the interior of the Morea. Our wine was from Sicily, and we paid our respects to it liberally.

When the whole was over, my companions repaired on board; while I went, as I have said, to take pipes and coffee with my young Greek friend, from whose company I was summoned to set sail late in the evening.

One word more about the people before I quit them. The Greeks of this part of the Morea live hard, or rather are half starved; which, the French say, is their own fault, because, according to them, they will not work. As, at other parts of the world, the Greeks are proverbially industrious, I must attribute their poverty to some other cause. At all events, they are here the finest race of men I have ever seen; handsome, regular, and highly intellectual countenances, peculiarly fine black eyes, and an olive complexion of singular clearness and beauty. The boys and youths are remarkably handsome, even in comparison with the rest of the population.

CHAPTER LV.

A DREAM AT SEA.

I may remark by the way, that we took care to lay in a large stock of provisions and groceries at Navarino, in the apprehension of otherwise being starved by the Genoese captain.

On our return on board, the wind being fair, we immediately put out to sea, and sailed leisurely down, close along shore, towards Cape Matapan. As might have been foreseen from the sunset, this was one of the loveliest nights I ever spent in the Mediterranean. Orion and the Pleiades, the moon and the evening star, seemed to rival each other in brightness, and the air was soft and balmy as that of spring.

All retired early to rest, save the Italian student, who remained with me on deck, to enjoy a moonlight view of the Peloponnesian coast, which, in its barren ruggedness, is one of the grandest and boldest in the world. Here and there, the shadow of the mountains suggested to us the idea of large forests; but as we changed our position, and brought the light, as it were, to bear upon them, we found they were only vast spaces of arid ground or rocks. Shortly after midnight, we retired to rest, and on rising next morning found the calm still continuing, so that, as we sailed along, we had every opportunity of enjoying the varied aspect of the coast.

Only one incident happened that day to diversify the monotony of our existence. Ali called me into his cabin, and told me he had discovered a new pleasure, which was this—having purchased a number of gold watches at Leghorn, he set them all going, and, putting them under his pillow, lay down to listen to their multitudinous ticking. This struck me as an original idea, which could have suggested itself to no one but a Turk. I confess, with some degree of reluctance, that I was beginning to grow tired of every one on board, though of no one more than of myself. I was, therefore, generally glad when night came, that I might bury the recollection of all sublunary things in sleep. On the second night after leaving Navarino, I had a delightful dream. I was at home at Jolimont; and all my children were running, leaping, and shouting around their mother, who sat on the green, with a baby on her lap. I stood apart like a shadow, and saw without being seen. The boys had anticipated my progress, and were imitating the way in which, according to their notion, I might at that very moment be traversing the desert on a camel. The biggest, on all fours, imitated that lumbering quadruped, and took one of the little ones on his back, who was dignified by the name of papa. At this, all the boys shouted and laughed, while their mamma pretended to kiss the baby, and hid her face. I now felt an impulse to join the group, and was on the point of advancing, when Ali shook me by the arm, and said that if I would come on deck, he would show me one of the most beautiful sights in the world. I wished him far enough, and his sight too, whatever it might be, for I would have prolonged my dream indefinitely, even, if possible, till my arrival in Egypt. However, I followed him, and on reaching the deck was smitten with unbounded admiration, which the reader, perhaps, will scarcely think justified by what I am going to say. We had made great way during the night, and the sun was now rising behind the Island of Crete, a large portion of whose western extremity lay before us enveloped in shadow. The summits of the white mountains were bordered from end to end with a fringe of light, anything like which I have never seen in my life but once, and that was at Thebes, when the sun, at its rise, gave the Arabian mountains, behind Carnac, a similar luminous appearance. In the case of the Cretan Alps there was infinitely more of real grandeur, for their spices were lofty, and

Digitized by Google

appeared to cleave the blue firmament. Every instant the colour of the bright sky was changed from white to saffron, from saffron to gold, from gold to purple and amethyst, which played and glittered along the rocks like a magical delusion. The precipices came sheer down many thousand feet towards the sea, where they terminated in dense forests, extending to the water's edge. Here and there we could discern breaks and gaps, showing the cerulean sky beyond, while no sign of town, or city, or human habitation of any kind, occurred to dissipate the idea that we were now looking upon the fabulous cradle of Zeus, inhabited only by gods, or the recollection of gods. Presently the sun shot, as it were with a bound, above the mountains; and all in an instant was broad day, which dissipated every delusion, and reduced Crete to the condition of a common island, made of stone and earth, in the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER LVI.

A GLIMPSE OF PIRATES.

Our dream being over, we descended to breakfast, which was usually prolonged as much as possible, in order to kill time. Nothing could dissipate the idea, in my mind, that I was confined in a floating prison, and going slowly to execution. Ennui had changed the "Black Eagle" into a vulture. Read I could not, think I could not—talking, smoking, and eating, were my only resources. Unfortunately, the dulness was not confined to me. L—— grew taciturn, my Pisan friend could do nothing but sing Alice Gray, Gaetano confined himself to cursing and smoking, Kafoor was a walking gentleman; and no one seemed disposed to undergo the labour of conversation but the Bey, the Italian student, and myself. During the early part of the voyage, sea-sickness and other causes had made a mere nonentity of our Italian friend, who saw nothing, but lay perpetually in his berth, like a log. He was reserving himself, apparently, to cheer and comfort me when all the rest should be thoroughly worn out. At the western end of Crete he began this agreeable task, from which he never desisted until our arrival in Egypt. His stomach now having thoroughly recovered its tone, he was able to join us in smoking, which he and Ali conducted in silence, while I wrote my journal after breakfast. I was thus engaged when the captain's brother, my usual informant in all such cases, came to tell me that there was a ship with a "cattiva navigazione," or suspicious manner of sailing, observed in the offing. In other words, we were chased by a Greek pirate, of which, at that time, there were scores in the Archipelago; though it was not often they ventured so far west, out of respect for the British men-of-war going to or returning from the Ionian Islands. However, here we were, now in something like juxtaposition with this ugly customer, which appeared to sail by magic, while we, becalmed by the island, could not advance a foot. The secret, however, was soon explained. The wind blowing down the broad channel which separates Crete from the mainland of Greece, impelled the "cattiva navigazione" towards us, but only up to a certain point, for presently master pirate stood still also, and found all his press of sail of no service. Our Captain paced the deck, joining Gaetano in uttering Italian curses upon the pirate and the wind. "If I could but get the slighest puff," said he, "I would forgive the rascal if he overtook the 'Aquila Nera.' W'ed soon show him a smooth stern; but here is not a breath stirring." He invoked Bacchus and the devil to help him out of his difficulties; but neither seemed much inclined to descend or ascend to his assistance. Presently there was a bustle on board the pirate, which appeared to be putting out its long sweeps, in which case our fate was obvious. The Bey now descended to his cabin, and soon after returned, armed with pistols and daggers like a porcupine. Kafoor contented himself with a single pair, and a huge broadsword. For myself, I had nothing but two pocket-pistols. The brig mounted four guns, which were loaded; while a pyramid of cannon-balls was piled up at the breech of every one of them, at sufficient distance, of course, to allow for the recoil of the gun.

While we were in this state of warlike preparation, a breeze insensibly sprung up, though so slight that it scarcely enabled us to put ourselves in motion, the pirate following, and keeping, as nearly as we could guess, constantly at the same distance. Towards evening, however, the wind freshened, and his bulk soon diminished, for the "Eagle" now once more flew through the waves in a manner truly inspiring. Night fell before we lost sight of our pursuer, who next morning was nowhere to be seen.

We now rounded the western promontory of Crete, and sailed along its southern shore. In the course of the morning, Mount Olympus came in sight, reminding me of Mont Blanc, with its vast expanse of snow, shelving down towards the forest in virgin brightness. That was the birth-place of Zeus, and all around it were the cradles of some of the wildest fables of mythology. Somewhere in the neighbourhood was the Labyrinth, and the shadows of Theseus and Ariadne fluttered through the valleys. By degrees a north wind came, and gradually drifted us out to sea, after which we saw land no more till we beheld the low, sandy coast of Africa, in the vicinity of the Arab's tower. From this point we worked our way on to the harbour of Alexandria, against a contrary wind, and through a heavy sea; but at length Pompey's Pillar and the Pacha's palace rose before us, and I was at last on the shores of Egypt.

Digitized by Google

MADDEN'S INFAIR.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.

No. VI.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The emphatically domestic linen trade, which flourished in Ulster throughout the greater part of the eighteenth and the first years of the present centuries, still monopolises a large share of its peasantry's regrets and recollections; especially among the fast-decreasing survivors of the generation that experienced its decline and fall. Through the subsequent years of deficient employment, poor-laws, and potato failures, with all their attendant evils, which have so fearfully thinned the numbers of these old narrators, often did their memories return to the period when cotton fabrics were known only in the form of nankeens and muslins; when power-looms and spinning-mills were yet unheard of; but the hand-loom was a valuable adjunct, and the wheel an instrument of profit in cabin and farmhouse, by which their feminine inhabitants rose to an earning importance, when the travelling yarn-merchant was a well known character at country fairs, which invariably commenced with a conflict of commercial wit and wisdom between the brethren of his order and the spinsters of the district.

The trade thus carried on in rural parishes was still more active in certain provincial towns; and pre-eminent among them stood the small town of Coleraine, situated in the north-east corner of the county Derry, on a bend of the river Bann, where it winds through a wide and cultivated valley, bounded by bare basaltic ridges, and low, wooded hills, to the Atlantic.

Tourists to and from the north-west of Ulster, now know Coleraine as an irregularly built town in their track, busy enough for its almost seven thousand inhabitants, and still excelling in the linen manufacture, through the modern powers of capital and machinery, as many a tall chimney and broad bleach-green on the river's banks attest; but few are acquainted with the household industry prevailing there in the days of the rustic spinning-wheel, and the ruin which those mighty innovators (not to speak of what Cobbett called "the cotton revolution") brought on the humble fortunes of its people.

Antiquaries have not yet settled the derivation of Coleraine, nor the age of the canonist convent, which tradition asserts to have been quarried down to its very pavement for materials to build the first fortalice on the spot; but they generally agree that the town had walls and ramparts of sods, and a long square, called the Diamond, in which stood its best houses, formed of strong wooden cage-work, roughly plastered over, when James the First bestowed it, with the greater part of the county Derry, by royal grant, on the governor and assistants of the Plantation of Ulster, still represented by the Hon. the Irish Society.

Under their auspices, the salmon of the Bann became known on London tables. A considerable grain market, and the linen trade, grew up in Coleraine, while its streets and dwellings gradually extended far beyond the original sod fortifications, which, at the period of our story, had long disappeared, and with them those primitive residences of old respectability. Two of the order, however, remained in the once central Diamond, which the modern town had in a manner left behind it, close by the river. One of them, which was said to be coeval with the long-disused market-house, still occupying its centre, was a long, solid structure of two low stories; its walls were double, and the space between, an English yard at least, filled up with earth. The interior had many wainscoted rooms; there was a dilapidated coach-house, and a yard in the rear, opening almost on the Bann. The entrance was overhung by a sort of piazza, and there were armorial carvings on its front of black oak, which tradition said had been prepared in London for its first owner, a wealthy member of that plantation company.

Strange to say, the old house had not yet acquired a ghostly reputation, and though substantial as building could be, it had, perhaps from its size and situation, continued tenantless for years; but the other, which was situated in the opposite corner of the square, though of inferior size and appearance, looked busy and comfortable, for in it dwelt and spun the household of Daniel Kelly.

Daniel, or, to speak more in the vernacular, Dan, was a tall, stooping man, somewhat grey and care-worn, but blessed with an easy temper, to which the neighbours presumed his growing deafness might contribute. He had been the son of a poor hand-loom weaver, and risen from small beginnings to be called a substantial yarn-merchant, known at half the fairs in the province for a discrimination of qualities which made him the dread of spinners, and rather a favourite with the more extensive dealers in Belfast, to whom his well-gathered goods were sold.

Dan's townsmen reckoned much on an inherent habit he had of buying cheap, and selling dear; but the foundation of his prosperity was believed to have been laid in the days of the first Mrs. Kelly, a poor, hard-working woman, who had worn herself out in toil and saving, and died just when Dan's credit began to float, leaving him two sons and one daughter. Dan mourned his loss for a year, and then obliged Coleraine and himself by a second marriage, in more accordance with his rising fortunes. The second Mrs. Kelly was heiress of one hundred pounds, had a brother who kept a china-shop; and, besides undertaking to spin two hanks a-day, which she sometimes accomplished, though Dan averred the yarn "wis tarrable coorse," the lady was a notable housekeeper, rarely seen without the broom or duster in her hands, and a scold for somebody on her tongue. It might have been that Dan's method of business was like Chinese civilization, incapable of progress beyond a certain limit; for the increase of his prosperity bore no proportion to the

Digitized by Google

activity of her reign. It had now lasted for more than twenty years; while the yarn-merchant barely kept his ground, and his family was enlarged by four additional daughters. His sons had grown up steady, useful young men, who, after their mother's example, toiled on from year to year as Dan's patient assistants, fully content with the Sunday's leisure, the Christmas fun, and occasional goings-out to small parties with their sisters.

Concerning the latter, it was known to the curious in such matters that Dan Kelly had five girls, and not a farthing for one of them; but the four youngest were generally supposed to have tolerable chances, as, besides being handsome, lively girls, and notable spinners, after their mother's fashion, they had large expectations from their uncle, who, having remained a bachelor, was believed to have taken upon himself the duty of providing for his nieces. The eldest, Hannah, was her mother's last child, and though not sickly, had grown up delicate in constitution, and still more so in appearance. Her small, slender figure, and pale complexion, were looked on with something like contempt in her laborious rank, to which robust health was at once a requisite and recommendation. Besides, she had no rich uncle to help her prospects. Her mother's relations were poor weavers, of whom the Kellys seldom spoke, having left them far in the rear of their gentility.

Her stepmother had given Dan an early intimation that his eldest daughter would never be good for anything. The owner of the china-shop expressed a similar opinion; but, alas for human oracles, under all her disadvantages, Hannah grew up a somewhat subdued and thoughtful, but by no means unimportant woman; for she was the finest spinner in the family. That extremely fine description of yarn employed in the manufacture of lace and cambric was long known to have been produced in the highest perfection by Ulster spinning-wheels; and for years after machinery had superseded them in all the coarser varieties, it brought large returns to the comparatively few spinners who could form a thread so fine. In its production, Hannah gradually acquired extraordinary proficiency. It was Dan's daily boast that his daughter's "hanks could pass through her ring, and she would be a treasure to any man in the yarn way." Many a specimen of her skill did he carry to Belfast, bringing back both praise and profit; but the former alone was Hannah's monopoly, the substantial returns being equally shared in the form of dress with her sisters, for Dan had a pride of his own in bringing home finery, though he occasionally remarked that dressing five girls was no trifle.

Something more judicious than this community of goods might have been devised for Hannah's benefit; but the entire household economy was conducted on a similar social, and rather unequitable scale. Dan and his sons were perpetually busy; Mrs. Kelly took fits of demonstrative industry, and the girls spun more or less according to their intensity; but neither of the presiding pair ever had a distinct idea regarding their profits or expenditure. Supplies were obtained, and speculations embarked in, as the state of the funds might warrant; and beyond an indefinite persuasion that his sons ought to be yarn-merchants, and his daughters respectably married, Dan had scarcely a calculation or prospect for his family. He was accustomed to observe that his name "had an O before it in ould Papist times, but his people drapt it when Luther an' Queen Elizabeth convartid thim." How the German reformer and "the fair vestal throned in the west" contrived to accomplish that good work in concert, Dan could never explain; but certain it was that he and his family belonged to the Established Church (which, in Ulster, contains chiefly the aristocratic and peasant ranks), and the man's fortunes, such as they were, had far outgrown his education; but even on them the shadow of reverse was falling. The cotton manufacture in large Scotch and English towns, through the cheapening results of machinery, was rapidly superseding the homely linen trade, in all its branches; prices and demand were alike declining in all Dan's trusted markets; and there were vague reports of newly invented engines, which threatened to make the flax-spinner's hand of no account.

Few in Coleraine believed that rumour; and Dan, who had just returned from a disappointing journey to Belfast, which he and his sons made as usual on horseback, accompanied by two heavily-laden carts, through deep roads, in a wet March week, averred "it was onpossible for mills to spin like Christins;" when the proof positive was brought to their very doors.

It was a terrible day in Dan's antiquated dwelling; for its active mistress was turning the interior upside down, preparatory to a solemn tea-drinking in celebration of her brother's birthday; which, in spite of threatening times, she had convinced Dan was an act of necessity, considering the china-shop and their four girls. The goodman and his sons had, fortunately for themselves, gone to a neighbouring fair, with a promise of returning in time to meet the company, and the house was in full commotion about three o'clock in the afternoon. Internally, at least, it was a perfect specimen of the local yarn-merchant's abode, the grand division being a yarn-store, close by the front entrance, which was seldom permitted to be shut, from the number of stray hanks brought in by poor or improvident spinners. Opposite it, opened the ochre-washed parlour, where scouring was now predominant; and at the end of the passage, the low, but cheerful apartment where the girls used to spin together; and Hannah sat as usual at the wheel her mother left her, with printed linen dress, and smooth hair, drawing down the fine silky thread, and casting many a watchful glance through the wide-open door, towards the yarn repository.

All beside were at work for the party; and as Hannah looked up at a creak from the street door, which, according to custom, stood ajar, in walked a large, handsome man, whose age seemed somewhere between youth and middle life; he had coal black hair, and a fair, pleasant face, though somewhat flushed and flurried with a kind of bashful assurance. Hannah also remarked that he was more fashionably dressed, and better provided with jewellery, than the men of her acquaintance.

"I beg pardon," said he, with a very confused bow. "Is not this Mr. Kelly's house?"

"You're set there dreelin' an the mahogany table like an ould deal boord!" shouted Mrs. Kelly, whose wrath, heiress though she had been, generally found utterance

Digitized by Google

in the provincial dialect; but here she descried the stranger, whose self-possession seemed marvellously restored by that address, unintended as it was for his ear. He informed Hannah's stepmother that his name was Vesey Madden; that he had called with intent to visit a relation, and hoped he had not mistaken the house. His name struck a chord of respect in Mrs. Kelly's remembrance. She recollected the Maddens as a very genteel Belfast family, into which a cousin of her mother's had married about forty years before, and subsequently removed, with her husband, to Scotland, when, as the lady remarked, "Honeycomb's bank failed in the dear summer;" and having, by a few direct inquiries, discovered the stranger to be the son of the aforesaid relative, who now rested quietly in an old cemetery of Dundee, she became soluble on the relationship, declared her own delight at seeing him, with many promises on behalf of her brother, and insisted on his remaining for the evening.

Mrs. Kelly's party was a sample of its kind. There were gossip and draughts for the elder, and a violin for the younger portion, who danced half the evening, and played at cross questions the rest; but the lady of the mansion had a special triumph in presenting a well-dressed single gentleman as her relative to the company. Bachelors of his order were not then very abundant in Coleraine, and such a guest could not fail to create a sensation in that limited circle, especially when Mr. Madden, who seemed by no means inclined to conceal his consequence, gave them to understand that he was the agent of a wealthy Scottish capitalist, who, having purchased the water-power, was about to erect a flax-spinning-mill, of fifteen hundred spindles, on a neighbouring stream. In the wondrous novelty of this intelligence, the simple people scarcely thought of the revolution it must work on their domestic industry. Even Dan never suspected its future effects on his trade, and his guest contented himself with pointing out the numerous advantages naturally accruing to the flax market, and the labouring population of Coleraine. Better informed, and far more worldly-wise, though no less lively or ready-witted than his present society, for he had been educated, but not born, in Scotland, Vesey Madden contrived to become a general favourite, and the number of his acquaintances rapidly increased. In the hospitable fashion of Ireland, which was never said to be forgotten in the town of our tale, similar invitations poured upon him from every quarter. In a short time he was a recognised member of its social meetings, having established himself at a sort of primitive family hotel, kept expressly for sober gentlemen, and taken a sitting in the Presbyterian Church, which, as in many towns of Ulster, was the most popular.

With his cousins, as Mrs. Kelly made a point of styling her family, he drew the bonds of intimacy tighter every day. Thanks to that magnified relationship, Madden soon became tolerably familiar at the house, saw the girls home whenever occasion offered, and dropped in at times to chat with them at their wheels. Even Mrs. Kelly was long in discovering which was the chief attraction, so impartially were his attentions distributed. She had not been slow in acquainting him with the various perfections of her girls—what housekeepers they would make, what spinners they were, and what prospects they had through the china-shop; but observant neighbours at length began to whisper that Hannah was the object of his visits. Her dashing sisters unanimously averred, "She never had a sweetheart, and couldn't look for the like;" but Madden always found some excuse for being at Hannah's side—convenience, civility, and news-telling, were in turn pressed into that service, and when all other subjects failed, her remarkably fine spinning furnished an exhaustless apology.

The Kellys, one and all, were delighted with their much talked of relation; with his intimacy at their house, and the reflected honour it brought them. The girls were in turn rallied regarding him, with perfect composure; but poor Hannah's colour changed when his name was mentioned, and she looked happy when he came. The grave, gentle girl dressed if possible neater, and spun more cheerfully on these occasions; but little satisfaction had she in the great man's courtship.

Vesey Madden was the eldest son of a very dull family, gifted with a mighty faculty for looking up to any small superiority connected with themselves; and, being something smarter than the rest, they had from his childhood unanimously placed him on the throne of household greatness. The surpassing abilities, beauty, and intrinsic worth of Vesey, had been sounded in his ears by all the Maddens; which, together with the fact that he was the family representative, had the natural effect of making Vesey intolerably proud of himself. Hannah's conduct, therefore, did not at all times please him; she would not exhibit sufficiently her estimation of the prize for which, as he thought, the belles of Coleraine were already contending, and it seemed like throwing Vesey's honours away, to think of a pennyless girl who could do his taste no credit, and would not make her admiration manifest. Hannah's affection was too pure and true for that, but Madden's pride grew with his greatness. The spinning-mill of Cameron and Co., rose, under his superintendence, on one of those rapid streams which, descending from the ridge-like hills that bound the basin of the Bann as it approaches the Atlantic, pour their perpetual tribute to that noble river. At length its spindles were set in motion; a perfect colony of assistants, of which Madden was the apparent chief, came over from Scotland, and settled in the town. Half the flax-dealers and all the labouring population bowed down and served him, for the work and trade he could dispense; and the local gentry began to take note of his existence.

Meantime their boasted cousin's engines told with terrible effect on the pecuniary affairs of the Kellys. The fifteen hundred spindles threw all the wheels in Coleraine out of employment. Capitalists in the different towns of Ulster began to erect spinning-mills on their own property; and as the yarn produced by them, both in quantity and quality, far exceeded that of the mere hand-spinner, the price of the latter sunk every day. Dan had a large stock of it on hands, and though steady, he and his sons were by no means active men of business; the fall found them unprepared, and he was obliged to sell at a ruinous reduction. His creditors in the trade were similarly situated, they pressed their claims upon him; and, to avoid becoming insolvent, the honest man parted with all he could

Digitized by Google

spare, including the old house and its best furniture, removing his family to a little cottage, which he rented, still nearer the spinning-mill.

The evening after their removal, Vesey visited them, and found Mrs. Kelly and her daughter in the full turmoil of a washing, which that energetic lady had established for want of work, while she volubly insisted on the propriety of Dan and his sons making an immediate investment in heckles, by way of exercise for their abilities; under which visitation the two young men stole out, while Dan tried to comfort himself with the pipe, and Hannah spun rapidly beside him.

There was a cessation of hostilities as Madden took his seat, with a kind inquiry if he could be of any service to the family, at the same time reminding Dan of his relationship, and hinting, with an arch look at Hannah, that he intended to make it nearer.

"She is a born blissin' till us now, Mister Madden," said the quondam merchant, waking up. "Shame a thread the rest can draw that isn't as coorse as rattin," he added, with superfluous candour. "Oh, women's down to sticks, an' Irelan's ruined intirely, since thim fellows in Scotlan' invinted the spinnin-jinny's." Dan's further remarks on the fall of the fair sex, and the ruin of his country, were cut short by Vesey's informing him that he had taken a long lease of the large old house in the Diamond, having got it at a perfect bargain, and meant to repair and alter it for his own residence.

It was a great day for the gossips of Coleraine when Vesey Madden again gathered workmen about him, and proceeded to change and renovate the tenement from attic to cellar. Wonders, indeed, were wrought upon it without and within. Madden had antiquarian taste enough to make his improvements suitable, and everybody admired the handsome, antique look of its great oak parlours and stately front, now that neither labour nor money were spared on them. Less than even Irish prudence might have dictated a smaller expense in the commencement of housekeeping, but Madden's pride could not stop at trifles. However, by way of covering costs, he determined on letting the greater part of his mansion; and scarce was this intention announced, when fortune sent him a tenant. The proprietor of a small estate in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, like many of his class, had been an absentee for more than twenty years, and died in London. Some litigation had subsequently occurred between his agent and tenantry, and about the time that Madden's house was finished, a smart travelling carriage brought his widow to reside on the property, with a retinue of four servants, and a cage of pet parrots.

Mrs. Johnston was said to have been a West Indian planter's daughter, whose fortune had purchased the estate, which was therefore settled on herself. She was a large Mulatto woman, of fifty at least, and what is courteously termed a stout figure, with genuine negro features, and a complexion whose purple bloom suggested to the beholder a friendship for strong waters; but she wore a good London wig, and dressed well, in the dowager fashion. The family had no mansion in town, and Madden's house naturally presented itself to the minds of her advisers; so, reserving to himself a comfortable parlour and some other needful apartments, Vesey let the rest of the tenement, on advantageous terms, to Mrs. Johnston.

The lady had passed the period for being particular regarding a bachelor neighbour. Indeed they were soon on a most friendly understanding. She would have done anything for amusement in the small country town, being by no means proud, which Vesey was, when the widow volunteered not only to grace, but superintend, with the assistance of her maid, an entertainment given to all his friends, and popularly known as a housewarming.

The Kellys were there, in spite of their fallen fortunes, and Hannah looked the gayest among them, for Vesey had carried his condescension so far as to engage her for the first dance, while tea was still in progress; but the next moment he caught the widow's eye addressing to him some remark he could not hear, and left Hannah's side to converse with the great dowager. Whether it was the splendour of her gold and scarlet turban, or the honour of being talked to by a lady of estate, that enchanted him, we cannot tell; but there he remained, and led that goodly lady out to the first country dance, which he and the company were informed "she always died for in London." When the widow had been conducted to her seat, and a provision of port wine made for her comfort, Hannah was at last remembered where she sat, still and pale, in the corner. Vesey advanced, in the height of his grandeur, demanding her hand for the next dance. Perhaps Hannah did not like the tone of his request—perhaps she thought herself slighted; but the girl had spirit enough to refuse, and Vesey went back, with a very red face, to the dowager.

From that night the Kellys saw little of their cousin; his dignity had taken high offence; and Hannah's stepmother and sisters did not scruple to blame her foolish pride as the cause of his estrangement. Hannah spun on, but she grew thinner and paler. Her small earnings were less her own than ever, for there was poverty in the house. Dan and his sons could find no employment, though they still disdained Mrs. Kelly's heckling speculation, and all the trusted uncle could bring himself to do for his poor nieces was sending for them occasionally to dust the china.

Vesey visited them sometimes, with accounts of his great doings—the might of the spinning mill, the confidence reposed in him by its proprietor, and the gentry he met at Mrs. Johnston's parties; but the man looked always vexed and troubled when his glance turned on Hannah.

By-and-by, shrewd people began to whisper that his life was too gay and expensive for a manager. Tales of tottering credit and desperate shifts were told in confidence; but his intimacy with the widow increased, and while the best informed were wondering when his failure would take place, Coleraine was startled by the report of an immediate wedding; and within the week the wealthy dowager became Mrs. Madden.

Vesey immediately paid off all debts, and commenced looking after the estate. To do him justice, he acted the proprietor with considerable grace, as his education was good, and his tact far better. He showed civility and even kindness to the tenantry, patronised his former friends, and inquired for, but never visited, the Kellys. Some said his lady had a lurking jealousy in that quarter, but Vesey was prudent; and though the quantity of rum and spirits consumed in the house

Digitized by Google

was occasionally speculated on, their matrimonial life passed on the whole peaceably.

In less than six months, Madden's friends remarked that he liked going out to company. His lady's society had evidently no charms for him; and she seemed to return that implied compliment, being always within when he was out, though rarely to be seen by visitors; but the servants had explanatory tales of an increased spiritnous consumption.

One misty autumn morning, the Kellys were sitting down to a breakfast, in accordance with their reduced fortunes, namely, a large basket of boiled potatoes, and some quarts of butter-milk, which, as Dan quietly observed, remined him "of ould times, before he was a marchant," when, with the usual benediction on the household and their meal, in walked "Stillin' Ned." He was an old acquaintance, though scarcely to be termed a neighbour, for Ned's habitation stood about five miles distant, among the wildest uplands of the barony; but the man was famous throughout its bounds, as his sobriquet imported, for the illicit distillation of malt spirits, which he was said to manufacture in such perfection that a tribute of the forbidden article had numbed the detective powers of many a revenue officer; and many an unexcised gallon had Ned sold in consequence, in the public and private houses of Coleraine.

Ned's entrance was of course greeted by a burst of invitations to a seat and share, which were accepted; but while he discussed the potatoes, and news of the day, some secret concern seemed to engross the stiller's mind. "Mr. Kelly," he said at length, taking Dan aside as they rose from the basket, and producing three guineas from the foot of an old stocking, his ordinary purse, "yer a judge of goold; give us yer vardict on thim." "A wish the sort wis plintier wid us all, Ned," said Dan, weighing the coins on his palm. "What makes ye jubious about thim?"

"Troth, a don't know," said Ned; "a got them last night from a gintleman, in change for a keg of the rale ratified stuff. Och, he's the boy that understands spirits. If ye had seen him waitin' for me at his own yard gate, in the dead of the night, whin thir wisn't a sound in Coleraine, but the ould Bann moanin, by troth it must have been for his own smokin', or he would nivir have took it in at the back door, whin other Christins wir sleepin'—but a nivir had such a swithin about takin' money. Mr. Kelly, do ye think it's good enough?"

"As good as goold can be," said Dan; and with an injunction to say nothing about it, the now-satisfied stiller deposited the guineas once more in his unique purse, received a large black bottle to fill and return when convenient, and took his leave.

Dan's conjectures as to who the gentleman gifted with such an understanding of spirits might be, were many; but the old man had more pressing subjects of thought regarding his own impoverished family; and the matter passed out of his mind. Meantime there was talk in their old locality, the Diamond, which did not now reach the Kellys. Vesey's next neighbour, the innkeeper, complained that he had no custom from the old house of late, and wondered who had supplanted him in the trade. Mrs. Madden kept her own room almost entirely for days. Her maid said she had queer goings on, and Vesey was never in the house; but one morning all the doctors in Coleraine were summoned, for his wife was found dead in her bed.

Vesey's grief was not violent, but he went through the funeral rites most decorously, and his widowed deportment was universally approved. His lady's death had left him in possession of the property by a will, which she had no relations in Britain to dispute. Vesey was now an independent gentleman, but even when the shock of that sudden visitation had passed away, his character and habits seemed to have acquired an improving seriousness. He was stricter in attendance on religious duties, more charitable to the poor, and more earnest after the welfare of his tenantry. It was also observed that he drew closer to his humble friends, and rather avoided the circle to which his lady had introduced him. Meeting Dan Kelly on the street one day, he hastened to shake hands with him, lamented that they had been so long strangers, and inquired particularly after the family and Miss Hannah.

"She's coughin' wid the could," said that candid spirit. "Lord send her safe over it, for she is the only wheel that pays now. Oh, Mr. Madden, that mill of yours has broke the counthry. Bad luck till a thurn the women hive till do bit scould," he added, with a groan of remembrance.

"Never mind the mill," said Vesey. "Perhaps I'll purchase it, and make it a good thing for Coleraine; but I have had a cold myself," he continued in an humbler tone, while Dan stared, with open mouth and eyes, at that announcement. "Tell Hannah I'll be over to see her in the evening."

When Vesey arrived, true to his appointment, the household welcomed him with a mixture of wonder and gratitude, all but Hannah, whom he found, as in former times, seated at her wheel, but sadly worn by more than a year's hard work, while a hectic flush and an occasional cough indicated failing health also.

Madden seated himself by her side, and made a thousand kind inquiries—said he had suffered much since they parted, which was only his deserving; but the best were subject to temptation. No man could control his fortunes, and he knew that true love would forgive the past.

Hannah answered these kind words with tears; and a complete reconciliation took place. Having so much to bestow, Vesey's pride could now afford to act the suitor on most liberal terms; and nothing could exceed his attentions to Hannah and her family, or the admiration of all Colernine for his generosity, till both were wound up by a largely attended wedding at the old parish church, just thirteen months after the decease of the first Mrs. Madden.

Bridal tours were then little known in Ulster, but there was a festival called the "infair," held at the husband's house when he brought home his bride; and on account of the Kellys limited accommodations, Vesey had arranged that Hannah should return with him from church to her future home; and all their friends and relations were invited to celebrate the "infair." The bride's elegant dress and delicate look had been the subject of much remark, and Mrs. Kelly (her state was far reduced now, poor woman!) had many tales regarding Madden's kindness to them all.

It was a December day, dark with dense fog,

Digitized by Google

which turned to heavy rain as the evening closed in; but there were festal fires, and a boundless merry-making, in the old house. Guests of different orders enjoyed themselves in kitchen and parlour; but the best company and the gayest doings were in the large drawing-room, where the dowager used to give her parties.

It was eleven o'clock; and the bridegroom himself, rather excited, had just responded to the bride's health, which was drunk with immense enthusiasm, when the English footman, whom Mrs. Madden the first had left in office, entered, with a small rusty key in his hand, and said, in a low tone, to Hannah—"If you please, ma'am, an old man all in black knocked at the door this minute, and bid me give you this, saying it was the key of a cupboard in the red room, and there was a present there for Mrs. Madden."

Vesey was at his side; and, clutching the key with a look of wild terror, he muttered, "Rascal! where did this come from? Oh, yes, I know,"—he continued, hastily regaining his composure, as the angry footman was about to reply—"It has been lost this long time. I always suspected that well in the yard."

"No; it was an old man in black," said the footman; but the remnant of his words was lost in the loud exclamations of Mrs. Kelly and her daughters, regarding the present for Hannah.

"It's all nonsense," said Vesey. "There's no cupboard in the wall of the red room." Here the footman, who still lingered behind Hannah's chair, cast an amazed glance at his master; and, starting up, Madden added, "Never mind, Hannah; I'll see about it"—as he hurried out of the room, key in hand. The red room was a back apartment in the second story of that old house, so called from the brilliant paper with which it had been hung by the former lady of the mansion, whose bed-room it was; and close beside the fire-place was a large cupboard in the thick wall, the door of which was scarcely distinguishable, and all the servants had remarked it to have been locked ever since her decease.

The distance between that apartment and the drawing-room was considerable, being across the hall, up a steep stone staircase, and through a long gallery-like lobby. There was not a soul in the second story but Vesey, and Hannah was explaining what the footman had told her, in reply to questions from all sides, when sounds from above caught her ear; and before the company could guess her intention, she sprung from her seat, and darted up stairs. Half the guests, including Mrs. Kelly and her daughters, bustled after her, with a strange mixture of curiosity and fear in their faces, but nobody got further than the hall, except the English footman. They heard the sound of flying steps, and the roll of a heavy body, followed by the low exclamation of "My God!" from poor Hannah; and the next moment Vesey rushed down like one pursued for life, while a ponderous keg which thundered after him, striking Hannah at a sharp angle of the stairs, hurled her headlong to the bottom.

Madden was the first to recover his presence of mind; he lifted his bride, with the look of a doomed man, but that heavy fall on the stones had broken the shattered chords of her life. "Vesey, dear," said the girl; and she never spoke another word, for the blood poured from her lips, and, with a convulsive quiver or two, she died in her husband's arms.

Never was there such confusion and horror in Coleraine, especially when the English footman declared in the fright of the moment that he had seen a figure exactly resembling his late mistress, turban, wig, and all, pursuing the keg and his master; but that was hushed up afterwards, and he went home to England.

An hour after Hannah's funeral, Vesey Madden left Coleraine, leaving an attorney in town the agent of his property; and the house, with all it contained, to Dan Kelly. The poor old man could never be persuaded to live in it; but the attorney took it from him at a rent which comforted his latter days, and established his family there, consisting of two maiden sisters, a mother-in-law, and a lady, whose commands he rarely disputed, in becoming style.

The ladies unanimously asserted that they never saw anything worse than themselves; and, being noted for stormy tempers, the neighbours rather believed them. Poor Dan did not long survive his daughter, but he always intermingled with the story of her fate some confused and incoherent recollections of the guineas shown him by "Stillin' Ned," and the latter would never again bring a keg to Coleraine at night. As for Dan's sons, they both obtained comfortable farms, it was said, "for next to nothing," from Vesey's agent; but Mrs. Kelly and her four daughters lived together to inherit the china-shop, in the back parlour of which it is recorded they continued to spin, in defiance of both cotton and machinery, and the product of their wheels always verified Dan's description.

Vesey's abiding place was never accurately ascertained, though it was believed he returned to Scotland; and an accidental fire, said to have originated in the red room, having burned down his luckless mansion, and a stormy winter night brought down the old house of the Kelly's, the ruins of these ancient dwellings were some years ago cleared away, and their place supplied by modern structures, in the Diamond of Coleraine, some of whose old inhabitants were accustomed to connect in dark association, the fall of their native manufacture with the story of "Madden's Infair."

SONG.

I LOVE THE STARRY NIGHT.

I LOVE the starry night,
When hushed the world doth seem;
When beauty, bathed in light,
Reigns mildly, yet supreme.
Then in vision sweet I see
The past, as in pictures, rise;
Merry childhood's face of glee,
And youth's, with its sunny eyes.

I love, &c.

Then the scenes of other years,
Dark and bright, before me pass;
All their hopes and all their fears
I behold as in a glass.

I love, &c.

Some sing of the noon-day bright—
The sun and his radiant beams,
To me give the noon of night,
With its pensive, waking dreams.

I love, &c.

COLIN RAE BROWN.

Digitized by Google

WINTER PICTURES FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

(*Continued from Page 97.*)

XI.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF OEHLENSCHLŒGER—THE SHAKSPEARE OF THE NORTH.

On the evening of the 21st of January, I was at my old haunt, the Copenhagen Athenæum, when the new number of *Fædrelandet*, a daily paper, was laid before me. I took it carelessly up, but started and uttered an ejaculation of surprise and sorrow when my eye fell on the front page, for the very first column was enclosed in a deep black border, and printed in large type, with the startling and deeply pathetic heading of "Adam Oehlenschlæger er död!" (Adam Oehlenschlæger is dead!) In that single line I felt that I read the eloquent grief-cry of a nation—the first burst of a prolonged wail for the mightiest genius Scandinavia ever produced. Happier was Oehlenschlæger than most great poets in this—that he was universally appreciated by his countrymen whilst living, although there is strong reason to anticipate that his works will be more and more treasured, now the immortal soul which conceived them has for ever "shuffled off this mortal coil." For many years Oehlenschlæger, and his contemporary and friend, Thorwaldsen, were perpetual sources of fond pride, not only to the Danes, but to all Scandinavians; for Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, each feel at heart that they are children of one family, descended from common ancestors; and no son of genius and of fame can arise in either without the other's jealousy participating in the claim of having given him birth. They may have their own little bickerings and battlings, but whenever aught touches the national honour of one of them, or whenever they meet on foreign ground, they clasp each other's hands, and, with flashing eyes, cry—"We are Scandinavians! We are brothers!"* In all probability, never more will two such lights illumine, at one time, the horizon of Scandinavia, as the world-unrivalled sculptor and the grand tragic poet—both of whom flourished and grew in fame together, were inseparable friends, and were parted in death by an interval of less than six years. Thorwaldsen, as is well known, died in Oehlenschlæger's arms, on 24th March, 1844.

I know nothing, personally, of the creations of Oehlenschlæger; but I have carefully noted the opinions expressed concerning them, both by his countrymen and my own, and I think I have thus gathered a fair general estimate of their character. I have only, after much deliberation, applied to him the epithet, "Shakspeare of the North"—my reason for doing so being that no other poet is so well entitled to that appellation, albeit he is *not* Shakspearian in two essential respects. It is admitted that the sources of the comic and the terrible—of laughter and of tears—lie very close together; and that nearly all truly first-rate poets have possessed the power of almost equally exciting these apparently opposite emotions. So wondrous was the mastery of Shakspeare over the twain, that to this day it is undecided whether he excelled most in tragedy or comedy. But Oehlenschlæger, by a remarkable idiosyncrasy of organization, was destitute of humour—that faculty was in a great measure denied him, or else he chose never to exercise it. The second grand point in which he differed from Shakspeare is, the purely national scope of his works. Shakspeare could raise a superstructure on the legends, and paint the manners, of various nations, with such amazing vigour and fidelity that one might momentarily imagine he himself must have been a citizen of them all. Oehlenschlæger, on the other hand, founded twenty out of his twenty-four dramatic pieces—and it is as a dramatist only that he must be regarded, for his few prose romances prove his genius was confined to the drama—on old Scandinavian traditions; and they breathe such a spirit of nationality, as, in itself, does much towards accounting for the intense love and admiration borne towards him by his countrymen. It is thus seen, that in universality* and humour he is immeasurably inferior to our "Swan of Avon;" but I am strongly assured, by those whom I have reason to believe are both competent and impartial judges, that in such qualities as may, with reasonable allowance for difference of language, be contrasted, Oehlenschlæger is worthy of ranking, if second, only second, to Shakspeare.

During the last twenty or thirty years, the reputation of Oehlenschlæger has spread over the entire world, and his extraordinary merit was long since known to the best-informed students of foreign literature in England; but I believe I am right in saying, that to the great bulk of the English public, his very name has hitherto been all but unknown, for, with the slight exception of "The Shepherd Boy," none of his works have yet been translated into our language. But among the Germans his popularity has rivalled the most illustrious of their own countrymen, and Oehlenschlæger, who was a perfect master of German himself, translated several of his later works into that language. His genius flamed brilliantly to the last, and two of his finest works, "Kiartan og Gudrun" (a tragedy), and "Regnar Lodbrok" (a poem), were only recently composed.

On the 14th of last November, being the anniversary of his seventieth birthday, a numerous circle of his friends gave him a feast, and the ladies encircled

* A pleasing little instance of this is related by H. C. Andersen, in his "Poet's Bazaar." When he was at Rome, in 1833, all the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes in that city united, as one family, to keep their Christmas Eve. "We were," says he, "about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows: we men had wreaths of ivy. The three nations had subscribed for presents. . . . The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription, 'Christmas Eve in Rome, 1833.' And who won it? I was the lucky one."

* It is worthy of remark that Thorwaldsen's genius, to the reverse, was universal in its scope. As one of his countrywomen said to me, "he plied his chisel not merely for Scandinavia, but for the world."—W. H.

Digitized by Google

his brows with laurel. How fondly will all concerned look back on that happy occasion! How thankful and proud will all now feel that they were of the number! for they can hereafter say to their children and their children's children, "We celebrated with Oehlenschlœger his last birthday!" In his boyhood he was remarkably beautiful; in his prime a full-sized, handsome man, emphatically what is termed "good-looking," and of very pleasing features; and his old age was green and kindly. In society he spoke very little, resembling many gifted beings in that respect. His circumstances were easy, for, in addition to the profits from his works, he received, like nearly every Danish author at all distinguished, a pension from the State, and he was also a professor in the university of Copenhagen. Taken altogether, his life may be held to have been a peculiarly happy one. He had the rare satisfaction of feeling himself thoroughly appreciated—he anticipated, as it were, his own immortality—he lived to a ripe age, and at threescore-and-ten expired in the arms of his friends, lamented by his countrymen as though each of them had sustained, in his death, a personal loss. What more could be desired?

For some time prior to his dissolution, he had been afflicted with gout; and at length a serious illness supervened, and stretched him on what proved his death-bed. About the 18th, an apparent improvement in his symptoms took place, so that his medical attendants entertained strong hopes that he would, for once, baffle the arch-conqueror of man; but the poet himself had no such expectation. A relapse speedily ensued, and on the 20th evidently the great change was at hand. His wife has been dead some years, and his surviving family consists of two sons and a daughter. The latter is married, and resides in Norway; consequently it was impossible, in this winter season, for her to arrive in time to tend her father's dying couch, but both his sons were with him, and his intimate friends crowded around him in the last trying scene.

His death-day, the 20th, was the Sabbath, and his last moments were marked by what, to me, appears an incident of absolute sublimity. I have read of the impressive death-bed scenes of many of the greatest men the world ever knew; but never did I hear of one distinguished by such a thrilling and characteristic trait as this in question. It must be premised that Oehlenschlœger's faculties, so far from being impaired, were probably rendered keener by the near approach of death, as is frequently the case, and this renders the fact I am about to relate still more impressive. In the evening of the above day, he expressly desired one of his sons to read unto him a long passage on the immortality of the soul, in his own tragedy of "Socrates." His son did so: and endeavour to conceive what the feelings of all present must have been during its perusal! I can hardly imagine a scene more pregnant with moral grandeur, with awe, with spiritual intensity. Picture the expiring poet, listening to the choked voice of his child uttering the lines his own spirit had dictated in the full vigour of its powers, on the grand secret which, in his own person, he knew would so swiftly be revealed to him; picture, too, the breathless groups of friends, and their absorbing emotions! In the hands of a great painter, few subjects, in the range of history, would furnish elements for a theme fuller of surpassing interest, of the loftiest order, than this scene. May it be transferred to glowing canvas!

When his son came to the conclusion of the last act of "Socrates," Oehlenschlœger remarked that his own last act had also now arrived; and then he blessed his children, bade them and his friends an eternal adieu on earth, and prayed that the Almighty would be pleased to grant him an easy death—an aspiration precisely realized, for almost immediately afterwards he sunk into a state of mild insensibility, from which he never rallied; and, finally, at eleven o'clock that night, the soul of the mighty poet was released from its bonds of worn-out clay, and fled to the judgment-seat of its Creator, there to render an account of its stewardship, and receive, I fervently hope, admittance into the everlasting mansions of bliss, which the mercy of God, and not the merits of man, alone can render accessible to any of the human race.

Oehlenschlœger's death was announced by all the papers within black borders, as though their sovereign were no more, accompanied, of course, by many genuine and eloquent testimonials of grief; and for many days swarms of poetical laments have appeared. It is worthy of remark that he died on the anniversary of the death of the late king, Christian VIII., two years ago.

The expenses of his funeral were voted by the Council of State, on behalf of the nation, and its arrangements devolved on a voluntary committee of friends. The day fixed for the obsequies being the following Saturday, 26th of January—a day which many considered as foolishly premature, because it hurried the preparations in such a way that it was impossible to render the funeral so thoroughly national an affair as everybody desired; and impressive as the putting the honoured dead out of sight really proved, it would have been far more so had longer time been accorded. A deputation from Lund, in Sweden—the place where Oehlenschlœger was, with grand solemnity, crowned *Digter-Konge*, (Poet-King) of Scandinavia—was prepared to attend the funeral, on behalf of the Swedish nation, and wrote that they would be able to do so (by means of ice-boats), if it were delayed until Tuesday; but that was not done, and, consequently, it was utterly impossible for the Swedes to be present. There was no real occasion, whatever, why a much longer interval between death and burial should not have been allowed to elapse, for I can state, on the best authority, that the body, on the evening preceding the funeral, was fresh, as though the spirit had only just fled; there were no marks of "decay's effacing fingers,"—not a line of the features was altered—the poet only slept.

The body of Oehlenschlœger was conveyed, on the evening of Friday, from his winter residence in Amalie-gade, to *Frueskirke* (Our Lady's Church). This church, erected twenty years ago, is a large, singular-looking brick edifice, with a huge square tower. The triangular front, over the Doric columns, has a grand group of figures, in terra cotta, designed by Thorwaldsen, representing John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. In the porch, the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is executed in bas-relief, and there are also statues of some of the chief Prophets, also by Thorwaldsen. But the interior contains what

Digitized by Google

renders Fruekirke richer than most sacred edifices in the entire world—viz.: the colossal figures of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and also an angel-font, all the work of Thorwaldsen, in white marble. The Saviour is truly a sublime elimination of sovereign genius, heaven-inspired, and is universally admitted to be the most glorious conception of the Son of God which ever was realised by man. It is placed at the back of the spacious altar (up to which the single aisle leads straight from the entrance), and our Lord is represented with extended arms, in the act of saying, "Come unto me." The majesty of His attitude, and the divine benignity and spirituality which floats, as it were, around Him, no combination of words can express. The twelve Apostles stand on pedestals, six on each side of the church; and perhaps any one of them would have been sufficient to establish the fame of a minor sculptor. But the angel-font! I have hung with delight over that, and methinks I could gaze on it for ever, with increasing admiration. It is the most poetical and exquisite idea of a font which ever entered the brain of mortal. Behold a kneeling angel! her long, half-folded wings drooping behind her, with their tips almost reaching the floor. In both hands she sustains a huge, shallow sea-shell—that is the font! The countenance of this matchless bird of Paradise is lovely beyond all imagination, and not only are the proportions and attitude faultless, but the workmanship and finish are indescribably delicate. The feathers on the wings seem almost real; and were an enthusiast long to gaze on the entire figure, he would be apt to fancy he beheld the pinions gently fluttering, preparatory to the angelic creature soaring away to her kindred skies. This wondrous font is within the railings, at the foot of the altar; and if Fruekirke possessed no other internal wealth than it alone, pilgrims would nevertheless come from afar to see what a living shape the intellect and hand of man can fashion out of cold marble. No one can look on this font, and on the statues, without being impressed with a strong feeling of the marvellous industry, as well as genius, of Thorwaldsen, for really in themselves they would seem to constitute the labour of a life-time, and yet are only a small portion of the entire legacies left to the world by *the boatbuilder's son.*

On the present solemn occasion, the church was entirely hung with black, and this sombre colour being extended at the back of the statues, set their proportions off with such fine effect that one was tempted to wish that a dark drapery might be permanently suspended behind them on that account. The coffin containing Oehlenschlœger's body was placed at the foot of the altar; and on its lid reposed two wreaths, a lyre, and a harp, all of pure silver, *procured with the money subscribed for that purpose by the children of different schools.* The lyre was presented by the school *Efterslægten* (Posterity), at which school Oehlenschlœger himself was educated sixty years ago.

On Saturday morning, from a very early hour, Fruekirke was densely crowded with people, and even some relations of Oehlenschlœger themselves could not obtain admittance. The scene outside the church was almost as striking as that within. Scores of carriages were drawn up in different parts of the streets, which were so densely packed with people of all ranks, that they were impassable. In front of the church, far away on either side, a road was kept clear by a great body of soldiers, standing closely together, with fixed bayonets. This precaution was absolutely necessary. The hearse (or funeral-car), which had conveyed the body of Oehlenschlœger, stood near the front of the church, with its six black, pawing steeds, covered with cloth of the same colour. The Danish hearses are very different to English ones, having literally no body, but consisting of a frame, on four wheels, the bottom covered with black cloth, and having two low cushioned stools placed athwart it, for receiving the coffin, which is almost invariably hung with chaplets of laurel and evergreens. At the corners of this vehicle rise pillars, supporting a canopy, or roof, varnished black, and decorated with either silvered or gilt ornaments, in the shape of eagles, chaplets, &c. Of course, the fashion and style of decoration of the whole are commensurate with the rank of the deceased. Some of these funeral cars are very plain—others extremely elegant, and richly furnished. Copenhagen possesses only one grander than that employed for Oehlenschlœger. The effect of the whole scene—the church, the soldiers, the hearse, and the agitated masses of people, with eager, sorrowful aspects—was extremely impressive.

At an appointed hour, the procession (on foot) destined to follow the remains of the poet to the sepulchre, arrived at the church. This procession might be described as an embodiment of the Danish nation. His Majesty the King, and the Queen Dowager, did not attend in person, but were expressly represented by their cavaliers; but the only other member composing the Royal Family, his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand (uncle to the King, and Crown Prince, or heir to the throne), walked in the procession; also the Ministers of State; most of the foreign Ambassadors, and members of the various Corps Diplomatique; the authorities of Copenhagen; the Clergy; the University Professors and Students, and learned men; Civil and Military Officers; deputations from the Royal Navy, from the Artisans; &c., &c., &c. When the procession had entered the church, which was lighted by wax candles in candelabras, suspended from the ceiling, the Bishop of Copenhagen delivered an oration. Afterwards, an intensely interesting ceremony was performed by a large choir of singers of both sexes, chaunting the "Evening Song" (a touching and finely appropriate piece of four stanzas, each containing six lines), written by Oehlenschlœger himself, and thus sung with surpassing effect over his inanimate remains. Alas! it could not "ope the dull, cold ear of death;" but who can say that the poet's freed spirit did not drink in the upward-floating melody?

Prior to the procession leaving the church, which it did about one o'clock P.M., myself and some friends wended our way towards the spot, destined to be the last earthly abiding-place of Oehlenschlœger. He was to be interred in the churchyard of the suburb Fredericksberg, about an English mile-and-a-half beyond the gates of the city. Vast masses of people filled not only the streets through which we passed, but also thronged the adjoining ramparts, and every foot of the road, all the way to the burial-place in question. Threading the ancient Vestor-Port (West-Gate), we pass along the noble road, skirted with avenues of trees, until we arrive at the celebrated Obelisk of Liberty, erected by the peasants, in 1788, in gratitude to

Digitized by Google

Prince Frederick, for certain privileges granted, and rights secured to them. Some of the emblematical statues at the base are very good. Thousands are wending their way past this obelisk, but none stop to gaze at it. Onward go all; and whatever window of the houses we raise our eyes to, has groups of anxious, expectant faces looking forth. We pass various places of popular summer resort, at all of which the flags* of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, are hoisted. Not many hundred yards beyond the obelisk, is the entrance of the avenue, leading up to Fredericksberg Palace, and at the extremity of that avenue is the churchyard, to which such mournful multitudes are moving.

Before we go further, let us pause to look at a little house, exactly opposite the avenue, on the other side of the road. Regard it well! It is a little, old, whitewashed house, low-built, with many small windows, and not very much unlike Shakspeare's, at Stratford-on-Avon, only that the latter is of "stud-and-mud," whereas this one is of brick and tile, and of a considerably later erection. About the centre is a little low doorway, and on the window-shutters on each side of it are painted, in Danish fashion, representations of various trifling articles of domestic use, indicating that, if you descend a step or two, you will enter a humble little shop, for the sale of such things, and the name of the occupier may be read also—one R. Patersen. In front of this little old house, are several stacks of soldiers' arms, as though it were a guard-house, and far away on either side of it, sentinels are walking, with musket on shoulder. What of all this! Look up, O questioner! and let thine eyes devour a tale the face of that little, old, whitewashed house has to tell. Immediately under the eaves, extend from end to end festoons of black crape, and just above the lower windows are corresponding festoons of laurel and fir intertwined. Then, over the door, in centre of the front, is a large oval shield, encircled with laurel, and on that shield are the thrilling words—

"HERE WAS BORN
ADAM OEHLENSCHLŒGER,
14th November, 1777."

O reader! what a volume of eloquence, of pathos, of love, of sorrow, and of pride, in those few simple words! Not one could be added—not one could be taken away, without injuring the electric power of the sentence. Here, thought I, sixty years ago, laughed and played the happy "ae bairn†" of fond parents, and every inch of ground around was familiar to him. Did any thought at that time flit athwart his own mind, or his parents' minds, or their neighbours' minds, that he, the pretty, gleesome butterfly-chaser, would live to extend the fame of his nation over the world, and that half-a-century later, his mortal remains would be borne by the spot of his nativity, with the whole Danish nation for mourners? Ay, and verily many other imaginings were mine, as I gazed and gazed. Let me repeat this:—Will the people who are so jealously proud of being called Danes—will this most spirited, brave, ancient, and honourable race, buy that little, old, whitewashed house for an heir-loom to the nation, more to be prized than each and every palace it possesses? Or will it first be needful for a German to come hither with intent to purchase it for his countrymen, as an American proposed with regard to the mass of mud, wood, and straw, composing a certain tenement at Stratford-on-Avon? Lo! I already take shame unto myself for this ungenerous doubt. Forgive me, Danes!—I hear you cry, "Perish the thought!"

We at length entered the avenue—one of the noblest I ever beheld. It is a very straight and excellent carriage-road, and on either side of it is a double line of trees, enclosing a broad promenade, with seats. From the entrance to the termination at the church, is probably full three quarters of an English mile; and along this distance are houses, with few intervals, and many beautifully laid-out tea-gardens and places for open-air recreation, fitted up in a style far beyond aught of a similar kind in England. In summer-time, especially on Sunday evenings,* this is a very favourite place of resort to the public, and the scene on such occasions is said to be animated in the extreme. We duly reached the church of Fredericksberg. It is close upon the road, and is a quaint, squat, octagon structure, with a steep, slated roof, and a curious, slender tower, with a four-faced clock. About the centre of the little burial ground, surrounding the edifice, a great heap of earth was freshly cast up, and on it many eyes were fixed, for it would soon be piled over *his* remains.

We returned down the avenue—the promenades of which were one sheet of ice, for the preceding evening there had been a thaw, which melted the surface of the snow, but in the night an intense frost succeeded, and the day also was clear, but bitter cold. The entire avenue was strewn, according to the old Scandinavian custom, with evergreens, branches of fir, bunches of fir and box, mingled in some instances with artificial flowers—an idea I did not like at all. It is customary at all funerals to strew evergreens before the door of the house where the body lies, but it is only for some very distinguished person indeed that they are strewn all the way to the burial-place.† As mentioned, the procession had left the church at one o'clock, and the coffin at starting was borne by the students of the University, but this honour was shared at intervals between them and the royal sailors. When the procession came in sight of the poet's birth-place, it was considerably past two o'clock, and then commenced firing of minute guns, by soldiers, at two contiguous points. In a little while all that was mortal of Oehlenschlœger rested for the last time before the roof which sheltered his natal day. A song, written expressly for the occasion, by Hans Christian Andersen, was here sung, and the reader will imagine how in-

* The flag of Denmark is a white cross on a red ground; that of Norway is a tricolor, blue, red, and white; that of Sweden is a yellow cross on a blue ground.

† I understand that Oehlenschlœger was an only child. His father was in respectable circumstances, being the inspector of the Palace of Fredericksberg.—W. H.

* It must be borne in mind, that in Denmark, as I have elsewhere stated, the Sabbath is held to terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

† At the time of Thorwaldsen's funeral, the English papers mentioned that the road was strewn, not only with evergreens, but also with juniper berries. I have inquired whether this statement was correct, and am assured it is quite erroneous.—W. H.

Digitized by Google

tensely interesting must have been the scene at this juncture. "Oh," said I to a friend at the moment, "who can tell whether Oehlenschlæger's spirit may not be permitted to look down on all this?" Ay, and I do even now deliberately conceive that it is by no means a baseless fancy that the soul of the departed is oft permitted to hover over the scenes and friends it loved on earth.

When the song concluded, the sailors raised the coffin on their shoulders, and the procession slowly entered the avenue. First came a very large military band, playing an impressive dead march. They were followed by an immense number of gentlemen, public and professional men, in ranks of about six deep, and any respectable individual might join them. Next came a mass of royal sailors, two emblematic banners, and then the coffin. The latter was borne without pall or any covering, and on its lid were the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp; but so many evergreen wreaths, and "everlasting" flowers, had been deposited and thrown on the coffin, by loving hands, that it seemed one mass of foliage. Myself, and a lady with me, picked up five large beautiful everlasting flowers (called here "immortals"), which fell from the coffin. They lie before me as I pen this, and I need not add that I treasure them highly. I also possessed myself of some fir and evergreens, over which the body was borne. Immediately after the coffin came the sons of Oehlenschlæger, the clergy, official personages, &c. The authorities, officers, and clergy, were all in full costume, which added much to the picturesque and striking scene. The entire procession was immense, and a breathless silence pervaded the spectators as it passed. A few carriages brought up the rear.

When the body was lowered in the grave, an oration was pronounced over it by Pastor Grundtvig, a very gifted and eminent preacher, well known among learned men in London from his residence there, and who is author of the "Northern Mythology." There is no regular burial service read at funerals in Denmark, the clergymen delivering an appropriate extempore discourse instead; but words equivalent to our "earth to earth" are invariably used when the first handful is thrown in. Many sobs broke from manly breasts, and many tears were shed both by stern and gentle eyes, when the first clod rattled on the coffin of Oehlenschlæger. One more yearning look into the narrow house—one more glance at the wreath and flower-strewn coffin—and ye, O friends, who knew him living, have seen the last of the mortal part of your darling poet. Begrudge not earth its own—begrudge not Heaven another purified spirit—for have ye not all of Oehlenschlæger which is deathless?

Never, I thought, had poet such a burial! As one John Milton said of one William Shakspeare, "Kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die!" And is it thus that Denmark buries its bards? And how does a certain nation, the most wealthy and powerful in the world, bury *its* poets? I have been told that when they cry for bread, it gives them a stone; that when they die, it usually buries them in a pauper's coffin, into which it has starved them by inches; and that it afterwards rears a marble monument to their memory, which costs more than all the money they ever possessed in their lives would amount to. Can I ask if this be true? for I am only speaking by hearsay. I wait for an answer.

On the very evening of his funeral, Oehlenschlæger's tragedy of "Queen Margaret" was performed at the Theatre Royal, in Kongens Nytorv. Of course, the house was crowded to excess. I believe that the acting, at plays and operas, in Copenhagen, is very good, but do not speak from personal experience, for, to the best of my recollection, I have only seen one theatrical performance during the long space of ten years.

On the Wednesday succeeding the funeral, I revisited the birth-place and grave of Oehlenschlæger, and made pencil sketches of the house and church—rudely enough, no doubt, but they will be intelligible mementoes to me. I found the crape, the evergreens, and the shield all gone from the house; and on each side the doorway were a number of coarse besoms, reared up against the wall, for sale. The avenue was still strewn, here and there, with trampled evergreens, but no crowds now jostled me as I thoughtfully strode along. I arrived at the churchyard, and there I found a large, rough mass of frozen mould, piled over the spot where the bones of the poet will probably moulder until that great day when earth and ocean alike will yield up their dead. Several large evergreen wreaths were placed on different parts of the heap. As to the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp, I understand it is contemplated to attach them to a monument, to be erected over the grave. No pilgrim but myself had been attracted to the spot. The day was bright, and the sun shone pleasantly on the crisp snow and the fresh moulds, and glistened on the windows of the little church. Silence prevailed, and I felt myself alone—alone near the grave of the poet—alone where tens of thousands were congregated a few days before. All were gone; and at that moment, I, the *Wandernde Vogel*—I, the young stranger from a distant land, was the only being who had come to pay homage to God-given genius, by reverentially revisiting the grave of Adam Oehlenschlæger!

XII.

WINTER ASPECT OF THE STREETS OF COPENHAGEN.

All the world knows that when there is hardly a catspaw of wind throughout London, it yet blows great guns round the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; that when the rest of Paris is panting for lack of fresh air, you have to hold your hat in crossing Pont Neuf; and that when not a zephyr eddies among the dust-heaps of the streets of Edinburgh, every wind of heaven is nevertheless frolicking around Nelson's Monument on Calton Hill; but all the world does not know that when only a gentle breeze pervades the other quarters of Copenhagen, a very hurricane howls adown Ostergade, as you enter it by the right-hand corner of Kongens Nytorv. Here the wind rushes down the narrow street, with such incredible ferocity, that you would fancy it must be some tremendous famished monster tearing through a defile in pursuit of prey. As you approach Ostergade from Kongens Nytorv, you feel yourself seized on by invisible but very palpable hands, and must yield, as the bark does to the influence of the Maelstrom. The propelling power increases in intensity, till you are

Digitized by Google

fairly whirled along over the icy pavement or road, far down the street, helpless as a ship drifting before the storm. Oh, the funny scenes I have beheld at the corner of that Ostergade! I have seen huge beeloaked warriors twisted and knocked about like puppets; I have seen young ladies scandalously whirled round, until they didn't know whether to laugh or to cry; I have seen elderly, befurred dames, who happened to be bulky as Dutch galliots, fairly tack from side to side of the street, from inability to make an inch of headway when sailing in the wind's eye; I have seen hats rolling along like wildfire, and baskets jumping as though filled with hot dumplings and quicksilver; and I have seen brawny fellows, who one moment stepped proudly along, the next give a pitch forward, and glide with all their limbs in utter confusion over many yards of slippery pavement, until they "brought up" against the feet of some passer-by, whom the shock would perchance "bring down" sprawling in amicable companionship. Oh, it is glorious in winter to run the gauntlet of Kongens Nytorv entrance to Ostergade—for you can read while you run, and afterwards moralise at leisure on the epitome of the world's race therein shadowed forth.

"And, pray, Sir *Wandernde Vogel*," asks the gentle, but impatient reader, "in the name of goodness, what is your Kongens Nytorv, and your breakneck Ostergade?" Why, that is the very thing I wish to tell you, for I am about to make my daily perambulation of the streets of Copenhagen, and you shall see what I see, and judge for yourself whether there are any winter pictures worth looking at.

I set forth from my own quarters (which are within a few doors of Hans Christian Andersen's) in Nyhavn Byens Side; *i.e.*, Town-side of Newhaven, which said Newhaven is a large canal, navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, and running down the middle of a long street, until both terminate together in Kongens Nytorv. I descend into a courtyard enclosed by lofty houses, forming a little town in themselves, and having only one egress, a large gateway opening on the canal side. This gate is open every day (except Sunday) until evening, when it is closed and locked To attend it, there is an old porter, who lives just within the entrance. He always has a pleasant "God morgen,"* or "God aften," ("good morning," or "good evening,") for me, even though I have roused him up, ere now, at the "sma' hours!" and a polite raising of his hat as I pass, not in the spirit of servility, but of good breeding; and I never neglect to return his cheerful word and salute in kind. I may here remark that the entire Danish nation is a bowing one—from the refined gentleman to the lowest hanger-on, a raising of the hat, or an entire uncovering of the head, is the universal mode of recognition, or of salutation. Like the continentals, they do this naturally and gracefully, and although I am by no means a stickler for mere outward forms, I must say I hope this one will long flourish, for it is at least symbolical of that due respect for our fellow-beings which is the very basis and keystone of all society. "George the Magnificent" would return the bow of any beggar in the streets of London, and he acted rightly therein. John Bull! you may "pooh, pooh," and sneer at this uncovering of the head and bending of the body; but let me tell you, John—and as you pride yourself on your own charming "bluntness," I am sure you will pardon mine—let me tell you, that were you a little more pliant and attentive to outward forms, it would be quite as well. Now, don't be bigotted John, but ponder the matter over; for I trust you are neither too old nor too stupid to learn how to mend your manners.

There are many similar private courts in Copenhagen, which, in this respect, somewhat resembles Paris; and in another, is just like Edinburgh, for each flat or story is frequently occupied by a separate family, and there is one common staircase for all. Some of the houses thus apportioned off are very extensive structures.

I pass into the street. Between the pavement and the canal is the road, and a narrow strip of open quay, which, this winter-time, is only diversified with a few stray barrels of tar, and some straw-muffled pumps, of huge calibre. The canal itself is both wide and deep, although, before the frost set in, the water was so translucent that I could count the smallest fish swimming about, and see every object at the bottom. But Nyhavn is now frozen up, probably for a duration of three or four months, and contains a score or two of lifeless vessels moored along its sides. Most of them are sloop-rigged craft, having one immense mast (at least seventy feet high in a single piece) raking forward, and the hull itself being actually as large as that of many English schooners, and even brigs. There are not a few canals in different parts of Copenhagen. They run into the very heart of the city, and impart to it a peculiar character, reminding one strongly of Dutch towns, only that the houses here do not project fantastic gables streetward, nor are there rows of trees along the borders of the canals. Before these Copenhagen "water-ways" are ice-bound, numbers of tiny craft (all similar to the one which conveyed me to Svendborg) may be seen in them, moored conveniently to the shore, selling their cargoes on board, under awnings, by retail; the said cargoes consisting of apples, or game, or fish, &c. The latter are kept alive in wells in the hold of the boats, and thence taken out for the inspection of customers by means of a landing net. I presume these curious fishing-smacks only sail to catch a fresh supply of the finny tribes when their old one is exhausted.

As I walk along Nyhavn Byens Side, my hat occasionally almost touches little double mirrors, meeting at an angle, permanently fastened in frames, outside sitting-room windows. These mirrors are disposed to receive a reflection of every passing object, so that Madamme,* or Jomfru, by just raising their eyes from the needle or book, can behold at a glance whatever is going forward in the street, without the trouble of approaching the window. I need hardly remind the

* The word "*Herre*" or "*Min Herre*," (sir) is seldom used in addressing individuals; but, as in the above instance, is tacitly understood.

* In Denmark, the wife of a tradesman, or of any middle class non-professional man, is called *Madamme*, and her daughter *Jomfru;* but the lady of a man of rank, or of an officer, is addressed as *Frue*, and her daughter as *Froken;* while the wife of one of the lower classes is termed *Moder*. Husbands usually speak of their partners for life as *min Kone*, "my wife," and not as a "Mrs. So-and-so," which is generally the fashion in England.—W. H.

Digitized by Google

reader that this custom is a very common one in Holland, far more so, I believe, than in Denmark. In fact it is said to be in a state of gradual decadence here.

At length I fairly enter Kongens Nytorv, *i.e.* King's New Market, although no market whatever is now held there. It is a very large, paved square, or rather place, having in its centre a bronze equestrian statue of Christian V. Under the feet of the horse is a struggling, naked man, typifying Envy conquered. Four colossal statues at the base, also of bronze, represent Wisdom, Bravery, Honour, and Generosity. The whole is a very fine and striking work of art, and was erected in 1668. The Palace of Charllotenberg, which for nearly a century has been turned into an Academy of Fine Arts, occupies one side of the square, and near it is a college for military students. Close by is the Theatre Royal. It is not very large, but the acting is said to be excellent. Opposite the theatre is the Hotel du Nord; and in other parts of the square are Hotel de Svea, and Hotel d'Angleterre. The latter is one of the best in the city. I staid at it until I was able to procure a private lodging, and had no reason to complain of the arrangements, nor yet of the bill. The style and quality of the viands at the *table d'hôte* are of a very superior description. The master, Herr Kruger, is a German; and the English traveller will find either German or French of great use among the attendants, as little or no English is spoken. This hotel, like others in Copenhagen, is accessible by one large gateway, opening into a quadrangular courtyard, of which three sides are occupied by the hotel, and the fourth by stables and offices. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that the guests' private rooms, of fair dimensions, and well furnished, amount to about one hundred. Each guest, on going into the town, is expected to leave the key of his room at the porter's lodge, where it is suspended over the number of its door. There are many very handsome edifices in Kongens Nytorv, and twelve, I think, of the principal streets radiate into it—thus rendering it virtually the "key" to Copenhagen.

We will now enter Ostergade, *i.e.* East Street, the grand artery of the whole city. This street (the name of which is famous throughout Scandinavia), is narrow, with lofty houses, which, like most of the ordinary streets in Copenhagen, are of plain architecture, but have a prodigious number of upper, large-paned windows, the framework of which is almost invariably that of a cross—a very ancient form, once universal in England. This, as well as all other streets, is well paved with boulders, but its foot-pavement is of slabs; whereas, every other street has only small paving-stones, with an edging of granite. I think it is a mistaken notion which a recent very intelligent traveller* obviously entertains respecting the ineligibility of the common side-pavements of Copenhagen. It is, doubtless, true that the small stones are not so easy to walk on as slabs, in summer; but in the long winter-time I can vouch for their superiority, as they enable one to retain a footing in walking over the icy surface after a thaw, and this is by no means an easy matter, either on slabs or on the centre of the road, unless the latter is cut up by wheels. All the streets have very wide and deep open gutters; but at the crossings there are planks laid over them, and they are also "bridged" over, here and there, at convenient intervals—a very necessary thing. But in Ostergade the whole length of the street has planks over the gutters, for the number of people thronging that street is so great that more walk on the carriage-way than on the narrow pavement. Accidents hardly ever result from this practice, for no vehicle is allowed to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile* per hour. The planks over the gutters in Ostergade afford a capital footing for pedestrians; and, like all others, are raised from time to time for men to break up, with iron bars, the frozen mass collected beneath, and so clear them out, to be in order for thaws, which are of frequent occurrence. Were the gutters out of sight, like English ones, it would be impossible readily to get at them in winter; and when a thaw took place, the streets would be flooded. Thus, what seems at first an eyesore, is, on reflection, a necessity. There is never very much snow at a time in the streets, for it is regularly carted away after a fall of any magnitude. Through this we miss the picturesque sight of sledges, which I have never yet seen in Copenhagen streets, excepting some children's miniature ones; but real handsome horse-sledges, do occasionally, I am told, glide along.

The shops in Ostergade are nearly all about on a par, for size, with those of any very old-fashioned town in England of about 10,000 inhabitants. The windows are generally very small, with little display; and while some are high up, others are low down, quite reaching the pavement. You enter the latter shops by a downward flight of steps, much after the Edinburgh style, only there is no area in front, and the windows are quite exposed in the street, so that it is marvellous how they escape constant breakage. The entrances to the shops are often wonderfully round about, and very many have a glazed case (encroaching on the footway) in front of them, containing specimens of the goods on sale within. But you read no announcements of "appalling reductions for cash," nor of any "tremendous sacrifices." There are many fur-shops in Ostergade, and they make a better display than any others. All tailors' shops keep a large assortment of ready-made clothing, and clothes seem to be comparatively rarely made to order. The system must not be confounded with the English slop-shops, for here the ready-made attire is of first-rate quality and workmanship. Clothing is dear in Copenhagen, for the

* I allude to Mr. Robert Chambers, whose "Tracings of his Late Summer Tour in Scandinavia" I read, so far as they had appeared, in *Chambers' Journal*, up to the time of my leaving Scotland; but I have not seen any numbers since, and shall have no opportunity of doing so for many long months. Judging by what I have read, I have great pleasure in bearing cordial testimony to the generally graphic fidelity of Mr. Chambers's summer sketches, and I should say his entire work will prove an interesting and valuable one. His "Tracings," and my humble "Winter Pictures," will by no means jostle one another, and although in a measure going over the same ground (though I hope to break fresh soil in Lapland, Finmark, and the White Sea districts), there is so little similarity in our style, and we probably view the same objects throughout from such a different point of view, that hardly a single point of contrast will occur in the several works.

* By a slip of the pen, a Danish mile was stated in a preceding section to be equal to five English. It is about four-and-a-half English; or, to speak precisely, four-and-a-half miles and eighty yards English.

Digitized by Google

cloth is imported from England. Specimens of every description of shop may be seen in Ostergade; and a striking exterior feature is created by the general custom of painting representations of articles the occupier sells, on each side the doorway. Some of these paintings are really very capitally executed; and I have seen fancy subjects (in front of wine-shops, for instance) which displayed considerable poetical conception. The signs hung overhead are in many instances symbols of the trade. The hairdressers put forth a row of three brass basins—the old sign of the barber-surgeons—with the words "Barbeer Stue" (Barber's Room). Tobacconists' shops are very frequent, with their inscription of "Tobak og cigar-fabrik." There are also many game-shops, with very fine does suspended at the door, and a great variety of northern wild-fowl, many of which are of most beautiful plumage. Some game is cheap, but hares are dear, as in England. The game-laws throughout Denmark are rather stringent. Fish is plentiful: the salmon, from the island of Bornholm, being very large, and very coarse. A peculiar feature in the provision-shops are smoked goose breasts. The price of a fine one is about one dollar (2s. 3d.), and their flavour is delicious. Butter is consumed in vast quantities to the black rye-bread, and is invariably kept in kegs.

The stream of people in Ostergade comprises extraordinary numbers of civil and military officials, in uniform, and nearly everybody you meet is well dressed. The great peculiarity in ladies' out-of-door attire, is their habit of wearing white and coloured satin bonnets in winter. The cabs of Copenhagen much resemble English ones, and so do the omnibuses; but the latter are never to be met with in Ostergade, their avocations being confined principally to the suburbs. Gentlemen's carriages present nothing striking in their appearance, but the uniforms of the coachmen are striking. They are muffled in furs, or wear red cloaks, and huge, grand, cocked hats of different fashions, or else bear-skin caps. The waggons in the streets are very light vehicles, with a long, extremely narrow body, and moveable sides, steeply shelving towards the bottom. Two horses are harnessed to them abreast. The bodies of these Danish wains much resemble boats in some instances, and in others are not greatly unlike coffins. They have no decorations nor painting about them; and I dare say they are built just in the fashion of five centuries ago. There are no street-cries, and street-vendors are exceedingly rare.

The whole aspect of Ostergade is certainly novel and foreign-like to a stranger; but when he has traversed it several times daily for above two months (as I now have), it is undeniable that its aspect becomes monotonous and dull. The reason of this obviously is—there is never any change—never anything new to be seen. I know every shop front—I know every object in the windows—I know many of the faces I meet—I recognise the vehicles—I cannot discover a single fresh object worthy of note. There is no influx, at any rate not in winter, of novelties of any description in the streets of Copenhagen, and when you have seen them, and once grown familiar with their aspect, you might return after months of absence, without discovering that the slightest change had occurred in the interval.

I have thus dwelt on the aspect of the chief street in Copenhagen, and all others are more or less copies—some few being tolerably sprinkled with people, but the majority lifeless; but I will speak of some of the more remarkable streets, and also of some of the aristocratic ones, in a future section.

The night aspect of the streets of Copenhagen is by no means lively. At present gas is unknown here, so far as the public is concerned, but a few manufactories, and even, I am told, some private houses, make it for home consumption. The streets are lighted by good oil lamps, which in all cases are affixed to the walls; they are of a peculiar flat shape, with tin backs, and rather handsome in appearance. It is amusing to see the quaint old watchmen occasionally trimming and re-lighting them by means of their staves. The shops are lighted in most instances by elegant lamps of different descriptions, such as naptha, camphine, &c., but the light they reflect into the streets is comparatively very trifling; and it is this very absence of the vast, brilliantly illuminated shop-fronts one is accustomed to in an English city, which makes the Copenhagen streets at night seem still duller than they really are. Except when a grand masquerade, or something of that description, is taking place, exceedingly few cabs and carriages are stirring in the evening; and only Kongens Nytorv, Ostergade, Kjönagargade, Gothersgade, and one or two other leading thoroughfares, exhibit any animation. All other parts are silent as a Quaker's city; and you may pass through many large streets without encountering a dozen individuals in any one of them, after seven or eight o'clock. A considerable stream of people certainly flows down Ostergade until about ten, and Kongens Nytorv is always dotted over its wide surface with stragglers, and many are always threading the pathway leading through the enclosure around the statue in the centre of that place. No street-vendors of any description are to be met with, and on Saturday nights, when any town in Great Britain of the size of Copenhagen would exhibit bewildering scenes in the main thoroughfares, there is here nothing whatever to distinguish it from any other night. In fact, at no hour, and on no day whatever, can anything approaching bustle be observed. The motto of all true Danes is—"There's no need to hurry through life!" and they fully act up to it. There seems to be no particular hours for closing the different kinds of shops, but the great majority are shut by ten o'clock, from which hour, also, the passers-by very rapidly diminish.

If there are no eye-dazzling shop-fronts in Copenhagen, there are no flaring gin-palaces; and if one feels liable to grow a little rusty and dormant with the slow current of life, at any rate one is not shocked by a single reeling bacchanal, nor whining mendicant, nor accosted by unhappy females at the street corners. Such spectacles as these are not to be met with in Copenhagen—at any rate I have walked its streets in all directions, and at all hours, during two months, and have never yet beheld such things. There is no obtrusive profession of religion, but I sincerely believe there is more real practice of scriptural doctrines than in England. Instead of wearing an outward robe of sanctity and seeming, while secretly indulging in bestial vices, the Danes, who never deny

Digitized by Google

their devotion to amusement, nightly swarm to their theatres, hippodromes, balls, masquerades, and concerts; thus enjoying themselves without any demoralization of character. I say this from close observation, and perhaps I may be deemed an impartial witness on the subject when I mention that I myself never go to the abovenamed, nor to any other, places of amusement. A Quaker hardly abstains more from visiting such "booths of Vanity Fair," than do I; but being no hypocrite, I do not condemn others for partaking in moderation of what they deem harmless sources of recreation. My own opinions are perhaps peculiar, but they are unleavened by bigotry; and ten thousand times rather would I have the Danes to continue thus to spend their leisure hours, undisguised votaries of pleasure, than behold them wrapped in a Pharisee's garb over a Pharisee's heart.

To resume. The shops in very numerous instances have no window-shutters, and in many cases only have shutters reaching one-third or one half-way up the windows. Goods are never removed from the latter, not even on Saturday nights, but are openly exposed all day on Sunday. What would be the result of this primitive mode in Great Britain? A shopkeeper in London, or Manchester, or Glasgow, with all their vigilant police, would not sleep very soundly in his warm bed, were he conscious that only a frail pane of glass kept out cold air and thieves from his shop.

From eight o'clock the watchmen of Copenhagen play a distinguished part, by singing their verses as they make their rounds every quarter of an hour—a capital warning, by-the-by, to evil doers, of the approach of the redoubtable guardians of the night. As I have devoted a separate section to the watchmen and their song, I will here only add, for the information of any reader who may hereafter sojourn in Copenhagen, that should he happen to be out very late, or very early, and find it difficult to arouse the porter of the outer gate of the house where he may reside, he need only apply to the nearest watchman, for these worthies carry keys which will unlock all the gates on their beat.

About eleven o'clock the streets are nearly deserted; at midnight they are quite so, and then, in my estimation, they really appear to the greatest advantage, provided the night be clear, for they look extremely picturesque as starbeams and moonbeams play on their countless windows, and the watchman's song of the hour echoes through the frosty air from afar, probably the only sound invading the ear of night. Overhead the serene firmament will sometimes be exquisitely transparent, and the resplendent lamps of nature shine brilliantly between the fleecy cloudlets driving with lightning rapidity through the vast expanse. Often have I keenly relished a long homeward stroll on such a night, with the strong-handed wind pinning my dear old cloak tightly around me, and propelling me swiftly along the slippery street, which oft presents at night one surface of glib ice.

I may fitly conclude this section by speaking of Sunday in Copenhagen. The religion of Denmark is almost universally Lutheran (all other sects being fully tolerated), and, as practised here, is a very liberal faith indeed. Sermons are preached in the churches morning and afternoon, but at four o'clock the Sabbath is held to terminate. Up to that hour the shops are all closed, but after it they open for the transaction of business as usual; indeed they perhaps do more than on any other evening, as people have greater leisure to make their purchases. The streets are considerably fuller of well-dressed people on Sunday evening, and in summer-time, tens of thousands take out-of-door amusements of every description, at the public gardens, &c. In winter they spend it at evening parties, dances, concerts, and at the theatres, which are always open on Sunday nights. Yet let not the reader place the Danish observance of the Sabbath on the same footing with that of France, and other continental countries, for in Denmark it is strictly observed until the hour when its sanctity is universally believed to terminate, and until then, all business is prohibited. There can be no doubt that the Danes conscientiously consider that after four o'clock they are at full liberty to consider Sunday the same as one of the week days, and this fact takes away the feeling of pain with which an Englishman would regard what he must otherwise consider a fearful desecration of God's Day. I humbly deem the Sabbath one of the greatest conceivable boons held direct from the Creator, by man, and which he ought jealously to preserve intact. That it is designed for a blessed and absolutely needful day of rest and thanksgiving is indisputable; and without it, great societies of men would gradually lose all moral sensibility. Mammon grinds us down hard enough six days in the week, without driving his groaning wheels on the seventh; and I must say I deeply deplore that a people whom I love and admire so much as the Danes should traffic even on the latter portion of this day of grace. I firmly believe that no good ever eventually comes from any kind of work done, or business transacted, on the Sabbath—unless in a case of necessity, for I am not one to leave my horse to perish in the pit because it happens to be Sunday. Moreover, while I cede to my fellows the unfettered exercise of their inalienable birthright to enjoy the Sabbath as a day of rest and religious aspiration, in such wise as their own conscience permits and directs, I claim the same privilege for myself; and, admitting the priceless value of public worship, if I choose to commune with my God under the canopy of Heaven in preference to a roof made by man's hands, I say that no human being has a right to call me to account. But trading on the Sabbath is a very different matter to spending it according to the particular dictates of our conscience, and the chief magistrate of a land would not only do his duty to God, but act wisely for the happiness, ay, and the temporal prosperity of his country, were he to suppress, as far as practicable, buying and selling on the Sabbath Day.

XIII.

DANISH CURRENCY—COPENHAGEN POST OFFICE—COPENHAGEN CEMETERY.

It is very important for a traveller to get a speedy and correct knowledge of the money of the country he sojourns in. I have not hitherto spoken of that of Denmark, but will now describe the entire metallic and paper currency, as it exists at the present hour.

GOLD.—There is no gold in actual daily use in Den-

Digitized by Google

mark; for although there is a gold coin called "Frederick d'or," it is but little better than a nominal one, being scarcely ever seen in circulation; and its use is almost entirely confined to Danes travelling in foreign countries, as being preferable to silver, on account of facility, and rate of exchange.

SILVER.—The "specie-daler," value 4s. 6d. English; the "rigsbank-daler," (daler-Dansk, or Danish dollar), is ½ the specie-daler, or 2s. 3d.; the "mark" is $\frac{1}{6}$ the rigsbank-daler, or 4½d.; the "skilling-courant" is $\frac{1}{32}$ the rigsbank-daler, or about 3½ farthings English. There are also pieces of "4 marks," or 1s. 6d.; of "2 marks," or 9d.; of "½ mark" (being 2½ skillings-courant), or 2¼d.; of "4 rigsbank-skillings" (being 1¼ skillings-courant), or 1⅛d. English.

COPPER.—The "2 rigsbank-skilling" is $\frac{1}{48}$ of a rigsbank-daler, or a ½d. and a fraction; the "1 rigsbank-skilling," is $\frac{1}{96}$ of a rigsbank-daler; and the "½ rigsbank-skilling" is $\frac{1}{192}$ of a rigsbank-daler.

PAPER CURRENCY.—Notes of 100 rigsbank dalers; of 50 ditto; of 5 ditto. Up to two years ago notes were issued of only *one* rigsbank-daler, or 2s. 3d. English. There is only one bank in the kingdom—the Royal Bank of Copenhagen—a most excellent one, founded in 1819.

It will be seen, at a glance, that the coinage is anything but decimal. It is curious that the rigsbank-daler—the standard coin of the realm, as it were—should be divided into *ninety-six* rigsbank-skillings. Why not into one hundred? Accounts are made out in rigsbank-dalers, marcs, and skillings.* I quickly learnt the names and value of the coins; but was long puzzled by the *size* of the so-called silver coinage. For example, the mark (value only 4½d), is very little, if anything, smaller than the English shilling; the ½ mark is proportionately large; and the 1¼ skilling-courant (value 1⅛d.) is just the size and appearance of an English fourpenny-piece. The mystery simply lies in the fact that all these pieces are very materially alloyed with copper. This singular method is probably resorted to from a conviction that were the pieces in question of genuine silver, they would be too minute for use.† In their present form they are certainly very convenient. Who likes to carry about him a shilling's worth of greasy copper penny-pieces—each weighing nearly an ounce? Yet I frequently have dozens of skillings-courant and rigsbank-skillings in my pocket, and their weight and bulk is hardly appreciable. The larger coins are pure silver; and the rigsbank-daler is, as nearly as possible, the size, and looks much like, an English half-crown. Those of the coinage of the late King, Christian VIII., are from a most beautiful die, and the impress is remarkably distinct. The copper rigsbank-skilling (a fraction more than a farthing), is also a large and very pretty piece. Coins minted one hundred and fifty years ago are yet in circulation.

The COPENHAGEN POST OFFICE is deserving of a few words of notice. It is situated in Kjöbmagergade, and has no distinguishing exterior feature to indicate its existence, excepting a huge board fixed on the wall, bearing the names of various foreign post towns, and spaces to write dates (in chalk), announcing the arrivals of mails, &c. The entrance is by a large gateway, into a courtyard, whence a vestibule opens to the different departments of the establishment, all on the ground floor. To an Englishman, there is much which is novel and interesting about the place. The officials all wear quaint uniforms, some being gold-laced; and the letter-carriers have a red coat. Letters intended for the town delivery cannot be prepaid, but must be dropped into a tin box, affixed to the wall of a smaller vestibule, further down the court. There is but one town delivery daily, and the charge is two skillings per letter (about ½d. English)—cheap enough in all conscience!

There are two large rooms, one on the right, and one on the left, of the principal vestibule; and into them the public enter with letters; and, whether they wish to pre-pay or not, they must deliver them by hand to the clerks, as no box is apportioned for the reception of unpaid letters, except for the town delivery, as already mentioned. This is a stupid regulation, entailing much needless trouble on the public, and saving nothing in the shape of labour to the officials, but rather the reverse. The room to the left is principally devoted to letters for home and miscellaneous mails; that to the right has separate departments for different foreign mails. People do not deliver their letters through a window or a grating, as is the case in England, but merely hand them over a sort of counter, behind which the clerks are seated; and the leisurely manner in which the latter functionaries—who are invariably very civil—perform their duties, has delighted me a score of times. I have often formed one of a crowd, congregated round a clerk, and perhaps half of us would have to wait nearly a quarter of an hour ere our turns came; for the usual routine of business was for the clerk to take a letter, read the superscription thereof, make some inquiries, and receive explanations from the owner, who lounged over the counter, then deliberately snuff his tallow candles, one after the other;* next coolly weigh the epistle, and calculate the charge for its postage, according to the rules made and provided. These several occupations would occupy, say three minutes, and a couple more are sometimes consumed by the owner, fumbling in his breeches' pocket for coins to pay the postage, and chatting with the clerk, as he counts them over. No doubt your go-ahead, hurry-scurry English folks would be distracted, were they kept dancing attendance in this fashion; but the honest Danes never exhibit the least impatience, bless 'em!—neither do I.

Great piles of letters, made up in parcels, sometimes lie on a sort of spare counter in the centre of one room, quite accessible to all comers; but I verily believe the innocent Scandinavians never entertain any idea of "appropriating" them, which is what many ingenious London gentlemen would do with ease. Altogether, the aspect of the Copenhagen Post-office is such, that when I first glanced over it, I felt inclined to ask myself whether I had not bodily reverted to the days of Queen Anne.

* Sometimes only in rigsbank-dalers and skillings.

† Since writing the above, it has been suggested to me that another reason is, that the alloy prevents the exportation of the small coin, which would otherwise take place, to a great extent, when the rate of exchange is favourable.

* The clerks receiving letters in the evening generally have candles before them, but it is fair to state that the rooms are lighted by good lamps.—W. H.

Digitized by Google

Letters in Denmark are of course charged according to weight and distance; but the rate seems to me much less than that of England before the introduction of the penny postage; and considering the mode and difficulty of transmission, is certainly moderate. Newspapers from England come free, but only two Danish papers are permitted to go free to England, viz., *Berlingske Tidende* ("Berling's Gazette," the organ of Government), and *Adressecomptoirs Efterretninger* ("News-Office Advertiser"), a paper devoted entirely to advertisements, which here are free of duty, like very many other things heavily taxed in England.

This winter season, two mails are made up for England weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The time occupied in the transmission of letters from London, has been on the average about as long as from Liverpool to New York. Indeed, I have found to my sorrow, that the only certainty about them is their *uncertainty*. Since I have been here, no mail has arrived from London in less than about eight days; but sometimes they are a fortnight or more. As an instance of this, in consequence of the Great Belt between Zealand and Funen being full of drift ice the middle half of January, no bags could be forwarded either way, and the mails and travellers *en route* congregated at the little island of Sprogo ("language" island), an appropriate name! Had the Great Belt been entirely frozen over, of course all would have been well; but as it was, no steamer dare face the terrific drift ice; and the Sound being frozen on the other side of Zealand, we were literally cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, of the doings of which we knew nothing, excepting a scrap or two of important political news telegraphed over the Belt. At length, two regular ice-boats were got to the spot, and then the mails crossed, reaching us about 24th of January, up to which time our latest papers and letters from London were dated 4th, or just three weeks old. It is a curious fact that, when the Belt is free, we invariably get papers from Paris of from two to five days later date than from London. I frequently read in the French papers reprints of the leaders of the London daily press, full three and four, or even more days, before the originals come to hand. This clearly proves that, unto whatsoever superior arrangement, on the part of the French authorities, this despatch is attributable, it may be quite practicable for Englishmen to send their letters in winter-time to Copenhagen, at least two days quicker than usual, by first transmitting them to Paris, to be thence reposted! It must be borne in mind that my observations only apply to the winter season, for in summer the Elbe route is open, and steamers also, occasionally, ply direct from London and Hull.

I will conclude this gossipping section by a notice of the Copenhagen Cemetery. This was one of the very first places I visited, and I have not failed subsequently to become familiar with it; for in truth I don't care who goes to opera, or theatre, or concert, or ball, or lecture, so long as I may wander through the streets of a city of the dead. From my youth upwards, I have ever delighted in musing for hours at a spell among the departed; and many a golden dialogue do I hold with them. Oh, think me not of a melancholy temperament because of this liking, for never do I reverentially take my stroll among the tombs, without feeling my spirit purified and uplifted heavenward, my heart cheered, and my mind reconciled with life, and with the prospect of death. In all magnificent Edinburgh, there was no greater favourite haunt of mine than the Western Cemetery, which is naturally one of the most romantic places of the kind, perhaps, in Europe. The Highgate Cemetery, London, is also certainly an attractive spot, and contains many interesting inscriptions on the tombs; one, especially, so deeply affected me that I long hung over it with moistened eye and busy imagination. It was one line, by a daughter, over the grave of her mother, and these were the simple, all-comprehensive words:—"*Ma meilleure amie—ma mère! Rosalie,*" ("My best friend—my mother. ROSALIE.") I envy not the being who can stand by that tomb without emotion.

Passing through Norre Porte (North Gate), we go a long way into the suburb of Norrebro, ere we reach the Copenhagen Cemetery, open to the public every day. It is a very extensive place, naturally quite level, nor have any artificial means been used to give it a picturesque inequality of surface. Nevertheless, it is neatly and attractively laid out, and the great variety of tombs renders it interesting even to those who are mere surface-gazers. A very superficial glance shows that it hardly contains one monument of any pretension to grandeur; and I like it none the less for that. The whole ground is pleasantly diversified with trees and shrubs, and intersected with walks; the family graves are enclosed with low stone walls, or iron or wood railings, or with, what I thought the best of all, little hedges of privet, or other evergreens. The turf "heaves in many a mouldering heap," not (as in English churchyards) the whole length of the grave, but almost invariably in the shape of a round mound, in the centre, planted with flowers. Every fresh grave has wreaths of evergreens, moss, and flowers, upon, or suspended over it; and, indeed, the hand of affection oft replaces these testimonials during many years. None of the tawdry pictures of saints and relics, which too often disgust the eye in the French cemeteries, find place here—not even among the graves of the Catholics, who have a particular portion of this cemetery allotted to them. Every conceivable variety of memorials are erected over the graves—except, perhaps, the broad upright slab so common in England; a cross is a very common form (often elegantly designed), either of wood, iron, or stone, with inscriptions. On many tablets, a funeral wreath is carved, or a serpent, with tail in mouth—the old emblem of eternity. At the head of some graves are tasteful little grottoes, containing urns. A few pillars are surmounted with fine marble busts, and others have a profile bust, or likeness of the deceased, painted on a tablet. There are some family graves, having very large slabs (fixed at the back of the wall next the road, and sheltered from the weather), on which are painted, in a peculiar style, groups the size of life, and of very high artistical merit. The conception and execution of one particularly affected me. It represents the dead reposed on a couch, at the head of which a pitying angel is seated, and, by the side, a weeping female, who has raised and is kissing one hand of the dead. On the other side of the body stands the poor widow, bending towards the face of him whose eyes will never more return her glance of love, and in her arms is an

Digitized by Google

infant, which piteously stretches its little hands over the cold breast, unto which it will never more be fondly clasped. A second child sobs, broken-hearted, by the side of its mother, and a third distractedly clings to a venerable old man at the foot of the couch, who points consolingly to that Heaven whence the spirit of the departed may be supposed to look down on the thrilling scene. I have already incidentally spoken of the Danish hearses and funeral rites in describing Oehlenschlœger's burial, and I may only add that I have never seen a corpse borne on men's shoulders in Copenhagen, with the special exception of that poet.

Such is Copenhagen Cemetery; and as I wander in it, I look around, and say unto myself—Where shall I, the *Wanderude Vogel*, fondly repose my head? Shall I breathe my last sigh far away from home and kindred, or shall I eventually return to my native spot to die? Will sobbing friends wipe away the death-foam from my quivering lips, or will the hand of a benevolent stranger, who knoweth not even my language, close my eyelids, and lay me in my last long home? Will my body mingle its dust with that of my parents, or will it moulder in some remote foreign clime, or dissolve in the main of ocean? Will a graven stone indicate where the Wanderer has at length found an abiding place; or will there be nought to mark the spot? It matteretb not; for I know that, let my last hour come when or how it may, my head will be pillowed on the loving breast of my Saviour; and I cannot die alone, for my God will be surely with me. Selah!

AMICITIÆ SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

NO. III.

Like twin stars shedding their lucent effluences from the bosom of the midnight sky upon the darkened earth; like companion angels shaking ambrosial fragrance from their rose-ensanguined wings, upon the noxious vapours of time; like the air of mountains, and the verdure of valleys, alluring us from the cloudy atmosphere of cities, and the withering routine of toiling populations; like brooding halcyons calming the angry waters around their sacred nidal circle; like congenial flowers breathing out their treasured souls upon the waste wilderness of the world; like golden chalices receiving and returning the sparkling wine of humanity; like genius and joy clothing with a glad enchantment the sorrowful realities of life; like faith and hope soaring beyond the circle of terrestrial shadows, and revealing the hidden glories of the spirit land; like wedded notes of sweetest music, now softly floating, now loudly thundering above the dreary dissonance of our lower sphere, hushing and permeating it with the harmonies of a higher and happier clime; like conjugal philomels warbling among the shady leaves of the solitary heart in its pensive hours; like benign ambassadors from the upper sanctuary, enticing us to heaven and pointing the way; like banded breezes swelling the sails of the spirit becalmed, and winging it swiftly and safely through sunshine and storm, to the quiet haven of eternity; like all things fairest, and brightest, and best, are friendship and love. In them, both poet and philosopher place the sources and centres of human happiness. The inspired ploughman regarded them as the *summum bonum* of life—

> "There's a' the pleasures o' the heart—
> The lover and the frien';"

and our sweetest Shakspeare, at once their gentlest subject, their best expositor, and their noblest eulogist, bathed in all their skyey influences, and rapt with the ideals which his lofty imagination and enthusiastic heart created, has rendered them incarnate in Bassanio and Antonio, in Romeo and Juliet, in Valentine and Silvia, in Celia and Rosalind. Friendship and love were to him no fiction or fancy; they were strong necessities, overmastering influences, sovereign sentiments. When he plumed his wings beside their brimming fountains, he rose like the matin bird singing gloriously upwards in the golden light to the very gate of heaven. In the hearts of Rosalind and Celia, they are domesticated inmates. There they dwell in beauty and strength, in tenderness and depth, in pathos and power. There, as from holy altars in some august temple, incense continually ascends to their lovely divinities. There they sit enthroned, regulating every faculty, forming every principle, guiding every feeling, controlling every passion, and reducing the entire being to the mild and equitable rule of everlasting laws. "As You Like it," is sacred to friendship and love. Its noble and graphic delineations of sequestered nature; its tale of deep devotion, and its code of meditative truths; its unselfish affection, and its artless simplicity; its heroic friendships, and its generous loves; its union, in short, of all that speaks with deepest emphasis in the suggestive loveliness of pastoral scenery; the holier emotions of mysterious humanity invest it with a transcendental purity, a potent and a peerless beauty. "It is," says Hazlitt, "the most ideal of any of the author's plays; it is a drama in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations; it is not what is done, but what is said, that claims attention." Let us, then, in accordance with our plan, contemplate the portraits of Rosalind and Celia in the gallery of Amicitiæ Shakspearianæ. Their loves must remain untouched; their friendship alone, at present, demands our attention. Hitherto, we have stood with our readers before the picture of Valentine and Proteus, of Bassanio and Antonio; we have seen in them the disparate, yet beautifully congruent qualities of the artist's ideal; we are now to turn from friendship in man to friendship in woman.

Incompetent, perhaps, to achieve distinction in the rigid processes of science, she is more than his equal in the warm processes of the sentiments and affections. In the highest and truest type of man, intellect and heart are co-extensive. The one is a perfect poise to the other; and both produce a beautiful and permanent equilibrium. In woman, of the purest and

Digitized by Google

noblest mould, the sphere of heart is larger than the region of intellect. She does not need to pause and ponder. Obeying the prompt intuitions of her emotive nature, she must act invariably true to the dictates of right reason, and the harmony of things. To feel, and not to think, is the regnant law of her being, the guide-star of her life. Hence the stability of her friendship, and the fervour of her love.

To Rosalind and Celia, we are first introduced in the following dialogue between Oliver, the eldest son of Sir Rowland de Bois, and Charles, the Duke's wrestler :—

"*Oli.*—Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

"*Cha.*—O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do."

Here we are presented with the situation and sentiments of our heroines. The Duke, Rosalind's father, has been driven into exile by his brother Frederick, the usurper of his throne. Rosalind, naturally desirous to accompany and solace her unfortunate parent, at last yields to the importunate solicitations of Frederick, and consents to remain behind at the court with his daughter Celia, then a little girl, as we afterwards learn. In Charles's speech, the depth and ardour of Celia's affection for her gentle cousin is simply and beautifully expressed. It is interesting to observe how Shakspeare seems, in this passage, to prepare the mind for the beautiful developments of affectionate amity in the following scenes. Mark how he iterates and reiterates the expression "love." He thus introduces us at once into the circle of the sentiments, the sphere of emotion. He delights in the soft, soothing cadence of the phrase. He does not vary the expression by other epithets. This one magic word alone is breathed out as the true exponent of his soul, and the tender mood of his inspiration. It comes like a warm distillation from his spirit, and arises again like a balmy exhalation from his verse. He warmly expires, and fervidly inhales, the glowing element. We always like to meet him in such a mood. "As You Like it," and "Romeo and Juliet," have as many attractions as "Lear" and "Macbeth." In them, his imagination is stimulated and inflamed by his ardent sensibility; and language, sentiments, and imagery burn with a miraculous and supernatural brilliancy. This spontaneous cherished joy in the contemplation and depiction of the phenomena of our emotive nature is one of the invariable and certain characteristics of the poetic spirit. Mere imagination, the faculty by which the ideal is realised, and the real idealised, cannot, however strong, constitute a poet. Along with this power, enthusiasm, or sensibility, must be associated. The idealisations, and the realisations, must pulsate with life, and glow with heat. Enthusiasm is the warm circulating fluid by which every articulation, nerve, and fibre of imagination's creature is vitalised and sustained. It is the fire in which the products of the representative faculty are subjected to the action of a moulding incremation, whence they issue instinct to their very core and centre, with a warm and vigorous vitality. Imagination and enthusiasm work harmoniously to each other's hand, and produce, by their combined energy, a living and perfect creation. In their operations there is no necessary priority or precedence. Imagination may be first aroused, and then it transmits its forms to enthusiasm, which breathes into them the breath of life; or enthusiasm may be first affected, and then its products are sent up to imagination, which clothes them with the attributes of its creative energy.

We have another beautiful testimony to the characters and friendship of our heroines, in scene II., act I, where Orlando, the youngest son of Sir Rowland De Bois, asks

"Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, that here was at the wrestling?"

And Le Beau answers :—

"Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; *whose loves*
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters."

But the two friends meet. Celia observes a shade of twilight sadness on the sunny countenance of her Rosalind. Grieved that any intervenient sorrow should check the calm current of their bliss, she thus exhorts her to dismiss her cares, and smile again in beauty, as of old :—

"I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet, my coz., be merry."

To this Rosalind replies—

"Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure."

This is a gentle reproof, and brings out in distinct relief the character of Celia, while it amply unfolds the disposition and temperament of her friend. Celia is enthusiastic and romantic. As yet her life had been one unbroken scene of happiness. The sentiment of friendship had therefore grown into a noble passion, submerging, absorbing, and controlling all other feelings. By such spirits, supernatural and hyperbolical, attributes are assigned to this relation. They view it through the magnifying medium of their own warm imagination. Hence frequently they burst its bonds by drawing them too tightly. They expect more than can reasonably be obtained from human nature in its less enthusiastic and more equable manifestations. They conceive that friendship is the Nepenthe of all maladies, the Lethe of all sorrows. They can, therefore, rarely sympathise with any states of mind inconsonant to their high ideas of its medicative efficacy. They imagine how they would triumph over all those trials and afflictions which deject and overwhelm the object of their affections. This was the case with Celia, for had she been able thoroughly to identify herself with Rosalind, and to appreciate, in all its aggravations, the filial feelings of a daughter, suddenly bereaved of the light and love of a parent's heart, she would not have made this unthinking demand. Rosalind's friendship is as sincere and as deep, but residing in a soul less highly wrought and sorely torn with grief; its ideal development is not so heroic and enthusiastic. Strange to say, however, we admire both, because both are perfectly natural, and act in strict accordance with

Digitized by Google

their individual idiosyncrasies. To this answer of Rosalind, Celia replies—

"Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee."

Here, again, is the further development of this beautiful fault in the impassioned dreamer. She has too high an ideal for real life, and is consequently unable so fully to identify herself with her friend as to see matters exactly from the same point of view, and precisely in the same light. Her sentiments invest realities with an illusive colouring; and she is disappointed to find that her friend is unable to sympathise with her high-toned idealism. Celia's case is by no means rare. Fine spirits, unacquainted with humanity as it actually is, form to themselves an immaculate image of friendship; they emerge from their closets glowing with admiration and love of the beautiful and benignant vision. They regularly undertake to realise their ideal; they are soon undeceived; and, if sense and judgment come not to their relief, chagrin and disappointment freeze up the genial current of their affections, and they retire into their own being, gloomy and melancholy misanthropes. This virtue becomes, in their estimation, from the sad realities of life, the source of every inconvenience. In contact with such a spirit, how beautiful is the reply of Rosalind—

"Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours."

"I will make another effort—I will try to loose myself in you." Here Shakspeare brings out, as on all occasions, the peculiar feature of a real friendship, disinterestedness, and self-oblivion. What Rosalind thus does for Celia, she afterwards shows she expects Celia to do for her, when she says of Orlando—

"Do you, Celia, love him, *because I do?*"

I have identified myself in you, in forgetting my sorrows; do you now identify yourself with me, in loving Orlando? But a still greater trial awaits the faithful pair. Duke Frederick has suddenly conceived a violent aversion to his niece, and ordered her, on pain of death, to quit his court in ten days. The noble remonstrances of Rosalind enhance our opinion of her generous and spotless character. These proving of no avail to change his purpose, Celia boldly ventures to intercede for her wronged associate. "Dear Sovereign," says she, "hear me speak." To this the Duke roughly replies—

"Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake;
Else with her father she had ranged along."

Celia nobly answers—

"I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."

Every one must feel the force, delicacy, and beauty of this appeal, and the generous enthusiasm from which it proceeded. Celia here acts out her ideal. She is no mere sentimentalist. Her abstract conceptions of friendship she resolves to embody in action. How beautifully she describes the process by which the ties between her and Rosalind have been formed. When Frederick banished the father of her friend, she was a child, and could form no estimate of her worth; but now she says emphatically, I know her; I have learnt her value by experience; I have tested her merits, and found them such as to bind me for ever to her interests. At first my love was like a rivulet; day by day it increased in volume and velocity; the current widened as it advanced, and now it has become a resistless flood, which no power on earth—no, not even the mighty arm of a sovereign father—can roll back, or for a moment arrest. It carries me triumphantly along upon its broad breast to every scene and circumstance where Rosalind appears. "Like Juno's swans," what an exquisite image! In maiden purity, white as the birds that sped the car of heaven's queen, they sailed, coupled and inseparable, down the stream of time, and onwards still they glide to the great ocean of eternity.

There seems some discrepancy between the first part of this speech and that of the Duke's wrestler, recently quoted. Celia says—

"I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;"

and Charles, on the banishment of the Duke, "she would have followed Rosalind's exile, or have died to stay behind her." The explanation may be this: that when Celia began to discover the worth of Rosalind, had she then resolved to leave the court, Celia must have accompanied her, or fallen a victim to a broken and bereaved heart. Charles had his eye upon the existing attachment, and thence he augured the result.

To his daughter's pathetic pleading, the Duke sternly replies:—

"Open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished."

Heroically Celia responds—

"Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company."

She loves Rosalind, and she loves her with a fervour and fidelity coeval with her earliest consciousness. The presence of the beloved object, the recipient and reciprocator of her deepest feelings and her tenderest sentiments, is become a necessity of her existence. The clinging tendrils of her inner being are so complexly interwoven around the heart of Rosalind, that no human power can untwist a solitary feeble filament. This intricate union, this Gordian knot of hearts, death may sever, but cannot untie. Hence, with the same breath that proclaims the banishment of her friend, her exile is decreed. That heart must indeed be strangely dead to all that is noble, disinterested, and sublime in human nature, that thrills not with complacent sentiment at this lovely picture which the unrivalled artist drew.

The following scene between the pair is finely touched:—

"*Cel.*—O my poor Rosalind; whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more grieved than I am.
"*Ros.*—I have more cause.

Digitized by Google

"*Cel.*— Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
"*Ros.*— That he hath not.
"*Cel.*—No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee, *that thou and I am one.*
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly;
Whither to go; and what to bear with us.
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.
Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment."

Celia is fatherless. His own rude hand has snapt the filial bond. Rosalind, singularly true to her comparatively superficial matter-of-fact character, cannot see fully and at once the import or the consequences of the Duke's decree. Her grief, she imagines, should be tenfold greater than her friend's; but with the eye of a superior spirit, and the sensibilities of a noble nature, Celia reads in that decree her duty and her doom. "Rosalind, know'st thou not that thou and I am one, my heart is thy heart, and thy destiny of weal or woe must also be mine? Here, on the altar of my affections, I lay my father's love and proud inheritance, and willingly do I sacrifice them all for thee. Seek not to leave me in this hated court, where, without thee, I can no longer live. Take me with you, and I shall soothe your sorrow, sympathise with your misfortune, and share in your distress. I call heaven, that now looks mournfully on our misery, to witness my resolve, to wander with you through the wilderness of life":—

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both, or none.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*They part!*—ah no!
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

The character of this heroine of friendship is here finely sustained. In the smile of royalty beside her friend, she deemed her Rosalind unkind to cherish a solitary thought of sadness. Her own generous nature taught her they were all-in-all to one another; and so long as fortune did not separate them, she fondly thought one feeling only should prevail, of pure, unmixed, and satisfying joy. Now that stern fate has reversed the picture, and sealed the exile of her friend, the sky is darkened, and the night has fallen. With the same enthusiasm that she formerly rejoiced, she weeps. The reality of things has at last burst upon her in all their rough austerity, and, true to herself and to her Rosalind, she willingly renounces all the pomp and pride of state, to taste the strange, mysterious, melancholy joy, of bearing through a thorny world the heavy burden of another's calamities. Immaculate type of woman in her highest form art thou, heavenly Celia! What a provision against the ills of life is the principle of sympathy! No deeper, purer fount of happiness than "to weep with them that weep." It is the universal bond of human society. Destroy it, and society exists no longer; a self-centred race of isolated demons blights and blasts the face of the world. It is the keystone in the arch of the intelligent and moral universe of God; the cement that unites and consolidates the living stones in the great moral temple of the Deity.

Celia, abandoning herself to the dictates of this beautiful sentiment, was soon with Rosalind, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," in the forest of Arden. The remainder of the play is occupied with the romantic story of their loves, and concludes with the conjugal happiness of both. Bathed in the bliss of that sacred union, and loving one another with a fervour and intensity which time only augments, they pass from the dramatic scene, leaving behind on the spectator's imagination the fair and faultless ideals of Shaksperian friendship and love.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MONTAIGNE'S.*

The letters of Michel de Montaigne, known to exist, are few, being fourteen in number. M. Achille Jubinal, one of the most eminent archaiologists and bibliopolists in France, has enriched literature by the discovery of a fifteenth, which has given occasion for a little volume, containing a history of the discovery, and some remarks having a connection with the pretended pillaging of the National Library, by M. Libri. This book-lovers' quarrel is most amusing. It has roused up a controversy which carries one back centuries. We have a perfect battle of the books, and we fancy ourselves in the days of Mearsius and Seeliges.

---

* We receive the proof sheets of a forthcoming little volume—*Une lettre inédite de Montaigne;* Paris, 1850—by Achille Jubinal, well known as the author of the following works:—

1. *Les Anciennes Tapisseries Historiées de France*, ou Collection des Monuments de ce genre, les plus remarquables qui nous soient restés du onzième au seizième siècle; *ouvrage qui a obtenu de l'Académie des Inscriptions une des trois médailles d'or décernées aux meilleurs travaux sur les antiquités nationales.* 2e édition.—2 vol. in-fol., format d'atlas, texte illustré.
2. *Lettres* sur quelques-uns des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque royale de La Haye, suivies de Notices et Extraits de ce mêmes manuscrits; 1 vol. in-8.
3. *Lettres* sur les Pyrénées, ou Voyage de Paris au Canigou; 1 vol. in-8.
4. *La Armeria Real*, ou collection des principales pièces de la Galerie royale des Armes anciennes de Madrid; 2 vol. in-fol., texte illustré, avec 83 planches lithographiées et gravées, représentant les armes de toute l'Espagne célère, depuis le Cid jusqu' à Charles-Quint.
5. *Supplément* à la Galerie des armes anciennes d'Espagne *(Armeria real de Madrid)*, 1 vol. in-fol. avec quarante planches formant dix livraisons (les deux premiers volumes ont paru depuis longtemps).
6. *Lettre A. M. Paul Lecroix*, contenant un curieux épisode de l'histoire des bibliothèques publiques, in-8.
7. *Etudes de Litérature Etrangère* (Espagne et Italie), 2 vol. in-8.
8. *Le Comte de Lucanor*, traduit de l'Espagnol, in-8.
9. *Le Roman de Fauvel*, manuscrit du quatorzième siècle publié pour la première fois, 1 vol. in-8.

Digitized by Google

Libri, Paul Lecroix, Jubinal, and a host of others, have fastened like leeches on the ex-Royal Library, the worst managed, the richest, and the most useless library in Europe. Possessed of the most valuable books which have been published, it has no catalogue; and the student who enters its doors between ten and three in search of a book, when he asks for one, has generally the agreeable satisfaction of being told, "It shall be sought for." Perhaps two hours later the reply comes, "Can't be found—lent—binding, &c." Then you ask for another, and at last get it. But then it is time to go; the servants turn you out, and the day is wasted. The number of persons connected with the establishment is great; they are well paid, and are often men high in literature. But they appear to conceive themselves there to study, and use the books, and not to attend to the public, who derive scarcely any real advantage from the possession of one of the richest libraries in the world.

We ourselves have continually had occasion to visit this institution; but the loss of time, the inability to make any research, because only allowed one volume at a time, and the dilatory conduct of the attendants, have rendered it perfectly useless. The attendants sit at tables reading. If you ask for a book, they coolly finish their page, and then attend to you; while some have gone the length, when I have returned a book at the end of ten minutes to ask for another, of saying, "I can't be changing your books so often;" and yet the other volume was an index. The British Museum is not faultless, but its management is infinitely superior to that of the *Bibliotheque* in the Rue Richelieu.

M. Achille Jubinal, in the sheets before us, while explaining the cause of his having literary leisure, is a little severe on the republican minister Carnot, for dismissing him from his professorship; but we cannot see the necessary connection between this and the book. He then says:—

"While waiting the production of more important works, I offer to the learned, and to the admirers of the immortal author of the "Essays," an unpublished letter, magnificent in thought and expression, by that philosopher, so full of sense, of right-mindedness, of *naïveté*, who is called *le bon homme*—of Montaigne, in fact. The following is the mode in which I discovered this precious letter, and why while publishing it, I accompany it with researches which have no connection with it. Scarcely two months ago, some questions were addressed to me by a great patron of the arts with whom I had the honour to contract a very warm friendship, when, in 1838, I was on a literary mission in Switzerland. . . . . Occupied in preparing other works, I had been little to the National Library; I took advantage of this circumstance to resume my somewhat vagabond researches, especially among epistolary collections, where were hidden the sentiments and the most intimate thoughts of men whom we are used only to see in their official garb. While, therefore, doing what my learned and illustrious friend asked of me, I groped among some collections, not yet described, not examined, and very badly catalogued, and in which I made some very important discoveries. I did not expect to make that which chance offered me, nor many others in the same collection and in others. But still I went on, making out prodigious *larcines*, while also making fortunate discoveries, but not thinking of giving publicity to any, when the following adventure occurred:—

"Requiring to consult the catalogue of the sale of the Duke de Lavalliere, I applied to my honourable friend Charles Magnin, conservator of the printing department, specially appointed to take care of the *reserve*, that is to say, of rare books, first editions, Gothic productions, &c., bibliographical treasures with good reason set on one side."

M. Charles Magnin promised to find the book, which was a copy, with the prices and buyers, and bade M. Jubinal ask M. Ravenel at a later hour for it. M. Jubinal continues:—

"I came back to the manuscript department before the end of the sitting. M. Magnin was absent; I spoke to M. Ravenel. 'I have nothing,' said he very drily: 'you ask for books very difficult to find. I will look for it to-morrow.' I was half inclined to answer, because of the tone, but I remained silent. Next day M. Ravenel found nothing; the next day, the same. This little comedy reminded me of Japhet in search of a father, and seemed endless. But chance gave it a *denouement*. One day, instead of applying anew to M. Ravenel, whom I saw at the desk, I entered the hall of globes, where M. Magnin usually sits, to repeat my eternal demand. Approaching the employé, who presides over the catalogue, M. Eugene D'Auriac, I said, 'I am sorry M. Magnin is not here; I wanted to ask him for a Lavalliere catalogue, with the prices and names of buyers, which he promised me. Has he found it?' 'I don't know,' said he; then, tapping his forehead, 'How stupid I am,' added he; 'there has been one here for two or three days. I suppose it is for you.' Going then to the desk which M. Ravenel occupies in the globe room when M. Magnin is at the conservator's desk, he took from it, and brought me, a catalogue Lavalliere, not only with the prices, but with the names of the buyers, and very curious references to the Gaignières, Gaignat, and other catalogues. 'Good!' said I to myself, 'this is very funny. An explanation will, I suppose, come. I fancy I was not to see the book.'

"I took paper out of my pocket, and sitting down, began to work. I had not been ten minutes at work, when I saw M. Ravenel come in. He looked at me as he passed, went to his desk uneasily, saw at once the absence of the catalogue, and whispered with M. D'Auriac in a corner. He then went out, and I approached M. D'Auriac. 'It appears,' said he, in a whisper, 'I have made a blunder.' 'What? How?' 'By giving you the Lavalliere catalogue.' A few minutes later, M. Pilon, *conservateur-adjoint*, came, and went towards M. D'Auriac, and then signed me to approach. I advanced. At the same instant M. Ravenel came in again, and joining us, bade Messrs. Pilon and Klein go out. We remained alone. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have hitherto told you an untruth.' 'Monsieur,' cried I, stopping him, 'I don't accept that word; you speak too harshly of a mistake; you were in error, that was all.' 'No! sir,' said M. Ravenel, 'I had, as you see, the Lavalliere catalogue; but it was agreed that you were to be told that we had it not, and I had placed it on one side to prevent you seeing it.' 'And why, if you please?' 'Because you have written, I am told, something favourable to M. Libri, and because we regard all who defend him as our bitter enemies; against them we defend ourselves as best we can. That is why we told you an untruth.'"

M. Libri is accused of having had in his possession certain books belonging to the National Library. Nothing easier. Such books may be picked up on every stall, so careless has been the management of this great library. But the war between M. Libri, an eminent and learned bibliopolist, and the library, has become bitter in the extreme. In his clear and lucid defence, M. Libri shows that the servants of this national institution have been either grossly careless or grossly criminal. Their charge has been neglected, or pillaged; and the inquiry has brought to light facts which demonstrate that the libraries of France have been for twenty years in the hands either of knaves or fools. M. Jubinal, struck by the saying of M. Ravenel, confessing to falsehood as a means of defence, conceived that he might serve the cause of M. Libri; and hence this curious, amusing, and able pamphlet. The connection between Montaigne and Libri will presently be seen.

But before alluding to quaint and rare old Montaigne, we must have one more extract in relation to the general question. M. Jubinal says:—

"There will be seen in the second part, details of mutilations and robberies of every kind, committed in the department of

Digitized by Google

the manuscripts of the National Library. It was in the course of about twenty sittings that I discovered these immense larcenies. Here it is volumes altogether which have disappeared; there it is volumes from which the most precious documents have been taken. Without speaking in detail of a number of autograph letters of less interest, which have been taken out of the National Library, it will be sufficient to say that letters of Montaigne, Rubens, Galileo, Mary Stuart, Ronsard, Melanchthon, Dubartes, Dolet, &c., and autographs of Raphael, Pascal, and Descartes, have left in some unknown way the collections which contained them, to let the world understand the gravity of the losses we deplore. These mutilations are often accompanied by strange circumstances, such as scratchings, blots, whose end is to hide or conceal the robbery of certain pieces. It is incomprehensible how the administration of the National Library had not perceived the great blot of ink which has been daubed over the place where the letter of Montaigne is alluded to, which existed in the National Library in 1823, and which now does not exist there.

"But it is not only autographs which have been stolen from the National Library. Manuscripts of inestimable value have been shamefully mutilated; thus, for example, the unique MSS. of Baena, which were stolen from the Escuriel, and which the National Library bought, knowing the robbery, as well as the collection of Provencal poets, which they declined returning to the Vatican, have been grossly mutilated since they came to Paris. A Greek MS., in uncial letters, containing the epistles of St. Paul, a manuscript of the seventh century, of inestimable value, has again lost thirty-seven sheets, which had been stolen from it a century ago, and which Count Harley, who bought them, nobly sent back to the ancient Royal Library. Strange that the same sheets should be twice stolen . . . . . the celebrated Palimpsert MS. of St. Ephrem, has lost sheet 138. . . .

"The magistracy, after preliminary inquiries, which have lasted eighteen months, with regard to our library robberies, which none can foresee, when they know some of the losses we shall point out; when they have verified the assertion of M. Paulin Paris, member of the Institute and conservator of the National Library, who declares that within a century 20,000 volumes have been stolen from that Library, and which have spread over various collections; when they remember that it has been officially proved that the public libraries of Brest and Morlaix have wholly disappeared; when they see that the librarian of the Rouen library has lost 230,000 volumes in a few years; when they learn that the library of Carpentras has been despoiled of 1,300 MSS. in twenty years; that all the libraries and literary collections of France are subjected to pillage, and that it is notorious that in our great public establishments there have been committed frightful robberies by public servants, who have been accorded fatal impunity, they will comprehend how the libraries of amateurs must contain a quantity of things belonging once to public establishments."

Michel de Montaigne, despite his world-wide celebrity, has left behind less in the way of correspondence than most distinguished writers. All, nearly, have afforded materials for volumes of letters; while of Montaigne but fourteen have been hitherto known. M. Achille Jubinal has had the good fortune to find a fifteenth; and the history of his finding it is singular, and, to the bibliopolist, of absorbing interest, while its connection with the pillaging of the great Paris library is very amusing. The history of several of Montaigne's letters is strange, and we must allude to them to elucidate our present subject.

In 1846, M. Antonin Macé published a letter *inedite* of Montaigne, which he had found in the MSS. of the Royal Library (though no one knew of its existence), in the vol. 61-62 of the collection Dupuy. Dr. Payen, who for thirty years has devoted himself to the subject of Montaigne, wrote a pamphlet on the subject.* This letter, which, like that discovered by M. Achille Jubinal, is addressed to Henry IV., and has been again copied from the original by the author of the pamphlet before us. It bears upon it the impress of the character of the celebrated author of the Essays. For the sake of the learned student we give it in the original form, offering a simple translation:—

SIRE,—Celle quil a pleu a vostre majesté mescrire du vintiesme de Juillet ne ma este rendue que ce matin et ma trouvé engagé en vue fiebure tierce tres violente, populaire en ce pais despuis le mois passé. Sire, je prens a trés grand honneur de recevoir vois commandemens et nay poinct failly descrire a Monsieur le Mareschal de Matignon trois fois bien expressement la deliberation et obligation enquoy jestois de laler trouver, et jusques a luy merquer la route que je prendrois pour laler joindre en scureté sil le trouvoit bon, a quoy nayant heu aucune responce, jestime quil a considére pour moy le longueur et hazard des chemins. Sire, vostre majesté me fera sil luy plaist ceste grace de croyre que je ne plaindray jamais ma bource aus occasions ausquelles je ne voudrois esparguer ma vie. Je nay jamais receu bien quelconque de la libéralité des roys non plus que demandé ny merité, et nay receu nul paymente des pas que jay employés a leur service desquels vostre majesté a heu en partie cognoissance. Ce que j'ai faict pour ses prédécesseurs, je le feray encores beaucoup plus volontiers poure elle. Je suis, Sire, aussy riche que je me souhaite. Quand jauray espuisé ma bource auprés de vostre majesté, a Paris, je prendray la hardiesse de le luy dire, et lors, sy elle mestime digne de me tenir plus long temps a sa suitte, elle en aura meilleur marché que du moindre de ses officiers.

Sire,

Je suplie Dieu pour vostre prospérite et santé. Vostre très obeissa serviteur et sujet,

MOTAIGNE.

De Montaigne,
ce second de Septembre.

SIRE,—That which your majesty was pleased to write to me of the 20th July, was only given to me this morning, and found me attacked by a very violent tertian ague, common in this country for a month past. Sire, I take it as a great honour to receive your command, and have not failed to write to Monsieur the Mareschal de Matignon three times, to tell him, very expressly, the deliberation and obligation I was under to go find him; and even laid down the road I should follow to join him, if he thought proper, to which having had no answer, I suppose he took into account for me the length and hazard of the road. Sire, your majesty will, if he pleases, do me the favour to believe that I shall never complain of my purse in those matters where I would not spare my life. I never received anything from the liberality of kings, neither asked nor merited, and never received any payment for the steps I took in their service, of which your majesty has had some acquaintance. What I did for his predecessors, I shall much more willingly do for him. I am, Sire, as rich as I wish to be. When I shall have exhausted my purse near your majesty, in Paris, I will make bold to tell him so; and then, if he considers me worthy to be kept any longer in his train, he will find it less expensive than to keep his meanest officer.

Sire,

I pray God for your prosperity and health. Your very humble and very obedient servant and subject,

MONTAIGNE.

Montaigne,
this second of September.

Of the authenticity of this letter no doubt has ever been entertained; besides, it is signed by Montaigne, though not written by him.

The second letter alluded to by M. Jubinal is a supposed autograph of Montaigne, which once belonged to the Countess Bons de Castellane, and now in the hands of Dr. Payen, sold with the rest of the collection of Madame de Castellane, in 1834. This piece, then considered an original, was bought by the late Guilbert de Pixérécourt for the enormous sum of 700f, though only twenty lines. Alarmed by hints as to its want of genuineness, M. Guilbert restored it to Mme. Castellane, who allowed Madame Delpach to have it fac-similed for her "Iconographie." It was autographed with this view, but Madame Delpach, hearing that it was apocryphal, would not admit

* Documents inedite ou pen connus sur Montaigne recueillis et publies parle. Dr. J. S. Payen, Paris, Téchener, 1847.

Digitized by Google

it into her splendid work, and broke the stone before a proof was taken. Some years after, Dr. Payen induced Madame Delpach to have the pieces looked for. They were found, and then Dr. Payen copied and published the letter.

There is little doubt, on examining it, that it is from the pen of Montaigne. But it is a copy, executed to pass for an original, on a blank sheet of paper of the day. The owner of the real letter, desiring to please Madame Castellane, and not to give up his autograph, had it copied.

In 1821-23 there appeared in Paris a splendid work, "The Galerie Francaise," in which was given a portrait and fac-similes of the writings of distinguished Frenchmen. M. Villemain wrote the article "Montaigne," which was followed by a fac-simile of one of his letters. M. Gouget, in the notes to his work, gives an explanation relative to this letter, which was the approximate cause of the curious narration of M. Jubinal :—

"The following letter is the only one of Montaigne's possessed by the Royal Library. It is contained in the volume 'Lettres Francaises de plasieurs grand homnes,' and is addressed to M. Dupuy, counsellor of the King, in his court and parliament of Paris."

It is clear from this, that this letter *was* in the National Library. But some years after it was found there no longer, but was in the possession of M. Feuillet de Conches, *sous-directeur* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the finest autograph collector in Paris, who had received it as a present from M. Lemontey, member of the French Academy. It also appeared in the "Iconographie." M. Amavey Duval also published it in the sixth volume of Montaigne's works, adding in a note that it was to be seen in the Royal Library, without verifying this fact. But Dr. Payen, wishing to be assured of the matter for some bibliographical work on Montaigne, went to M. Gouget, and asked him if he was not mistaken about the place whence he had taken this letter. M. Gouget, then pretty old, replied that there was no mistake, that he had seen, touched, and copied with his own hand, the letter in question, in the collection Dupuy, in the Royal Library. He even accompanied Dr. Payen to the MSS. department, and showed him where he sat when the copy was made; but the conservators declared that it was a mistake; they had nothing of Montaigne's. M. Feuillet de Conches, however, became uneasy about the source whence his precious autograph came, and sent it to the conservators, offering to give it up wholly, if they could prove any claim. They coolly retained it, treated the affirmation of M. Gouget as dotage, and declared that the library possessed no autograph of Montaigne's.

Here the matter lay for twelve years. But truth seems generally to prevail, and M. Jubinal has succeeded in bringing the history of this curious affair to light. Let us follow his very remarkable narrative, which may give the uninitiated some idea of what research is.

M. Jubinal first had recourse to the *Galerie Francaise*. He found therein the fac-simile of the letter possessed by M. Feuillet de Conches; then the explanation about this letter and the note. Then he went to the MSS. department, and asked for the two *in-folio* catalogues of the Dupuy collection—the one alphabetical, the other by volumes. He first examined the alphabetical catalogue. The name of Montaigne was absent. This rendered his labours most wearisome; for an examination became necessary of a folio volume of 500 pages, being the "contents" of 800 volumes. But as the other contained no allusion to Montaigne, the labour was of problematical value. M. Jubinal, somewhat disgusted with the prospect of so much wearisome drudgery, applied to the conservators. Not one had ever heard of a letter of Montaigne's.

But still, M. Paulin Paris assisted M. Jubinal in his search. They found nothing but the letter discovered by M. Macè, and some receipts signed "Montaigne," only one of which belonged to Michel. It was for one quarter's salary, as counsellor of the Parliament of Bordeaux. Michel usually signed himself "Montaigne," but here he signs "Michel Eyguem de Montaigne"—the Eyguem being the corruption of his original English name, Montaigne being of a British family.

M. Jubinal was thus driven back to his folio; and he took note, as he went along, of several volumes, likely to contain the required letter; amongst others—

193-194 *(Lettres de divers grands personnages)* ;
261-262 *Lettres escrites du règne de Louis XII, sur les affaires de l'Estat)* ;
263-264 *(Lettres escrites du temps du Roi François Ier, touchant les affaires de l'Estat)* ;
688 *(Epistolæ Italicæ,—lettres Italiennes,—lettres Françaises)*;
692 *(Epistolæ clarorum virorum)* ;
700 *(Lettres Françaises de plusieurs grands personnages)*.

These he turned over, page by page, in vain, when he suddenly remarked :—

Vol. 62-63 *(Lettres de plusieurs grands et autres . . . ex annes* 1593, 1594, 1595.)

This MS. M. Jubinal had passed by, because the date of the letter in question was 1588. But he got it up, and examined it. For a quarter of an hour he turned it over in vain, when suddenly he hit upon a magnificent letter of three pages, genuine, and unknown. It proved to be, perhaps, the finest known letter by the great essayist. Delighted, and, naturally enough, proud of his discovery, M. Jubinal now pursued his search with renewed courage, determined to go through the eight hundred volumes if necessary.

Again examining the *Galerie Francaise*, M. Jubinal shrewdly hit upon an almost infallible test. M. Gouget says in his notes, that his letter of Montaigne's is the only letter in the Royal Library, being in a volume called *Lettres Francaises de divers grand hommes, &c.*, addressed to M. Dupuys. A little further on, he found a fac-simile of a letter by Pasquier, which, said M. Gouget, was in the same volume as the letter of Montaigne's. Away went our archaiologist to the alphabetical catalogue, and found himself referred for Pasquier to vol. 712.

We quote M. Jubinal :—

"Finding neither table of contents, nor paging, nor letter of Montaigne nor Pasquier, I went to the volume catalogue; and what was my surprise, or rather my stupefaction, when I read :"—

"'N. 712. LETTRES DE PLUSIEURS PERSONNES DE QUALITE : —*Ronsard, Henry Estienne, Coqueley, Dupuy, de Montaigne*, (at least I thought I could read this name, half-effaced, under a great blot of ink cleverly laid on), *Audebert, d'Albain, Dupuy, Dubartas, Corbinelli, Bongars, Van de Chas, Guillemier, Renaud, Dolet, Jori da Fano, Contius*, PASQUIER, *Linguelheim, Wornerom, Th. Beza, C. Dumoulin, Plantin, Vinet, Savaron, Sponde, Dony, d'Aviron, du Haillan, Guesfier, Eivet, &c.*'"

Digitized by Google

This, then, was the volume referred to by Gouget, for the names of Montaigne and Pasquier were together; and examining the note here quoted above, by the light, he read "Montaigne," clearly. He now again examined the volume. The letters of Ronsard, Henry Estienne, Coquelay, Dupuy, and Montaigne, were wanting. The volume began with the letters of Audebert. It was clear that a whole series of leaves had been taken out, the marks being quite visible. M. Jubinal sought in vain for a letter by Dubartas; but that, too, was gone, with the letters of Corbinelli, Dolot, and Pasquier. The letter of Theodore de Beza was not taken, which was surprising; but then the thief was satisfied with those he had pillaged from other volumes, signed by this celebrated individual. A careful examination of the alphabetical catalogue was now commenced by M. Jubinal; and he found that *lettres*, and not *un lettre*, by Ronsard, Etienne, &c., had been stolen, while no allusion to Montaigne was to be found. But at last our indefatigable author hit upon the following three references:—

Marriage Montagu; v. 761.
De la condamnation du S. de Montagu, 1400; v. 744.
Lettres de Montagu; v. 712.

This was a literal error, and must be read Montaigne.

Thus, by patient research, M. Jubinal was able to prove—1st, That the letter did once exist in the Royal Library; 2d, That it had been in vol. 712; and 3d, That the document possessed by M. Feuillet de Conches was the stolen autograph letter of the great essayist. This is but one specimen among many of the serious pillaging to which French libraries are subjected.

But M. Jubinal had gained a more positive result, and that was, his own discovery of a letter by Montaigne, hitherto unknown, and which I now give:—

This letter I translate from the old French, with due care:—

SIRE,—C'est estre audessus du pois et de la foule de vos grans et importans affaires que de vous sçavoir prester et desmettre aus petits a leur tour suivant le devoir de vostre authorité royalle qui vous expose a toute heure a toute sorte et degré d'homes et d'occupations. Toutesfoys ce que vostre maiesté a deigné considerer mes lettres et y comander responce i'eime mieus le devoir a la benignité qu'a la vigur de son ame. I'ay de tout temps regardé en vous cette mesme fortune ou vous estes et vous peut souvenir que lors mesme qu'il m'en faloit confesser a mon curé ie ne laissois de voir aucunement de bon euil vos succez. A présant aveq plus de raison et de liberté ie les embrasse de pleine affection. Ils vous servent la par effaict mais ils ne vous servent pas moins icy par reputation. Le retentissement porte autant que le coup. Nous ne saurious tirer de la justice de vostre cause des argumans si fors a meintenir ou reduire vos subietz come nous fesons des nouvelles de la prospérité de vos entreprises et puis assurer vostre maiesté que les changemans nouveaus qu'elle voit pardeça a son advantage son heureuse issue de Diepe y a bien a point secondé le franc zelle et merveilleuse prudance de Monsieur le Mareschal de Matignon. Duquel ie me fois accroire que vous ne recevés pas iournellement tant de bons et seignalez service sans vous souvenir de mes assurances et espérances. I'atans de ce prochein esté non tant les fruits a me nourrir come ceus de nostre commune tranquillité et qu'il passera sur vos affaires aveq mesme tenur de bon heur faisant evanouir come les precedantes tant de grandes promesses de quoi vos adverseres nourrisent la volanté de leurs homes. Les inclinations des peuples se mainent a ondées. Si la pente est une fois prinse a vostre faveur, elle l'emportera de son propre branle* jusques au bout. I'eusse bien désiré que le guein particulier des soldats de vostre armée et le besouin de les contanter ne vous eut desrobé nomément en cette ville principale la belle recommandation d'avoir treté vos subietz mutins en pleine victoire aveq plus de solagement que ne font leurs protectors et qu'à la differance d'un credit passagier et usurpé vous eussiés montré qu'ils estoint vostres par une protection paternelle et vraiement royalle. A conduire tels affaires que ceus vous avés en main il se faut servir de voies non communes. Si s'est-il tousjours veu qu'on les conquestes par leur grandur et difficulté ne se pouvoint bonmant parfaire par armes et par force. Elles ont esté parfaictes par clemance et magnificence, excellans leurres a attirer les homes, spécialement vers le iuste et legitime parti. S'il y eschoit rigur et chastiement il doit estre remis après la possession de la maistrise. Un grand conquerur du temp passé se vante d'avoir doné autant d'occasion a ses enemis subjuguez de l'eimer qu'a ses amis. Et icy nous sentons desia quelqu'effaict de bon prognostique de l'impression que reçoivent vos villes desvoiées par la comparaison de leur rude tretement a celluy des villes qui sont sous vostre obéissance. Désirant a vostre maiesté une félicité plus presante et moins hasardeuse et qu'elle soit plustost cherie que creinte de ses peuples et tenant son bien necessairement atache† au leur je me rèiouis que ce mesme avancement qu'elle faict vers la victoire l'avance aussi

"SIRE,—It would be above the weight and the multitude of your great and important affairs, to know how to make you accessible to small ones, as is the duty of your royal authority, which exposes you at all hours to all sorts of men and occupations. Still, your majesty having deigned to pay attention to my letters, and having commanded replies to them, I prefer owing it to his goodness than to the rigour of his soul. In all time I foresaw in you the fortune which is now yours, and your majesty may remember that when even I was obliged to confess myself thereon to my curé, I none the less saw with satisfaction your successes.* Now I can love them with more liberty and reason. They serve you there [before Paris] by the effect they produce, and here no less by their reputation. The report is as effective as the blow.† We should fail to draw from the justice of your cause, arguments as strong, to keep rebels quiet, or to pacify your rebellious subjects, as we draw from the news which reach us of the prosperity of your enterprizes. I can assure your majesty, that the advantages he has obtained, and his happy *sortie* from Dieppe,‡ have seconded here, in very good time, the great zeal and marvellous prudence of Monsieur the Marshal de Matignon.‖ I flatte myself that every day, your majesty, when receiving the news of his good and signal services, will also remember my assurances of devotion, and the hope I always imparted to him from a long time back. I expect from the coming summer, not so much the fruits which serve for our nourishment, as I do common tranquillity, and I hope that it will have, for your affairs, the same continued fortune as the preceding, and that it will cause the great promises§ to vanish, by which your enemies keep up the spirits of their partisans. The inclinations of the people are guided as by waves; if the tendency be once in your favour, it will carry everything by its own weight. I could have ardently desired that the private gain of the soldiers of your army, and the need of contenting them, may have taken from you, especially in this provincial town [Bordeaux], the great glory of having treated your mutinous subjects, you victorious, with more care than do their pretended protectors, and that in opposition to a passing and usurping power, you have shown that you loved them with paternal and truly royal protection. To manage affairs like yours, ordinary means must not be used. It has thus always been seen that conquests, thanks to their very grandeur and difficulty, could never be completed by arms, and by force. They are completed only by clemency and magnificence, excellent baits to attract men, especially towards the just and legitimate party. Rigour and punishment should be lain on one side after once power has been again gained. A great conqueror of times past, boasts that he gave as much occasion to his conquered enemies to love him, as he did to his friends. And here we already feel some effect, which is a good prognostic of the salutary impression your rebel loons receive, comparing their rough treatment under their rulers with those which are under your obedience. Wishing to your majesty a happiness more present and less hazardous, desiring that you may be rather cherished than

Digitized by Google

vers des conditions de paix plus faciles. Sire, vostre lettre du dernier de Novambre n'est venue a moi qu'asture ‡ et audela du terme qu'il vous plaisoit me prescrire de vostre séiour a Tours. Je reçois a grace singulière qu'ell' aie deigné me faire sentir qu'elle pranderoit à gré de me voir, personne si inutille mais siene plus par affection encore que par devoir. Ell' a très leuablement rangé ses formes externes a la hautur de sa nouvelle fortune, mais la débonaireté et facilité de ses humeurs internes elle faict autant louablemant de ne les changer. Il luy a pleu avoir respet non sulement a mon eage mais a mon désir aussi de m'apeler en lieu ou elle fut un peu en repos de ses laborieuses agitations. Sera ce pas bientost a Paris, Sire, et y ara il moiens ni santé que ie n'estande pour m'y randre.—Votre tres humble et tres obeissat serviteur t subiet,

MOTAIGNE.

De Montaigne, le 18 de Janv.

* Nous retrouvons cette expression dans les *Essais*, liv. 3, ch. 9: "*qui se nourrit et s'exaspère de son propre branle.*

† Le c manque a l'original.

‡ Montaigne affectionne particulierement ce mot qu'il ecrit aussi *asteure*. Il l'emploie frequement: "Nous sommes *asture* aux milles d'Italie; 1er vol. de son voyage;—ils disent que Socrates juroit le chien; Zenon cette meme interjection qui sert *asture* aux Italiens, *cappari* (caprier); *Essais*, liv. iii. ch. 5; —Moy, *asture*, et moy, tantost, sommes bien deux; *Essais*, liv. iii. ch. 9, etc.

feared by your people, and regarding his welfare as necessarily bound up with them, I rejoice that the progress you make towards victory brings you nearer easy conditions of peace. Sire, your letter of the last of November has only just reached me, at a later date than the time which you were pleased to fix for your residence at Tours. I look on it as a most particular favour that you have deigned to let me feel that you looked with pleasure to seeing me so. I, a person useless, and whoam his more from affection even than from duty. Your majesty has most appropriately confirmed his exterior to the height of his new fortune; but your majesty has equally acted well, in changing nothing in the frankness and ease of his interior relations. He has been pleased to consider not only my age, but my desire also, and to call me to a place when he was a little in repose from his laborious agitations. Will it not soon be in Paris, Sire? There is no means, nor resource of health, which I could not employ to go there.—Your very humble and very obedient servant and subject,

MONTAIGNE.

De Montaigne,
18th Jan., 1590.

* An allusion of course to Henry's Protestantism, which he had found it convenient to throw off.

† Let the reader notice this superb phrase in the French.

‡ Henry IV. was besieged in Dieppe with 7,000 men by 30,000 Parisians, under the Duke de Mayence.

§ Governor of Guienne and Bordeaux, where Montaigne resided.

‖ The Duke de Mayence's promises about the annihilation of Henry IV.

This letter is addressed to the King, but at no particular place. Henry IV. had been proclaimed king on the 2d August, 1589, the day of the assassination of Henry III.; but six days later he had raised the siege of Paris, from want of money, ammunition, and troops. He had retired to Normandy, expecting to need a further flight to England, or La Rochelle. But his valour and genius had turned affairs a little. While half his enemies expected to hear of his capture and imprisonment, he left Dieppe, defeated the troops of the Duke de Mayence, appeared before Paris, and astonished the whole world by his activity. Still he was but a vagabond king, and Montaigne's courtier-like wish was far from being realised. Though the Parisians were longing to see a king, Montaigne lived not to see him in Paris, for our philosopher died on the 12th Sept., 1592.

Montaigne desired to see the king in Paris, probably a little for his own sake. He loved the capital, as may be seen, book iii., chap. 9:—

"Je ne veulx pas oublier cecy, que je ne me mutine jamais tant contra la France, que je ne regarde Paris de bon œil: elle a mon cœur dez mon enfance; et m'en est advenu, comme des choses excellentes. Plus j'ay veu, depuis, d'autres villes belles, plus la beauté de cette cy peult et gaigne sur mon affection; je l'aime par elle meame, et plus en son estre seul que rechargée de pompe estangière: je l'aime tendrement, jusques á ses verrues et ses taches: je ne suis François que par cette cité grande en peuples, grande en félicité de son assiette; mais sourtout grande et incomparable en variété et diversité de commoditez, la glorie de la France et l'un des plus nobles ornaments du monde. Dieu en chasse loing nos divisions! . . Tant qu'elle durera, je n'auray faulte de retraicte où rendre mes abbois."

All that now need be added is, that the letter is written in a bold, manly, energetic writing, not at all in keeping with the philosopher's own description of his caligraphy, and that the literary world have very much to thank M. Achille Jubinal for the treat he has given them.

TRAVELS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN HUNGARY DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

EVERYBODY has now heard of Hungary, and few persons would be ready to own that a few years ago they scarcely knew of the existence of such a country, which peculiar circumstances have made deeply interesting to the public mind. Let any man to whom politics has not been an habitual study, look back a dozen years, and he will, if he recollect at all, be aware of having had in those days a most confused notion of the whereabouts, character, and history of a State now as famous as Poland. But what was the position of the people of the last century? Portugal was tolerably familiar; Spain was well-known; France was not a *terra incognita*; Switzerland had had narrators of its beauties; Russia, Poland, Sweden, and Denmark, had found chroniclers; England, Ireland, and Scotland had been visited by literary foreign travellers; Germany was dawning on us; Italy, Greece, and Turkey, were tolerably familiar; but, until of late years, Hungary has been a desert—an unknown region. After about the time of the French Revolution, Baron Borns' "Mineralogical Travels in Hungary and Transylvania" was about the only work known, when Dr. Robert Townson, a native of Scotland, I believe, ventured into the unknown country, and wrote a most interesting account of his travels. In another article, at some future period, we purpose giving the most recent details on the people and productions of Hungary; but, before so doing, it will be charming to look back half-a-century, and know what then was the land become so suddenly famous.

The man who looks back that half-century is startled at the locomotive progression which has

Digitized by Google

been made. Travels were then important things, and a book describing strange sights and new scenes was received with rapture. Its author was regarded as a kind of hero, who had dared unknown perils to diffuse knowledge and amusement. All this is changed. We know scarcely any journey, the record of which would astonish. A visit to the identical spot which is the North Pole is no novelty; the 100th degree of longitude in the Polar Seas has been found; men start from London to California without amazing their friends; a voyage round the world is a trifle; in a word, nothing but the discovery of a new continent containing some metal, by its scarcity more valuable than gold, would awaken enthusiasm. This is an unenthusiastic age. The lost books of Livy would, a century ago, have caused a literary *emeute*; now nobody would be at the trouble of reading them.

But Robert Tounson—whom we have before us in a French garb, containing some valuable notes and explanations by one Cantuell—looked upon his travels in a more serious light, and set about them conscientiously. He commences thus:—

"I reached Vienna at the commencement of the winter; and as I was forewarned of the difficulties to which travellers are exposed in a country so little civilized as is Hungary, where I proposed to take a turn, I thought it best to await the season when the days are longer, and men's wants fewer."

Having thus premised, our traveller gives a very lively description of Vienna, and then proceeds:—

"Having learned by experience that, from want of time, one is often reduced to neglect an infinity of things, not only in the current affairs of life, but also in journeys of the kind I was about to undertake, I awaited the fine season. What I heard every day tended to persuade me that it would be very imprudent to venture before that period into a country whose inhabitants were still almost savages. The picture that was made to me of the Hungarians might have disgusted a man less accustomed than I was to the inconveniences and privations inseparable from travel; but luckily I was apt to believe only half the reports I heard. Several Hungarians gave me letters of introduction, and advised me not to be guided by reports distorted by national hatred. The 5th of May saw me on my way, accompanied by a servant who had been several years in Hungary. He spoke Hungarian, German, Wallachian, and the different idioms of Selavonia. I sent my portmanteau by diligence to Oedenburg, and started on foot.

"I traversed at first a very agreeable country. On my left I often saw the Danube: on my right was a chain of mountains stretching from the north to the south, and which became very steep towards the north. Along the base were numerous villages, but no country houses of the rich. My perspective was checked in the distance by mountains covered with snow. A bitter cold had retarded vegetation. The summer sowings were scarcely above ground; but the others had already reached a foot and a half in height, and promised well for the cultivator. As I only started after dinner, I stopped at Oberreclasdorf, where, as I expected, I found a very bad inn. It was in vain that I begged the landlord to give me clean sheets; he said he could not change the linen of his beds every day. I revenged myself by going to bed in my boots. Next day I crossed the Leytre, and entered Hungary.

"It is at Wimpassing the custom-house is situated; and as the Austrian government has recently published a prohibition against any Frenchman residing in the distant provinces, and even against any one of them penetrating to within a certain distance of the capital [Dr. Tounson travelled just after the great revolution], I expected to be stopped and examined, but I passed without question. The Austrian government was seriously occupied in preventing the diffusion of French ideas in the provinces. * * * * On entering Hungary, the country becomes more uneven. The cultivation is very careful, and consists chiefly of corn and meadow land. The slopes exposed to the sun are covered with vines. The farmers seemed behindhand; they had not planted the supports of their harvest. It is the larch which is generally used, because of its hardiness and duration. Among the vines were many peach trees. They were in full flower; they are more agreeable to the eye than the palate; the fruit is insipid, is sold cheap, and called vine-peaches. At the foot of a little chain of hills, about three miles to the left of the road to Oedenburg, is Ehenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy. Towards night I reached Oedenburg. I met on the road several cars of fowls for the Vienna market, and two or three bands of pilgrims, of both sexes and all ages, going to St. Mary of Zell, in Styra."

Dr. Tounson soon reached Oedenburg, which he describes as very old and irregularly built, but, notwithstanding, containing very pretty houses, in which the nobility of the neighbourhood resided in the winter. Its population was 12,000, and its trade considerable, being chiefly in cattle, and pigs, and wine. The Doctor says:—

"The reputation of its wines, which are really not very good, occasioned a very funny mistake. While traversing Bosnia, I saw hanging over the window of a cellar a list of the wines sold there, and Oedenburg wines were among the number. This announcement surprised me. I knew that Scotland was celebrated for its cakes, but I had never heard speak of its wines. I thought it might be whisky, and to make sure I entered the cellar, when I found the wine was from Hungary. The name of the town is sometimes written Edinburgh, but properly it is Oedenburg, signifying the solitary or desert town, a name it took ages ago, after having been almost destroyed by an enemy's army."

Using his letters of introduction, the Doctor was surprised at the erudition of the Hungarian nobles, in languages, an erudition they share with the Poles. The son of Count Szecheney, aged ten, spoke Hungarian, German, Latin, French, the idioms of Italy, and that of Croatia. The father, however, was less advanced in economical knowledge than his son in languages, for, despite his enormous wealth, his manor at Zinkendorf was in a ruinous state. Tounson thus describes his visit there:—

"The Count showed me a considerable collection of books, maps, and Hungarian coins. Though the Countess and her children had remained in the town, and I was the only stranger, the guests were numerous, when we sat down to sup *en famille*. All the officers of the Count's house were there. Each had his particular title; his procurator took precedence of the others who were his secretaries, his stewards, &c."

The Count took him to the residence of Prince Esterhazy, who was a great hunter, and whose fortune amounted to £90,000 sterling per annum, not an uncommon fortune for nobles in those days. The Doctor then visited a coal-mine, at no great distance from Oedenburg, which produced good coal. It was worked by twelve men, and the produce was sold at tenpence a hundred-weight.

"So near Vienna," says Tounson, "a coal-mine should be considered a treasure; but here, as everywhere else almost on the Continent, there is a prejudice against this kind of firing. *It is to the use of coal that they attribute our moroseness and the prevalence of consumption in our island.* It is only used in manufactures."

The Doctor next preferred to visit Raab, but found this difficult, there being no public vehicle going that way, and no post carriage. His friend, the Count, proposed he should have a *forespan*, that is an order from the magistrates, which ordains the judges of the peasants to furnish the bearer with horses to the next station, a distance, generally, of fifteen or twenty miles. This cost fifteen creutzers,

Digitized by Google

or sixpence per horse; sometimes two horses were allowed, but travellers were generally required to take four, making two shillings for a journey of twenty miles. This was instituted originally only for the military.

"But," says Tounson, "in the more distant provinces of Hungary, it is the usual method for all travellers, and except at certain seasons, is not a charge to the peasant, because he gains triple what a man and two horses can gain by a day's work, fixed by the *Urbarium* at twenty creutzers.

Bidding adieu to Szecheny, who had been in England, the Doctor entered a peasant's cart, drawn by two lean horses, and would, according to his own remark, have been, in England, taken for a poacher going to jail. He travelled thus twenty miles, when he halted at the door of the judge, showed his *fore-span*, and preparations were made for the next stage. These *judices plebei*, as they were called, were mere peasants, whose authority extended merely over the peasants. They were chosen, some by the lord of the village, some by the peasants, and some by both. They had no salary, but got a few halfpence from travellers when they used diligence in procuring horses. The Austrian soldiers, who were about as gentle then as now, would use blows to expedite them. The next stage was Mihlos; and the day being a *fête*, and the horses not ready, the Doctor took a stroll. The peasants wore wide pantaloons, a waistcoat lined with fur, and heavy spurs, it being a holiday; but their common costume was grey cloth trowsers, boots, a short shirt, and a sheepskin vest. Tounson thus describes a scene at the *fête*:—

"Thirty or forty young girls, or women, were arranged in two lines, and faced each other, at a distance of fifteen yards. All the girls in one line held hands, and moved their arms to a slow tune, sung by some of them. Now and then they changed places; the girls of one line passed under the arms of the others, who hit them smartly on the back as they passed. The songs consisted in questions and answers suited to their tastes. One line asked the other what would make them happy? The other answered—a splendid garden, well stocked with fruit; a good farm with cattle, or a young and faithful husband. *Though I had drank a tolerable lot of wine at my dinner*, the girls did not seem pretty. Their dress was not favourable. The hair of their temples was drawn back very tight, and joined to that of the back of the head, which thus formed a huge lock, which hung like the tails of the Swiss women. They had a white handkerchief round the neck, a close-fitting plaid, a short petticoat, with a little apron. Their short petticoats showed off their yellow leather boots, with iron heels, which they use like the men their spurs, to produce an accompaniment while dancing."

Proceeding on his way, the Doctor passed some days at the castle of Count Feititich, one of the stiff Hungarian nobles who wore their mustachoes in spite of King Joseph. A remark of the Doctor's, and the natural consequence, might be studied with advantage by rich Irish landlords:—

"He resides habitually on his estates, and occupies himself with the culture of the land. His village is very pretty. The peasants' houses, built uniformly, and in a good state, form a very long and wide street. They are covered by thatch, and the walls are of mortar. They are warm and durable. . . . . Many of these peasants have considerable flocks of sheep. The Count has farmed his own flock of 1,100 to one of them, on the following conditions:—For every lamb, he receives annually a gulder and a gross, or about two shillings and a penny, three hundredweight of butter yearly for the whole, and two sheep every week for his table. The farmer has a right to pasture on his lord's ground, and at the end of the lease must give up the original number. In a country where the peasants are subjected to the *glebe*, where the rent is paid by personal service, or in kind, the management of an estate is very different, and much more difficult than that where the cultivators are free, and pay in money. In Hungary, the management requires as many cares and precautions as a huge factory, with a multitude of stewards and bailiffs. The laws must needs give the landlords great authority over the peasants, who complain, and often with justice, of the extortions of their lords; while those accuse the peasants of idleness and bad faith. This order of things existed once over all Europe; it is the infancy of society."

England has only to look back to the date of her emancipation from such things, to know how far she is in advance of the rest of the world, over which the feudal sway is only now ceasing. France sixty years ago had all the worst relics of the system.

In four hours after leaving the Count, and after travelling through an arid and sandy country, Tounson reaches Raab, celebrated in the Hungarian struggle. It was a pretty, well-built town, on a river of the same name, with 12,000 inhabitants. Here the Doctor found little to satisfy his curiosity, except some antiquities of no consequence to the general reader. Dotis, which he next visited, was more picturesque, being in a large plain at the foot of lofty mountains. In the plain there were multitudes of marmots, the great enemies of the Hungarian farmer. At Dotis was a college, where the professors were ex-Jesuits. The foundations of the town he describes as of red marble. The doctor says:—

"There are fabricated here neither fine cloth nor Dresden china. Intelligent workmen would not learn here the perfection of their art. Still, what is made, though coarse, is carried on on a flourishing scale. An agent of the Emperor recently ordered 100,000 yards of coarse cloth for his army. This cloth is made with long, coarse fleece, like that of the *ovis strepsiceros* so common in Hungary. The weavers work sitting, and instead of using their left hand when they want to take the wool off the point of the spindle, they use the right foot, to which they fasten a piece of wood to lengthen it. I saw in several small rooms, six or eight workers of both sexes, and all ages. The women were very imperfectly dressed, but not quite naked. The men, less delicate, or more sensitive to the warmth, had no clothing on but their great breeches. But people who only gain threepence a-day seldom have any ideas beyond eating and drinking. There are in the town two or three fullers.

"Pottery is also manufactured. I visited one manufactory which appeared to be considerable. But the small ones are the most interesting. Some of them have furnaces like those seen elsewhere, but the poorest build very small ones, in a very simple manner. Their interior form is that of a beehive, five or six feet high, built with earth and mud, with a side. Such also is the top. In the bottom they dig a ditch into the soil, across which are some bars of iron. This is the oven, and the pots are placed across the bars. They dig on one side of the hole more deeply than on the other, and have an orifice on the outside to make the fire. They make a great deal of black pottery. It is a coarse imitation of Mr. Wedgewood's beautiful workmanship. To colour the vases, they shut the oven before the wood is consumed, and the earthenware is thus impregnated with smoke. Some have ovens which are completely dug out of the ground.

"At the foot of the walls of the castle is a lake, five or six miles in circumference, which yields great profits. Every three or four years it is drained; the fish are taken out, and next year they sow Indian corn, hemp, &c.; M. Korabinsky says that the last sale of fish realized £700 sterling, and that once it reached £2000."

This ruined castle was once the residence of the great Matthias Corvin, the Alfred of Hungary, whom the people love to think of. He is one of their great heroes, and the hero, too, of their splendid

Digitized by Google

days of independence. But we must follow the doctor to Komorn :—

"This town on the Danube has 5000 inhabitants. Leaving Dotis, it took me three hours to reach it. I passed the Danube on a floating bridge, or rather barge . . . . which can bear fifteen carriages and a hundred foot-passengers. The fortress is celebrated as having never been taken. Joseph had it demolished, and sold the materials. To a situation strong in itself, was added all that art could devise. In 1786 it suffered much from an earthquake. History cites many as having afflicted this part of Hungary. M. Grossinger, an ex-Jesuit, and author of *Zoologica Hungarica*, dwells in this town."

Of a city now so famous, the Doctor has no more to say. The wine was bad, and he dined ill, so that he could not stay! He posted on to Grau, where he met a resident Englishman, M. Dormer, brother of Lord Dormer, who received him well, and gave him a good dinner. He was a Roman Catholic; and, excluded from the British army, had entered that of Austria, married a Hungarian, and settled in Austria, with many other Irishmen. The Doctor blames the Test Act; but says, even bad things sometimes produce good results, for, by means of it he ate plum-pudding and roast beef at Grau. The ruined castle of this city excited his admiration, as well as a warm spring, then abandoned to the frogs, which were as active in winter as in summer. There was also, he says, a spring whence Epsom salts and magnesia were taken. Tounson sagely remarks that the city might largely benefit thereby, if these medicaments could be made as popular as salt and sugar; but he conceives the supply will always be greater than the demand. Grau was then a town of 6000 inhabitants, whose archbishop was always governor of the canton, primate, chancellor of Hungary, and legate of the Pope, with the exclusive privilege of crowning the King of Hungary and creating nobles. He was bound to raise 2000 troops, and was prince of the empire. His residence was at Buda.

On a pedestrian tour the Doctor lost his way, and gives some pitiable details of his sufferings, from having nothing but brown bread and sour wine; also mineralogical and botanical details, foreign to our purpose, but a trait of manners is not :—

"My hostess had compassion on my sufferings; and, being unable to give me anything to eat [he counts bread, wine, and eggs as nothing], she gave me a double portion of feather-beds to cover me. In Hungary and in Germany, instead of sheets, coverlets, and counterpanes, they use a light feather-bed, which is generally too short; and, as they are equally used in summer and winter, the traveller who is at all too warm has no other resource but to draw himself out and put himself on top, with nothing to cover him."

We have seen the same practised in France, but with sheets. But the Doctor declares the people are heathens, with inns no better than in the days of Busbequins, and Busbequins ate at Grau to last him until he reached Buda :—

"The entrance to Buda," says Tounson, "gives an unfavourable idea of it. The town has no fortifications or gates. You enter the capital of Hungary as you would a village. The Jews occupy the exterior part of the town; and it is almost superfluous to add that their quarter presents the most disgusting spectacle of dirty indigence. But if Buda be not remarkable for its magnificence, it is for its extent. I fancy, from my journey to an inn, the extent is four miles; but, flanked on one side by the Danube, on the right by the citadel, it is very narrow. Speaking of London, we consider as one town the three of which it is composed; so of Buda and Pesth. They are only separated by the Danube, and are joined by a bridge of boats. Taken together, they have considerable populations. Pesth has 16,000, and Buda, or Offen, 22,000. The finest public buildings are at Pesth. The Royal Palace is vast and majestic; the Invalides' Hospital, now the barracks, is spacious and well built. It contains 4,000 men, and could contain 8,0000."

The University of Buda was rich in revenues and collections, with a good library, while the town also boasted a botanic garden, an observatory, two theatres, one of which was a church. The plays were in German, but recently some had been played in Hungarian :—

"On Sundays and grand festival days," says Tounson, "the public amuse themselves, as at Vienna, with *hetze*, or animal fights. The directors have two very fine wild bulls. One day when I was present at this humane spectacle, one of these was sent into the arena to fight a Hungarian ox. He attacked the bull, and was floored at once. Some English bull-dogs made a better fight, but a Hungarian ox was no match at all for him. Then they sent out a *raube bear*, that is a bear starved to a state of terrible ferocity. To him was opposed a well-fed bear, smaller and weaker. The *raube bear* knocked him down, seized him in his claws, strangled him, and carried him into his den. The disparity of size made the combat very disagreeable. A Greenland bear amused the public much longer. In the centre was a pond, with a duck swimming on it. As soon as the bear approached the basin, the duck plunged below, the bear tried to do the same, but the duck, quicker at this game, always contrived to escape."

The Doctor complains of a general want of amusements, though in winter there would be balls and parties enough. But there were good coffee-houses, one the finest, he says, in Europe. It had a large room, several billiard-rooms, and one for non-smokers. It seems to have been quite in the Paris style. Ladies dined there, and counts and barons were seen beside shopkeepers and clerks. The hot-baths of Buda, which owe their origin to the Turks, were excellent, and suited to all purses; but men and women, young and old, bathed in public baths, he tells us the men, *in puris naturalibus*, the women sometimes slightly clothed. The water he describes as intensely hot. After this Turkish institution, the Doctor describes Roman antiquities, which are numerous; but I must quote him :—

"Near these Roman ruins, there will be soon some others; that of a silk mill. This vast machine was built lately and worked for two years, but it has ceased to go for ten years, and will soon rot. The inactivity of the mill, and of Hungarian industry in general, is, it is said, the work of the Court of Vienna, which wants to keep this nation dependent, like a colony."

Already!

"I was," he continues, "at Pesth during the fair. It is the most important in Hungary, and lasts eight or ten days. A great number of traders come from Vienna with their goods. But the principal articles are those of the country, and horses. They are driven like cattle, and are quite wild. They are penned like sheep. When one is sold, it is no small affair to give him up, and take him away, for they will let none come near them. Their mode of catching them is worth describing. They make a running knot in the end of a long cord, and leave a large opening; they fix this knot over a slit of a long pole, with which they try to pass it over the horse's head; but this task is executed generally with much difficulty. If the knot, missing the head, falls on the ground, they try to catch the horse's leg. As there are many together, this sometimes takes a long time. As soon as the horse is seized, there is a frightful tumult. The keepers seem to run great dangers when they seek to put on the halter. Three or four vigorous men seize his ears, his head, his neck; and despite all their efforts, they seldom succeed without throwing him on the ground. Then he must be taken away, which is again difficult. The purchaser has generally a solid, vigorous,

Digitized by Google

and tame horse on which he can count. He ties the new one to his head with a thick cord, and has much difficulty often in succeeding. Every part of this operation is dangerous for the horses and for the guardians. Those of little stature, such as are found among the peasants, are worth £4, or less. Those for the cavalry troops are worth from £6 to £9."

Horned cattle and wool were then much sold. A pair of fat oxen fetched as high as £9; wool of Hungary went at 36s. and 44s. the cwt.; German wool, double, and Spanish wool, as high as £4 and £4 16s.; tobacco sold at 10s. the cwt.; that of Szegedin at 14s., and that of Debroe at 16s. These prices are curious. Pottery is also sold. The Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, who were the chief traders, were of course present in large numbers.

"The presence of recruiters," says the Doctor, "who, as usual, abounded in the fair, furnished me with an opportunity of seeing the Hungarian dances. They are very gay, but very tiring. The men, clothed in Hussar dresses, looked very well. The rowels of their spurs are as big as a penny, but without points. Some wore double rowels, and they served to enliven the dance, the dancers striking their heels together, while they tapped their boots and breeches with their hands. It is with these dances that the recruiters entrap their victims."

The artisans, as elsewhere in Hungary, were chiefly Germans; the tradesmen, Armenians and Greeks; for a true Hungarian, in those days, devoted himself only to arms and agriculture. But Hungarians only could make the clothes of that nation; their trousers and boots would have puzzled any one, as would their saddles; while a Hungarian sabre was also an ingenious article, only to be fabricated in Hungary. The national costume Tounson describes as very expensive; the breeches were always covered with bullion, and the coat furred and frogged. A *raijar* feather for the cap cost alone several pounds. The silken scarf, with gold and silver tassels, was of the richest character.

Tounson records many traits of the Emperor Joseph, highly honourable to that monarch. And it must here be owned, that had the Hungarian nobles of 1848 resembled those of the last century, and the late Emperor the Emperor Joseph, the sympathy of Europe would probably have been differently directed. The Magyar nobles were obstinate, and tenacious of their absurd privileges, which were so many wretched feudal tyrannies; and it is only in as far as under the influence of Kossuth they have changed, that they merited our well wishes. One anecdote is worthy of constant remembrance. If many European despots could have acted thus constantly, revolutions would be rare:—

"This town (Buda-Pesth) acquired, in 1784, a supplement of rich inhabitants, when the government and the public offices were transferred to Presburg. It was on this occasion that the citizens showed their wretched selfishness, and the Emperor Joseph displayed so much greatness of soul and public spirit. The ancient citizens of Buda rose, from the date of the arrival of their new fellow-citizens, the rents of their houses; and the sale of their wines and goods brought in so much more money, that, in testimony of the advantages procured to their town, they wished to raise a statue to him. 'When prejudices and objections shall have disappeared; when true patriotism and just ideas of the well-being of this kingdom are established; when each shall be disposed to make, in proportion to his means, the proper sacrifices to the wants of the state, its prosperity, and security; when useful studies, salutary instruction, simplicity in the sermons of the clergy, the union of true religious ideas with the laws of society, solid justice, riches founded on increase of population, and amelioration of agriculture, shall be introduced; when the nobles and their peasants shall agree on their rights and their reciprocal duties; when industry and manufactures shall have all the activity of which they are susceptible, and when general unanimity shall reign in all the provinces of the monarchy, as I desire and hope, then I shall have merited a statue; and not because by shifting the public offices, with no end but for better inspection, I have caused the landlords to let their houses at higher rents, or to sell their wines dearer.'"

Several cattle farms, and the Rakos, or field of assembly, were about all the other things of note that Doctor Tounson noticed near Pesth. This field was wont to be covered by 80,000 tents, by champing steeds, and mailed knights. Since the fatal battle of Mohalich, in 1526, none have taken place, but the Magyars revere its memory.

Tounson soon found that Austria and its government was profoundly unpopular in Hungary, and that this had been the case from time immemorial. The deep-rooted hate of every true Hungarian to Austria, the Doctor traces to the fact that an Austrian king had ruled them from the day when they lost their independence, which itself was a sore point to a race passionately fond of independence, and so careless of bad government. The great attempt of Joseph to render his empire homogeneous was itself a bitter source of discontent in Hungary, which, with separate laws, was always in the same position as if Victoria were Empress of England on one side, and Queen of Scotland on the other. Tounson says:—

"The Hungarians are a race of brave, generous, and hardy men. This character has preserved them many of their most precious privileges, and prevented the monarch's power from becoming wholly arbitrary. . . . Not only when the crown was elective, as it was until 1682, under the reign of Leopold I., but now that it has become hereditary in the House of Austria, from gratitude to that Emperor, for driving the Turks out of Hungary, it is a fundamental law of the state that each new sovereign shall, on ascending the throne, on oath, consent to maintain the privileges of the national. . . . . They enjoy two of the most important privileges which a people can enjoy, that of making their own laws, and voting their own taxes."

It was the perfidious attempt of Austria to cheat the nation out of these two great rights, that in reality caused the late war. But in Hungary, as elsewhere, in 1785, it was only the nobles and clergy who were supposed to be the nation, while even the representatives of towns were looked on as usurpers in the Diet. The peasants were mere serfs, who, with the citizens, paid all taxes, the rich nobles and clergy having other uses for their money. The serfs, however, according to Tounson, were freer than those of Russia and Poland, who were mere slaves. But the miserable institutions of serfdom were the same everywhere, and were only milder in form, without being less odious. The nobles refused to give up their iniquitous privileges, and, at the time of our Englishman's journey, they were in full vigour. The peasant paid all the taxes, and were called *misera contribuens plebs*—"the miserable, tax-paying people," in public acts. The rich clergy, as I have already said, were also non-payers, though the revenues of the bishops varied from £36,000 to £900. Joseph tried to do away with too much of all this at once; and having never taken the trouble to be crowned, was the more unsuccessful, while he added arbitrary,

Digitized by Google

absurd, and despotic edicts to those which were wise. But he wisely tolerated the Protestants, and destroyed 137 of those nests of idleness and folly known as monasteries and convents, leaving, however, 179 untouched. But a great part of the old system was restored by his successor. There is a rather long extract on Protestantism in Hungary, which is interesting :—

"The persecution of this religion had often occasioned not only contests, but acts of violence. Under the mask of religious zeal, injustice, avarice, and hatred, had tried here, as elsewhere, to reach its end. The rights of the Protestants had been solemnly fixed and settled in 1606, by the articles of the treaty of Vienna, between Boolskai, their protector, and the Emperor Rudolf; and in 1645, by the peace of Linz, between Rakotzi and the Emperor Ferdinand III. The Protestants were, nevertheless, troubled under various pretexts. How could the most equitable of sovereigns prove their protector, when he was continually surrounded by their enemies, who seized every occasion to render them odious, and to represent them as a dangerous sect? They were nevertheless persecuted under the reign of Maria-Theresa. In 1749, she ordered that all who abjured the Catholic faith should be imprisoned for two years; and condemned to hard labour, if, in the interval, they returned not to the bosom of the church. But to the honour of the Hungarian Diet, we must mention that, in the Diet of 1791, when the privileges of the Protestants were confirmed, there were, with the exception of the clergy, but 84 members who voted against them; 291 voted in their favour, amongst whom were 181 magnates, nearly all Catholics. The spirit of tolerance does great honour to the Hungarian nation. In what nation of Europe do Dissenters enjoy the privileges which the Protestants enjoy in Hungary? They have free worship, churches, steeples, schools, free access to all public posts, and the selection of a member of the legislative council."

The law exempted them from attending mass, processions, or other ceremonies, any privileges of communities, notwithstanding they were allowed synods, conferences, and the selection of every dignitary in their church. They were free to have schools, and to rule them as they pleased, and to publish all books, not being satires on Roman Catholicism. They were exempt from all church-rates (hear that, Church of England!) and every due to the Roman Church. Protestant criminals were allowed freely to confer with their pastors, even to the scaffold; they were exempt from all oaths contrary to their belief. In the case of mixed marriages, the children were to be educated as Catholics if the father were Catholic, and the boys only to be Protestant if the mother were Catholic.

Still the intolerant Roman clergy did not wholly abstain from persecutions. This interesting chapter Tounson concludes thus :—

"The Protestants of Hungary are not to be considered as an inconsiderable sect. The number of Calvinists and Lutherans, united, is said to equal that of the Catholics; two ages ago they were the majority. We find in the *Mauche Hermann*, that in 1559 all the great families, except three, were Protestants. De Lucca says that, in 1779, the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania were only 450,000 souls; but before the conscription of 1785, the population of the country had always been estimated too low. Here, as in Germany, the Protestants pass for being superior in manners, knowledge, and industry; and yet they have been treated with as great rigour as if they were useless members of society. From 1681 to 1773 they were robbed of 675 churches."

The diminution of Protestants in Hungary, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Sclavonia, is easily explained. The persecutions of Austria failed to terrify; but she seized on the youth, on the weak-minded, on the selfish, on the ambitious, and she bribed those into conversion whom she could not bully.

It is exceedingly interesting to know what a country was, before we proceed to inquire what it is. Tounson informs us that Windech, the Hungarian geographer, estimated the population, in 1780, at 3,170,000, without Transylvania, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia; but the Diet of 1781 found that Hungary contained eight millions, exclusive of Dalmatia.

3,627,617 below 12 years, of whom 1,831,308 males, and 1,894,309 females.
3,212,039 above 12, married and not married, of whom 1,581,805 males, and 1,620,234 females.
140,340 widowers } not counted above.
167,132 widows }
19,103 belonging to the church, of whom 4,863 are females.
34,790 nobles of both sexes.
17,213 public officers.
96,535 absent for an unlimited period, of whom 33,413 are females.
79,371 absent for a limited period, all men.
25,317 Jews.

7,417,415

Tounson describes the population as of a most extraordinary heterogeneous character; descendants of Vandals, Huns, Goths, Gepeda, Lombards, Magyars, Romans, Kalmucks, Sclavonians; with Germans, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Gipsies scattered here and there. He reminds us that Louis the Great of Hungary was a much more powerful king than Louis the Great of France, with states extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and thence to the Adriatic. And now it is a province.

With the exception of its mines, Hungary, from its barbarous and imperfect institutions, could not pour forth the natural riches of its fertile and excellent soil, but still it was the granary of Austria. But the duties on exportation into Austria were so high as to paralyse trade. Tounson saw everywhere cellars full of wine, barns full of corn, and meadows overstretched with cattle and horses. But the paternal government contrived to keep these things at home, and placed double the duty on things coming from Hungary, to what articles from Poland paid. But our traveller says that with good roads, and a market, Hungary has vast riches for exportation, in wine, tobacco, and corn. But the balance of exports was always in favour of Hungary—

In 1778,	exports	14,262,800
"	imports	10,390,328
In 1779,	exports	16,205,217
"	imports	9,317,191
In 1780,	exports	12,198,815
"	imports	10,419,230
In 1782,	exports	15,527,124
"	imports	9,192,743
In 1783,	exports	16,682,069
"	imports	10,847,121
In 1785,	exports	17,510,129
"	imports	12,049,198

Digitized by Google

In 1786,	exports	17,600,000
„	imports	12,000,000
In 1787,	exports	17,800,000
„	imports	13,800,000

And Hungary exported, chiefly, agricultural produce, cattle, pigs, sheep, goats, flour, corn, barley, wine, liquors, wool, wax, honey, potash, flax, gall-nuts, feathers, fish, game, meat, fruits, tobacco, colours, drugs, wood, skins, leather, tallow, metals, copper, paper and printing ink, pottery, &c.

Several attempts at extending the commerce of Hungary had been made in Tounson's time, but the withering influence of Austria was there, and she remained another Ireland.

A CHORUS.

SEMICHORUS I.

Spher'd in the ocean air,
An island wondrous fair,
Earth wheels along,
In mystic song,
All, all alone—
Aye rolleth on
'Mid starry isles,
In golden smiles;
Through silent night,
In cresset light;
Through babbling day,
In sheeny ray;
Through twilight dim,
Pealing her hymn;
Through storm and calm,
Chanting her psalm;
Through billowy space,
Urging apace,
Rocks and mountains,
Seas and fountains,
Savage domains,
Beauteous plains,
Spirits sublime,
Of every clime.
Swerving never—
Ever, ever
Breathless hurrying,
Sleepless journeying,
Round, round her sire,
Whose eye of fire,
With magic might,
Controls her flight,
And chains her to his throne.

SEMICHORUS II.

Spher'd in a spirit sea,
An island mystery,
The human soul,
In music roll,
All, all alone
Circleth her throne;
Proudly careers,
'Mid rival spheres;
Through thought's deep night,
Steereth her flight;
Through thought's lit day,
Wingeth her way;
Through twilight gloom,
Seeketh her doom;
Horrent with fears,
Bedew'd with tears;
Hoping, dreaming,
Doubting, scheming;
Swerving ever,
Albeit, never
'Scaping the eye
That flames on high;
Tearing, turning,
Spinning, burning
Round, round her God,
Whose awful nod,
With kingly might,
Directs her flight
And binds her to His throne.

CHORUS.

Ye rolling isles that orb the sky,
Laming the lampless wilds on high;
Ye spirit spheres that light the world,
Through deep eternal ages hurl'd;
All hail! Praise ye the Great Supreme;
Him, central glory, be your theme.
Lowly sing, and loudly thunder,
Angels stoop to list and wonder.

J. B. D.

THE SILVER RING:

A BLOTTED PAGE FROM A PAWNBROKER'S DAY-BOOK.

A small round table, in the centre of a little room, was covered with neatly-endorsed papers, wrapped in bundles with the old red cord that once had served for parcels of quills. The room was short and narrow, but high; and its furnishings seemed to be done in miniature, as if somebody had determined to construct a half-grown room, with furniture to match. The grate was not more than twelve inches wide, but it fitted exactly into the aperture that had been cut open in the wall, to represent a chimney. All the essentials to a fire-place were contracted to similar proportions, except the fender, which made a circle round the chimney, and rose into a wire screen above the level of the grate. The fire burned bright and clear. A narrow window admitted light, when there was any light to be admitted; but the high narrow shutter was closed, and heavy drops of rain knocked incessantly on the glass, as if they had been invested with life, and sought shelter from the bitter cold of a most "unsatisfactory fresh," that did more to condense, trample down, and harden the snow without, than to put it quietly out of the way. The little round table, with its shining

Digitized by Google

oaken top, had a suitable companion in an oak chair, made after the fashion common a hundred years ago, when people had time to squeeze themselves into chairs, like boxes set on one end without the cover, and with a division in the centre for a seat, and were never in any hurry to get out again. Numerous conveniences were attached to this chair. It was a fire-screen, or a door-screen, as the wind or the grate prevailed. The open space between the door and the floor, and the brisk little fire in the grate, maintained a battle of temperature, wherein the old chair acted as an arbiter and referee, and sheltered its occupant from heat or cold as he required. This occupant was a hard, short, narrow man, with wan, withered, and wrinkled features, beneath a few grey hairs, apparent under a nondescript cap, of red material, shaped after the fashion of the brown paper caps that joiners sometimes wear. The epitomised room had redeeming qualities—it was scrupulously neat and clean—dust was proscribed, and everything fitted so nicely to its place, and kept its place so well, that strangers to its systematic arrangements, when once over the first examination, acknowledged that any more space was quite unnecessary, and would be much in the way.

The old man was poring over the leaves of a closely-written book, bound roughly together by no tradesman's hands; the penmanship was very regular and beautiful, like those small, neat writings furnished by accountants' clerks for the benefit of the lawyers, who, producing the worst average writing in the world themselves, always contrive to get the best for their own use. My knowledge of the old pawnbroker and discounter was not attained in the way of business; for I had little to pledge, and less to discount. I was a friend, but not a customer; and it is doubtful whether I would have been his customer and his friend at the same time. Our intimacy was unromantic. It had no other basis than an interchange of good offices, although the pawnbroker's daughter was, and is, singularly beautiful, and made better than beautiful by the largest heart that ever belonged to a miser's daughter. She was happy then, and is happier now; but that fact had, and has not, any bearing on my condition, for my place was never more—and may it never be less—than that of friendship, in her heart. She was, except gold and a bank-book, the only light of the old man's eye, and the only love of his heart, in the world, and above the earth; and she beat her competitors out of his affections—she vanquished the bank-book, and when its balances became less at last, its owner heeded their gradual consumpt only in as much as that abridged his daughter's fortune.

The close of 1847 is cut deep into many memories. Its commercial desolation was terrific. The largest firms trembled before the hurricane. Astonishment was worn down. Nobody was surprised at anything. The announcement of the stoppage of the Bank of England would scarcely have abridged a breakfast, except that of a depositor or of a stockholder. In a cold, clear winter's forenoon, late, very late, in 1847, the sun, for two hours, or three, poured heat and light together into a narrow court near the Bank. The brass knobs and bell-pulls, on solicitors' doors, were brighter than even in the summer-time. The steps to the door were supernaturally white, and the scrapers particularly black. A bright, warm day had become so rare that charwomen and housekeepers determined to give the first, for a month, a cheerful welcome. London life is full of contrast. Some of the narrow-necked, bottle-shaped courts off the great thoroughfares are painfully quiet. The bustle and noise of the outer world is unknown within this neck, and might as well be in California, for any influence exercised by them in these receptacles of order. Conversation is a bore in Cheapside; but two yards away a good ear may almost catch the pulsation of its own heart. Mere offices make little noise. Warehouses are widely different; but in a court impervious to waggons, warehouses are impossible; and sparrows chirp and chatter away their lives pleasantly within a hop-step-and-leap of confusion's current, composed of waggons, omnibuses, and all kinds of vehicles, choked together, and, in a long line, preventing progress in any direction. The forenoon was bright and fair. Over a vast house the sun's rays fell most merrily, making millions of diamonds, pearls, and brighter things still, in the window glass, with the sweetest colours in them that painters, in their dreams, ever imagined; so as no fuller could imitate, and the rainbow could not rival. Green, yellow, and deep-red gems of the sun, formed, in every window, a grand illumination of this great house of shadows, ghosts, and memories. A porter and an old clerk chatted together of old times, as they sunned themselves at the open door, and speculated on the confusion that might occur if Mr. Pritchard, the head of the firm of Pritchard, Hilliard, & Co., should just then make his appearance; which it was most improbable that he would do. I made some inquiry at the old clerk, regarding a former companion of his, who, I knew, had been, but now was not, to be found there. The inquiry was ineffectual; but the clerk, gladdened by the presence of a human being, suggested a walk through the house, of which he was now principal care-taker, with the stout porter as a lieutenant. The desk and the stools stood there, as the clerks had left them. Round rulers were suspended on brass pins, attached to the neat brass railings that protected the desks. Portfolios, with paper and envelopes within, and pens and ink beside them, lay on some round tables, in retired corners. Boxes of wafers still occupied a place on the level spot of wood in the common desks. The floors were all nicely divided into their various departments. Matting was transformed into carpets, as an approach was made to those screened corners where a confidential clerk, or a junior partner, had his station, seeing, but not seen, as he overlooked his department. Grates were brightened, and in some of them coals were ready, with a stratum of wood and another of paper beneath them; wearying, cold, and shivering for the lucifer match that was to communicate life in decomposition to them, for they had waited to be burned for three months. The three floors formed a sad collection of the dry

Digitized by Google

bones of commerce; neither day-book nor ledger was to be seen. The safes were closely locked. The silence was not that of sleep, but of death. Nothing ever broke it but the stray and light steps of the old clerk, or the heavy tramp of the clumsy porter. At one period mice had been found in the rooms—comfortable mice; who came out of holes at night, and fed on crumbs of broken biscuit; but they fled after the biscuits, which disappeared shortly after the clerks. Two or three spiders were found dead in odd corners, for a famine of flies had long existed; and so both the spoilers and their victims perished together. What a garrulous old clerk that was; how many rumours he had heard. Nobody ever came there, indeed; but he went to the hair-dresser's, and to the tobacconist's, while his wife frequented the dairy and the greengrocer's; and the fall of the house—thereby meaning the commercial, not the material house—had shaken the district, and been felt over all London to Kensington, on the one hand, and the Blind Beggars on the other. Then that little head was as full of speculations as of long grey hairs, all of them centering in Pritchard, Hilliard, and Company. He wanted much to know if the dissolving corpse would ever be galvanised again. He had heard that Mr. Pritchard's stock in the Amiens and Grenoble Railway was rising; that Mr. Hilliard had invented a new line to Cashmere and the Oby river, which would be the grand link between us and the great Northern Ocean beyond Siberia; though what we had to do with the great Northern Ocean in question did not clearly appear. He had learned that Mr. James's aunt could not live many days, and the firm would get a round hundred thousand. Because bills cannot be altered, he thought, in his simplicity, that wills were never changed. The price of Indian corn, he believed, was rising; and it had need to rise far, to cover the deficiencies of the house, according to the statements of all the papers, which exhibited a probable dividend of 2s. 6½d. per £1, on £1,928,000 of proved debts. The clerk was the last of a long and great array of clerks. He had been born in the house, according to ordinary language, for his father was a light porter in the days when Mr. Pritchard's grandfather was struggling upwards. His hopes all centred in the firm; and he thought of its ruin as a Highland henchman watches over the coffin of his childless chief, in whom has perished the descendant of a hundred kings, and the last representative of many honours. "Did we think the house would revive again?" Alas! we had no such thoughts; but why break the bent willow?—"all things are possible." "Did we expect pimentum to rise, or saltpetre to take a better place in the market?" Our ignorance was deplorable, for we knew nothing either of the statistics of pimentum or saltpetre: but here again—happy be hope—the thing was possible; saltpetre was just to come into demand; but who could have dreamed it, for the Napoleon of peace was even then in Paris. "Were Surats to improve?" How should we know that, when never a broker in all Liverpool would give a direct answer, and spinners grumbled incessantly of short time? "Did we think the Government would persevere, notwithstanding the mortgages of the Mauritius, in their 'sugar levels,' as Mincing Lane described the sugar duties?" But why should we be wiser than Mincing Lane or Downing Street itself—nothing but hope in homœopathic doses remained for the colonial interests; and the patients did not seem to improve. The old clerk rejoined the porter at the door, who had the *Daily News* and a pot of beer to speculate upon; and I returned to the weary confusion of Cheapside with a sobered mind, like that of a man, who, like Hervey, has meditated for a season amongst the tombs.

The commercial desolations before and after the suspension of the Currency Act by the Government in 1847 will be long and fearfully remembered. Many men who occupied the high places of commerce succumbed before the storm, and are lost, out of memory. Many more escaped with the complete loss of all that they had gained in years of patient industry. A vast number lost, not only the past, but mortgaged the future, in endeavouring to keep a fair account with the world; and years will come and go ere even the arrears of Peel's period of prosperity, 1845, and its satellites, 1846 and 1847, are entirely swept out from the ledgers of many toiling men. Swept out they never will be from the debit side of many ledgers; for their owners are out of reach of any count and reckoning in time. The grave has many hearts that the mania of the period and its consequences helped to break. The mahogany spade and barrow, and the first sod of the Trent-valley railway, only assisted to continue a delusion that has not yet wrought out all its results; although it has made many once warm hearths cold, scattered for ever many families, broken fair and strong hopes like crystal vases, and thrown their shivered fragments to all the winds of air and earth. The ravages of cholera in London during 1849 left no apparent blanks on the streets, in public places, or in the business of that city. Nothing has been left undone, because many died. The commercial disease was therefore more appalling in its results, within its own department, than the physical. The manufacturing and mercantile world to this day "misses its lost," and to this day they say that business cannot now be done as it was done before. So it was towards the close of the December of 1847; the old man had been in the habit of discounting bills, sometimes with, and often without a deposit or security. The discounts had been large, and the business extensive. It is an easy way of making money that of merely signing one's name, and strange enough it is to see how "the love of money" blinds its votaries to the consequences of their habits. Nobody seeks an irregular mode of discounting bills, whose security is unexceptionable; and high rates of discount are paid only by those with whom capitalists suppose that there is a great risk.

Old capitalists of moderate means have a hankering after this dangerous manner of increasing their capital, and, during the railway heat, bills were drawn, signed, and turned into money with fatal facility. El Dorado seemed to have chosen Britain for its dwelling-place. People expected to get rich,

Digitized by Google

and many became rich, by doing nothing. I bought coats from a tailor of the most cadaverous and suspicious appearance. Aged thirty-five years, and five feet ten inches high, his circumference was under twenty-four inches at the greatest girth. The small-pox had seized him roughly in his youth, and left its marks so deeply dug into his yellow cheeks that age will never obliterate them. He had that long, colourless, springless hair that sticks by a man's head in close wreaths, as if it were dipped in the substance wherewith her Majesty's servants make Queen's heads adhesive. That description of hair denotes to me always an owner with cunning unobtrusiveness, who would catch me if he could; a person with whom one likes to do battle in buying or selling. One morning, I found the man of tape undisguisedly angry. The current was not usually perceptible under his smooth exterior, but this time it had broken out like a cataract; so rough and raging, that it became necessary to make an exposition of the cause; and, in explanation, he handed me a printed circular, dated from Token House Yard, London, and the offices of the Mile End and Chelsea Direct Railway Company, registered according to Victoria so-and-so, and intended to form a grand trunk line of railway to be laid on piles over the length of London, and as far above the chimney-tops of the highest houses as the tunnel was beneath the level of the Thames. The prospectus set forth divers advantages connected with this grand scheme, all of a character highly interesting to an inhabitant of London, but in no way urgently important to a tailor's apprentice in the country. At the close of the prospectus, R. W. Thistledown, on the part of the directors, intimated that Mr. R. W. Green, in applying for shares that would be allocated to him, had referred for his respectability to the party addressed, Mr. J. Cron. "And this civil circular," said I, "has so irritated you! Did you expect to catch an allocation letter for all the Mile Ends and Chelseas yourself?" "That's not it," said the master tailor, "but I did not know R. W. Green." "Well, if you don't know the man, say so—and there, I take it, Mr. R. W. Thistledown's and that respectable confraternity of speculators, the Mile-end and Chelsea's connexion with him will cease." "But I know him now," added the tailor; "I inquired at the number, for it is the same with my friend Dartson the bootmaker; and he was on his way to me with another copy of the circular, and another inquiry regarding James Brown." "And who is James Brown?" "Oh, he is my errand boy, who would have been elevated to the bench in six weeks, except for the circumvention of his circular." "And who, pray, is R. W. Green?" "That's Dartson's boy. The two scoundrels," said the tailor, "have run shares in this imposition. Times," quoth he, "have reached a pretty pass, when apprentices in their second year apply for shares! The fellows earn two-and-sixpence weekly, and stole the postage stamps." "Of course they are turned off?" I suggested. "Of course," said Cron, "of course, we could not keep two swindlers in our establishments." "I thought Dartson and you might, Cron," I added. "And why? Are we not respectable tradesmen, paid our way, made a little money, and a business by industry? Why should we keep young fellows who apply for shares, without owning a penny to pay the postage?" "Such masters, such men, Cron," I added. "How many shares have Dartson and you applied for? How many have been allocated to you? You hold one hundred London and York Direct, three hundred Caledonians, fifty-eight Dublin, Athlone, and Galloway; three hundred York and North Midland; a parcel of Trieste and Vienna; a bundle of the Great Northern French line; a pocketbook full of the grand Ganges and Indus junction, or Allahabad and Benares Direct; scrip in as many more subsidiary lines as would make or mar a fortune.—It's none of my business, Cron, but what says your banker to all that? Rather over your means, doesn't he think?"

The bait had taken—cunning Cron was off his guard for a moment—the awkward moment that often discloses a fatal secret. "My banker," said Cron, "makes no inquiry, and has no business to make any—our own paper is good—first class paper, sir; and Dartson knows old Beancroft"—there he paused. "Dartson knows old Beancroft—does he? And old Beancroft charges you and Dartson at the rate of 15 per cent., don't he?—A swinging profit in business is needed to stand 15 per cent. for money and stamps."

"Poor Cron!" it was an unlucky morning—his shield was on the ground again. "Mr. Smith, sir," said he—"Mr. Smith, Dartson and I are respectable men, of undoubted credit, sir; and you should have a care in your observations. Mr. Smith, sir, we have never paid more than 5 per cent. discount." "And 5 per cent. commission, Cron?" "And 4 per cent. commission," answered Cron, triumphantly; "and our book, sir, taking all together, the good with the bad, is one of the best books on 'Change, and worth a large sum for premiums, and will soon be worth more."

Good advice;—what a vast amount of good advice is spilt upon the barren ground of selfish hearts, harder in their nature, and more spotted, than the speckled Peterhead granite!—as it fared with the good advice that I gave Cron, to sell their scrip and shares while they would yield a premium; take up their bills—pay Beancroft—be honest men, and sleep soundly at night.

"Beancroft will renew," said Cron. "Premiums will rise; the market looks up; the brokers say it improves; and, Mr. Smith, poor men cannot throw away a chance for money, when the tide is with them."

"The coat that was to have been sent last Tuesday—is it ready now?"

"It will be finished to-morrow night, and sent next day," said Cron.

"Or the next, perhaps, when you get a boy who does not speculate in railway shares; and I must apply to some tradesman who does not fabricate garments and iron roads at the same time."

Many months after that date, and late in the evening, Mr. R. W. Green, who had become message boy to Beancroft, requested my immediate presence at his second employer's. The night was

Digitized by Google

wet and cold—I held no discounts—and to-morrow was Christmas Day; yet I could not well refuse; so gathering a warm cloak around me, I made my way through rain and sleet, at an hour unusually late, to the pawnbroker's home. There was no dread in my mind of any extraordinary hospitality to occur in accordance with the season, and the old servant hinted that the master had been in an "unco tease the hail day." He was in his little room, pondering over the old book already mentioned; and his daughter seemed to have been examining another of a different description. Mr. Beancroft made no apology for breaking up my enjoyments, whatever they might have been, of Christmas Eve; but went direct into the heart of the business, with the assurance that we lived in terrible times, when no man knew what was his own; to which assent was easy, for its truth was obvious. And then the fact came out that Beancroft himself was in difficulties; a result that did not altogether astonish me, after what I heard of Cron and Dartson's bills. His obligations were contained in the book before his daughter. There were shares in various companies transferred from the credit to the debit side of the account, with large sums opposite to each of them. Scrip and stock, in all descriptions of companies, had been mortgaged with Beancroft for advances, and he had registered on them. The most improbable prospectuses seemed to have been received with the greatest favour by the money-gatherer. Cron and Dartson's acceptances, worth ten per cent., perhaps, from the two estates, were opposed to liabilities of a stupendous amount. Red debentures of a copper company, presumed once to be better than Bank of England notes, were marked *nil* by Miss Beancroft. They were not the worst, for they involved no further payments; but there were scrip and shares in companies on which new payments were demanded, and the gross sums for which the demands had been compromised or paid were chronicled in the same hand. Dishonoured acceptances had been carefully considered, and their value, always apparently under the reality, was credited. The whole bill-discounting and share-advancing business was nicely balanced; and presented a considerable deficiency, due on the 24th, and which would be over-due on the 26th. All the other payments had been met—an unusual circumstance; but this large sum remained, and it was not easy to discover how its liquidation could be accomplished. Through the terrible ordeal of the previous twelvemonths, old Beancroft had passed apparently unscathed. One loss after another had made no apparent change in him. To a casual acquaintance, he seemed only, and exclusively, a man of money. His riches were apparently a part of himself. This estimate was erroneous; for his wealth had been carefully hoarded, but only gathered around him, instead of being amalgamated with his existence. So, as one coil after another was torn off, the man still remained, until he was stripped of all, but yet the man was there. He had latterly worn riches in the wisest way; they were wrapped round him—too near the heart, perhaps—but they were not warped within him; and, when they were to be parted with, the inconvenience was felt severely, but it was not like the agony of altogether tearing himself to pieces, which Beancroft must have felt, if he had been correctly estimated by his neighbours and his *friends*.

The crisis came at last. For long hours of the Christmas night, we three sat over those black accounts; striving to reach that which is always difficult to ascertain, the worst result; the utmost sum that would remain to pay, and the smallest imaginable value of those assets wherewith it must be paid. Mr. Beancroft had been more prudent than I supposed, but not than Miss Beancroft knew. The floating capital in his business was evidently absorbed, and more than destroyed; but years since, when railways were considered dangerous, to invest either life or money on, he had purchased, in his daughter's name, some farms in an upland district of a neighbouring county. They were not large, and they were not very valuable; but they had cost more than any deficiency that appeared to stand upon the business, bad as it had been in the end.

The bill-discounter had his own views, and they were entirely opposed to those of his daughter. He desired to negotiate for means to meet the various bills, and carry on his business. She wanted to pay the money due, break up the business, and remove to the country. Most people would have considered themselves to be sufferers from a great calamity, while she imagined the crisis to be sent in fulfilment of her dearest wishes. His business was distasteful to her. A shadow hung over it, for it prospered on poverty. Her farms were valuable enough to cover the deficiency, and leave a balance over; a small balance, large enough for small wants, and too limited for ordinary life in cities. But she longed before he died to lead the old man to green spots like those of his early youth—to cut the cord that bound him to a thousand cares, and held him down amongst the lowest things of earth, which tinged his character amongst his neighbours, and made him more a selfish man in their opinion than in reality. She thought—and thought not wrong—that when a wide separation and a final one was made between him and his narrow boxes for impoverished customers, his long shelves and drawers for the pledges of the vicious or the unfortunate, his calculations of interest, his gains and his risks, that he would become a new man in his old age; that, with the scenery of his boyhood, a portion of its warm spirit would return; that, ere he left the world, he might have learned rightly to estimate its value, and the value of all that lay beyond the silent solitude of the churchyard.

The struggle with old habits and new hopes—the hopes of more than the threescore years and ten—was terrible, but successful. We won, but how could we fulfil the conditions on which we had conquered? They were the immediate payment of the overdue bills, so that Mr. Beancroft might retire from the world without compunction. The payment involved a very large sum; Mr. Smith, it was known, paid his lodgings weekly, and his

Digitized by Google

purchases as he bought them, but had nothing over. The money could be had by a little negotiation on the farms, and the bills might have been allowed to stand over on their security, but the latter was an alternative that old Beancroft particularly and passionately desired to avoid. Then, when all other resources failed, the old book came into play. It was a strange-looking volume, rudely stitched, and neatly written. I had heard of copyright, and wondered whether he meant to sell the manuscript, and who could give him an offer. "This," he said, "is my chronicle of favours—a blotted day-book—where I have kept the names and circumstances of many persons to whom I have been useful. Our business disclosed strange changes to me, for I lent the spendthrift on his father's silver plate, and the widow on her marriage ring. Sometimes I helped those who had pledged everything, and could no longer help themselves. At other times I lent, and took not from the borrower the offered security. Occasionally the starving came into my path; I lifted them over the style, and they ran past, out of my sight, and their memory, in the way to wealth. The world never thought that money was given in a pawnbroker's shop, and I never sought to make the world wiser than it wished to be; but I noted down the strangest meetings as they passed; and yet I know not now where, amongst all whom I have helped, to seek a good turn, although I want to borrow only on security." Mr Beancroft did not make all this speech at once. The story oozed out, sentence by sentence. It was merely his account of the book, and it made me curious to know its contents. The pawnbroker had treasures left of which I had formed no suspicion.

But half-past two on Christmas morning was not an hour to indulge idle literary curiosity. "Captain Brown," said Miss Beancroft; and her father repeated, "Captain Brown." "Is he rich enough?" asked the daughter. "He had £5,000 in the three-per-cents, besides his farm."—"Then he will do it."

Captain Brown puzzled me. What had she to do with Captain Brown; or how came she to know any one of her Majesty's commissioned servants? True, it was none of my business; and the question now was, how to reach Captain Brown, for he was forty miles away, but the railway passed within ten miles of his farm. Yet he might be from home, for it was Christmas time; and, on the whole, nothing could be more probable, even if the post, proverbially slow in country places, had been punctual, that a letter to him might be answered within a fortnight—and we had a day.

Miss Beancroft was not romantic, or she might have proposed to go herself, for the journey to her father was not to be thought of; but she suggested Mr. Smith, and he felt compelled to comply. A letter was soon written and sealed, and as the first train left the station at six o'clock, I had time to go home, to dress, to drink coffee, but not to sleep. The frost during the night asserted its superiority, the streets were hard and dry, small flakes of snow were tossed pitilessly round the corners of the lamp-posts by a ruthless wind; while drowsy watchmen walked over their beats at more than twice their common speed, and early passengers hurried on like men whose hours were trebly mortgaged. And yet the station was unusually crowded. Merry groups defied the cold, and laughed at the frost. All the carriages were filled, and ere we started there was the hurry and bustle in settling down amongst great coats and cloaks, amongst furs and horse cloths, aggravated in this case by numberless children, boxes, and baskets. The space beneath the seats never was so crushed up in our experience, and the seats themselves were not merely filled, but doubly occupied by babies carried for nothing, and children at half price. The prospect was blank and desperate. Two hours in a railway carriage before the appearance of the sun, with thin fleecy clouds obscuring a wan moon, and drifting always over her from the north-west, bringing gusts of bitter wind, and whirling heaps of dry, hard snow; with three ladies and two gentlemen in our carriage, each of the five, besides myself, with a noisy incumbrance; and such a packing of reticules, and brown paper parcels, containing precious loaves, or buns, or other still more perishable ware, that to stir one's foot from its first position was cognate destruction to the finest work of the confectioner; or might inundate the carriage with British wine from Champagne bottles. The prospect was dismal, and the frost cutting and keen—ten degrees below zero, and twenty beneath comfortable travelling. I almost wished, for my friendship was being congealed, crystallized, and frozen up, that Miss Beancroft had selected another messenger, or that Captain Brown had chosen another residence. Then another lady wondered how they should ever get there, and the other gentleman mentioned that he was to send his vehicle. After that, a consultation occurred how they could manage to get all crushed into that conveyance; and I began to fear that though Browns, like Smiths, be many, yet this was my own Captain Brown; and it became a desperate effort with me to beat them. The thirty miles were out at last, and our carriage was emptied of the living and their lumber. But the carriages moved on, and the babies moved also, and all manner of mischief was occurring amongst the parcels; while, at the two stations where we stopped, other carriages disgorged passengers, and made more room for those who remained, ours remained fast. Still, there was a third station, and I had hope; but we passed it, and remained without improvement. My fellow-passengers were willing not to be troublesome, and apologised when their will in that respect was crossed. At last the name of Captain Brown occurred, for one lady was anxious to know the precise distance to Captain Brown's; and a gentleman muttered, through any number of furs and wrappers, "From eight to ten miles."

I ascertained that Captain Brown's vehicle had come for the party; but they all decided on breakfasting at the inn. I had thus an obvious advantage, from the precaution of breakfasting at home. A gig was easily obtained, and the horse was frosted; so before the last baby amongst the

Digitized by Google

visitors had been warmed, and made ready for the road, my drive was done.

The sun was weak. His rays could not soften an icicle, and scarcely could dissolve the gorgeous designs drawn by the frost on cottage windows during the night; but they put a million of sparkling gems on every bush, and they gave the road and all the snow-clad land innumerable clear small eyes, not larger than needles' points, and equally sharp, that glanced at, and pierced into, and blinded other eyes that looked too long upon their splendour.

Still the bitter north-west wind threw down now and then on man and horses one of the little clouds that it was driving so fleetly and so fiercely from the north—and whenever that feat was repeated, it howled in wild glee, buffeting the world with its snow, and threatening, by-and by, to bury sheep and shepherd on the hills, and travellers on the road, in its own favourite mantle; good enough for the north wind; but too cold, too heavy and thick for human beings and other animals.

Between the glade and the gloom, I was pleased rather when the driver told me that this young wood belonged to Captain Brown, that the cottage on the little hill in front was Emily cottage; and all the shrubbery, ricks, and offices around it were Captain Brown's shrubbery, ricks, and appurtenances. As we drove round to the front, two or three little urchins, male or female, were at the gate; and one of the latter, in yellow curls, a blue frock, and a white pinafore, scampered off, exclaiming it was "nobody"—off, round the little knoll, that in courtesy, I believed, was green in summer, and had Mrs. Brown's flower-knot—for the existence of a Mrs. Brown was apparent—in the centre; where even now, at Christmas, an Alpine, a Himalaya, or a Chimborazo rose was blooming among the snow.

The great Newfoundland dog came out of his green house, shook the snow from his black coat, took notice that the visitor was respectable, and walked in again.

The cottage was larger than my distant view had led me to expect; and when I was shown into a parlour, with maps of eastern lands, and plates of Himalaya scenery, on the walls, I thought how slender was the thread that had drawn me here, and wondered what reception Captain Brown might give to a card with no more words than Mr. N. W. Smith engraven thereon.

The "Smith" cards are all hapless. They are next to nothing. Even when we make them "Smythe" they result in that most profound chaos of English names. It is true that "Brown" is little better; and that was some consolation. But the Captain gave short time for reflection, and my credential was delivered to a man of fifty—nothing remarkable in size, feature, or lineament—a middle man—good-natured, and well pleased with himself, the world, and his business, despite the potatoe rot; nothing remarkable, except that on one finger he wore an antique, and not very valuable, silver ring.

Such ornaments were long since discarded from society, and a gentleman with ear-rings would not have caused any more surprise to me; but the letter evidently astonished him. "You know Mr. Beancroft, I suppose, Mr. Smith?"—And that I knew him was evident from my long, cheerless, and cold journey. "You know the contents of this letter, perhaps?" And I knew its general object, without being particularly acquainted with its contents. Then Mrs. Captain Brown was called in; and there was nothing very remarkable in her appearance—not even a silver ring, which might have been the habit of the place; but she read the letter rapidly, and came to business, asking at once, "Then, can you oblige Mary Beancroft?" "Well, I believe we can," answered the captain, putting the emphasis on *we;* and, without noticing that, she rejoined, "and you will, cheerfully, I think." So the matter seemed to be closed. I was asked to breakfast again; and, in course of a few minutes, it came out that I was to have a companion home. But then the Calcrafts were coming to dinner, and to spend the day; and that seemed only a reason for expediting our departure. Mrs. Brown undertook to entertain the Calcrafts. A train started at one, and we could reach it. The breakfast was brief and plentiful—like one of the old-fashioned breakfasts at country inns, when the coach was at the door, and the horses were in hand; not quite so fast work as the voracious exhibitions at Carlisle or Wolverton, but somewhere between that and ordinary circumstances. Short as it was, the time was sufficient to raise the quiet lady of the cottage in my opinion; for, after she had inquired into all the circumstances that I could disclose connected with the Beancrofts, she said, as if the matter had been quite indifferent to her, "I suppose bonds cost a large sum of money." And I believed they did—whereupon she added, that "Mary Beancroft would have still enough to live upon, in the little cottage upon her muirland farm; but yet it was a pity—a very great pity, that having so little left, she should have to pay anything for a bond;" and she wanted much to know what bonds were meant for, and what good they did; so that Captain Brown had to explain that bonds were originally intended to keep people honest, and as their friend Mary was honest already, he did not much see the use of a bond in her case; and that was the end to which his wife was pointing; for she also thought that they might do very well without anything of that kind.

I was pressed to return again when the spring and the Beancrofts had come to the hills. The blue frock, the curls, and the white pinafore, were at the gate; while the Captain had many injunctions laid on him to return by night, and the vehicle was promised to be at the station when the train came in at half-past seven.

Nothing could be done on Christmas Day, the Captain explained; but "I wished to put old Beancroft's mind at rest, and to secure the performance of a good resolution before it be changed." The train got quickly home, and the carriages were nearly empty. The Beancrofts and Captain Brown seemed to be particularly old friends, likely to manage their business well; and I was away to fulfil my destiny in dining with the Greens. The winding up of Beancroft's business proceeded rapidly; and some months afterwards, when they were two miles only from Captain Brown's, instead

Digitized by Google

of forty, and in the little cottage spoken of on Christmas morning, I read in the old book the outline of the curious story that carried me so far into the country on Christmas Day.

Thirty years before that time, when all the wars were closed, all the dead had been counted, and the bereaved had settled down into their altered state, a young widow and her little daughter lived in lodgings in the east of London; but the widow's heart was crushed, and even her young charge could not revive her lost energy; so she died, and little Emily Ward was left upon the parish, for her father had been killed for his country, and her mother had died, to gain her a lodging in the workhouse, and the education of a pauper child—a parish orphan.

Emily Ward never saw her father, and she soon forgot her mother; while she knew the relatives of neither of her parents, and they never inquired for her. Some other pitiful tale may have composed this mystery, but it was not unshrouded, and Emily Ward was left to spend the kindly sympathies of a young and warm heart upon the workhouse authorities, who taught her the elements of education, and apprenticed her to a milliner; when needlework was dearer than now, and the materials for Hood's "Song of the Shirt" were not so abundant.

The milliner had no distinguished qualities, good or bad; but as Emily was a sharp girl, and a valuable "seamster," she was well treated, and had more happiness, perhaps, than many children of her age could have extracted from a friendless and toiling apprenticeship. Little Emily often revisited the workhouse on Sundays, for the matron was anxious to see her old children; and sometimes she went to the Sunday-school, and now and then to the church—when the work was done at home, and no customer pressed for the completion of her order, for Sabbath observance was not much discussed twenty-five years ago. Also, she had a cheap bible and a prayer-book given to her from the workhouse by one of the Bible societies, in which she read of the cedars of Lebanon and the lilies of the valley; but she was a tall girl ere ever she had seen an acre of grass, except twice in the parks.

A more successful rival carried away the best part of the business attached to the establishment where Emily was apprenticed, and the affairs of the house got into such disorder that at last the house itself was taken possession of by two strange men, and there was an end of that matter.

The ruined milliner clung to her best apprentice, and removed with her down east beyond Finsbury Square, to a dingy region, where there were great manufactories of noxious materials, and everything bore proof of a wide removal from aristocratic regions. She took one room in a small house in a place called Bunhill Row, and wrote a ticket for the window. She had caught a new idea concerning the division of labour. The ticket bore, that "widows' caps were neatly made to order." Her business was confined to widows' caps. She did nothing whatever in widows' gowns or frocks. Her motto now was, "pursue one branch of business closely, and you may thrive—try many, and you will be ruined." The idea was successful, and now "widows' caps" are to be seen written on tickets in many windows of that locality. The idea struck into the ground, but its originator sought consolation under her troubles, in the gin-shop at the corner of Lamb's Buildings, instead of the butcher's at the next door; and so Emily Ward wrought hard, and prospered not.

A Scotch engineer had found employment in one of the works in the neighbourhood, and had located his family under the same roof with the widows' cap manufactory. Nearly at the same time the Misses Birkstyle commenced business, under flattering auspices, in the largest Scottish town. A journey to London from Scotland was even then a serious business; but Miss Birkstyle, senior, decided to brave the dangers of the road, and the temptations of the great city, for the sake of her profession. Being in London, she determined to call on her old acquaintance, the wife of the Scotch engineer. Mrs. Gray was a kindly-disposed person, and having pitied the loneliness and aided in the sorrows of her young English neighbour, had received many kind offices in return. Miss Birkstyle felt her journey towards Mrs. Gray's residence offensive after she passed the locality of Finsbury Square. She saw nothing nearly so bad as she might have seen out of her own kitchen window, on the third floor, at any time; but Miss Birkstyle did not frequent the kitchen. On reaching the house, the journey was, however, amply repaid by the ticket concerning "widows' caps." Miss Birkstyle was not an originator, but a skilful appropriator of other person's designs. She could talk of nothing else but "widows' caps" to Mrs. Gray, until that matron began to get alarmed, and to suppose that her friend was "fey;" and as Betsy Birkstyle herself was a female very unlikely to require this particular article, that her own widowhood was approaching. The matter ended by the engagement of Emily Ward for the Scotch house of Birkstyle, whose senior partner decided on making "widows' caps" a leading article.

A long time previously to Miss Birkstyle's celebrated London journey—for it was celebrated, and advertised in the *Journal*, the *Chronicle*, the *Gazette*, and some of the other papers—there lived in a small town, in a retired way, a very worthy man and his family, of the common name of Brown. Mr. Brown, in his youth, had been to the Indies, had lived among the blacks, had married, according to the malevolent, an Arabian princess, whom he abandoned; and according to others, enjoyed a pension for good service to the government. The Browns had a very pretty little house, in the middle of a garden, surrounded by a high wall, and shut out from the world. Their cottage looked to the south, and in the summer days its front was covered with roses, and the bees among the flowers sung their low song, like a pleasant bass, to the treble of the linnets amongst the pear, and gean, and cherry trees. The Browns had a pleasant life, and seemed to deserve it, for they were an extremely regular family; even the young

Digitized by Google

people came into the world in well-regulated divisions, for when Robert was thirteen exactly, Amelia was only ten, Christian was seven, Jane was four, and Isabella one, nett. The neighbours knew nothing whatever of the Browns' circumstances. They shared their gooseberries annually in August and September. They took tea with them once per annum; and the Browns, once per annum, had tea with each of their neighbours in return. They were seen regularly at the parish kirk, in summer, twice; during winter, once; on each Sunday; because during winter there was only one service. Mr. Brown, himself, sometimes visited the Sabbath evening school, set up by the secession minister. He also attended the meetings of the Bible Society, which had been formed in the village, chiefly through the same instrumentality. For other matters he read the Tory county newspaper once weekly, and a number of ugly foreign papers, irregularly; while he held firmly by the doctrine of church and state, and the memory of William Pitt; but the bulk of the population, being hand-loom weavers, were also Radical Reformers, and greatly scandalised by the corn laws.

Three more years of this happy, quiet life passed, and then came the first great trial in the family—the parting with poor Robert. The Indies were not then generally intelligible to the people. In point of fact we knew little more regarding them than that there poor men were transmuted into rich Nabobs in exchange for their livers. It was rumoured that Robert was going to India, in the hope of meeting an Arabian princess, or a pension.

On the last Sabbath, everybody looked at him in church as if he had been to be sacrificed with a sharp knife, on a stone, in a circle, by the old Druid his father. When the coach—there was only one coach—passed on Wednesday, they both went away together; and Mrs. Brown returned with all her daughters, to the walled garden and the cottage, most disconsolately, to walk where he had walked, to weed his garden, to tend his flowers, to wipe his seat, to settle his little room, and to weep there. Mr. Brown returned in two weeks, and matters went on as usual; but no Robert was in the way—he was on the ocean, on his route to Trincomalee or Benares, and nobody out of the family knew to which.

Mr. Brown believed, in an orthodox manner, in the uncertainty of life, "*de spiritualibus;*" but he expected, surely, that with the pension, "*de temporalibus,*" he would not die; or that all his girls would die before him; for, except a few shares in an ill-managed bank of a neighbouring county, he had saved nothing.

Several more years had passed, and when the apples were all gathered in, and the days were very short, there came a rumour that the bank was broken, and merchants did not "take their notes."

Some time after Halloween, but only a few days, people said that the bank was to take away Mr. Brown's cottage; and he became ill, and lay down to die, in the next room to that in which Amelia had been placed to die before the summer was finished. The year was not out quite, when father and daughter were at rest together; and they were buried together in the churchyard. But the neighbours were all quite sad during that Christmas, for these deaths seemed a mournful calamity. A short time passed away, and ere the spring came in, the widow and her three remaining daughters had to leave their home, because the purchaser wanted it put into repair—so their goods were sold off; but the day was fine, and Widow Brown was able, as she left, to pull the first crocus from Robert's garden. They went by the waggon, a weary distance, to the great city, where they expected to find most readily the means of subsistence; and they were lost to the villagers.

When the Birkstyles commenced their business, they found a Mrs. Brown in the attics of the house in which they held a flat, and her daughters sometimes wrought for them; and when the English girl, Emily Ward, came to give *eclat* to the Birkstyle's trade, they found a lodging for her with Mrs. Brown, which was in every way a convenient arrangement.

Emily was a favourite everywhere; and she often tended the youngest girl, who never recovered the exchange from the country garden to the close attics, five flats from the stones—for there was no ground uncovered near that place; but, in spite of the stranger's care, her sister's love, and her mother's watching, the child drooped and died, and they buried her, the first of three sisters, in a city grave-yard.

Close rooms, and Long hours, did little to preserve the health of the surviving girls, although such trials could not hurt Emily Ward, who never knew better; but they wrought on to the last, for their earnings were not large, and their expenses were considerable; until, one Sabbath afternoon, as the aged widow read hopeful promises from her old Bible, the eldest of her surviving daughters bowed down her head upon the pillow of her bed, and she lifted it no more, for when they sought to help her, she was dead too; and they buried her beside her little sister.

A few months passed away, with one only of the Miss Browns and Emily Ward; but the latter did nearly all the work, that was done for their subsistence, to spare the former and recruit her health. The design was likely to be successful; but there had been no fever in the neighbourhood for eighteen months, and those who knew best the habits of the city, felt that it must soon come. It came too soon for many, and climbed the common stair, passed the Birkstyles, and seized on the weakest inmate of the attics.

This was the severest blow; for the Birkstyles intimated that unless Emily Ward changed her lodgings, they must decline to give her work; and who, in that case, would nurse her patient? The engagement on "widow's caps," and all other affairs, was abandoned, and then the acquaintance with the Beancrofts commenced. The fever was tedious, and the small supply of money soon ran out; while rent, and medicine, and food, had to be paid for. At first the widow Brown sent Emily with those trinkets, that could be most easily spared, to the pawnbroker's. The patient, her

Digitized by Google

mother, and her nurse lived on that resource, and the visits were very regular. The shop was dark, and mean in its appearance, and the space outside the counter was divided into stalls.

The fevered patient had sunk at last, and her mother was alone in sorrow with the stranger. They had sought nothing from the parish, and they determined to bury their dead without its aid. But the determination put Beancroft in possession of nearly all that they could pledge. Still they effected their purpose; and Emily Ward had seen the last of her three friends put beside her sisters; had seen the earth filled in, and the grass fitted over the mould again; had returned to her attic, had heard the sore-tried mother read from her Bible, beside their cold grate; and when she ceased, in her grief she remembered, what the young girl chose to forget, that they were in an empty house, without fire and without food.

Their conversation was long and sad. The Birkstyles would now employ Emily again, for the fever was gone out of the attics. But the present wants, those of the night, and of the next week, pressed on them, and they had nothing but the Bible that they could turn to money, until Mrs. Brown produced from a little purse, a strange and antique ring, cut with some curious figures; and her companion carried it to Beancroft's, as the evening closed in, with strict injunctions that it was first to be redeemed, when they became richer.

The English girl had gone so often on similar errands that the broker and his shopman knew her well; but the latter grumbled at the silver ring, and the master was appealed to. The young mistress, a child, was with her father at the time, and she persuaded him that the silver ring was the last article that their customer had to give; and then Emily Ward looked so wearied and wretched, that she succeeded in getting permission to take her to the kitchen; and there the old servant, who, when her mother died, had undertaken to manage Mary Beancroft, learned the story of Emily Ward and the Browns. The little girl was kindly hearted, and the housekeeper put good thoughts into her mind. They had no difficulty in aiding the lonely widow, and the not less lonely English needlewoman, for the pawnbroker's love of money was not equal to his fondness for his daughter. He ascertained the truth of Emily's story from the Birkstyles; and the pledges gradually got quicker back to the attic than they could have been redeemed by her savings; but somehow the ring was neglected.

Time passed away, and the old servant was glad when Mary Beancroft succeeded in persuading Emily Ward to visit them often in their dull house, for she knew more of the world than they did, living out of sight, and behind the memorials of poverty and improvidence.

Time floated on, and brought an end to Mrs Brown's trials in the world, and Emily Ward became a member of the Beancroft household; yet still the silver ring was forgotten, for nobody valued it; and it went, ultimately, at some sale of unredeemed pledges, into the hands of a collector of curiosities.

Many years had passed, and Emily Ward, now getting up in years, not particularly attractive, and not brought out at Beancroft's, promised to succeed the old housekeeper; but one afternoon a gentleman called at the pawnbroker's, who did not in any way resemble a person who wanted a small sum of money. He inquired for Mr Beancroft; and that gentleman, presuming that the caller was in the private bill-discounting line, requested him to walk into the little room, where business of that kind was done. The gentleman wore the strange silver ring, and his errand was to see whether the pawnbroker would recognise it again. A gold ring he would not have recognised, but the silver ring, with its strange devices and hieroglyphics, occurred immediately to his memory. In answer to many inquiries he told all that he knew—how he came by it, from whom, and for what. The wearer had returned to his country a moderately rich man for an Anglo-Indian. He returned earlier than he might have done, with a smaller fortune, and a sounder liver than usual; because he heard nothing of his family. At the old village he learned two deaths; but he left six; and the traces of four were lost. His letters, he knew, had been returned; and although fully informed of their calamities, he gathered no information of their fate. As an Indian, he was consulted by an antiquary regarding the carvings and cuttings on a silver ring. He recognised it as one that his father had brought from the East; and now he had traced it back to Emily Ward—the person best qualified to give him all the information that he required. It need not be repeated. Captain Robert Brown was alone in the world, and when his first grief at the conversion of suspicions into realities was past, he thought that he could not do better than, in return for her care of his relatives, and as the only person to whom he could speak of them, deprive Miss Beancroft of her companion. And that could only be done in one way—the course that was adopted. He purchased the farm where Emily Cottage was built—a fanciful name, and the only trace of young romance in their connexion. Neither of the two was very young, but they are not the less happy on that account; and their "Silver Ring" reads always the lesson "that one good turn deserves another, and sometimes meets its deserts."

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

The interest attaching to the Edinburgh Exhibition of this season is greatly enhanced by a variety of circumstances, amongst which we cannot escape specifying the reproduction of several of the works of Sir Henry Raeburn, the prince of Scottish portrait painters—the death of the President of the Academy, Sir William Allan, since the opening of the rooms, where only one, and not the most successful, of his productions appears upon the walls—the singular beauty and felicity of the fairy picture of Noel Paton, the last elected Scottish Academician—the interest newly evinced by her Majesty in Scottish art, in voluntarily sending Landseer's exquisite picture, "The Free Kirk," to the Exhibition—and the measure of justice at last dealt out to the specimens of sculpture brought forward, by placing them conspicuously under the fine dome light of the southern octagon. The great variety of the excellent second or third class pictures shown by the artists adds more than aught else to the attractions of the Exhibition, and enables the *habitues* to feel that on no previous occasion could their visits be so profitably protracted, or so pleasurably renewed. We should certainly judge that, under such a conjunction of favourable circumstances, the attendance for the season has not diminished, but, as it appears to have done, augmented. The profusion of works of promise is this year so great as happily to preclude the necessity for noticing, in an annual criticism, any but the most notable pieces. The tribe of landscape imitators, in their forcible feebleness, on whom we inflicted some of our last year's strictures, may, therefore, in the present instance, escape with the unnoticed crowd.

The post of honour has been assigned to a portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn, No. 1 in the catalogue; and, as an object of art, it displays qualities which fully entitle it to its pre-eminence. There are some fine portraits in the room; never were there finer than four which form a sort of quadrille party at its opposite sides and extremities, viz.: John Graham Gilbert's "Mrs. Merry," John Watson Gordon's "Countess of Eglinton," his "Lord Justice-General," and the "Adam Rolland" of Sir Henry Raeburn. The works of the Knight of St. Bernard's, we understand, are beginning to be a leading object of request with picture collectors; and those lovers of art who may carefully study the two portraits, No. 1 and 6 of the present collection, will not be far from arriving at the conclusion that the portraits of Sir Henry Raeburn rank amongst the first productions of modern art. The rich, full-toned colouring, characteristic of the master, does not distinguish more the portrait either of the lady or the gentleman here exhibited, than the vitality of the expression, and the pictorial effect of the entire design in its vigorous simplicity. The lady is an exquisite representative of female loveliness, as all Raeburn's ladies are, notwithstanding the short waists and homely fashions of

"The good old days when George the Third was king."

Portraits are the leading, though by no means the distinguishing, features of the present Exhibition. We may as well, therefore, go on, as we have commenced with them. Amongst this class, we rank "A Moorish Girl," No. 7, because we have been led to understand that "the dark laydye" had sat for the picture. Some would-be judges have pronounced this scrap "the gem of the Exhibition"—an eccentric notion, certainly; for although not positively bad, the picture has hardly enough of life in the eyes, upturned like those of a duck in a thunder storm, to redeem the dusky hue of "the Moorish Girl." We wonder, by-the-by, if the original really *were* "a Moorish girl;" for we observe in the outer octagon the *effigy* of a well-known street porter of Aberdeen, under the designation of "a Jew's head;" and he is only a Mormon, not a Jew. No. 31, "Portrait of J. Thomson Gordon, Esq., Sheriff of Mid-Lothian," though not a first-rate portrait, is a very striking likeness by John Ballantyne. The popular sheriff, the admired orator, and boon companion of the *elite* of the city, finds his portrait subjected, however, to so little criticism, that we willingly evade it also. There is no man amongst us now whose promise of greatness is superior to that of Sheriff Gordon, and it will not be long ere better portraits of him are forthcoming. "Portrait of Mr. James Merry," No. 51, by John Graham Gilbert, R.S.A., is, of all the new portraits in the Exhibition, the best. It is a full-length, boldly standing out from the canvas, without the accessory almost of any sort of background. The arms are beautifully—we had almost said moulded—for the pure flesh tints nearly persuade one of their reality; and the drawing of the hands, the testing point of portraiture, is perfect. The figured lace dress may not, perhaps, be so well painted as the satin one in the full-length portrait of the Countess of Eglinton, on the opposite side of the room—but, in every other respect, this picture bears off the palm; and Mr. Watson Gordon should look to his laurels—he no longer stands indisputably *first* in this line of art. No. 90, "Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Eglinton and Winton," John Graham Gilbert, is far from being satisfactory. It is a full-length, in yeomanry regimentals, and by no means a felicitous representation of the dashing earl. No. 99, "Portrait of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice-General," is in Mr. Watson Gordon's best manner, and not the less effective for the circumstance of the learned judge appearing in a gentlemanly court suit—instead of the paraphernalia of the college of justice of which he is the presiding senator.

In his accustomed place upon the eye line, and at the right centre of the great room, hangs the only work contributed to this year's Exhibition by one who, since it was placed there, has paid the debt of nature. Sir William Allan's great picture of the "Battle of Bannockburn," was, but for the illness whose termination proved fatal on Friday evening, the 21st ultimo, destined to have occupied this position. It is understood that this unfinished national work was one worthy of the deceased artist's reputation, and, had he been spared to

Digitized by Google

complete it, would have added largely to his fame. "The Cup found in Benjamin's Sack" is a picture which appeared at last year's Exhibition of the British Academy in London, and requires no criticism, even if that were desirable in reference to a work which will now be regarded with feelings far removed from the cold scrutiny of the connoisseur.

The leading picture in the exhibition is Joseph Noel Paton's marvellous piece, No. 151, "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania"—a companion to the picture of the "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," painted in 1847. The crowd before this canvas never decreases. The fertility of fancy that has peopled with living forms the wild wood glade, has furnished inexhaustible sources of entertainment, to entrance the spectator beyond precedent or calculation. The multitude and variety of figures is only paralleled by their beauty, or frolicsome spirit. There is a glowing and majestic vigour in the male figure. He flourishes in immortal youth; and every lineament is of more than mortal mould. The most delicate pea-green drapery invests his form, which some conceive to be the fairy colour, but which, we have no doubt, the artist intended to be delicately symbolical of the jealousy that instigated the quarrel. Titania is a less successful, though still eminently beautiful, figure. Behind her skulks the "little changeling boy," whom she refuses to Oberon, "to be his henchman." So far only does the supposed quarrel extend; the myriads of sportive fays and fairies amongst the leaves and flowers around being all otherwise occupied, according to their bent. A Will-o'-the-Wisp is luring some into the marsh, and it is curious to contrast the disconcerted countenance of a venerable and grotesque fairy, with the obvious shrieks and laughter visibly depicted on the more youthful participants in this mishap. Disporting in the tiny pools, and amongst the gentle sedges, forms of exquisite mould are seen. And here, as well as amongst the wild flowers, and up in the woodland, all the diversities of which nude symmetry is susceptible in art, have seemingly been seized upon by the artist, in contrast with the broad good-humour of genuine burlesque displayed in many of the satyr-like males. The dusky figures of symmetrical contour, so Asian-like, which, with dark hair and flashing teeth, have also been introduced to relieve the dazzling brilliancy of the other forms, possess in many instances attributes fully as graceful as the white fays, their compeers. The poetic fancy of the artist is profusely lavished on the floral and other embellishments of the scene; the water-lilly, the fox-glove, blue-bells, the grapes and tendrils of the vine, and other exquisitely beautiful forms and hues from nature, are strewn around. Each figure seems to pursue its sport with an earnestness which has not mortal alloy in its composition. The tiny imp who is intently blowing off the light down of a seeded dandelion—the groups who are bathing with miniature nautilus shells, or fox-glove petals for their bathing-caps—the racy little rascal who is playing at charioteer by driving a cricket—the terror of one standing in a niche of stone, near which a spider is busy weaving its web—the noble sports of others a-hunting the snail—the loves of the butterfly and the rose—the stolen kisses of the fairies themselves—and the inebriated damsel squeezing the juice of the grape into a shell—all seem pursued with a zeal with which nothing in this mere mundane world is ever essayed. Whilst, however, all this individuality characterises the occupants of his canvas, and even their pursuits, Mr. Paton has not failed to display in their combination an amount of ingenuity and felicity which, after all, is the great feat of his performance.

It is not too much to pronounce this production of a young artist, in short, a masterpiece. Noel Paton has made the fairies as much his own as Shakspeare or Spenser; and he has done it in a style, and with an elaborateness, which will always preserve him, like them, from being approached by imitators of less indomitable perseverance, or less-gifted genius."

"Christ Walking on the Sea," No. 132, by Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., is an extraordinary embodiment of preternatural effects—advantage having been boldly taken of the miraculous character of the scene, to scatter the lights across the picture in the most daring but dexterous manner. The beams that irradiate the tops of the shoulders, relieve the back, and spiritualise the body, of the figure, may be designated one of the happiest strokes of artistic ingenuity ever brought forward by a Royal Scottish Academician. This artist has also illustrated from Rowe, "The Penance of Jane Shore"—a painful subject. He has also repeated the picture of "Burns and Captain Grose;" a highly finished sketch of which was in last year's Exhibition, and much more to our liking than the present transcript.

In Mr. J. Eckford Lauder's picture, from the "Taming of the Shrew," there is good painting and good character.

"Luther listening to the Sacred Ballad," No. 139, by Robert M'Innes, is a picture after our own heart. See the rapt attention in the very attitude of the Reformer at the window—the grace and loveliness of the female figures at the door—the sort of subdued fanaticism that distinguishes the sacred ballad-singer himself—the enthusiastic admiration of the populace, and the scowl on the coarse and vulgar faces of the retiring mendicant friars. It is happily conceived, and, as far as the figures go, admirably executed. There is a want of decision in and about the still-life details, which are less than need be in keeping, even as respects colour, with the living groups. But very little would have rendered this an inimitable production.

In the principal room, Horatio Macculloch has two landscapes of high excellence and varied character—the one, a "Lime-kiln in the Highlands," depicts a scene of "brown heath and shaggy mountain," most congenial to his pencil; and yet, whether the poetry be in the picture, or in the name attached to it in the catalogue, we infinitely prefer "A Quiet River," No. 144. The "Lime-kiln," it is true, has its well-rendered heath and bank—its streamlet at which a Highland boy stoops down to drink, now bursting into dazzling transparency, now shrinking into shade, with the

Digitized by Google

smoke of its lime-kiln operating as a fine false light in the middle distance, and its majestic background of soft blue hills. A fine sky o'ercanopies the whole; and every pebble in the water-course, as well as every ripple on the stream, we might almost say each hair on the shaggy-coated shepherd's dog, is marked with distinctness. Still, the lazy, dreamy, and meandering beauty of that "Quiet River," under that quiet sky, is a thing that even Macculloch does not every day accomplish, and we love that small and simple bit of nature as much as we do the great landscape.

For brilliancy, freshness, beauty, and harmony, in those refreshing colours—blue, green, and white nothing in the exhibition exceeds No. 54, "Scene in the Forest of Arden—a Day in June, after Rain," by J. A. Houston, R.S.A., and its apparently companion picture, No. 105, "Forest Glade in Arden," by the same artist. The first and best of these pictures is the property of John Miller, Esq., of Liverpool.

What we would call the "contributed pictures" consist, in the first place, and besides the Raeburns and other portraits, of "The Trial by the Ordeal of Touch," of Daniel Maclise, the property of John Wright, Esq., of Liverpool; and "The Free Kirk," by Edwin Landseer, the property of Her Majesty. The grand cartoon-like drawing of Maclise strikes every beholder, defective though, to our taste at least, is his colouring, and disagreeable as the subject under illustration. Landseer's picture, again, although of cabinet size only, brings out a beauty, but, at the same time, an energy of execution, that is only exceeded by the life itself. But the dogs—we must not neglect the dogs. Landseer can paint a Skye terrier, and a couple of shepherd's colleys, as nobody else can; and here they are—comfortably seated on the soft wool of the goodpeople's Sunday-plaids—the younger shepherd's tyke blinking and purring in the sun, almost like a cat—you could swear you *heard* him.

Mr D. O. Hill has various pictures in the Exhibition, but we can touch only on his large and well-filled canvas, No. 292, "The Valley of the Nith from the Uplands of Dalswinton." In the distance, as we are told in the catalogue, and finely perceive in the pure atmosphere of this artist's inimitable perspective, are the Cumberland Mountains, the Solway, Lochar Moss, Dumfries, Terregles, Criffel, &c., and above the scaur on the river, towards the right, middle distance is Burns' farm-house of Ellisland, and the walk near it where he composed Tam O'Shanter. The town of Dumfries nestles under the hills, and all are finely and distinctly rendered.

The sculptures have very happily received, in part, a position in which they are more likely to be appreciated than formerly; and now really form, although we cannot here dilate upon their merits, not the least attractive feature of the Exhibition. The spirited productions of Patric Park hold probably the first place. There is a new aspirant, William Brodie, whose chief fault is, perhaps, timidity; but yet the modest and gentle figures of "Little Nell and her Grandfather" are finely modelled, and the "Bust of Dante," by this new artist, is not without character, although we should have looked, mayhap, for more.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary. Translated from the German, by F. Shoberl. 1 vol.; London, William Shoberl.

THIS volume contains a translation of letters written by a German officer, serving first in Italy, and, after the capture of Peschiera by the Piedmontese, with the army of the Ban of Croatia, in Hungary. The writer confines his remarks almost exclusively to those incidents of the war which occurred under his own observation. He was employed as a lieutenant in one of the Hussar regiments, and was much engaged on outpost duty. His position resembled that of a guerilla chief, or a leader of partisans, and not only exposed him to more than ordinary fatigue, but also to extraordinary risk and excitement. His correspondence bears to have been written and forwarded at different periods during the progress of the great struggle in Italy and Hungary. The writer expresses a contemptuous opinion of the Italians, with the exception of the Piedmontese regular battalions, whose bravery and good discipline are frankly acknowledged. He writes not in the same terms, but in language equally severe, of the Honveds, the *landsturm*, or irregular battalions, of Hungary, whose desperate valour cannot be denied; but whose cruelties, disorders, and excesses, he mentions in terms of the utmost reprobation. Some allowance must be made for the opinions of a ter whose profession is war; who must have written his notes under the excitement of recent conflicts; and who may be fairly expected to entertain disrespect for the conduct and efforts of semi-disciplined citizen soldiers; but we see no reason to doubt the general accuracy of his statements; and all that can be done for Hun or Lombard, is merely to take off a tinge from the strong colouring, if even that can be honestly effected. The Italians are bravadoes and cowards until their enthusiasm has been checked, and their resolution confirmed, by discipline; but they had Charles Albert's little army in evidence that they can be made soldiers. The Honveds believed at least that they were fighting, not only for their independence, but to save their fields and their folds from plunder, their lands from confiscation, and their families from injury and outrage. Their cereal crops, their cattle, and their horses, were seized, while their currency was depreciated, or made illegal and entirely valueless; so that the savage warfare of the Honveds must be blamed, if it is to be censured, with much forbearance. The Austrian officer, by whom the letters were pencilled in quarters, in bivouac on the battle-field, or in the hospital, acknowledges, with apparent inadvertence, at one page, to the title of Baron W.; and as he was attached to the outpost Hussar service, in the army of Baron Jellachich, those Germans who may

Digitized by Google

wish to know his identity can have no difficulty in accomplishing that object. For our purpose, the internal evidence afforded by them of a generous man and a good soldier being at the authorship, suffices well. His Italian campaign was short, but he was closed up in Peschiera, and was present at the capitulation, which occurred, as he says, from the want of ammunition. The Austrians obtained good terms, marching out of the ruined fortress with their arms, and under promise merely not to serve against Italy in that campaign. This condition did not prevent them from being serviceable to the House of Austria in another quarter, where, ultimately, their services came to be more requisite than in Italy. Of the Piedmontese soldiers, the writer speaks with much regard, on account of their courage and discipline :—

"The brave and well-disciplined Sardinian army alone gave a sanguinary colouring to this Italian campaign; while the Crociati, and all the volunteer corps, by whatever names they call themselves, were, for the most part, a downright cowardly rabble."

And, again, of their generosity on the march of the Austrians out of Peschiera :—

"The Piedmontese—I must say it to their credit—behaved on this occasion with decorum and dignity; and among their officers I made acquaintance with several highly accomplished and agreeable men, with whom, notwithstanding the peculiar nature of our respective positions, I passed some very pleasant hours. Under no circumstances whatever would we have given up the fortress to any but regular troops. Before we would have opened the gates to free corps, we would have blown the place into the air with the last remnant of our powder."

The statements in the second letter regard the curious frontier district in which the Ban of Croatia holds almost indisputable sway. The Ban Jellachich is evidently "the man of the people" of Croatia. Brave, generous, learned, and talented, he may have taken the right path or the wrong; but he has acted in conformity with the views of the rough but hospitable people amongst whom he rules. The Ban Jellachich had no hereditary influence to recommend him. He was a young officer, and was wise enough to work into favour with his soldiers; and the military frontier is inhabited entirely by soldiers. He is a poet, and the people sing his songs. He speaks their language; is a Croat; and so they naturally follow him. The border district, from the Bona di Cattaoo to the Maldau, is 1000 English miles in length, and from 20 to 60 miles broad. This district contains many tribes, of whom the Seressans are the favourites of the author. They are the best shots on the border; and we are told that "any Seressan would wager ten to one that he hits a swallow as it flies, at thirty to forty paces." The Croatians, and other border tribes, fought as heartily against the Magyars as the latter warred against the Austrians. We suspect, indeed, that faults may have existed amongst all parties; for when even young ladies take the field, and fight in great battles, an almost incurable hostility must be rankling in the minds of the various races. In the campaigns of Hungary, several daughters of aristocratic families, on both sides of the question, seem to have worn arms, and perished on the battle-field. The zeal of the people for Jellachich and the Emperor is apparent in the following passage :—

"So torn and tattered were also the coats of some of the Ottochans, who had come with me from Peschiera, that the men were obliged to fling them away, and to have recourse to their brown woollen cloaks and their working jackets. These brave fellows had been but a few days at home, with their wives and children, before they were obliged to march off again; and they did so cheerfully and joyously, amidst hearty *Zirios* for Jellachich.

"What the military frontier, and particularly the Croatian and Sclavonian part of it, has performed this year, is almost incredible. About 35,000 men were in Italy; 20,000 were required for the protection of the frontier itself; for the Bosnians, excited by agents of Kossuth's, taking advantage of the critical situation of affairs, attempted incursions; and yet the Ban, in not quite six weeks, brought together 36,000 men, who certainly were not so completely equipped as to be fit to appear at a review, under the Linden (Limes) at Berlin; but, nevertheless, as fit for fighting, and animated by as good a spirit, as could be wished.

"What enthusiasm, what zeal for the Emperor and the independence of Croatia! I have myself seen, in districts of the Ottochan regiment, wives and maidens take up the musket, and repair to the chain of posts on the Turkish boundary, that all the men might be able to take the field; and such an eight days' duty at these frontier posts is no trifle, and requires not a little firmness. Old, half-invalided frontier subalterns, incapacitated for taking the field, were the commandants! Young, many of them handsome females, composed their troops. By my faith, I should have no objection to be the commandant of such a corps of Ottochan females myself."

The Slavonian and Croatian tribes retain the old Eastern and patriarchal customs, so that often a family consists of sixty or eighty individuals in one house, consisting of different sub-families, if that phrase be allowable, but all closely connected. We could match the one hundred persons in one house in Scotland; but they are not on the patriarchal plan.

We are pleased much with the description given by this Austrian officer of the Slavonian villages, which are evidently in a better state than was generally supposed in this country. The volume is chiefly occupied with the details of personal adventures and rencontres, in which the author was interested. They are often of that tragical character too common in civil war; and this war proved to be one of the most bitter contests that has ever occurred in Europe. The Austrian officer confesses that an army of fifty thousand men will be required for years to come in the occupancy of Hungary, so that Kossuth and the Magyars, Bem and the Poles, have left it an unprofitable appendage of the Austrian crown. He bears repeated testimony to the bravery of the Magyars, and even records his admiration of the Pesth hussars—the mounted citizen soldiers of the capital. We notice that the work has already reached a second edition, and, from its character, we should not be surprised if it attained a large circulation.

Senior's Political Economy. Griffin & Co. : London and Glasgow.

THE definitions and technical terms, in any science, are the language of that science, the vehicles by which knowledge is conveyed to its students, and ultimately to the world. So imperatively is this the case with regard to chemistry, botany, anatomy, and the other divisions of natural history, that some men hesitate to acknowledge, as a *science*, any department of knowledge which does not possess a proper table of acknowledged definitions, and a vocabulary of strictly technical terms, each having one, and but one, undisputed signification.

Now, Political Economy is just in this equivocal or transition state; it offers to the world a mass of opinions, a greater or less amount of illustration, and sometimes a greater, sometimes a less, foundation of admitted facts; in short, we are rather at a loss, and have considerable

Digitized by Google

hesitation, in admitting Political Economy to be an established science.

It comes before us rather as a collection of hypotheses, and opinions as to the *future*, and of arbitrary and meagre selections of truths, with regard to the past; in its unfixedness, and want of unanimity in its conclusions and objects, it resembles the metaphysics of a century back, being a medley of creeds, a contest of factions, with temporary triumphs of particular systems. We hesitate to award the title of "science" in such a state of matters, and do not require to be reminded that Political Economy is not one of the "exact sciences," or that it is not of the order "inductive;" or that, although not aspiring to "demonstrative," still it offers "moral" evidence.

We deny that the persuasions and conclusions of any of the modern schools of Political Economy, amount even to "moral" certainty. No one pretends that the surmises and conclusions of Adam Smith, or the presumptions of J. R. M'Culloch, are, in point of certainty, and applicability, for one moment to be compared with the surmises and conclusions which the physicians of our day arrive at in the practical applications of their science.

Yet both political and medical sciences have been put into one category, by Dr. Abercromby, the most useful and successful, if not the most profound, of modern teachers of mental science. Abercromby has finely remarked that Medicine and Political Economy are based on "uncertain data." Probably twenty years have passed since Abercromby first made this discriminating remark; and yet within these twenty years, ay, within these fifteen,* the practice of Physic has made such advances, that its most difficult problems are, in the hands of properly educated men, susceptible of such analyses, and development of subsidiary problems and facts, that Medicine is no longer obnoxious to the stigma of an uncertain science. While Political Economy, during the same period, has retrograded, the accumulation of facts has been neglected, the sacred test of historical experience has been slighted.

The shortest mode of justifying this complaint of uncertainty and confusion in all that is called Political Economy, is a reference to the table or catalogue given by Archbishop Whately, in his "Logic"—of the various and contradictory significations of the same words and terms.

If Political Economists hope for any permanent share of influence; if they wish to make themselves useful in their day and generation, they must set their house in order, adapt their reasonings and their information to the intelligence and the wants of the age, establish general principles, and agree to some system based upon a wide and indisputable range of facts and observations; let them make use of the same intellectual instruments, and submit to the one universal test of experience, to which all scientific pretensions must sooner or later be submitted. Political Science is retrograde; it is in a position analogous to that of Chemistry seventy years ago, and nothing can elevate it from the morass of dubiety and quackery but a severe application of the inductive method, a new accumulation of modern and reliable facts, on which to fall back as evidences, and the adoption of that characteristic and highly intellectual practice of weighing or estimating *probabilities*, which constitutes the strength and glory of Medical Science; the practice or method which can alone build up the boundary wall between true science and idle conjecture.

"Political Economy is retrograde." The writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries aimed at connecting all political, industrial, and commercial speculations, with the prosperity, or the greatness, or the happiness of their respective communities. The economists of our day recognise only one object—riches. They forget the caution of the ancient philosopher to Crœsus, "He that hath more iron may become master of all this gold."

Mr. Senior, lately the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, has done good service to the public in his candid disavowal of all intentions of investigating or advocating anything beyond the inquiry into mere "wealth," its definitions, characteristics, and elements; what, for brevity, we would call the mere natural history of riches. Being a classically educated, and a professionally *trained* man, he has performed his task in a masterly manner; he sets out by frankly stating both what he intends to explain, and what he does not intend to meddle with. He boldly says of Political Economy, in the limited sense in which we apply it, is not happiness, "but wealth." With people accustomed to thorough investigation, and systematic study, Senior's treatise is sure of a good reception. It bears the stamp of a philosophic, logical mind, and its dry details are enlivened by lucid arrangement, and clear and rather original thinking. Whether we agree with the author's negation of importance in his subject or not, we cannot but appreciate his arrangement, and the unceasing variety of historical, anecdotal, and statistical illustration which he brings to bear upon the different portions of his subject.

The work is a strictly analytical examination of that portion of political philosophy which concerns wealth. Such is the drift of his definition. He repudiates all political, moral, and social considerations, as being out of the province of the political economist; he censures M'Culloch for overstepping this boundary; but with all his care to restrict himself, Mr. Senior could not conduct his investigations without frequent reference to progressive movements of communities, or of the nation; movements, progresses, arising out of the effect of public opinion upon the legislature, the body politic, consequently implying moral and political action, suggested by the very ideas propounded by himself and others; the improvement of waste lands, for example, see page 82; and Absenteeism, p. 160.

The principles stated as the postulates of the science, are the four following elementary propositions:—

"1st, That every man desires to obtain wealth with as little sacrifice as possible.

"2d, That the population of the world, or, in other words, the number of persons inhabiting it, is limited only by moral and physical evil, or by fear of a deficiency of those articles of wealth which the habits of the individuals of each class of its inhabitants lead them to require.

"3d, That the powers of labour, and of the other instruments which produce wealth, may be indefinitely increased by using their products as the means of further production.

"4th, That agricultural skill remaining the same, additional labour employed on the land, within a given district, produces, in general, a less proportionate return; or, in other words, that though with every increase of labour bestowed, the aggregate return is increased, the increase of the return is not in proportion to the increase of the labour."

* Since the general admission of Broussais' theory of Gastro-enterite; and the adoption of the stethoscope, and the cycle of facts indicated by it.

Digitized by Google

The chapter on population is one of the most readable in the book; it contains more of fact and observation than average. Among many other proofs of the desirableness of authors ascertaining their data for themselves, instead of repeating obsolete errors and traditions; we have the following about shoes:—

"To the lowest class of the inhabitants of Scotland, they are luxuries; custom enables them to go barefoot without inconvenience, and without degradation. When a Scotchman rises from the lowest to the middling classes of society, they become to him decencies; he wears them to preserve, not his feet, but his station in life."

Our author is a second Vicar of Wakefield. Some wicked wag has been trying the extent of his credulity.

We thought Smollet's hint might have taken effect among the bookmakers ere this time; he makes one of his English travellers in Humphrey Clinker report as follows:—"The men (in Scotland) are wild selvidges; they wear short petticoats that do not cover their knees."

The amiable Crabbe, the poet, when on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, met several Highland gentlemen, also staying with Sir Walter. It was that year in which George IV. visited Edinburgh, and the *lairds* had put on the masquerade "Highland" costume, philabeg, dirk, and so forth. Honest Crabbe, believing them to be the genuine "*selvidge*" chiefs of Smollet's novel, or of Cockney Political Economy—and not knowing Gaelic, accosted them in French; and the task of speaking French was kept up by both parties, until Sir Walter found an opportunity of hinting to Crabbe that the Scottish gentlemen might prefer the language of ordinary society.

The majority of our public writers on statistics, economy, and public interests, know just as much of the actual state of British interests, as our benevolent author does of the shoe-trade in Scotland.

What a pity that our legislators and their tutors in England will not pluck up courage to get upon a railway and pay us a visit; they can get their lives insured for the trip, by the "Railway Insurance Company," and if they are afraid of being starved in this "*treeless*" country, they can order their supplies of food to follow them per rail from the London markets.

The first elementary proposition requires little comment—the second elicits from Mr. Senior a good abstract of the causes that regulate population in old countries. With regard to new countries, it is evident he has not seen such, or he would have placed more emphasis on *labour* (agricultural industry), and less on *capital*. The best advice that can be given to emigrants, was that of Mr. Boulton's, "to get upon land, though the emigrant had only a dog-hole to live in for the first summer; to clear as much forest as will make room for a little wheat or Indian corn,"—and this course in Canada soon makes a man independent. Professional men, and mercantile men in England, have too much faith in capital, and too little in labour; that is to say, labour applied to the raising of food from the ground—as in a new country; *indirectly* applied as it is in Manchester, labour is inevitably of contingent value, it is subject to the fluctuations of many things; of particular trades, of commerce generally, of the exchanges, of bad management of our currency. The *quantity of surplus food* on sale by those who raise the *food*, whether at home or abroad; the surplus devoted to the inhabitants of large towns, affects, regulates the value of their manufactures, and diminishes, when deficient, the remuneration for luxuries and necessaries; which can be dispensed with in hard times. Short crops, *famines*, disturb or destroy the home trade, and ruin certain branches of foreign.

We are too much dependent for our supplies on foreigners; we neglect our own waste lands, and tolerate too patiently the abuses of legislation which keep good land locked up in mortgaged, fettered hands, by entails, in preserves and deer forests, besides portions condemned to *pasture*, which ought to be supplying *corn*, because uncommuted or excessive tithes press less heavily upon pasture.

Though the third proposition represents the progress of the nation in the direction of claiming and employing its agrarian resources, as doubtful, yet we were agreeably disappointed in our author disposing of the little "*if*," by which the proposition is guarded, assuming, admitting that agriculture, like other businesses, is susceptible of improvement—and of very great improvement, too—here is an encouraging quotation—page 82:—

"Those regions, indeed, which lie within the limits of perennia snow, or consist of rock or loose sand, or precipitous mountain, are unsusceptible of improvement. But with these exceptions, the produce of every extensive district seems capable of being almost indefinitely increased, by constantly increasing the labour bestowed on it. Nothing appears more hopelessly barren than an extensive bog, with its black-looking pools and rushy vegetation. But by draining, by burning the limestone on which, in Ireland at least, it generally rests, and by employing the lime to convert the matted fibres of the turf into a vegetable mould, the bog may be made not only productive, but fertile. There are about thirty-seven millions of acres in England and Wales. Of these it has been calculated that not eighty-five thousand, less, in fact, than one four-hundredth part, are in a state of high cultivation, as hop-grounds, nursery-grounds, and fruit and kitchen-gardens; and that five millions are waste. All that is not waste is productively employed; but how small is its produce compared to the amount to which unlimited labour and abstinence might raise it! If the utmost use were made of lime, and marl, and the other mineral manures; if, by a perfect system of drainage and irrigation, water were nowhere allowed to be excessive or deficient; if all our wastes were protected by enclosures and planting; if all the land in tillage, instead of being scratched by the plough, were deeply and repeatedly treached by manual labour; if minute care were employed in the selecting and planting of every seed or root, and watchfulness sufficient to prevent the appearance of a weed; if all live stock, instead of being pastured, had their food cut and brought to them; in short, if the whole country were subjected to the labour which a rich citizen lavishes on his patch of suburban garden; if it were possible that all this should be effected, the agricultural produce of the country might be raised to ten times, or, indeed, to much more than ten times, its present amount. No additional labour or machinery can work up a pound of raw cotton into more than a pound of manufactured cotton; but the same bushel of seed-corn, and the same rood of land, according to the labour and skill with which they are treated, may produce four bushels, or eight bushels, or sixteen."

"Will it *pay* to improve the land?" is the great question with the economist and with the landlord. Is the land of ordinary quality?—Will it maintain people to work it, as average land does in other countries?" ought to be the great questions with the nation. With the difficulties between the mortgaged landlord and the Jew bondholders, we have nothing to do. Let them settle their own differences. Land that is three-fourths mortgaged should be sold. Mr. D'Israeli says that land is a raw material. If so, the farmers are manufacturers; then let the manufacturers have free access to raw material; let the farmer, and every body connected with land, have free trade in land, and put the farmer on the

Digitized by Google

same favourable level with the Manchester cotton-spinner. Let the nation *will it to be so*. And if Mr. D'Israeli is right in terming land "raw material," then let game preserves, useless parks, deer forests (those monuments of barbarism and feudal tyranny); let all lands, commons, wastes, thickets, and preserves, at present improperly locked up, arbitrarily withheld from the proper uses and functions of land, in this civilized and densely peopled country, be immediately brought into the market, if the present holders refuse to apply land to its natural uses.

Legislation must come to this; the public are beginning to ask for some accounts of the quantities and applications of land in England, and the landocracy, must, by-and-by, give an account of their stewardship, in the shape of fair statistics of land, and its produce, similar to the agricultural statistics of Belgium, or the ancient, but now forgotten, Doomsday Book of our early British sovereigns.

The admission, or the claim of Mr. D'Israeli, that land should be viewed as raw material, cuts short the Gordian knot of the rent theory, the tithe question, and will put the pauperism question in a new light. We are on the eve of a great social revolution; a few years will determine whether it shall be a violent one, like that of France sixty years ago, or a safe and gradual one, to be accomplished by timely concessions on both sides of the House of Commons; a mutual agreement to promote industrial and national interests, a hearty and energetic co-operation of parties who have till now been antagonists.

We regret that our space precludes fuller notice of Senior. We can recommend the book as one of the safest of its class; it is not free from obscurities, and long trains of argument based upon hypotheses, and intended to be applied to the actual state of things: but the recent and present discussions going on in Parliament are rapidly dissipating the figments of the Economists. Men will, by and by, learn to reason, to act upon facts and experience, and to discard figments.

Recollections of Sir Francis Chantrey. By George Jones. London: Edward Moxon.

Is a volume of greater interest to artists than to any other class of men; and one that relates many anecdotes most creditable to the celebrated sculptor, who, in his professional capacity, enjoyed the esteem of four British monarchs in succession, and whose works form now the most eminent specimens of sculpture that we possess in this country. A man who mingled much and long among the classes in which Sir Francis Chantrey moved must have had a rich fund of recollections; but the present volume consists of not recollections *by*, but recollections *of* the sculptor. He was born near Sheffield, in 1782. At a comparatively early age he became famed as an artist; and his first great work was four colossal busts of Admirals Duncan, Howe, Vincent, and Nelson, for Greenwich Hospital. Soon afterwards he was introduced to Horne Tooke and Sir Francis Burdett. His career appears to have opened amongst that class; but he kept himself free from all political discussions. In this respect he acted on the advice of Horne Tooke, who was the most zealous of politicians, and the greatest agitator of his day, but who felt the incompatibility of political partisanship and success in sculpture—such success as Chantrey then needed most—namely, that which would remunerate his labour. In 1812, he executed a marble statue of George III. for the city of London; and his progress from that period was "steady and satisfactory." His visits to the Continent must have interrupted his ordinary professional engagements at home; but he always thereafter had a greater demand for his busts and statues than he was able to supply. He began life as a painter and sculptor; but he preferred the latter department, and in it gathered his fame; and as it proved ultimately a sufficient fortune, which might have been greater, except for that generosity with which he administered, rather too freely, to the wants of less successful artists. Mr. Jones says that Chantrey was

"Tender and sensitive as a child, charitable without limit, and so devoted in his friendship, that his loss is irreparable to those he cherished and esteemed."

The anecdotes recorded in the volume confirm this statement. Of Sir Francis Chantrey's Edinburgh works, Mr. Jones says—

"That of the Chief-Justice Dundas is very elegant and simple; the statue of Lord Melville is rather heavy in character, and is one of the sculptor's least successful efforts. His bronze statue of Pitt is excellent, and that of George the Fourth of superior character, but much injured by the location, as it was modelled to stand against a wall, or in a situation where the back part of the figure would not be conspicuous."

The location of this statue exhibits very bad taste, although now perhaps too late to be mended.

"If the bronze statue at Edinburgh were placed where the monument to Walter Scott now is, and the Gothic monument on the present site of the statue, the embellishment of the city would be increased; for an elevated object is wanted in George Street, and is very objectionable in Princes Street, as it cruelly injures the beautiful and classic building of the Institution, by Playfair. Probably there is room enough between the angles of Hanover Street to afford a space for the Scott testimonial."

The deed is done now, and cannot be remedied, although probably Mr. Jones' arrangement would have been better than the present in some respects, and with this slight objection, that the angles of Hanover Street would not have contained the Scott Monument without fatally impeding the circulation. This volume is not a regular biography, but rather a collection, as it professes to be, of reminiscences most interesting to artists, and useful even to the public.

Almanacs. 1*st of the Fine Arts.* London: George Rowney & Co.

2*d. Cocks' Musical Almanac.* London: R. Cocks & Co.

These almanacs have accidentally fallen past our hands for a month; but they are addressed to particular classes, and are valuable to them in any month of the present, or any period of the next, or the following years. They are both remarkably cheap—one shilling; and both contain a vast fund of information regarding their respective topics. General works are often sold as cheap, but class works can rarely be produced at this price.

Hamilton's Dictionary of Musical Terms, and Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music. London: Cocks & Co.

Are both shilling publications, of which the names explain the character; while the fact of the first being in its *thirty-third*, and the second in its *nineteenth* edition, attest their worth. Both the Catechism and the Dictionary are remarkably convenient works for all musicians who are not thoroughly conversant with music.

Digitized by Google

Ainsworth's Works. Cheap Edition. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE re-publication of these Works in shilling volumes has been, we understand, remarkably successful. The first is "Windsor Castle;" the second, "Rookwood;" and the third, "Crichton." The works are so well known that we need say nothing more of them than that the reprints are neat, in the style of Simms & M'Intyre's Parlour Library, and similarly cheap.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE taxes on knowledge participate in the character of the taxes on bread and beef; but they are more mischievous, for the taxes on provisions for the body incurred a loss of so much money; while the taxes on provision for the mind sacrifices that which money may not buy. Their opponents, who should number all the world, except *The Times* and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have now a rare opportunity for abolishing these duties on mind. Two committees exist in connexion with this business in London. One seeks the removal of the taxes on knowledge, and the other the repeal of the taxes on advertisements. The minor object is necessarily included in the major. The tax on advertisements would go with the stamps and paper duty; and all might be accomplished, if the people so willed it. If they do not—and we have yet noticed few movements out of the trade—then it will be better to knock off the advertisement duty than miss all. The public could obtain at once the repeal of all taxes on knowledge, but if they do not seek that relief from a most impolitic burden, and prefer bricks, bottles, or beer, the newspaper proprietors act wisely for themselves, in endeavouring to secure some advantage. The compositors in several towns have forwarded petitions against all these taxes; but they form a permanent committee in every town; and they should organise and promote petitions from the inhabitants of every town during the current month. A little exertion on their part, costing less than the delay of six or seven chapel meetings, or a single night's squabble in the Union, would place a million and a-half of signatures on the table of the House of Commons after Easter, for the removal of this dead weight from their trade, and it would be removed. We promise them that there would be no quarrels with their employers regarding hours or wages for seven years to come, if they were successful.

THE SESSION.

Both Houses of Parliament began business by a debate and a division on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. This Ministerial document expressed sorrow in its own way for the existence of agricultural distress. The opposition desired to infuse more sorrow on this subject in the address. The discussion appeared to us as one of degree. Lord John Russell was sorrowful, Mr. Disraeli more sorrowful, and Lord Stanley, perhaps, most sorrowful. After a long debate, simple sorrow carried the victory by a majority of 119 in the Commons, and 45 in the Peers. These majorities were received with great cheers in, and great triumph out of Parliament. Consols rose, and the pro-ministerial press were thankful.

It has been remarked, that the Ministers used a number of proxies on that division, which will not be in their power again. This report may be regarded, we believe, as resting on a solid foundation.

The division in the Common's, on Mr. Disraeli's motion, on the subject of poor-rates, was closer, and far more dangerous to the Ministry. They escaped in a remarkably numerous house, by a majority of only 21. Mr. Disraeli's object was to transfer a small portion of the present poor-rates, from the rate-payers to the general revenue charges. Very small advantage could be secured to any party from this movement; but if the leader of the country party were to move for an investigation into the present mode of levying local rates, with the view of apportioning them more equitably than at present, over all property, we have no doubt that he would be successful.

This division has startled men whom no warning would move. They say now that the battle of free-trade must be fought over again; yet we cannot perceive an intimate connexion between free-trade and the apportionment of local rates.

It may not be uninteresting to add that on this great division the constituencies, as voting by their representatives, were thus divided:—

With the Ministry	532,519
With the Opposition	524,679
Ministerial majority of constituents	7,840

This calculation is taken from registries that contain an over-estimate of the constituencies, which now are much smaller than at the period of its publication.

The new Bill for the extension of the franchise in Ireland, will be carried, and will effect a great improvement in that country; but it is merely an extension of the old errors regarding the franchise—settled apparently in the constitution. But why should we not have a similar bill for Scotland? The suffrage in all the three kingdoms should be placed upon an equal basis.

FOREIGN MOVEMENTS.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON has presented some documents to Parliament, for the purpose of justifying the attack on Greece. His papers show distinctly, we think, that the Greek Government have seized two islands worth nothing, and are justly due to British subjects several claims worth next to nothing. The risk of war, not with Greece, but with other powers, on these trifling matters, resembles a Chancery action on a claim of six shillings and eightpence. It would be wiser to take the money out of the Greeks by a special charge on their vessels frequenting our ports, than to blockade their coast for paltry claims of this nature.

Some danger of war exists on the continent from

Digitized by Google

the inclination of the Northern powers to remove all political refugees belonging originally to their states from the territories of the Swiss republic.

The attempt will fail, and we trust will fail peaceably, like that on Turkey; for the powers which could not force the Balkan, with Constantinople before them, on this mission, will not dare to force the Alps with Paris in their front.

RAILWAY AND JOINT-STOCK BUSINESS OF THE MONTH.

For the present the railway market is drooping, and the proceedings of the few companies which have met so far are not calculated to raise it. The London and North Western shares are down to a dividend of five per cent., and the line is now evidently beginning to feel the competition of the Great Northern Railway. We shall postpone any further remarks till the close of the half-yearly meetings, which will be over by the end of March, when we shall place before the reader a complete abstract of the business done, and whatever alterations in value railway property, as compared with the previous half-year, may have undergone. Meanwhile, below will be found all the gatherings of the month of February to the 23d. The only three meetings of importance, it will be seen, have been the Great Western, the London and North Western, and the London and Brighton.

Bolton, Blackburn, Clitheroe, and West Yorkshire Railway.—A meeting of this company was held at Blackburn, Lancashire, on January 28, to take into consideration the propriety of adopting either the proposal of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company, or that of the East Lancashire Company, for working their line of railway. The proposal of the Lancashire and Yorkshire company was carried by a large majority. The numbers were declared to be—

For the Lancashire and Yorkshire — —	1,722
For the East Lancashire — — —	1,381
Majority for Lancashire and Yorkshire —	341

After a short discussion, the recommendations of the report were agreed to. The meeting was then made special, and a resolution was passed for the consolidation into stock of all the shares now fully paid up on the 31st of July.

London and Greenwich Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of the company took place in London on January 29. The balance-sheet showed that the company had received £23,223 12s. 7d. The expenditure left a balance applicable to dividend of £8,238 13s. 11d. The adoption of the balance-sheet was then put, and unanimously carried, and a dividend of 3s. 9d. per share on the old shares, clear of income tax, was declared payable on and after 11th Feb.

London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Tuesday, the 29th of January. The amount of capital raised up to the 31st December, 1849, is £7,046,168—consisting of loan capital, £1,392,938; preference share capital, £1,037,596; ordinary share capital, £4,615,634, the whole of this amount. The directors state that the estimate given by them in October, 1848, of £7,200,000, for the completion of all the company's undertakings, will not be exceeded. The total receipts for the half-year have been £286,358. The increase for the half-year over the corresponding half year of 1848 has been £24,370, or at the rate of 9½ per cent. Of this increase £14,000, or at the rate of 7 per cent., is on the ordinary passenger traffic; £1,853, or 31 per cent. on the receipts from periodical tickets; and £8,370, or 24 per cent. on the goods traffic. A dividend at the rate of £2 8s per cent. on the half year, was recommended, with the setting apart of £15,000 to the reserve fund. The recommendations were agreed to.

North Staffordshire Railway.—The half-yearly meeting took place at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, on January 30. The capital account showed that the total expenditure had been £3,208,676 6s. 3d., and the total raised by shares, &c., £3,289,978 6s. 3d. The report was adopted, and a committee appointed to investigate the accounts, and to report to a special meeting to be held on April 7.

East Lancashire Railway.—The half yearly meeting of this company was held at Bury, Lancashire, on Wednesday, 30th January—Mr S. Grandy in the chair. The directors proposed a dividend for the past half year, on the ordinary share capital of the company, at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum, free from income tax; and to retain the sum of £45,586 in the reserved fund. The dividend to be paid from net balance of profit for the half year, &c., with £14,719; amount to be taken from the reserved fund, £5,634, making £20,353.

Liverpool, Crossly, and Southport Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at Liverpool, Feb. 1st. The capital account, to 31st December, showed that £96,975 had been received, and £120,185 expended, leaving a balance against the company of £23,210. The revenue account stated that £6,915 had been received to 31st Dec. last, and £3,773 in working expenses; in dividend, £1,684; leaving a balance of £1,458 to the credit of revenue.

The Caledonian Railway.—A considerable revolution in the affairs of this company has taken place in the course of the month, arising out of the recent differences between the directors of the company and a majority of the proprietors. Two meetings were held in the course of the month in London; one on the 5th, the other on the 12th, which resulted, after a long, stormy discussion, in the appointment of a new board of directors. The following is the list carried:—The Hon. Edward Plunkett, Captain R.N.; John Coppling, jun., Esq., Hackney; James Baird, Esq., Gartsherrie, Glasgow; Thomas Thornborrow Fawcett, Esq., London; Thomas M'Micking, Esq., Edinburgh; Douglas Campbell, Esq., Edinburgh; Richard Potter, Esq., London; William Johnstone, Esq., Commercial Bank, Glasgow; John Duncan, Esq., Aberdeen. It was afterwards resolved to prosecute the bills in Parliament, having for their object to repeal, alter, and amend certain provisions of the Caledonian (Wishaw and Coltness Purchase) Act of 1849; and to repeal, alter, and amend certain provisions of the Caledonian (Glasgow, Barrhead, and Neilston Direct Lease) Act, 1849; and to oppose a (proposed) Bill for amending the acts relating to the Wishaw and Coltness Railway; a (proposed) bill to amalgamate the Caledonian and Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Companies; a bill to enable the Scottish Central Railway Company to lease their undertaking to the Caledonian, Lancaster and Carlisle, and London and North Western Railway Companies; a bill to effectuate the lease and transfer of the Dundee and Perth and Aberdeen Railway Junction, the Dundee and Arbroath, and Dundee and Newtyle Railways, to the Caledonian Railway Company.

Northern Counties Union Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on 11th February. The balance-sheet showed a total receipt to 27th July, 1849, of £214,488, leaving, after expenditure over the same period, but inclu-

Digitized by Google

sive of a return of £17,788 to the shareholders, and £12,974 interest on calls, a balance of £30,225 in favour of the company. The report was agreed to.

Great North of England Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held in their offices in Darlington, on Tuesday, the 12th inst. The Chairman said the resolution he had to bring before them was, that a dividend be declared at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum upon the £100 shares, £40 shares, £30 shares, and £15 shares, which, for the half-year, will be £5 per share on the £100 shares, £1 18s. per share on the £40 shares, £2 per share on such £40 shares as have been paid up in full, £1 10s. per share on on the £30 shares, and 15s. per share on the £15 shares. The whole of the above dividend to be paid on and after the 19th inst., subject to the deduction of the income tax. The resolution, being put to the meeting, was carried unanimously.

Leeds and Bradford Railway.—The half-yearly meeting was held at Leeds on Wednesday, February 13. The disbursements during the past half-year were £42,794 16s. 3d., which, being added to the previous expenditure, made a total of £1,419,037 7s. 9d. The receipts during the half-year were £35,167 19s. 6d, which, added to the previous receipts, made a total of £1,419,396 6s. 1d. The statement of accounts was approved and adopted.

Great Western Railway.—The half-yearly general meeting of the shareholders of this great company was held in London on February 14. The report submitted showed a nett balance in hand from the half-year's traffic of £263,150 14s 4d. The result of the half-year's accounts, after deducting the rents and balance of interest paid (comprising that on the Berks and Hants extension shares), left £193,393 9s 11d, at the disposal of the proprietors. The Board and the auditors conjointly recommended that a dividend of 4 per cent. per annum be declared for the half-year to 31st December last, which will leave over a balance of £39,703 9s. 11d. to the credit of the company.

Northern and Eastern Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at London, February 14. The report stated that the dividend on the respective shares of this company, for the half-year ending 31st December last, will become payable on the 25th February. On shares guaranteed 5 per cent. per annum, £50 paid, £1 5s. each; £30 paid (late quarters), £1 5s. 10d.; and £43 paid, £1 1s. 6d. each. On shares guaranteed 6 per cent. per annum, £50 paid, £1 10s.; and £43 paid, £1 6s. 6d. All less income tax. The accounts to the 31st December showed that £967,598 had been received, and £960,775 expended.

Reading, Guildford, and Reigate Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held in London on February 15—Mr. Solomons in the chair. The report stated that the line cost £743,960, including £92,457 for line proposed to be made by the Direct Portsmouth Company, and £50,114 paid the proprietors as interest on calls. A farther sum of £30,000 will be required for works to accommodate the traffic at the stations, which, with about £14,000 due to the proprietors for interest, will be, in round numbers, £800,000. A proposition was made for the consideration of a future meeting, that in addition to the £600,000 already paid, being £15 per share, the proprietors to pay up £200,000, being the remaining £5 per share, in the course of two years, on which the South Eastern Company offer to guarantee 4 per cent., making with the 5½ per cent. guaranteed on the £600,000, a total rent of £41,000 per annum, or 5½ per cent. So much of the report as related to the ordinary business was then agreed to, Mr. Smale was re-elected, and Mr. Ironside was elected a director. The consideration of the proposition was then postponed to the 12th March, when it was understood that the lease would be prepared for signature.

London and Blackwall Railway.—The half-yearly meeting was held in London on February 19. The report stated that "The gross revenue for the half-year has amounted to £24,393, and the expenditure (inclusive of £2,907 for interest on debentures) has been £18,949, leaving a surplus of £5,454, which, with the balance of £3,162 from the previous account, will admit of the payment of a dividend of 1s 6d per share, clear of income-tax, on the 107,240 shares at present entitled to receive dividend. The number of passengers conveyed in the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1848, was 1,426,942; receipts £24,500; and for the corresponding period of 1849, passengers, 1,219,508; receipts, £20,268.

London and North Western Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on February the 23d, at Euston Square, London. The attendance was very numerous.

By the half year's accounts the net proceeds are	£536,018 2 4
To which must be added the balance carried forward from the last account ...	15,501 19 1
	£551,520 1 5
Less further allowance for renewal of rails	18,770 10 0
Shewing a disposable balance of	£532,749 11 5

A dividend of £2 15s. per cent. for the six months, amounting to £489,112 7s. 3d., would leave a balance of £43,637 4s. 2d to be carried to the next half-year's account. After a very long and exciting discussion, a dividend of £2 10s. per cent. for the half-year was carried.

INSURANCE COMPANIES, BANKS, &c.

The following meetings have been held since our last summary:—

Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The annual report presented the following as the general cash account for the year ending December 31, 1849:—

Dr.	
To balance in hand 1st January, 1849 ...	£3,808 7 2
To the amount of premiums received on 160 new assurances, assuring £85,994 ...	3,227 2 2
To the amount of premiums received on renewed assurances	24,429 17 11
To policy stamps received on new assurance	234 7 6
To dividends on the stock in the funds ...	10,545 6 10
To interest on mortgages	853 16 3
To interest on loans, banker's balances, and half-yearly premiums	162 2 0
To produce of the sale of £2,000 per annum, long annuities	17,759 0 0
To the part repayment of a mortgage ...	266 13 4
To the repayment of loans from members	475 0 0
Total	£61,761 13 2
Cr.	
By the amount paid for 16 claims by death	£10,028 0 0
By additions to these claims	1,868 1 0
By the amount paid for 24 policies surrendered	1,143 6 0
Cash advanced on mortgage and debentures	23,394 6 6
Laid out on the completion of the Society's house and premises, 39, King Street ...	1,559 2 1
In the purchase of £5,000 stock in the New Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents... ...	4,612 10 0
Ditto £820 per annum Government Annuities	7,294 2 3
Advanced to members on security of their policies	607 0 0
By cash expended in the purchase of policy and receipt stamps	209 16 6
By commission	146 11 1
By re-assurances	31 9 4
By general disbursements...	3,948 12 4
By local Boards	385 4 6
By balance in hand to Dec. 31, 1849 ...	6,482 11 7
Total	£61,761 13 2

Reliance Mutual Life Assurance Society.—A general meeting of the members of this Society was held on 29th

Digitized by Google

January, at the offices, King William Street, London—Mr. Princep in the chair. The report submitted stated:—The premium receipts since the 30th June have been £4,305 4s., making an aggregate for the entire year, as shown by the accounts, of £8,200 9s. 9d. The new business of the year under this head consists of 124 Policies, for sums varying from £25 to £3,000, upon which the premium receipt has been £1,868 11s 10d. Thirty-five proposals for sums amounting to £27,100 have, in the same period, been declined or not proceeded with, and sixteen proposals remained over for further consideration, of which ten have since been completed, giving an increase of £223 17s. 8d. to the premium funds.

The society has for the past twelve months enjoyed a continued immunity from claims by lapse of life; its good fortune in this respect is extraordinary, the number of lives at risk for the year having been, including new assurances, nearly four hundred. Upon the policies in force on the 1st January, 1849, the ratio of the probable mortality gave a sum of £2,273 for the claims that might have been expected in the year just closed, while the demands on this account have been *nil*. Since the last distribution of profits the society has paid £2,200 on claims, against a calculated risk for the three years of £5,593.

London and County Bank.—The annual general meeting of this company was held on Thursday, 7th February, at the London Tavern, for the purpose of receiving the directors' report, declaring a dividend, and electing directors. The balance. sheet showed:—

Dr.			
Capital	£300,000	0	0
Reserved fund	28,383	9	6
Customers' balances, &c.	1,675,494	19	9
Nett profit for the half-year, after payment of £9,079 5s. 2d. for interest to customers	8,735	7	8
	£1,912,613	16	11
Cr.			
Cash in hand	£328,905	14	8
Securities, discounted bills, &c.	1,534,059	16	5
Bank premises, freehold and leasehold	32,107	11	9
Preliminary expenses, expenses of establishing and purchasing branches	17,540	14	1
	£1,912,613	16	11
Profit and Loss Account.			
Half year's dividend at 6 per cent.	£6,000	0	0
Balance carried to reserved fund	2,735	7	8
Nett profit for the half-year	£8,735	7	8

The report was unanimously carried.

OBITUARY NOTICES FOR FEBRUARY.

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÆGER.

The month of February has been unusually barren in the deaths of eminent men, and our Obituary this month has, therefore, few names to chronicle. The most celebrated dramatic poet of Scandinavia, ADAM OEHLENSCHLÆGER, who died of apoplexy, at Copenhagen, in the 71st year of his age, is the only one of any great note; but as our contributor in Denmark has, in the body of the present number, devoted an article to his merits and character, his last moments, and truly national funeral, we need only confine ourselves here to stating that he was born on the 14th November, 1777, in a little, low brick-built house, near the royal residence of Fredericksberg, in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, of which his father was superintendent-general, and that he filled one of the chairs in the University of Copenhagen, and was a Knight of various orders of northern chivalry. His best pieces are "Hakon Jarl," "Planatoke," "Axel and Walburg," "Correggio," "Aladdin," "The Shepherd's Boy."

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A., P.R.S.A.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, the eminent historical painter, died at his residence, 72, Great King Street, Edinburgh, on the 22nd February, in the 68th year of his age. He had for a considerable time been suffering from bronchitis, and had latterly become much enfeebled. He was born in 1782, of humble parentage, and in early life evinced a decided predilection for art. He was first employed in the humble calling of painting devices on carriages. He subsequently distinguished himself by his portraits, but afterwards devoted his great powers to historical painting. After visiting the best of the continental galleries, he spent several years in Russia and Turkey, that he might study the rude and picturesque aspects there presented, and find suitable and striking materials for his pencil. His picture of "the Circassians" was, after his return, raffled for in Edinburgh; and, in a letter to the Duke of Buccleugh, dated 15th April, 1819, Sir Walter Scott, who took a great interest in Allan, thus gives an account of the circumstance, and of the artist himself:—"A hundred persons subscribed ten guineas a-piece to raffle for his fine picture of the Circassian chief selling slaves to the Turkish Pacha—a beautiful and highly poetical picture. There was another small picture added, by way of second prize, and, what is curious enough, the only two peers on the list, Lord Wemyss and Lord Fife, both got prizes. Allan has made a sketch, which I shall take to town with me when I can go, in hopes Lord Stafford, or some other picture-buyer, may fancy it, and order a picture. The subject is the murder of Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Moor, prodigiously well treated. The savage ferocity of the assassins, crowding one on another to strike at the old prelate on his knees, contrasted with the old man's figure, and that of his daughter endeavouring to interpose for his protection, and withheld by a ruffian of milder mood than his fellows—the dogged, fanatical severity of Rathillet's countenance, who remained on horseback, witnessing, with stern fanaticism, the murder he did not choose to be active in, lest it should be said that he struck out of private revenge—are all amazingly well combined." The picture which Allan executed from the sketch here described by Sir Walter Scott was worthy of his genius. It was afterwards engraved, and must be familiar to our readers. The painting itself is in the possession of Mr. Lockhart, of Milton-Lockhart. Sir Walter added:—"Constable has offered Allan three hundred pounds to make sketches for an edition of the 'Tales of my Landlord,' and other novels of that cycle, and says he will give him the same sum next year, so, from being pinched enough, this very deserving artist suddenly finds himself at his ease. He was long at Odessa with the Duke of Richelieu, and is a very entertaining person."

At an after period of his life, Allan visited Morocco, Greece, Spain, and the wild range of country from Gibraltar to Persia, and from Persia to the Baltic, for the purpose of studying the scenery and manners of the various nations through which he passed. These he faithfully embodied on his canvas, and among his greatest pictures in this style may be noticed, "The Discovery of the Cup in the Sack of Benjamin," one of the best paintings in the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; "The Polish Captives," "The Slave Market at Constantinople;" "Tartar Banditti dividing their Spoil;" "The Moorish Love Letter;" with numerous others, descriptive of Oriental scenery and manners. The history of his own land also furnished him with subjects for his powerful and graphic pencil. Besides "The Murder of Archbishop Sharpe," already mentioned, he devoted his genius to many other scenes illustrative of our Scottish annals, so fruitful in remarkable and striking events. His painting of Mary and Rizzio is well known, and most successfully treated; as is also his great battle-piece of Waterloo, which, we believe, is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1835 he was elected a Royal Academician, and in 1837 he was chosen president of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. In 1841, on the death of Sir David Wilkie, he was appointed her Majesty's limner for Scot-

Digitized by Google

land. In the following year, he was knighted. He was an honorary member of the academies of New York and Philadelphia.

In his famous picture of "The Ettrick Shepherd's house-heating," executed in 1819, he introduced a portrait of his friend Sir Walter Scott, who had ever a great regard for him. His figure of "The Author of Waverley in his Study," done shortly before Sir Walter's death, is considered one of his most successful efforts in this department of art. He also finished an admirable painting of Sir Walter's eldest son, when cornet of dragoons, holding his horse, which hangs over the mantlepiece of the great library at Abbotsford. He was there during the last melancholy scenes of Scott's life. Mr. Lockhart says, "Perceiving, towards the close of August, 1832, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself, at all events, never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder, and invited from Edinburgh, for that purpose, Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan, whose presence, I well knew, would, even under the circumstances of that time, be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments."

With the greatest of talents as an artist, Sir William Allan possessed singularly unassuming manners, and an amiable disposition. He was much esteemed, not only by his brother artists, but by an extensive circle of friends.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GORDON BREMER, K.C.B.

Sir James John Gordon Bremer, Rear-Admiral of the Blue, whose name is so well known for his distinguished services in the war with China, died at Tunbridge Wells, on the 14th February, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was of a family which, we believe, originally belonged to the North of Scotland. His father was a lieutenant in the royal navy, who was lost in the Halsewell, East Indiaman, off the coast of Dorset, on the 6th January, 1786. His grandfathers were both captains in the navy. He entered the navy in 1794, and was made lieutenant in 1805. He attained the rank of commander in 1807, and in 1812 he captured the Bon Genie, French privateer. In 1813, he took an American letter of marque of 280 tons, and in June, 1814, he became a post-captain. When captain of the Tamar, 26 guns, he was dispatched to form a settlement on Melville Island, Australia, and joined in the closing scenes of the Burmese war. In 1836, he was created a knight commander of the order of the Guelphs of Hanover (K.C.H.); and in 1837, in the Alligator, of 26 guns, he founded the settlement of Port Essington. He afterwards returned to India, and assumed the command in chief of that station, on the death of Sir F. L. Maitland, at the commencement of the Chinese war. O'Byrne, in his Naval Biography, says "To place on record the various distinguished achievements that in design owed their birth, and in execution their success, to the presiding genius of Sir Gordon Bremer, from the organization of the expedition that left Singapore in 1840, on its mission of triumph and glory to China, until the final capture of Canton in 1841, would be to compile a history of the war itself. Suffice it to state that his name will ever stand forth as connected with the brightest occurrence of that memorable epoch, that her Majesty testified her gracious approbation of his valour in conflict, and his discretion as her plenipotentiary in council, by conferring on him the dignity of K.C.B., and that the voice of the country was echoed in a vote of thanks to him from both Houses of Parliament." The gallant admiral's last employment was as commodore superintendent of Woolwich dockyard, from which office he retired in consequence of ill health, in 1848. Sir Gordon Bremer was twice married, first, in 1811, to Harriett, relict of C. Glasse, Esq., of Rochester, and secondly, in 1848, his first wife having died two years before, to the eldest daughter of the late Commodore Sir James Brisbane, K.C.B.

JOHN STARK.

We ought to have noticed in an earlier number the death of John Stark, Esq., of Huntfield, which occurred at 21, Rutland Street, Edinburgh, on the 24th December, 1849. Mr. Stark had just completed his 70th year, having been born at Blyth's-muir, Peebles-shire, on the 14th October, 1779. After a liberal education in Edinburgh, first under Barrie, well known in his day as a teacher of elocution, and then under M'Intyre, College Wynd, whom he always regarded as the undoubted original of Sir Walter Scott's "Dominie Sampson," he became a printer, and by assiduity and talent rose to be one of the first in the trade in Edinburgh. With many of the authors whose works passed through his hands he formed intimate friendships, but with none more than with the late celebrated Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His correspondence with Mr. Stewart extended over many years; and as the whole letters of that distinguished philosopher have been preserved, they would form a valuable source of materials for any one who should write his biography. Mr. Stark was best known in the literary world as the author of "The Pictures of Edinburgh," which ran through numerous editions, and of "The Elements of Natural History," in 2 vols., 8vo. He also contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day, and for many years was a pretty regular contributor, first to the Scot's Magazine, and next, and chiefly, to Blackwood's Magazine. Mr. Stark also read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and published in their "Transactions," a few papers on scientific subjects, in the last of which he challenged the common belief of "the supposed progress of human society from the savage to the civilized state."

LORD GODOLPHIN.

On the 15th February, at the family seat, Gogmagog Hill, Cambridgeshire, Francis Godolphin Osborne, 1st Baron Godolphin. He was the second son of the fifth Duke of Leeds, by his first wife, the Baroness Conyers; and was born on the 18th October, 1777. He married, in 1800, the third daughter of the first Lord Auckland, and was High Steward of Cambridge. His lordship was for many years a member of the House of Commons, as Lord Francis Osborne, having entered Parliament in 1799, as member for Helston, for which borough he sat till 1802, when he was returned for Lewes, which he represented till 1806. In 1810 he was elected for Cambridgeshire, and he sat for that county up to October, 1831. He was a constant supporter of the Whigs, and voted in favour of the Reform Bill. In 1832, for his uniform support to the liberal party, the late Earl Grey obtained for him a peerage, with the title of Baron Godolphin, of Farnham Royal, County Bucks. He leaves three sons, viz., the Hon. George Godolphin Osborne (now Lord Godolphin); Capt. the Hon. William, late military secretary and aide-de-camp to Earl Auckland, when Governor-General of India; and the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Osborne.

GENERAL LORD AYLMER.

Suddenly, at his residence in Eaton Square, London, on the 23d February, General Lord Aylmer, G.C.B., in the 75th year of his age. He was the son of the fourth baron, by the daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth, and sister of the late Earl Whitworth, and was born in 1775. He succeeded his father in 1785, and married, in 1801, the daughter of Sir John Call, baronet. He became a general in the army in 1841, and was colonel of the 18th Foot since 1832. He was formerly Governor-General of Canada. He received a cross and clasp for Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Vittoria, and Nive. He assumed the name of Whitworth before that of Aylmer, in 1825, on the death of his maternal uncle, the last Earl Whitworth, and is succeeded by his brother, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Frederick William Aylmer, now Lord Aylmer.

PRINTED BY GEORGE THOUP, 29, DUNLOP STREET, GLASGOW.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1850.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE RESOURCES OF BRITISH INDIA.

Like many viceroys who have gone before him, Lord Dalhousie is sorely pressed to find resources for the inevitable expenses of his government. He has not reduced the army like his predecessor, but he has anticipated the usual furlough season, and three hundred men per regiment are sent on leave of absence at the only time of year when the climate admits of soldierly instructions. The army is thus rendered comparatively inefficient, both for the present and the future—for the future, by the total suspension of discipline throughout a third of the entire force for a year or thereabouts; and for the present, by the diminished numbers in those countries where war and conquest have been lately so rife, and where, if we are to believe newspaper reports, there is still an uneasy sensation of unrest and unsettlement. By these measures, however, the noble Marquis will save about three shillings a-month on each man—a very large sum in the East, so rich in fabulous wealth, and in reality so poor. It would be unjust to attribute this saving to penurious policy or to want of foresight. His lordship is probably better informed than any one else on the political position of British India, and past experience would lead us to rely much upon his judgment. We believe, however, that he has acted chiefly from necessity. For some time past the exchequer has been in a state of chronic malady. Wars have followed wars. Governors, breathing peace over brimming bumpers in the Hall of Lead, have, on their arrival in the East, in rapid and continuous succession, buckled on their armour and increased the debt. To soldiering civilians, or soldiers tired of war, it was all alike. Each told the same tale, and made the same fair promises, with similar results in every case. The speeches of governors, and the credit of Government, underwent the same kind of process. They were both stretched to meet the inevitable but unforeseen course of events. Indian Finance is not a taking subject; and the wisdom of Parliament would seem to have decreed that once in twenty years is amply sufficient for vulgar eyes to scan the penetralia of our Eastern administration. The public naturally follow the example of the Senate; and, except after a flourish of trumpets for a victory, a dirge for a disaster, or an agitation about a monopoly which may interfere with the interests of the trading classes in our great towns, is quite content to lose sight of matters which do not immediately concern it. Let us abjure, therefore, for the present, all elaborate statistics, and rest satisfied with a few plain facts requiring no financial talent to master, but bearing directly on every individual connected with India, as well as upon the interests of that vast country itself. It may be broadly stated, without fear of contradiction, that the Indian expenditure exceeds the revenue by considerably more than a million annually. Government, in spite of Lord Hardinge's clippings and parings, could never get a credit balance. The attempt was made to borrow, which did not succeed, owing to the terms held out. For nearly three years, there has now been a standing open loan, to which subscriptions have only come by driblets; consequently, the unsatisfied wants of Government have seriously injured both fund-holders and traders, the former having appeared as an unsuccessful borrower in the money market for so long a period, the price of money has been unnaturally kept up, and that of all sorts of securities in like manner depressed. It is needless to dwell upon the results to commerce, for which the heads of Government have so much to answer. The experiment, we believe, has never been made in India, of contracting with capitalists for the whole sum wanted, and leaving them to make or lose by their bargain. The custom in that country is to keep a loan open, till it is filled by small but numerous subscriptions at par, for the per centage offered in the public advertisements. The consequence is, that the Government and the public are rivals in the money market, till the necessities of the former have been slowly met, and all other Government stocks, as well as private ones, are depreciated in the interval, to the damage of the ancient holders. In a country of bureaucratic tendencies, where the ruling powers are absolutely supreme, the public voice being, like that of the sixth age of man, which "pipes and whistles" in its sound, these matters are taken small account of. What commerce is in England, the habits of administration are in India. To meet the clamorous demands of the one, and the polite wishes of the other, is the object of the respective legislators and financiers.

The province rather suffers in this respect, if compared with the dominant country. Such is the fate of provinces.

It seems strange, however, that these Indian loans should not have been opened in London, simultaneously with the issue of the promissory notes in the Indian presidencies. The interest offered is generally higher than the average rates among us, while it is

Digitized by Google

much lower than those of the East. If transferable, with dividends payable at the offices of the Company, such a stock would be popular enough, and £200 of it would only be a trifle lower than India stock.* If done after the European fashion, through Rothschild and others, with a London issue, the Indian treasury would not be inconvenienced, and the commerce of both countries, but of India in particular, would gain a considerable advantage. The loan opened by Lord Hardinge has been unavoidably continued by the present governor. Small efforts may be traced also, in apparently insignificant acts of council, to ease the State at the cost of the individual. For instance, a draft act has appeared for levying tolls on the highways, extraordinary powers being vested in the district magistrates to enforce payment. In the provisions of this act we see how a distressed exchequer, acting upon the nerves of a practical statesman, will cause him to forget the cherished maxims of his political existence, as well as the customs and the habits of thought prevailing among the people he is called upon to govern.

Great praise was justly bestowed on the late Governor-General for his abolition of transit duties, which had so long obstructed the internal commerce of India. But now, what is in some measure equivalent to a transit duty is about to be imposed under another name, and extended to all the poor cultivators, who, from the situation of their villages, may be under the necessity of using the Government high road. It has been quite forgotten by the proposers of this English tax, that, except in the immediate neighbourhood of European stations, there are no carriages and horses of luxury, and that the toll proposed will fall almost exclusively on the trader and the agriculturist. That it will be much evaded, should the draft act become law, there can be no manner of doubt; and that the collection will cause considerable oppression of the poor and defenceless travelling trader by impudent and corrupt native officials, all who know India, and the character, habits, and importance of Indian official underlings, will be ready to admit.

By some, perhaps, this proposal of the Eastern ruler may appear a trifle. We must differ from them. It appears to us the last effort of a thoroughly wearied mind, which has wasted its best energies in striving to restore the exhausted Indian exchequer. The noble Marquis looks at the army with a wistful eye. He tampers with the establishment, but he dares not reduce it. The civilians, though very well paid, are few in number, and there is not a sufficiency of them for the now widely-extended territories. Any increase of the direct tax on the land is out of the question. It would lead only to depopulation. The maxims of the day, and the imperial policy, protect the province from an augmentation of custom dues. What, then, is to be done? The extensive measures adopted by Government, with reference to irrigation by means of tanks and canals, and in regard to the navigation of the great rivers, though by no means adequately appreciated in this country, cannot, with the exception of two or three great canals already completed, produce financial results for some time to come, except in the way of drains. The returns, though ultimately certain, are still merely in prospective. In the meantime, the Governor-General languishes for want of supplies, and improvements are impeded which would otherwise be advanced.

There must be something wrong in principle, and we believe that something wrong to be the neglect of an attempt to assimilate the interest rates of money in England and her Eastern provinces, by the mistake of applying for loans when there is great deficiency of capital, instead of seeking them when it is abundant, even to overflowing. It is not for us to repeat trite maxims on the impossibility of a true economy existing, where a yearly deficit is met by shifting expedients, and a compelled though unwilling neglect of natural resources. The Indian Government has ever been alive to these resources. Its mercantile origin and commercial affinities have never allowed them to fall into oblivion; yet it has always been checked by the want of capital, the load of debt, the habits of seeking for assistance in a country which is very poor, and is now cursed by a system of drainage of wealth affecting every corner of the land. This drainage is effected by the thousands of Englishmen who come to India for a time, to obtain a competence, and then to carry away their savings. It is indeed a case of absenteeism, against which no country can bear up and flourish. Englishmen never settle in India. They are but sojourners in the land, living in the hope of making a fortune, which they shall spend at home. It matters not whether the fortune be made by planting indigo, or by commerce, or come to the ex-official of the honourable Company in the shape of pension; it is in every case remitted to Great Britain.

Some portion is subscribed to Government loans. Of late years the passion for joint stock has extended eastward, but, as a rule, it may be taken for granted, that in the vast majority of cases a residence in India is endured solely for the purpose of securing future comfort at home. The amount saved and carried off by each individual may be small enough, but the sum total exported, without commercial equivalent, during a term of years, would be more difficult to calculate than the cubic measure of alluvial deposits washed from the Himalaya to the Ganges and Burhampooter, the separate muddy particles of which have formed a huge Delta, extending over hundreds of square miles. Well do the educated natives of India understand the true condition of their country. They are ready to admit that the British laws are impartially administered, that under our rule immense districts have long forgotten the horrors of war, with all its stern accompaniments. They will allow that our assessments are lighter than those of the governments we succeeded; that we have opened markets for their produce, and that the conquering race is no longer allowed to tyrannise over the conquered. They are sufficiently alive to the economical improvements we have initiated, and have not been slow to turn them to advantage. But they cannot shut their eyes upon the never-ceasing drainage by the British system of temporary residence. They cannot forget that under the old Eastern rulers, though there might be more oppression, more arbitrary assessments, less of equity,

* There is one Indian loan of this description which is always quoted higher than others, of which the dividends are not payable in London.

Digitized by Google

and more of martial injustice, yet, that the whole income of the country was spent within it; and though in some, perhaps very frequent, instances, irregularly obtained, that it invariably helped to swell the national resources after some fashion or other, either in the expenditure of native princes, or in reverting to commerce or agriculture. In those old times, the officials in high place were taken from among themselves, or if, like ourselves, they were but lately conquerors, the land won by the sword became that of their adoption and affection.

For Englishmen, such Eastern settlement is perhaps not to be desired. It is impossible for us not to cherish that feeling which brings the voluntary exile back to end his days, and causes him to rear his family in the fatherland. The feeling is so strong among our fellow-countrymen in the East, that hardly any perceptible difference can be perceived in the numbers of Englishmen now located in India, from what there were when residence was forbidden by the cautious regulations of the Company, except to those employed in its service. This fact alone, if we consider how numerous are retired Anglo-Indians in every corner of Great Britain, adds additional proof to what has been advanced. But proof can hardly be wanted for so self-evident a proposition. We will adduce one more, however. Till British rule supervened, India was a great importer of precious metals. Native princes took delight in amassing wealth, and the habit then prevailed, as it does now amid great masses of the population, of secreting money. But India is now a steady exporter, and has been for some time. Yet English merchants know that to this day, they are obliged to buy a large proportion of the raw produce they require with hard money. We can only refer this change in the trading condition to the perpetual drainage carried on by the private remittances of Englishmen, whether resident or retiring for ever from the country. There is another cause we shall show hereafter, which in contradistinction may be termed the deep or public drain, though in amount of cubic contents, it must be a trifle compared with the innumerable rills of private enterprise.* This fact did not escape the statesman who has now exchanged the bustle of political life for the labours of the philosophic historian. In a country so drained, it is impossible that money should not bear an extravagant price. The greatest proof of the poverty of a country is the rate of interest paid for money, if there be not an extraordinary impulsive spirit of enterprise pervading a whole nation, as in the United States of America. Now, in India, there is little or no private enterprise. Government must in all things take the initiative. Money bears an excessive price, and the country is the poorest in the world. The wages of unskilled labour are throughout the Peninsula about two annas, or threepence a-day. Skilled labour requires on an average about a penny-halfpenny more. Mortgages are rarely ever redeemed, the landed proprietor or holder under Government paying from twelve to twenty-five per cent. for loans, of which, though secured on his land and produce, he never intends, and never will have the power of paying the principal. When he can carry on no longer, his land is sold by Government for land tax, or rent due.† Amidst this complication of tenures, where Government is the *bona fide* proprietor of the soil, the latter term is the more appropriate of the two, and it is in a country so poor, which is besides in a perpetual state of wealth drainage, that the Indian Government persists in seeking for the loans it may from time to time require.

It is to be hoped that the raising of capital for the Indian railways, simultaneously in the two countries, may lead the way to a general correction of this error. If money can be got for an industrial undertaking, not comprehended by the Indian mind, it surely may be procured for the public purposes of the State—many of which are industrial on the grandest scale—on similar terms. It is due from us to devise artificial means by which to remedy the necessary evils of conquest, to reduce the balance between the victors and the vanquished. Those artificial means we believe to be a naturalization of the Indian Government loans on the British soil, by which we may hope to return some portion of the drained-away capital, in some measure to equalise the rates of interest, and so cause a general depreciation of the price of money throughout Hindostan. Only let the State follow the example of the Railway Company: let it appeal to the wealthy capitalist, and eschew the driblet system which has already proved so ruinous both to itself and to the trader generally, by its constant and oppressive competition in the money market.

We now come to the great public drain on the public accounts, which amounts to some three millions and a-half yearly, drawn by the Company to meet the home establishment, the pensions of retired servants, and the interest of Indian stock secured on the territorial revenues of India by the Act of 1834.

This, in a few words, is the net tribute money of the province to the dominant country, after deduction of all the cost of armies and local establishments, which are included in the gross. It matters not how it may be divided and subdivided into pensions, salaries, or stock accounts: the amount drawn annually by the Company exactly represents the obligation of the province in favour of the Imperial race at home, though the treasury of the Empire has no share in the profit. The same meaning, of course, applies as to the innumerable small drains before characterised, and the East India Company stands forth as a gigantic absentee. With by far the greater portion of this monstrous draft on the resources of India it is impossible to meddle: it is the pensions of British gentlemen and discharged soldiers for service in the East, or the cost of establishments necessary for the relations of Government and Banking. But there is a part of it which may fairly come under review,—and that is the £650,000 annually paid as interest on the six millions of India stock. To do this we must consider the present constitution of the Company, the changes operated in 1834, and the position of the proprietors as regards India and this country. It is believed that a substantial saving may be made to the province of about 40 lacs of rupees, or £400,000 per annum, with-

* See Macaulay's Essay on the "Life of Lord Clive."

† This subject is very intricate, and may be said to be the study of a life. An Indian Settlement Officer can alone unravel it.

Digitized by Google

out encroaching on right, or interfering with a system of Government which, on the whole, is by far the most favourable specimen of external dominion and legislation carried on by the British Empire.

Some years have now elapsed since Sir Robert Peel bracketed British and Anglo-Indian debts together. If we recollect rightly, one of the arguments in support of the necessity of equalising expenditure and revenue was based on the fact of an Eastern deficit. A statesman looking largely at the finance of Great Britain could not do otherwise. The Ministers of 1834 had accepted the responsibility of the debts of the trading East India Company. By the revised charter the Association of Leadenhall Street ceased to be a commercial body, while its political power and patronage were preserved intact.

The principle of the measure for the commercial benefit of England and her Asiatic dominions, no man would be now bold enough to dispute. The last vestige of what had been once a huge monopoly was swept away. A well-informed territorial board was preserved as a medium of communication with the governors of the provinces, the conditions of whose elections insured a certain amount of probity and knowledge; the field of enterprise was thrown open to the energies of the private trader, without fear of an overwhelming competition on the part of Government. The first step in the right direction had been made in 1814, by the opening of the Indian trade to the public, under certain conditions; and the enactment of 1834, causing the Company's trade to China to cease on the 22d April, 1834, completed the good work.

The free traders of India and Great Britain were indeed to be congratulated on so desirable a consummation. To use the words of M'Culloch, "What has been effected since the opening of the trade to India in 1814, notwithstanding the many drawbacks under which it has laboured, is an earnest of what may be henceforward anticipated. We have no doubt that it will be found that the commerce between the Eastern and Western worlds is as yet only in its infancy; and that it is destined, now that the incubus of monopoly is wholly removed, to attain to a magnitude and importance of which we have no idea." This sentence was written in 1834, and each subsequent year has proved its truth. So far, there was a mutual interchange of benefit between the two countries. But when we consider the *quid pro quo* received by the proprietors of India stock, in lieu of commercial privileges, viz.,—enormous dividends without any risk whatever, for such a period as forty years, insured to them from the territorial revenues of India—we are constrained to admit that the interests of the province were sacrificed for the immediate advantage of a very small class of fundholders. It is to be supposed that the Government of 1834 merely looked at the average of preceding dividends when this resolution was taken, and that it was considered equitable to make coming dividends equal to those which had gone before. And perhaps it was so, as far as the fundholders were concerned, but it was certainly exactly the reverse to the country saddled with the new burden. For in great measure it was a new burden to the territorial revenue of British India, which, by the new charter, was now obliged to meet the whole demand; whereas, before, a large share, if not nearly all of it, had been derived from profits on commercial transactions. Thus, while the commerce of the two countries was opened, a body which had ceased to trade was secured by the large profit of mercantile speculation, and the already scanty revenue of the province had a new load thrust upon it.

It is very difficult to analyse the conditions of such an association as the East India Company was prior to 1834. Never before was there such a hybrid in existence. It was almost impossible to discover where the merchant left off and the prince began, so mixed up were its different functions, political, military, and commercial. Yet the two former were, if strictly considered, the natural result of the latter, and the normal condition of the association was a trading one. This trading Company had allowed itself to contract an immense debt;—the expenses of defence first, then of conquest and territorial expansion, having been rendered indispensable by the nature of its operations. In 1834, this debt exceeded fifteen millions. For a long time the trading association had staved off bankruptcy, solely through the credit obtained in its character of a government. Yet, while debt was yearly accruing, proprietors of the joint stock never ceased to draw 10½ per cent. dividends—that amount having been realised since 1793. Organic life was thus preserved through the credit given to a ruling power, which would have been refused to a mere commercial association; and it is to a body, which, in the oblivion of its origin, so violated the conditions of mercantile existence, that the profits of commerce have been secured from another source, when all its risks have been removed.

We do not here propose to consider, upon general principles, the expediency of mixing up political with commercial functions, or as to how far the Company or Parliament may have respectively to answer for the state of Indian finance prior to 1834. A bureaucratic secrecy veiled the monopoly of the one, and the profoundest ignorance pervaded the deliberations of the other. We merely state the fact, that after nearly a century of administration, and 200 years of trade, this great debt had been accumulated; and to diminish which, by a diminution of profits, according to the ordinary principles of responsibility and credit, had never once entered the conception of the Honourable Company.

And this it is which is perpetuated, at all events continued, till the year 1874, by the Ministry who framed the last revised charter, viz., that from a revenue inadequate to keep up the establishments consequent on a policy of conquest, a deduction is yearly made of £650,000 for the exclusive benefit of a small section of fundholders; or, in other words, that for £6,000,000, the provinces of India are bound to pay £26,000,000, in the course of 40 years, that is, from 1834 to 1874. Let it be remembered also, that in this small section of fundholders is lodged much power, with a more extensive patronage than that swayed by the Ministers of the Crown. Had the tax on the province been levied in favour of the Imperial exchequer; had it been devoted to lightening the burthens of the over-taxed population of this country, however much we might have been disposed to question the justice of the imposition, we should certainly have been soothed by the mode in which it was applied. But

Digitized by Google

it is impossible not to deplore a bargain, the whole profit of which goes to a limited number of persons, who have thus boldly taken advantage of the ignorance of Parliament and the public.

As far as that bargain is concerned, little more remains to be said. It has been made and acted upon, and India must endure the consequences. The time is fast approaching, however, when the affairs of our Eastern empire will again be subjected to rigid scrutiny. Perhaps it may not be yet too late to effect a change, which may in some measure relieve the Indian treasury from this heavy burthen. The question is a very delicate one, involving, as it does, a solemn guarantee to the Company to pay 10½ per cent. till 1874. In that year, the security fund will have nearly reached £12,000,000, which the Ministers of 1834 decreed should be given to East Indian proprietors in exchange for £6,000,000. Never before was official experience so fairly outwitted by mercantile audacity as in this instance. In such a contest, the servants of the Crown could hardly be expected to avoid defeat; yet it might have been hoped that they would have enforced some moderation in the usurious demands of their dexterous antagonists. There is a chance, however, for tardy redemption of the error. Whether the present Company should continue to administer the affairs and enjoy the patronage of India more than four years from this date, depends upon the vote of Parliament. If deprived of the Government at any time, proprietors are at liberty to claim their doubled stock after due notice. By the Act, they cannot be forced to take it; and if they do not choose to do so, they are secured, as we have already stated. But if allowed to retain their influence and patronage, they would probably be manageable enough, the character of the Company being now single and simple, and not multifarious and complex, as in other days.

It appears to us, however, that a negotiation might be advantageously entered into with the Company, which, without interfering with their vested rights, would at the same time relieve the Indian revenues of 40 lacs of rupees annually, as long as there is an Eastern deficit, and pour a stream of tribute-money into the Imperial treasury at any future period when the visions of the late Lord Melville, which so effectually blinded the generation that lived in 1793, shall have been realised.

The subject has been freely discussed in some of the best-informed journals of Hindostan, and a plan has been proposed which might eventually be beaten into shape. In the year when the charter expires, the security fund, for payment of dividends and capital, will have reached about £4,000,000. It is proposed to raise £8,000,000 by loan in England, and with the total £12,000,000 to pay off the proprietors of East India stock, thereby relieving the Indian revenues of £400,000 a-year for the present; and till there no longer be an Indian deficit, all future payments from India, on account of interest on stock being made payable to the consolidated funds, which should be liable for the dividends. If we have passed the phase of conquest in the East, it may be supposed, though by no means taken for granted, that that fund would in course of time become a considerable gainer, as, after setting aside a certain sum for redemption of debt in years of surplus, a balance might be naturally and fittingly alienated in favour of the Imperial exchequer.

We do not advocate a rupture with the Honourable Company. Far from it. It should be invited to take the new stock of "Indian Consols" in exchange for the old, with a continuation of its present powers and privileges, under conditions which would be suggested by the experience of former negotiations and charters, proprietors being paid up according to the means of the security fund, which would now no longer be required. With all its shortcomings, and they are neither venial nor few, we have no wish to part with the East India Company. In equity, in tolerance, and in the art of administration generally, it has no cause to shun comparison with the constitutional government of Britain. As a creature destined to rule, it came somewhat irregularly into the world; but like many a bastard, it has shown itself to possess "more composition and fierce quality than a whole tribe" of more legitimately-begotten powers. We should not lightly part with a machine which, with singular elasticity, has from time to time changed and adapted itself to circumstances throughout a century, which has ever had the merit of preserving order, and of vastly extending our empire, without in the slightest degree encroaching upon our constitutional liberties. This latter point was ably enforced, and very dexterously applied, in the great victory of Pitt and George III. over the coalition Ministry in 1782. Mr. Pitt's arguments are equally powerful in the present day, indeed, much more so; the patronage of the Company being so much more extensive, and dispersed through a far greater number of channels than when the heaven-born minister predicted that, were it all centred in a Secretary of State, he might, in defiance both of the Crown and people, effect the wholesale corruption of Parliament and its electors. This consideration does not interfere, however, with a negotiation and a compromise. It ought not to preclude the Ministry of 1854 from repairing the errors of 1834; from rectifying a blunder in the terms of agreement, of which the proprietors of India stock have already profited for 20 years, to the exceeding detriment of the country whose affairs they are called upon to direct.

It will have been seen that this proposition takes its rise from the same principle as the argument of the early part of this article. The reorganization of India stock, and the simultaneous opening of loans for the Indian Government in England and in India, alike involve the application of British resources to the exhausted province. Both operations would tend to equalise the rates of interest in the two countries, in one of which they are generally as low as they are high in the other.

If Great Britain would return, by equitable loans, what she has taken, and is yearly and daily taking in direct and indirect tribute, though she could not lose, it is impossible to estimate what would be the advantage to the dependency. As before shown, the State is the sole landlord in India. From this circumstance every Government, whether Hindoo, Mogul, or British, has always been obliged to initiate and carry out all ameliorations in the condition of the land. The last has done as much, perhaps, as could have been anticipated amid perennial wars and debt.

Digitized by Google

"That much as is possible to the Government," does not nearly meet the wants of the soil. Yet the State being the landlord, it is criminal in it longer to neglect its duties, and to remain blind to the anomalies which now exist, on the shallow plea of impossibility. There are no bounds to the natural development of India, except in the apathy of its rulers. But they must seek to replace the riches which are yearly drained away by that large class of British visitors who refuse to settle in the country to which they are indebted for their fortunes. The artificial means are loans at low interest, to be expended on the soil. The increasing revenue will eventually redeem the loans. There is hardly a district or settlement officer in the land who does not loudly complain of the want of judicious advances, by means of which every interest connected with the soil would immediately benefit, and consequently the State itself. But to each is returned the same cold answer—"There is no money; your district must wait for a season."

Is not this lamentable? Is it not deplorable that a vast population should be exposed to the horrors of chronic famine for want of timely advances from the State landlord, which would for ever ward it off? Yet so it is. Wide districts, once so afflicted every six or seven years, are now effectually protected by the completed canals; while millions upon millions of square miles are periodically laid waste, and depopulated by a scourge, we have it in our power to destroy for ever, if our Indian rulers will only resolve in future to discard the word "impossible."

We submit that the awakening must begin with us in England. With our triumphs and conquests we have adopted the onerous duties of landlord as well as ruler over the whole of the Indian peninsula. We have no right to plume ourselves on what has been done, when so much still remains undone. Under the present system, with its annual deficit, with the deep and shallow drainage by the Company and individuals, the Indian Government is impotent. Assistance must come from the dominant country, which so largely benefits from our Eastern conquests and our Eastern commerce, or India will indeed rue the day that connected a company of trading princes with an absentee Government.

Let us recollect, that in conquering those rich provinces, we have performed the least part of our mission. Our very conquest has been necessarily a dislocation of interests, a destruction of national wealth, a substitution of absenteeism for residence, a direct attack on the capital of the country which never ceases. If we would change the superficial survey of the victorious general for a deep-rooted settlement in the affections of the populations, we must work out an equitable redemption of the claims they have upon us as their landlords and their rulers.

It never can be repeated too often, that in the East the State and the landlord are synonymous terms, and that the ruling power is directly answerable for all sins of omission towards the soil for which we condemn the profligate landowner in this country and in Ireland.

That which is said so often and so loudly against the absentee landlord class of the latter island, may be said in future with infinitely more truth against our Indian rulers, if steps be not taken to replace, either by the mode suggested, or by some means equally effectual, the wealth which is annually extracted from our now impoverished Eastern dominions. Means must be found, in short, to induce the flow of capital into India, and to render it obtainable at a moderate rate of interest. Government would then be supplied with ample means for executing all necessary public works. We might soon, under such circumstances, hope to see the ruinous mortgages reduced, by which vast numbers of the native cultivators are now ground to the earth. English speculators in Indian cotton and sugars, English holders of Indian Government papers, and English as well as native traders in general, could not fail to participate in the common advantage.

THE MARTYR PATRIOTS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF TEN THOUSAND-A-YEAR.

'Tis sultry noon, Hesperia!—and the sun
Sits gleaming like a monarch on his throne;
Unfurls his dazzling standard in the sky,
And scatters living lustre from his eye;
Each fleecy cloud is bathed in golden light,
And, melting in the sunbeams, sinks from sight.
Yet, though serene and peaceful all on high,
Far other scenes, at Capua, meet the eye;
There, second Rome! thy glory's sun is set,
Thy fortunes darken at the frown of Fate;
Ambition, blighted, marks thee for decay:
For Rome can bear no rival of her sway.
Not Hannibal's strong arm avails thee now,
Defeat o'erclouds with shame his iron brow:
Baffled he quits with sullen ire thy wall,
To wreak his vengeance on the capital.
He leaves thee, Capua, to thy furious foes,
Oppressed and fainting 'neath impending woes;
Wasted by ills without alloy or cure,
All hope cut off—destruction seal'd and sure!

Crouching, like tigers, ere they seize their prey,
Rome's low'ring legions round that city lay:
Each warrior's heart thick throbbed with fierce delight,
While flamed his falchion in the sunbeam bright;
While glanced his warlike eye, with eager pride,
O'er dense battalions rang'd on ev'ry side,
And thundering rams assault the crashing wall,
And catapults their stony showers let fall.
Wild uproar all without and deadly din,
Yet wilder uproar rag'd uncheck'd within;
Grief—wrath—despair—confusion all combin'd
To shake and terrify each troubled mind;
Fierce, clamorous outcries yell'd from every street,
And drove calm legislation from her seat.
Lo! trembling rulers quit the helm of state,
And sternly wait at home their country's fate:
Deaf are the nobles to their people's calls,
Quailing in silence 'mid their marbled halls.
Ah! where is wisdom now, or valour where,
To check rebellion, or to soothe despair?

* This poem is among the earliest productions of its gifted author, and is now for the first time published by his permission. The powers of fancy and of pathos which essentially distinguish Mr. Warren's genius, are very clearly exhibited in the many vigorous passages which it contains, and we cannot but feel surprised that it has not before this time seen the light. We may add, that it gained the Humanity class prize at Edinburgh University in the Academic Session, 1826-7.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

A thousand voices thousand schemes propose,
In vain attempt to mitigate their woes;
Wives, mothers, children weep with ceaseless wail,
Reproachful thousands at their rulers rail,
Point to the senate-house, untenanted,
And call down curses on each recreant head,
Till, maddening with their rage, they loudly swear,
To drag from home each lurking senator.

Once more thus urg'd, the unwilling fathers meet,
And each resumes his long-forsaken seat.
But now no noise of turbulent debate;
Each, fill'd with voiceless anguish, silent sate;
Their only eloquence a tearful sigh,
Lost in the echo of their people's cry.
Each at the other mournful glances cast,
Big with the bitterness of sorrows past;
And dire forebodings of yet coming woes
Which mortal might may fruitlessly oppose.
Ah! wretched remnant of a ruin'd state,
Striving in vain to rise above your fate—
A state, alas! with nothing but the name;
Sad smouldering embers of expiring fame.

Slow 'mid the silence rose a senator,
His pale brow furrowed with corroding care;
His manly bosom heav'd the smother'd sigh,
While round his comrades glanced his gloomy eye.
Though melancholy majesty was there,
That once bright eye was dimmed by deep despair.
As glares the eagle, of her young despoil'd,
Or lowering lion, of his victim foil'd,
So Virrius look'd with stern composure round
On the full senate, sunk in grief profound:
Hushed was each voice, each head expectant bowed,
Like breathless nature 'neath a thunder-cloud.

"Speak ye of yielding, Fathers, or of peace?
Are such the thoughts your timorous breasts that please?
Think ye, aside her fury laid, that Rome
Will leave us, rebels, to enjoy our home?
Think ye her bosom melts with mercy yet?
Can she so soon her wrongs forgive—forget—
Unmindful of the blood our swords have shed
And yonder trenches filled with Roman dead?
We who have joined our cause with Hannibal,
And driv'n him headlong to her capital,
How can we hope her pardon yet to gain?
Fathers, the hope is frivolous and vain!
To former deeds your eyes reverted turn,
If ye her deadly purpose would discern.
When Italy a foreign foe o'erspread,
And dreaded, hated Hannibal their head;
Heedless of him—of them—of aught beside
To Capua's walls her vengeful legions hied.
Harassed with famine, death, and ev'ry ill,
Firm to their purpose here they linger still—
Though furious Hannibal assault their rear,
Still see their dense battalions thronging near;
Pass'd the Vulturnus o'er, he fires the plains—
Not this from Capua's walls their force detains!
To their own capitol his footsteps turn—
But lo! they laugh the menaced siege to scorn.
His standards flaunt beneath her very gate—
Here, at our walls, her Consuls linger yet!
The lion for his young will bleed and die,
But Rome, infuriate, scorns her children's cry:
Their virgins, wives, and infants, weep in vain—
Their altars, temples, tombs, unwatch'd remain:
So fixed to wreak revenge their savage mood,
And such their quenchless thirst of Capuan blood!

"How shall we grapple with such deadly foes—
How brave this torrent of o'erwhelming woes?
Say, Fathers, whither shall we look for aid;
Where are the spirits of our mighty dead?
Is their no god to bare for us his arm,
And from the clouds display his awful form,
Hurl the hot thunder from his reddening hand,
And flash fierce light'nings o'er yon cruel band?

Alas! such aid we may not hope to see—
The gods have left us to our misery!
But, Fathers, cease to murmur at your doom,
There still is left an honourable tomb!
This grief-worn trunk shall never live to hear
Each scornful Roman's bitter taunt and jeer:
You haughty Consuls never will I see
Exulting in their ill-gain'd victory.
Never these limbs shall Roman fetters bind,
Dragged, infamous, the conqueror's car behind:
Nor shall these eyes behold their prisons' gloom,
To wait in cold suspense a rebel's doom;
Ne'er writhe this back the blood-stained scourge beneath,
Ere summon'd forth to meet a shameful death:
Ne'er on this neck their murderous axe descend,
Ne'er break the spirit which they could not bend!

"Think ye these eyes shall see my country's fall,
Perish our lives, our liberties, our all?

"Say Fathers, can ye nobly dare to die,
Ere scenes so dismal meet your anguish'd eye?
For such as shrink not from a glorious end,
My tables now beneath a banquet bend:
One solemn cup our final feast shall close—
Oblivious antidote for all our woes—
In peaceful slumber seal our wearied eyes,
And place us far beyond our enemies!
One funeral fire our bodies shall consume,
And heaven's own emblem grace our noble doom!
So shall we all from every ill be freed,
And ev'n our foes applaud the manly deed—
And Hannibal shall learn, too late, to prize
His brave, forsaken, and betrayed allies!"

Thus Virrius, with unfaltering firmness, spoke,
While not a sound the mournful silence broke:
Despair sate frowning on each gloomy brow,
Mingled with deep excitement's feverish glow.
His dread proposal gained applause from all,
But few had souls to answer to the call:
Some spoke of embassies, and some of peace—
Convinc'd that Rome would soon her fury cease:
Some silent sate in black despondency,
Lost and absorbed in speechless agony:
A steady few obeyed the stirring call,
And followed Virrius to his banquet hall.

'Twas eve—still eve; and in the western sky
The sun in slumber veil'd his glorious eye;
Though still the clouds his lingering lustre ting'd,
Flushed with rich crimson and with silver fring'd,
All nature's scenes serenly silent lay,
As though they sorrow'd for the parting day.
On Capua's walls a mournful light was shed,
As gilds a smile the features of the dead—
A beam of parting splendour—sad though bright,
Doomed soon to fade before a woeful night;
A night, O Capua, on thy towers to fall,
Obscuring life—and liberty—and all!

Faint sunshine smiled upon a banquet hall,
Where sate expectant of their country's fall,
Stern Virrius and his fellow-senators.
No festive mirth—no wild carousal theirs!
A costly funeral feast their table press'd,
In sad accordance with each gloomy guest;
Rich golden goblets, of Etruscan shape,
Sparkled with vintage of Falernian grape.
With fevered lips the luscious draught they quaff,
But follows not the loud, light-hearted laugh!
Its generous fumes each maddening brain excite,
And fill each eye with wild, unnatural light.
Far other cup their mournful feast shall close,
Shedding forgetfulness and grim repose!
Deep, dark, and deadly as the Stygian stream—
Can draught like this such gorgeous cup beseem!
Mantles no blush its lurid surface o'er—
Oh! that such cup should stand such guests before!

Digitized by Google

Hush'd is each whisper, fix'd each languid eye;
Each bosom labours with the bursting sigh;
Each hectic cheek assumes an ashy hue—
Each brow is damp with drops of clammy dew;
Dim glistens on the board that ghastly cup—
Is there a hand that dares to take it up?
Slowly outstretch'd is Virrius' steady arm;
With him no muscle indicates alarm!
To his cold lips he raised the fatal draught,
And of its dread contents he calmly quaffed:—
To each the cup in dreary silence pass'd,
Till drained it to its deepest dregs, the last!
Lock'd hand in hand—in one last fond embrace,
Each gazing on the other's dying face—
For Capua gushed their unavailing tears,
Though far themselves beyond its ills and fears.

Brightly and beautifully dawned the day,
Melting the early dews and mists away:
And gleams of trembling sunlight pierced a room,
Shrouded in dreary and unnatural gloom—
A sepulchre with festive emblems spread—
Here glittering cups—and there the newly dead!
Here burnt dim lamps with livid, flickering ray,
As if in mockery of the rising day;
There, round rich viands, sate a ghastly band,
Conjoined in rigid grasp each bloodless hand:
On each damp brow close hung the matted hair,
Shading the livid eye's unearthly stare:
Their lips with crimson foam were crested o'er,
Cold as the spray on ocean's surfy shore!

No sound was heard within that dreary room,
But all was still and silent as the tomb!
Ah! little recked the bright eye of the sun
The fearful sight he rose to look upon,
The forms he flung his golden radiance o'er,
The eyes that gladdened in his beams no more!
There, Capua! there thy ruin'd greatness lay—
Well mightst thou weep in tears of blood that day!

But hark! the crash of yonder mailed throng,
Which stately Roman Consuls lead along,
The thundering tramp of prancing cavalry,
That shakes thy streets and walls no longer free.
Hark! to the clangour of their martial peal—
See the fierce flashing of their burnish'd steel!
See how their standards flout the morning air,
While waves his silver plumes the Eagle there.
Ay! triumph, Romans, o'er your prostrate foe—
Your might has laid at last your rivals low.
Wave—wave your banners o'er her conquered walls,
And feast your troops in her deserted halls!
Summon her senators to meet their doom,
And bid your lictors with their axes come!
Speak with a voice the slumbering dead may hear—
Bid martyred Virrius at your call appear—
Start from the ashes of his funeral pyre,
With all his fellows in their robes of fire;
Then let your legions quail before his eye,
Whose noble soul disdained your tyranny—
Sublimely triumphed o'er the ills of fate,
And fell, the last prop of a falling state!

AN EXTRACT FROM YE MEMOIRS OF COLONEL ALBERT BRENTON.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Ye MS. is now in ye possession of THOMAS OAKLEY, Esq., *of Clinton Hall, Northumberland, by whose kind permission this extract is made.*

* * * * * * *

In this year (1650), I was more yn once run very hard with danger. I was employed in an important and hazardous enterprise, which required my very frequent presence at Westminster; and so I had hired a house in the neighbourhood there, wh I thought sufficiently calculated for my purpose. It was an antiquated mansion, standing alone, off some way to ye back of King's Street; the approach to it was thro' a gateway, flanked on either side by a very high brick wall. On entering ye gateway, ye house stood on your right; it was a roomy building; indeed, yere was much more room in it yn I directly needed; but otherwise it suited my purposes very well. The windows on ye 2 lower storeys, (ye whole height, taking in ye ground floor, was of 3,) were strongly secured by heavy iron bars, crossing too closely together to admit of a man's body, were it never so thin, passing between. The principal entrance was gained by a flight of very broad stone steps, about a score in number; but there was a more privy entrance down below, where ye end of ye house form'd an angle with ye high brick wall; this was a small door which opened into a rather narrow and vaulted brick passage, from which was, by an inward door, a communication leading, by a back stair, to ye other parts of ye house; and at ye other end of this passage another door opened into ye garden: but of this more hereafter. The house stood alone, as I have before said; that is, altho' there were several cottages and tenements of an inferior kind not far from it, yet it was so surrounded by gardens and walls, that it had, in fact, all ye advantages of an isolated situation: it was from no quarter overlooked; and ye only side whereon it could so have been, lay open to some fields, towards St. James his Parke; and there were no houses whatever. This mansion hath been since pulled down, and part of a new street built on ye site thereof, so yt ye last time I was at Westminster, (now more yn 10 years ago), I did not know ye place again; and I shold thinke it was now more altered. I forget ye name of that new street altogether. I first went to live in this house, wh was known by ye name of Sybbe's Court, in ye year of our Lord 1648, not long after ye murderous martyrdom of our righteous King Charles ye First of that name; and I managed matters so well, that ye neighbours (and they were a prying set too) all along to ye time of my discovery, (of which I shall presently tell,) a period of more than 2 years, knew nothing more of me and my family than what I wished them to know, or at least think, and that was, that there lived at Sybbe's Court an old man, usually accounted a miser; his daughter, and her husband, a scrivener, both said to be as miserly as ye old man himself, and a few domestic servants. The name of both yese men was supposed to be Crofton, and ye younger passed as ye nephew as well as son-in-law of ye elder. So that for some time I continued successfully to support two characters, and neither mine own true one.

In ye month of July, in ye year 1650, I had been out at a night meeting of my friends, and other cava-

Digitized by Google

liers, which were convened at Hornsey-house, ye mansion of Sir G—— B——, a pleasantly enough situated seat, being also well calculated for privacy, as lying in ye midst of thick, yo not very large wood, a little better than 3 miles and a half to ye north of London. Returning thence early in ye morning (for on ye first signs of yo day breaking up, our party broke up also), as I was riding thro' some of ye bye lanes and streets about Westminster (for it was my desire to reach my dwelling as secretly as I might, inasmuch as, contrary to my wont, I had no disguise on), it was my ill luck in turning a corner to fall in with a company of Roundhead troopers, with a sergeant at their head. I saw, at a glance, yt to stop, or turn back, wd only be to increase my peril; as it wod, of course, excite suspicion in yese beggarly rapscalions; so, trusting to ye probability of my not being known by any of ye party, and favoured in yt probability by a light morning fog, that there was abroad, I determined upon boldly venturing on, and passing them; and, to avoid all appearance of haste, I checked my horse from ye round trot, at wh I had been proceeding, and fell into a walk, as a man naturally might do, upon passing a cavalcade of horsemen in a narrow way as this was. But I was not to get off so easily. This dog of a sergeant was an unhappy acquaintance of mine, being no other than my old servant, Will Beare, afore spoken of, whom I had discharged from my service for his drunkenness and canting hypocrisy; (ye fellow always bore a bottle in one pocket and a Bible in ye other—such a one as went commonly at ye time under ye name of a Cromwell's pocket-pistol). I had never known for certain what had become of him, and assuredly had never given myself any trouble to enquire; though, somewhere, I had fortuned to hear that he had joined ye army, or *gang*, let me rather say, of ye Independents. The crop-eard scoundrel knew me again sure enough; and, without more ado, was riding up to me with a grin, and an "Aha, colonel, servant to ye." Whereupon, I thought it high time to turn tail, considering yt flight and ultimate capture would put me in no worse scrape than I then stood in; accordingly, I wheeled my horse sharp round, and giving him spur and rein, set off at a high gallop, and they after me in full chase. I presume they had not their carbines loaded, or they wd have discharged them after me, which they did not, but I took my chance of that.

The earliness of ye morning, and ye consequent emptiness of ye streets and allies, were to my advantage. It wod not do for me, I knew, to make straight for Sybbe's Court (as little as it wod to attempt flying any otherwhere), so I took a round about route thither; and, even when I got close thereto, I still keeping my good horse at his utmost speed, continued galloping up and down ye lanes adjoining, before I wod venture at once to take refuge there,—herein imitating what I had seen ye fox do when hard pressed, running to and fro near his earth, before he wod take cover, in order to lead ye dogs off ye right scent; and just this was what I wished to do with my dogs, yt held me in such hot chase. At length, however, making a desperate dash round ye corner of ye high brick wall, and along ye lane in wh my horse stood, I reached ye gateway, and thro' it in a moment, before, I think, any of ye ragamuffins got to ye corner to catch a glimpse of me. My man Nicholas had had orders to be on ye watch for me, as usual, when I went out o' nights, but, as I hop'd and intended, having heard all this tramping of horses, he was more than ordinarily on ye alert; so yt, when I entered ye court-yard, he was standing at ye privy side entrance I have mentioned, with ye door just ajar, to see whether it were I or not, so yt he might have clos'd it straight had it not been I: this was all as it should be. I threw myself from my horse, and led him thro' ye side-door, wh Nicholas fastened after us; he then led ye animal, a road to wh he was custom'd, thro' ye passage, out at ye back-door, and so along between a high hedge and ye wall, to a stable, remote and altogether separate from ye house, so yt no man wod think it appertained unto it. Meanwhile, by ye door in ye side of ye passage, wh open'd by a secret spring, I got upon ye back-stair, where I found my wife, who had been up all night on my account, in great alarm, for she too had heard ye noise of ye horses. Without any delay we hurried to my old man's chamber—for I had two then in constant readiness for me—and proceeded straight, with her help, to disencumber myself of my dress and arms, and to assume my intended disguise. The former were stow'd under a board in one corner of ye room; for I had caus'd one to be loosen'd in almost every chamber of ye house, for occasions like ye present. The disguise I array'd myself in was that I wore when I wod personate ye old miser, and consisted of a wig of long straight white hair, bushy eyebrows of ye same colour; wh latter, together with a false beard, I had made by a cunning artisan, who had been much of his time on ye continent of Europe. They were made to fasten on in a singular manner, with small springs; but they looked very natural when on. Ye beard, wh cover'd ye upper lip as well as ye chin, was grizzly, and had ye aspect of such a one as a man of my pretended character might acquire, by neglect of shaving for a week or 10 days, rather than that of a regularly cherished beard. My dress was a doublet and hose of grey greasy fustian, a tattered old cloak, of once black cloth, and a pair of not over-clean bands—they were kept soil'd for ye purpose, as in yt character I made my point of never being seen in clean linen. I had not made much way in thus accoutring myself, before ye troopers came thundering into ye court-yard, and fell a-knocking loudly at ye hall door. This put my wife again into great trepidation; however, I bid her take heart, and remember ye part she had to play—which she could not but fail in if she let her wits wander. At ys, seeing me so full of assurance, she took some measure thereof; and, ye troopers now becoming very obstreperous below, knocking and shouting, she ask'd if it were not better yt one of ye servants, who, by ys, were gathered round us, should let ym in, or at ye least parley with them, lest they should batter down ye door.

"Nay," sd I, "yere is little fear of yt. Let ye curs ramp and yell their worst: ye door is a stout one—and it will look better, too," I said, "for that we shall seem to be waked out of sleep."

So soon, therefor, as I was nearly trick'd out, having also drawn a dingy cotton cap upon my head, I put it forth from one of ye upper windows, and asked in a tremulous asthmatic voice, wh I had used myself to,

Digitized by Google

who and what kind of folk they were, yt thought so little of disturbing ye peaceful slumbers of an honest household at that unsonsy hour?

"Open thy door!" roared out Serjeant Will Beare, "or, as ye Lord liveth, we will force it open."

"Have you any business with me, then, good gentlemen?" said I—at ye same time coughing violently.

"Pray no questions," answered Beare, "but do as I bid thee, in ye name of ye Commonwealth: or it shall fare ye worse for ye—all yt are in ys house."

I begged them to have a few moments' patience, till I could slip on my clothes, and I would be down as quick as I could, and accordingly disappeared from ye window; and, having completed my arrangements, with a rushlight in my hand, for all ye lower parts of ye house were shuttered to, and, calling all ye way along to ye servants, to bid them get up (wh they were, long ago), I shuffled slipshod to ye hall-door, wh I began unbarring—but not till my friends without had witnessed their impatience at my slowness, by much loud outcry, and more knocking, together with breaking in of some of ye window-glass on ye ground-floor.

As soon as ye door is opened, Will Beare rushes in with his sword in his hand, seizes hold of my collar, and, lifting up his naked weapon as high as he could above my head, cries out—

"Give him up!—give up ye Amelikite!—or I will cleave thee from ye crown of thy head to ye sole of thy foot."

This threat was not ye less fearful from its being infeasible (and I well remember yt latter fact striking me, even at yt moment, with its absurdity); but I bethought me, that, to keep my wits about me, I must be vid of all fear, and yet it was needful to put on ye semblance of it; so that certes my state at yt time was not much to be envied. I threw myself therefor upon my knees, offering no resistance of my strength, which I knew would have betrayed me for a young man, and loudly protested, with many prayers for pity, yt I knew not whom he sought, nor even what he would have of me.

"Thou liest, sirrah!" roared out my *quondam* and *quantum mutatus* serving man—"thou liest like a knave and a fool!—give up ye blue-sashed cavalier yt shelters in thy house, or I will slay thee, as sure as I am a living god."

This favorite blundering oath of Will's, wh I had heard, theretofore, under such different circumstances, had well-nigh moved me to smile, despite of ye peril I was in. I again, however, assured him I knew nought of ye man he asked after; and my wife, who was exceeding terrified, joined also in my assurances.

"And what hast thou to do with me, woman?" sd Beare, turning round sharp on poor Alice, "and who *art* thou, that intermeddlest with this matter?"

"Oh! spare him, sir!—indeed he has done no harm," cried she, "I am—I am his—"

"My daughter, sir," I broke in, for I was afeard from her great agitation she might forget herself.

"The devil's daughter!" muttered Beare; and then aloud at ye pitch of his voice, and stamping at ye same time on ye floor—"but I will not be tricked in this wise; and ye blood of ye abettor at least shall flow"—and he again raised his sword—my wife screamed with terror, and flinging herself on her knees at my side, clung to me, so yt ye stroke, wh I verily believed was about to fall, had it done so, would unavoidably have killed us both. But at this very moment, one of ye troopers, who had been standing by, stepped up to Beare, and sd, "Stay, Serjeant, and bethink thee, lest thou shed innocent blood. Were it not more meet, in duty and Xtian love be it said, to search ye house first, in order to see if ye malignant do lurk herein?"

I never before yt moment felt aught like respect for a Roundhead.

"How, sir!" retorted Beare, "said I not search ye house? and has it not yet been done? I need no teacher of my duty; let ye house be examined from top to toe."

This order gave me little fear, for I knew yt all things of any suspicious nature were well hidden, and not likely to be discovered; indeed, it was a comfort to me rather yn otherwise, for ye serjeant removed his sword at ye same time from over our heads, and turning upon his heel, began to pace ye hall.

I did my best endeavours to reassure my wife, and partly succeeded, by such sayings as—"Nay, now, be of good cheer, Doll (that was ye name she went under), ye danger is all over now—yese kind gentlemen will see they have been wrong, and do us no further molestation,"—and so forth.

Meanwhile ye troopers had opened ye shutters, and commenced ransacking high and low. Beare alone remained in ye hall, and I saw yt yere was but one man left without to keep charge of ye horses. It occurred to me yt I had a good opportunity for flight; but upon reflection I refrained from attempting it, for, besides yt I bethought me of ye danger I shd run in getting away from Beare and ye trooper without, as well as ye additional risk of soon having all his comrades after my heels, I considered yt the occasion was not one of such pressing danger, as to authorise my leaving my wife: it was indeed an understood thing between us, such understanding having been mainly induced by ye reasoning and persuading of yt noble and high-minded woman; yt in ye case of very imminent peril to myself, I was to leave her, and provide for mine own safety, both because I shd thereby be better able to provide for hers, as that, from all we cod learn or calculate, it was not likely ye Committee for Examinations wod do any harm, perhaps not even restraint to a woman. While I was yet deliberating ye advisableness of such an attempt, Will Beare, who paced to and fro past me, up and down ye hall, suddenly comes to a stop, and catching hold of my arm, drags me to ye full light in ye doorway, and falls a-scanning my face. Ye suddenness of ys action not a little overtooke me, and, truth to speak, as becomes an honest man, frightened as well as startled me. My fear seemed natural enough, and passed off with him for such; and, as in ye 1st instant I was too confused, so in ye second was I too discreet to offer any opposition. After scrutinizing my face minutely for a second or so, uttering a fretful "pshaw!" he pushed me away from him, and with such force, yt I reeled back some paces in good earnest. How heartily did I long to have ye varlet in my livery again, and in my own parlour at Bolton Elms. After another turn or two, Beare makes a fresh attack on me, saying, "And how is thy name, sirrah?" Strange to say, I felt more inclined to resent ye contumely of ys single inquiry than all

Digitized by Google

the foregoing rough treatment I had met with at this base-born fellow's hands. I answered him, however, meekly enough, that my name was Crofton, "Jacob Crofton, an it please his worship."

"Worship is due only unto one, even him that rideth upon ye heavens by his name *Jale*," snuffled ye bungling canter, turning up ye whites of his eyes, and in ye same breath, almost, bellowing out, "Ha! fellow, have a care now I catch thee in no lies, or I will rip up thy ungodly belly, even with this iron sword! Tell me—look me in ye face, and tell me how many thou hast in thy household?"

"They are all here before you, sir."

"How! these all?" cried he, breaking in before I ed end my sentence, and menacing me with his cursed whinyard.

There were present my wife—or my daughter, I shd say—and 3 servants, 1 lad, and two women; for Nicholas knew well to keep away till ye coast were clear.

"Indeed, sir, all," I replied, "save my son-in-law."

"Ohoh! are we there!" shouted he, again, interrupting me; "we have a son-in-law now, have we? and where is ye whoreson villain?"

"He is, I suppose, up," said I, "and about his business; is he not, Doll?"

"Aye, father," said she, "this hour and better."

"And what is his business?" cried Beare; and then before Alice could answer him—for she had a pat answer for that question—"and what is his name?"

"Steenie Crofton," answered I.

"And what business say ye?"

"An' please you, sir," replied Alice, "he is doing a bit of work for Master Simon, ye scrivener, over in Lambbeth, whom he was prenticed to for 5 years."

"Out at this early hour too?" sd Beare.

"Aye, sir," said I, "he is forced to be up betimes, for Master Simon is a hard man, and never wastes half an hour of daylight. But, if so be, your worship—nay, I crave pardon, sir, my tongue slipped; but if so be you would speak with Steenie, I can send my lad Samuel over ye ferry for him, and he will be here in ye ——"

"Send to ye devil!" muttered Beare.

This last offer of mine was certainly a bold stroke; but I made it, trusting, and happily with truth, yt it might not be accepted, in order somewhat to divert Beare's thoughts from what he had said concerning ye earlieness of ye hour, lest he might ask how ye door came to be so barricaded within, wh a person going out cd not have done; and I cd not, in my then confusion, tho' I could fancy such a question, shape any plausible reply thereto. I bethought me afterwards yt I might well have said I had let my son-in-law out, and fastened ye door after him; but I have very often found yt I have had a good answer, or a witty repartee rise to my thoughts after ye occasion has past for using them, and then have felt vexed at it. However, in ye present instance, it was as well as it was, for Beare made no mention of it. But still he seemed to have a longing to bring his cutlass and my carcase into nearer acquaintance, for after muttering to himself for a minute or two ye words, "Crofton,—Crofton—Steenie Crofton," he again advanced, flourishing his weapon at me, and cried out, "Why, ha! thou art begotton of ye Father of lies—saidst thou not even now, thine own name was Crofton? hey?"

"Yes, sir, Jacob Crofton," I answerd.

"Yes, sir!" he continued—"and Jacob Crofton! and Steenie Crofton! Ohoh! this is plain lying indeed! Soh! How comes it thy son-in-law bears thy name, and not thy wife's? Aha! How is this, sir?"

To this most absurd question I answered—

"He is my nephew, sir, as well as my son-in-law."

"The Lord keep us from ye nets of ye snarer! Oh! ye abominations of wickedness! How long shall ye adversary reproach? Shall ye enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?" And after divers such irrelative ejaculations, he continued—"Man of iniquity, this shall nought avail the. Lo! thou hast brought thyself to a pretty pass. Before me and thy Maker thou has spoken untruly."

"Nay, nay; indeed, enquire of our good neighbours, sir, if he hath," exclaimed Alice, again terrified by ye man's menacing jests; and, in sooth, I know not how far he might have carried these jests, had not, at that moment, ye troopers entered ye hall. One of ym—he who before rescued me, and perhaps did so by chance this second time—he, I say, declared that they had toiled everywhere, and caught nothing.

"Have ye searched everywhere?" cried Beare.

"Everywhere," answered ye man addressed, "save in ye cellar."

"And why searched ye not there?"

"For that ye door thereof was fastened, and exceeding strong therewith, so yt we might not open ye same."

"Aha! there we have him then. Now, sirrah," turning to me, "what hast thou in this cellar, so heedfully fastened up?"

"There is nought there," I answered; "nought but some casks of sorry beer;" and this was true enough. I kept but little wine in ye house, and what I had was secured in another cellar, situate in ye vaulted side passage, ye private door to which I knew y troopers wd not find, unless by great chance, ye side of ye wall in wh it was being hung over with tapestry; and even had they found it, or noted ye outer door yt led into ye passage from ye court-yard, (which, as good fortune would have it, they did not); but, even had they, I question whether they wd have discovered ye cellar door, as both that, and ye other private one, leading into ye house, were so closely fitted into ye brick wall, wh they were coloured, too, to resemble.

When I said there was nothing in my cellar but "sorry beer," I saw Will look'd hard at me, as if he guessed I was making a play upon his name, wh I had not meant, tho' ye thought occurred to me directly after. He answered, "Aha! we will go and see into this matter: where is ye key?"

"Thou hast them, Doll?" said I; and she answered, "Yes, father; shall I conduct ye gentlemen to ye cellar?"

"Nay, Doll," sd I, "give me ye key, and I will do that."

And so down I went with Beare and ye troopers to ye cellar, and there they found nought but empty barrels, and one, wh held liquor, ale I will not call it, for it was far on ye road to vinegar. After rummaging

Digitized by Google

about for some minutes, Will fretfully cried "Aha! we have missed ye Philistine, of a surety." One of his men observed yt I must have ridden down ye lane beyond ye wall, instead of thro' ye arch, as he had thought.

"We have lost him, any how," said my rescuer.

"Aye," said Will, "and with him a hundred pounds."

This was ye first intimation I had yt a price was on my head; and on looking over ye premised circumstances, I am right glad it was so; for had I known it at ye time this ruffian stood over me and my wife, ready to cut us down with his sword, I shod have betrayed myself to have saved her, wh, as I then thought matters stood, I did not suppose my discovery wod have done.

"However," sd Will, in continuation, "God is to be praised for all things; for ye Lord giveth, and ye Lord taketh away: and so, fellow, let us have something wherewith to break our fast, for we are worn with much watching. Hast thou no other liquor but what is in this cask?"

I assured him I had not.

"Then draw some off speedily, and enough; and bring us also what thou hast to eat in this damnable and cieled house."

"And of that there is small store, Serjeant," said ye man I have afore alluded to, and who seemed 2d in authority, "for we spied into ye larder, and lo! there was but a little cold meat, and some bread and cheese; and what is that among so many?"

I was anything but sorry to hear this announcement; and, chuckling under ye notion of how they wd relish ye beer, received an order to bring what there was without delay into ye parlor; they went thither, all much fretted, particularly honest Will, wh was nuts unto me. I soon followed, and with ye help of Solomon, set before them ye remains of a boiled leg of pork, not much of it left, some not over-new bread, and a bit of musty cheese, that had lain for some time forgotten in ye larder. I cd not have been better prepared to support ye character of a miser; but we seldom had in more food yn was wanted for ye day's consuming; and so it now fell out.

As I said, we set these things and ye liquor before our gentry in ye parlor, and, at sight of them, Will flew into his tantrums again, and asked if such mess were fit to set before gentlemen—and I thought no indeed, and yet right fit for ye present company. I excused myself, however, with many supplications, yt I was a poor man, and found it hard to earn an honest livelihood for myself and household, and such like trash, wh, tho' I knew it wd never have softened their hard hearts, served my turn then well enough.

Before they began to eat, Will turn'd to my friendly trooper, and, addressing him by ye name of "Brother Hashabiah," requested him to "speak a benediction over ye beastly food before them." Brother Hashabiah began accordingly a long grace, or rather prayer, most wholly unfitted for ye occasion. He commenced with ye blessed Lord's Prayer, and yt newfangled and marvellously misused; for instead of saying "thy kingdom come," he said "thy *commonwealth*;" and again at ye end, "for thine is ye *commonwealth*, and ye power, and ye glory:"—to such an absurd length did these frenetics carry their fanaticism. After this he poured forth a long, and seemingly unpremeditated petition, wherein he called upon ye Lord if once, at least a score of times, to "stretch forth his wonder-working arm;" and among other wonders I suppose to be thereby wrought, "to sanctify and sweeten ye meat and drink before them to their use." Sickened as I was at all this hypocrisie and simulating parade of religion, I could not choose but smile in my sleeve to think how much their liquor did need *sweetening*. And this they found out right soon, without any tutorage from me; and finding it not possible to make aught of a meal from ye dainty viands before them, they, with much abusive language, and many, I doubt not, also hearty ill-wishes to us, at length mounted their horses and rode off. So soon as ye tramp of their march had died away, my wife fell into tears; and then upon her knees she aloud returned thanks—and they real ones—to God Almighty, for having so vouchsafed to preserve us, and at the same time implored his gracious pardon for ye deceit we thus practised, and ye untruths we had just spoken. And I hope her prayers were heard. It was doubtless a sad thing, all this system of deceit; but it was unhappily unavoidable in those times. I felt ye sadness of it less for mine own sake, yn for my dear wife's, who was by nature of so true and simple an heart; but this I must nevertheless say for Alice, that tho' I myself (forced thereto by untoward circumstances) did train her up in ys system, and teach her how to deceive, she never once to my knowledge, and to my most certain belief, was guilty of any, the very slightest deception to me, her loving husband; and I fancy it it is not every man yt can honestly say as much for his wife.

Well, this matter was luckily ended; and I might have thought to have quietly rested from such risks for some time; seeing this was ye first serious one, yt for two years I had encountered withal:—but no such hap for me. In less yn five weeks after ys last adventure, as I was sitting with Alice one evening in our parlor, I then being dressed as Stephen Crofton, ye young man—viz., in an ordinary suit of clothes, with black wig and whiskers, (my natural hair being light)—we heard a knocking at ye hall door; this was a very strange thing at any time; and after dusk it had never so happed; for if any of my friends came, as they usually did, at that time, it was with a secret signal given at ye side door. Nicholas, very cautiously, came to enquire what was to be done, as he had reconnoitered (according to ye phrase of war), and thought as far as he could discern by reason of ye darkness, that it was two Roundhead troopers that had knocked. I having some misgiving yt Will Beare had a hand in ys untimely visit, for better care's sake, told Nicholas to leave ye house at ye back door, as I wouldn't have Beare see him, and myself went down to open ye hall door, just as ye knocking was begun afresh.

When I opened, one of ye two strangers said he wod speak with master Jacob Crofton, and without more ado, walked into ye hall, followed sure enough by Will Beare.

I said my uncle was at that present in Leicestershire, whither he had gone to see about a little land he held there; but that if they would tell their business to me, perhaps I cd arrange it to their liking.

"Perhaps thou may'st," answered ye stranger—

Digitized by Google

and so they followed me—or rather I shod say, walked before me, into ye parlor.

While in ye hall, I had not been able enough to see ye stranger's features, owing to ye flickering of ye lamp I had in my hand; but now we came into ye broad candlelight, what was my wonder at seeing in my room, a man I had indeed often seen before, but never so near unto me; it being no other than Thomas Fairfax, General at that time to ye Parliamentary forces.

When I plainly saw who my visitor was, remembering who had been his introducer too, I gave myself up for lost; and that ye more, as I beheld ye traitor—I mean Will Beare—draw a chair up close alongside of ye door, so that I could not possibly have escaped thereby. Lord Fairfax seated himself at ye table, and motioned courteously to my wife and me, yt we also shod be seated. He look'd hard first in her face, and then in mine; and after he had been silent about a minute, though by the way it seemed a very great while to me, he said, "Thy name, sir, is——?" and then paused, as if for me to fill up ye sentence.

I did so, therefore, and said, "My name is Stephen Crofton."

"Stephen Crofton," repeated Lord Fairfax—"and this —— woman is thy wife?"

I answered, "She was," noticing too ye break he made in his question, and I confess, thinking it mighty inauspicious—as tho' he could, an he had listed, have said lady, in lieu of woman.

He then ask'd me many questions, as to where mine uncle then was—how long he had been from Westminster—if we were natives of that place—how long we had lived there—and how long in that house—what mine uncle's business was—and what mine—how long I had been married, and so on; every one of which, tho' I answered, I said at last, that tho' I had no reasonable objection to answer such questions to any gentleman coming on business to mine uncle's house, yet I hoped he was not asking them out of mere idleness.

"Out of no idleness, indeed, Master Stephen Crofton, but with very good reasons, and on very sufficient authority."

I then begged to be excused my rudeness, and asked him, if before entering on business, he would choose a glass of canary and a biscuit, to which he assented.

Alice handed me ye key of ye private cellar, as wishing me to take advantage of ye opportunity, and escape from ye house; but I had my reasons for not taking such advantage, namely, yt I would not have General Fairfax suspect an inclination on my part to get away; and I was, moreover, not too sure, that I shd not, when I got out, find ye house, perhaps, surrounded by soldiers, so that I cd not get away; therefor, I said to my wife, "No, Doll, do thou go and fetch ye wine; I can meanwhile continue converse with this gentleman." When I said this, I observed yt General Fairfax, whose eyes were on me, drew his head a little back, at ye same time raising his eyebrows, wh directly after were gathered into a frown, as his lips also were tightened together. I cod not suppose what he meant by this.

When Alice approached ye door, Beare made a movement, as tho' he would hinder her from passing, but Lord F. suddenly turned his frowning face, ye frown thereof much increased upon him, and Beare rose and left her ye passage free.

As soon as she had left ye room, Lord F. pushed back his chair a few paces from ye table, and leaning his head quite back, he beckoned Beare to him. They whispered together. I did not choose to be thought watching them, so I kept my face towards ye fire; but I saw all they did with my side eye. Lord Fairfax seemed restless, and at last made a sudden stamp on ye floor, yt made me turn sharp round. I caught his eye directly, wh was fixed on me very intently, and he then glanced swiftly to ye door, and back to me again—and methought with an intelligent look enough, as much as to say, ye door is unguarded: then again, I thought his look was, of course, only to measure what distance there was between me and ye door, so as to prevent my escape had I made any attempt at it. So I sat still. Lord F. uttered a peevish "Humph!" I supposed at something Beare was saying to him; and then immediately continued in an under-tone, but loud enough yt I overheard it—"So then, thou art quite sure?"

"As sure as I am a living god," retorted Will.

Lord Fairfax then signed to him to take his place, and after another short pause, during which, as it were, I *felt* his eyes upon me—for I did not look up—he asked me some more such general questions as he had done before (general though they were, they were particular enough for my purpose), and while this conversation was going on, I heard ye tread of horses in ye court-yard, and ye General and Beare exchanged glances. In a minute after, my wife entered, bearing ye wine, biscuits, &c., on a salver; her face as white as ye paper I am now writing on: she set ye refreshments before Lord Fairfax, who asked if she would not extend her courtesy, and pour him out a glass full; she did, but her hand trembled so, that ye mouth of ye bottle kept jingling on ye brim of ye wine-glass, as she was pouring. She hastened to take her seat again; and, in passing me, when I was between her and ye General, she stooped a little forward, and whispered, "The soldiers are without."

I looked up at ye moment, and saw yt Lord F. was closely watching me; so I took heart to say aloud, "Well, Doll, and what if ye soldiers be without? they will not harm us, I am sure."

Lord Fairfax stared at this hugely; and then beckoning Beare, again whispered with him. Ye latter seemed to remonstrate with ye General, who said angrily and aloud, "How, sir! I say, go," and Beare throwing an ugly look at me, a mixture methought of triumph and malignity, went forth from ye room.

I sat listening to Will's heavy boots as he crossed ye hall, my heart, I own, beating quick with expectation and awe (for fear is a naughty thing for a soldier too often to acknowledge to). Meanwhile, Lord Fairfax cooly emptied his glass, set it down, fixed his eye on ye table, and seemed also to be listening; jumped up and walked hastily to ye door, put his ear to ye crevice of it, staid so for about half-a-minute, then slowly, and with great dignity, walked back to ye table, whereon leaning his closed hand, and standing upright, he said to me, "You know me, I think, sir?"

I hesitated what to answer, for he spoke so frankly I could not think of replying untruth.

Digitized by Google

"At any rate," he continued, "I think I know you, Colonel Albert Brenton."

I started, and rose, and immediately said, "It were idle then to deny that I know I am in ye custody of General Lord Fairfax."

"In his presence, sir, of a surety, not in his custody, tho' yet; pray Madam, be calm, and fear nought," said he, turning to my much distressed and now sobbing wife, then again to me, "Colonel Brenton, you were betrayed by ye man who just left ye room; he chased you into this house a few weeks ago; but it seems you then contrived to baffle him; he has since, however, confirmed his suspicions by inquiries in ye neighbourhood, and setting spies over all your movements; it is not, however, my wish to attack you, whom, tho' I know only by report, I esteem for a brave and scrupulous man; you have had a chance of flight since I was here, and have not availed yourself of either. Were you free from this house, have you ye means of quick escape?"

"You surely ask that question in honour, my Lord?" said I.

"Surely so, and I forgive your somewhat unhandsome doubt, for these *are* doubtful times; but your answer, for we have little time to trifle with."

"I have no doubt, my Lord, that with ye help of a little time, I might escape."

"And were I to wink at your so escaping, you would hold yourself bound to certain conditions, of course honourable ones, Colonel Brenton, wh I should first impose on you?"

"Of a surety, General Fairfax, if I escape by your permission, I am, of course, bounden to your terms."

"Good! In ye first place, you shall not for 6 months come to Westminster, or within 5 miles thereof.—Do you object?"

"I do not, my Lord; I promise that."

"Secondly, you must, as indeed you could scarce do otherwise, leave this lady behind you in my custody, in wh case, I promise, she shall meet no trouble, farther than attending a committee; and that in less than a fortnight she shall be at Bolton Elms, God willing, in safety, if so be you destine to sojourn there; if *not*, at your own convenient time and place."

I looked at Alice, who understanding me, directly said "Oh! assuredly, dearest Albert, do not pause a moment."

"At Bolton Elms, then, my Lord," I rejoined, "if it so please you."

"So be it. Your hand, Colonel Brenton;" and he shook me heartily by ye hand. "We shall, I hope, meet again on better understanding. Now, this window, I observe, opens on ye court-yard, but this opposite one I shd think, to ye back of ye house."

"Into ye garden, my Lord."

"You can thence gain your means of flight?"

"In 5 minutes about."

"Do it open." I did so. "It is not far to y ground?"

"About mine own height."

"Bid your wife farewell, and drop it, I will afford yo time enough and over; avoid ye officer, and get soo into ye open country, and I wish you a good and saf journey. Stay," he continued, as, having kissed Alice, I was preparing to get from ye window; "I need not advise you that all this must be secret; and now, farewell—the Lord keep you."

I dropped from ye window, ran to ye stable where Nicholas was, little indeed awaiting such an event; we saddled my horse in a trice, and away I galloped, leaving word with Nicholas yt he shd keep out of ye way for that night, and shd after in every thing do what his mistress bade him, to whom I desired my best affections.

I travelled all that night, and except to eat and sleep, stopt nowhere on ye road, till I reached Bolton Elms, all ye way much marvelling at, and admiring ye Lord Fairfax's haviour; and on comparing it with his after noble and loyal conduct, I have little doubt yt, even at yt early period, he had conceived ye notion of assisting at ye restoration of his present Majesty, whom God preserve. The General kept his word honourably by me, as I did by him, for in a se'cunight after my parting from Westminster, my wife Alice came to Bolton Elms with our servants, having been furnished with ye means of ye journey entirely by Lord Fairfax's great bounty.

She related to me yt, after I went away that night, Lord F. staid a good 10 minutes in ye room alone with her, and instructed her what to do and say, both, then presently, and before ye committee, adding, good humouredly, yt he shd have been sorry so to have taught her deception, but that ye bad times and her naughty husband had been beforehand with him. He afterwards left ye room, and staid away about 5 minutes; and then, returning with Beare and 2 other men, affected great surprise at finding ye window open and me gone, and also to speak harshly to her on yt behalf. He then had a search set on foot, wh, as he meant it, was of no avail, and ended with leaving her with a guard of 4 men, who were to be quartered in ye house, and to see that she stirred not out thereof, nor even down stairs. On ye second day thereafter she was brought before a committee, sitting in ye steward's office, at ye house, whereat ye General also was. Here she was questioned touching my escape; and, having said what she had been bidden, namely, yt I had leapt from ye window as soon as ye General left ye room, he spoke, and said yt he feared he had to take blame to himself for not having noted that back window, but that he hoped ye committee wd not be too hard with him; and advised them it would be better to release my wife, who was an honorable lady, he said, as well he might, and allow her to go down to her husband's country-house, and take no further cognizance of ye affair, with wh advice ye committee was well content; and they accordingly dismissed Alice, to whom, before she left ye office, ye chairman mildly said (Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, as I after heard), that he hoped she would warn me when she shod see me, not to be seen soon near London again, lest I shod not escape so easily. The next day, Lord F. sent my wife horses, and a purse of money, to further her journey. And so my very honest and well-beloved Will Beare lost his blood-money. I never heard of him after, and suppose he was either shot, or stabb'd, or hanged: I hope ye latter.

* * * * * * JARNO.

Digitized by Google

THE MOORLAND GRAVE.

FOUNDED upon a tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunsyre (Lanarkshire), at the western extremity of the Pentland Hills, to the effect that a poor wounded Covenanter, having fled along the hills from the defeat at the Pentlands (November, 1666), and coming to a cottage in the moors, near Dunsyre, applied to the inmates for shelter, which, owing to the severity of the times, they durst not afford; but he was put by them into an outhouse or sheepcote for the night. Feeling that he was dying, he desired to be buried in the moors, within view of his native hills of Ayrshire. The grave, at a spot where the Ayrshire hills may be seen in the distance, is still sacredly preserved.

"Cold and fierce the night winds roar;
Open to me your friendly door!
Faint and bleeding, hear my cry—
All I ask—a place to die."

"Stranger, from the bloody fray,
Stern the laws we must obey:
In thy blood and misery,
We may not, dare not, shelter thee;
But we will tend thee with what care
Our poor and scanty means can spare."

To the sheepcote in the dell,
By the Medwin's wintry swell,
They bear him faint and stiff with gore,
And lay him on the cold, damp floor.
Fire, or lamp, or bed, is none—
Heavily the night-winds moan,
And the stream, in stormy ire,
Leaps the rocks of dark Dunsyre,—
But they tend him with what care
Their poor and scanty means can spare.

"Ere the dawn I must be gone,
Where weary captives cease to groan,
Then bury me in the heights afar,
Under the shade of Craigengar,
Where the sunset, beaming fair
From my native hills of Ayr,
May rest upon my lonely grave—
'Tis all a dying man doth crave.
There first I trod the heather-sod,
There first my life was vow'd to God!"

Ere the dawning he was gone,
Where weary captives cease to groan,
They buried him in the heights afar,
Under the shade of Craigengar,
Where the sunset, beaming fair
From his native hills of Ayr,
Rests upon his lonely grave—
'Twas all the dying man did crave.

The shepherd on his early walk,
When morning dews the heather stalk,
With a still and reverent eye,
Gazes as he passes by.
The hunter as he homeward turns,
When evening's star serenely burns,
Bends him o'er the old gray stone—
Up in the moorlands—far alone!

Feb. 1850. J. D.

ROSENEATH.

THIS beautiful and peaceful retreat has been opened to the public as a place where residences may be built; and I have been induced to write something of a locality that has ever charmed me, and reminds me of solitary wanderings in days long gone by.

Thou peaceful land! in cloudless youth
I sought thy pebbly shore,
And ever since, a charm like truth
Has flash'd my memory o'er.
Yes, fancy, with her dream-like power,
Oft' brings thee forth to view,
With every tender plant and flower
Impearl'd with diamond dew.

Now do I tread thy strand again,
Beside thy lov'd Lochgaer,
While feeling links me with a chain
To thine enchantments rare.
In rapture do I now behold
Thy giant-crested trees,
That first the morning sun of gold
Embraces 'mid the breeze.

Here let the care-worn worldling come,
Leave off his sordid trade;
The noisy commerce-wheels of home,
To thread awhile each glade,
Where woodland monarchs wave their heads
'Mid the unsullied air,
And thus, in their cathedral shade,
Triumph o'er deadly care.

At morn, the echoing birds above,
Chaunt nature's strains anew,
And soar with gladness through each grove
Of pine and sombre yew;
At noon, the sun though chastely bright,
With regal glory crown'd,
Co-mingles his celestial light
With shadows fluttering round.

When night's inconstant vestal queen
Glides o'er her starry path,
Thy palace, placed in halls of green,
A spell-like grandeur hath.
There breathes calm beauty all around—
On land, as on the deep,
As though God's mighty works were bound
In all-enduring sleep.

Even should the cradled winds awake,
And rave in maniac mirth,
What nobler boughs can proudly shake
High o'er the verdant earth?
What brighter waves can lash a shore,
What hills appear more fair
Than those which answer to thy roar,
Beloved, renown'd Lochgaer!

So, peaceful land, as when in youth
I sought thy pebbly shore,
I feel the sacred force of truth
Still steal my memory o'er.
For fancy, with a dream-like power,
For ever brings to view
Thy glades, thy plants, and every flower,
Impearl'd with early dew.

ANDREW PARK.

Digitized by Google

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

CHAPTER LVII.

HOMEWARD-BOUND FANCIES.

When the reader arrived with me on the shores of Egypt, autumn had, as Chatterton expresses it, "with his gold hand gilded the fallen leaf." We must now suppose both autumn and winter past, in communings with Isis and Osiris—nay, a great part even of the spring, and fiery summer to be close impending. I had beheld the Nilotic valley, sprinkled with the profuse wild flowers of spring—had heard the voice of the turtle-dove, and seen the palm trees put forth their blossoms. All I had ever hoped to do in Egypt I had done, and now with extravagant health, and inexhaustible animal spirits, I placed myself once more on the Mediterranean, filled with the intense desire of home.

Nature, to use no more sacred name, has been most indulgent to me from childhood upwards. Sorrows I have known, like other men, and when like storms they have been passing over me, I have felt all their bitterness. But what I experienced in Egypt is an image of my whole life, in which the good that has befallen me, has totally swallowed up and obliterated the evil. I am, however, well aware, how much more interesting and romantic it would be to dwell upon plague, pestilence, and famine, to represent myself as perpetually in the jaws of danger, and tracked and pursued by death. Occasionally, I believe, I had some narrow escapes, but if I was habitually in peril, I was most happily unconscious of it. Indeed with health, such as I experienced during nearly the whole of my stay in Egypt, it was impossible not to enjoy a happiness something like that of the gods. My cup was running over, and as Joseph, when overcome by love of his brother Benjamin, entered into his chamber and wept there—so again and again, in the desert and ploughed field, I have stepped aside to laugh, just to prevent my companions from suspecting me to be mad. The impulse was irresistible. There was no particular reason for it that I could discover, but it came thrilling up through my frame, from unknown depths, inspiring ineffable delight in its passage. My whole existence in Egypt, was almost one continued smile, and if any one had been at the pains to look at me in my sleep, I am sure he would have discovered unequivocal tokens of enjoyment in my whole countenance. Awake I was certainly filled with a joyousness beyond expression, which instead of being dashed, was augmented by the thought of home, since I felt fully persuaded the bright circle extended to Lausanne, and embraced all those I loved in its glorious sunshine.

If it be true that in the South the climate serves people instead of a greatcoat, it is equally true that it serves them as a cuirass against ordinary misfortunes. It renders your mind soft and flexible, and enables it to accommodate itself to all circumstances. The few acquaintances and friendships I had made in Egypt, were to be abandoned. My companions out had been scattered to the four winds. The Bey, for whom I had formed a sort of attachment, had gone, in the Homeric language, to eat his own heart in the Delta, overshadowed by Mahomed Ali's neglect. L—— was by this time in India; and the others, heaven knows where. The faces with which I now embarked were new, though in some instances extremely agreeable, and I had to go through that process of perpetual recurrence during life, of making acquaintances out of strangers.

If Byron's notion be correct, that we experience some regret on leaving the most unpleasant persons and places, and that in the act of going away we still keep looking at the steeple—how much more true is it when the people and country we leave have been both agreeable? Besides, I hated the sea, and, had time permitted, would have made a circuit of five thousand miles to escape a month's tossing about on it. When I stood, therefore, on the deck of the "Falcon," and looked upon Pompey's Pillar, and the Pasha's palace, and the minarets of the Alexandrian mosques, most probably for the last time, a feeling of sadness came over me. Had those I loved been with me, I would have lived in Egypt for ever. For me it was full of charms. Everything I heard, everything I saw, only tended to endear it to me the more. I say endear it, because scriptural associations, which begin with the beginning of life to interweave themselves with our system of thought, and afterwards classical associations, scarcely less potent, and associations of Mahommedan romance, of the traditions of El Islam, and the poetry of the desert, had united to enshrine it in my imagination.

But let these thoughts pass. I was prevented from indulging in a reverie by a pretty little dark girl, seven years old, who coming up and putting her hand in mine, dragged me, without ceremony, away to take a pipe with her father. There was a thrill of home in the touch of that little hand, which in an instant carried me away to the banks of the Leman Lake. She was the only child of her parents, yet how did I envy my friend the companionship of that one whom he had brought up for himself, like the lamb in the parable!

We sat down on the deck, turned our backs upon Egypt, and began to talk of Europe. Throughout life it is man's custom to look a-head, and though we had not yet been half-an-hour at sea, it would have delighted us to behold the rocks of Malta, already arising out of the blue waves. But in the language of my old Neapolitan friend, "ci vuol pazienza, signore." My companion on the present occasion was a merchant, who had made a large fortune in Egypt, and was taking his only daughter to England for education. He was a man of contented mind and agreeable manners, who had not looked upon Egypt merely as a place for growing beans and cotton, but had studied its antiquities, admired its picturesque beauties, and loved it sufficiently to make it his home for life. He was very far, therefore, from being an ordinary companion; and if the society of any contemplative and placid man could ever reconcile me to the tediousness of nautical existence, his would have done it.

Digitized by Google

Every one must have felt, when sitting down with an old friend or acquaintance, how very pleasant it sometimes is to be silent together. You don't want talk. The very countenance, and aspect, and mien of your companion are prolific of reflection. What a world of reminiscences, hopes, joys, and sorrows, is there in faces that have grown old together. They mirror all the past to each other, the smiles of a whole life seem concentrated in one smile, and eternity seems to brood over their eyelids, and impart to them the serenity of never-dying existence. Love, as it puts off the shows of material development, goes deeper into the heart, and nestles and conceals itself more closely there. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose that love perishes. It never dies! It came from God, and to God it returns, which is what the ancients meant by making it winged and infantine, for they too felt the beauty of sentiment implied in the words: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." It is in simplicity and sincerity, in truth and confidence, that love is always a child. It means no harm and believes in none, and though it may exist for more generations than we can count, it will always continue cherub-like, brooding over the great deep of humanity, and making it pregnant with all that is beautiful and divine. Wife, children, parents, brethren, whatever is implied in the word home, we pre-signify when we pronounce the word, love. The depths of its mysteries no man can fathom. It is wayward, it trembles like the magnetic needle during a tempest, pointing now in this direction, now in that; but give it a moment's repose, and in the thickest darkness of this mortal existence, it finds its true polar star, and turns steadily towards it.

My friend the merchant and I, as we leaned against the companion on the cabin deck, indulged, no doubt, in very much the same train of thought. His little daughter, Selina, had taken her place upon my lap, and nestled her head in my bosom, and seemed from her quietness to have fallen asleep, while clouds of perfumed smoke enveloped her. We were all drowsy—perhaps the reader is so too. Lest he should put on his nightcap, therefore, and wish me good night, I must break the charm of these mesmeric influences, by introducing him to the captain of the "Falcon," which may as well be done at the dinner table.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

It would not be politic to describe all at once the intellectual cargo of the "Falcon." Let its several passengers come out as they are wanted. For the present, I confine myself to Selina, Selina's father, and a Jew, who, I must observe at the outset, had no objection to pork, and indeed, thought no more of the laws of Moses in general, than one of the pre-Adamite sultans; whether or not he had read Benedick's Spinosa, is more than I can say, but he had certainly adopted his theory, and believed in no other god than the universe; that is, he was a pantheist after the fashion of the old Egyptian hierarchy, whose tenets are developed by Gablonski. Let it not be supposed for a moment, that he was a philosopher. Quite the reverse. He was a fat, moon-faced epicure, who delighted in good dinners and cigars, and whose highest flight of fancy never soared above one of the Ghawasi. Still, in some sense, he was amusing, though chiefly as an illustration of how completely the soul may be absorbed by the body, until there is left in the whole human composition scarcely a single spark of spirituality. He was nevertheless a great adept in the multiplication of gold, with which he had stuffed many a cedar coffer. This gave him a certain air of consequence as he strutted the deck, with his weather-eye half-shut, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands crossed behind his back.

The captain was an oddity of another description. He was a Scotchman, of about seventy years of age, but still strong and hale, and as mindful of the main chance as if he expected to reach the age of Methuselah. There must be a wonderful charm in money, which cannot by any process be revealed to the uninitiated, otherwise men would never worship it with so much ardour. What would I not give to comprehend their philosophy!—to feel the hidden power which passes with certain metallic particles into a man's pocket, and thence by supernatural agency into his mind, making him a totally different being. Speaking of things altogether sublunary, it operates in him a complete regeneration; when he has undergone the change, he is no longer as other men are, careless, merry, laughing, contented, or even as this publican; his soul is like a guinea, and dwells apart. In time I may perhaps be initiated in these greater mysteries, but at present, money and I are barely on speaking terms. According to the rule of ancient hospitality, I welcome the coming—speed the parting guest.

"Not after this fashion," thought our captain; he had studied political economy under Adam Smith—or, if chronology object, under one of his disciples—and was a great adept in making the most of things, since he gave us a good dinner the first day; and, like wise men, we determined to enjoy it, whatever might be our fate during the days succeeding. When we had got as far as the coffee, however, a scintillation of our captain's philosophy flashed out, for, observing the Jew's determination to make syrup of his Mocha, he reminded him gently, it was London sugar, and not the sort of rubbish bought for fourpence a pound in the Pasha's dominions. This rather nettled our Israelite, who from that moment conceived an unappeasable dislike for the economist, which helped not a little to amuse us during the voyage, since the powers of the Italian language were racked to supply fresh terms of abuse for him.

It is a great pity that descriptions of pleasure should tire—I mean the reader—for as to the writer himself, of course he is never weary of recalling his agreeable reminiscences. What rendered them agreeable, he knows perhaps no more than Adam. For example, there is a little sand-island in the Nile, high up in Nubia, with not a single bush or blade of grass upon it. Why, therefore, should it have retained a summer, a more golden place in my memory, than the most magnificent and gorgeous landscape in the dominions of Isis? All I know is, that we landed, dined, and smoked on that island; reclined at full length on the warm, yellow sand, while the sun, in preternatural splendour, went down behind the Sahara, whose undulations blushed like the ocean's waves

Digitized by Google

at sunset, with the purple light. In all my visions of the *dolce farniente*, that little isle is sure to rise up in golden brightness before my fancy, laved on both sides by the gentle Nile, and peopled with dear shadows now gone for ever to their eternal rest.

The first night I spent on the Mediterranean, in returning home, constitutes another golden link in the chain of memory. Will the reader forgive me if I dwell once more on the ineffable beauty of sky and sea? All indeed was not external. The circumstances of the hour had converted my mind into a mirror, which reflected the indescribable calm and serenity of the elements. Overhead the stars and constellations glowed and twinkled, and appeared to invite the eye to follow them through the unfathomable abysses through which they eternally roll. The calm sea reproduced them around me on its surface, and a voice, like the voice of love, seemed to pass between the two creations, and to melt them into one.

I was beginning to meditate on the joy a disembodied spirit must feel in traversing the creation of God, penetrated by gratitude as by a flame, and soaring hither and thither at will through the infinity of space, when I was startled by a low, pleasant voice at my side. I looked quickly round, and saw a slight old man, about the middle height, who had not joined us at the dinner table, but, as he afterwards informed me, ate his meals apart in his cabin.

"What a glorious night!" he exclaimed. "Might not one blamelessly wish to be immortal, to enjoy beauty like this?"

Instead of replying to his observation, I expressed my surprise that I should not have known of his being on board. I did not inquire from what part of the world he had come. There was something in the very tone of his voice, as well as in his countenance, even beheld by the light of the moon, that told me he was from India. The air, soft and balmy, had barely sufficient motion in it to suggest the idea that it was living. We had our carpets and pipes brought out, with piles of cushions to lean against; and there, in indolent conversation, inhaling the fragrance of Gebel Latakia, and sipping coffee, such as Arabs only can make, we spent the greater part of the night. He was a man of large experience, a sort of modern Odysseus, who had seen many towns and changes of manners, and reflected profoundly on all he had beheld. Whatever passions might have inhabited his frame formerly, they were now hushed, like the tranquil sea around us, never more to be permanently disturbed by anything sublunary. He was the very reverse of sad. His mind seemed to long for absorption in the great ocean of being—not that he was weary of this life, but that he was somewhat impatient for another, such as wise men figure to themselves in the dreaming East, where the fiery imagination shapes heaven and earth into its own likeness.

By degrees, the torrent of ideas which flowed between us narrowed and brightened. We became familiar. He talked of his young days, when, like a brilliant meteor, his fancy flashed over the plains of India, in search of images to kindle and animate with life. I felt he was in the throes of confession; that in the course of a few minutes he would be engaged in disclosing to me the mystery of his life. He evidently, however, experienced some reluctance to commence, but after debating the matter fairly within himself, resolved to tell me his story, which he did in the following words:—

CHAPTER LIX.

STORY OF VAISUNTA.

"I arrived in India at the age of sixteen, and was immediately sent up the country, to serve in a civil capacity in the Rajput States. Far from sharing the prejudices of my countrymen against the natives, I cultivated their society, and sought by every means in my power to be admitted into their friendship. This was probably more difficult in Rajastan than anywhere else; but by dint of unwearied perseverance, I at length succeeded in getting myself received as an intimate friend in the houses of several of the principal chiefs, who really loved me like a son or a brother.

"One day, as I was sitting on the embrasure of a window in the palace of my friend, a petty prince of Ajmeer, looking out in dreamy listlessness on a lake, which lay encompassed with woods at our feet, my friend, after a long silence, said to me:—

"'I have a strange proposition to make; but you will forgive me if I misunderstood you.'

"This was said inquiringly; and I replied, that he surely knew he might without scruple make any proposition to me, since he could neither do nor say any thing inconsistent with the highest honour and integrity.

"The chief bowed. He then remained silent a little longer, and, rising, and taking my hand, 'I am going to propose,' said he, 'a very startling thing. It is, that you should abandon your country and your kindred, become a Rajput, as far as that is possible, and share my fortunes in this obscure part of India.'

"As I saw he was serious, I restrained my inclination to smile, and merely observed that religion would be an obstacle.

"'That proves,' said he, 'that we have hitherto neglected to initiate you in the philosophy of our faith. We believe all religion to be true, and that he who worships God, and does good to mankind, holds the best creed. I know this to be yours, and therefore continue to urge my point. Nothing further than this shall ever be said of your religion; it shall be a sacred thing only to be considered by yourself. All I wish is, that you may become, in form as well as you are in reality, my brother, receive my sister's hand, and take you the government of this country, when I shall cease, as I shortly must, to be its chief.'

"'What strange ideas are these!' I exclaimed. 'You are in the very dawn of life.'

"'True,' he replied, 'yet must I shortly die. Not, I assure you, with regret, since I shall die for my country. But the seer of my house hath said it, and it must come to pass.'

"Construing my silence into consent, he arose and left the room, and returned shortly afterwards, bringing in his sister, whose beauty exceeded everything I had hitherto conceived of human loveliness. The Rajput women are celebrated throughout the East for the splendour of their forms, and the regularity and nobleness of their features. My friend's sister was the most beautiful of her race; mild, soft, gentle, yet not without that pride of birth in which, above

Digitized by Google

all people, the Rajputs delight. Holding out his sister's hand to me; 'You cannot,' said he, 'offer so gross an insult to our house as to refuse this gift, which must be the bond of brotherhood between us. And you, Vaisunta, will consent to become the wife of the man whom, from the deepest affection and sense of duty, I have chosen for you?'

"She bowed, and smiled. For myself, I had lost all power of thinking or reasoning correctly. Her beauty had literally cast a spell over me, and all I could do was to signify to her brother that my fate was entirely in his hands, and that I would consent to any proposal he might make to me. He then replied, smiling faintly:—

"'Then she is yours. Let the necessary ceremonies be immediately performed, for fate presses, and in a few days I shall be with the gods.'

"On this part of my narrative I need not dilate. We were married, and in a few days afterwards the gallant young chief fell in a fray with a neighbouring tribe. Having sent in my resignation to the British authorities, I was free to pursue whatever course I might think proper, and, with the name of chief, took upon me the government of the province. What, in such a situation, might have been the feelings of other men, I will not presume to decide; I can only describe the movements of my own mind, and I can affirm, with truth and sincerity, that not a single idea of ambition entered into my thoughts. I administered the affairs of the principality with the assiduity and conscientiousness of a good steward, but hoped and wished for no other reward than the love of Vaisunta, who, without a figure of speech, had become the whole world to me. It is seldom that heaven creates human beings like her. The language usually employed in speaking of women would be quite out of place if applied to her. She was not impassioned, or sentimental, or affectionate, or fond, but a fountain of living love, which no words could describe. No thought of self ever rose in her mind. I was all in all to her, as she was to me. Nay, there was another being who shared her affection: Vaisunta had a mother, the very prototype of herself, further removed from me by time, but otherwise altogether as affectionate and beneficent. She had been reconciled to the death of her husband by the certainty she felt of soon joining him, and passing an eternity in his company. Imagination could promise her nothing beyond that, even in heaven.

"I omit all reference to public affairs, which went on with the most perfect satisfaction to the people and to me. All I desire to describe is my own entire felicity. But this I find is impossible. Happiness does not consist in things susceptible of description. It is a sort of atmosphere which we breathe, we know not how—surrounds us, penetrates us, fills both soul and senses, and produces a species of absorption, strongly resembling oblivion. If we do not forget external things, we cease to regard them. Vaisunta, concentrated all my thoughts in one. Her image, as it rose from the horizon of intellect, seemed, like the rising sun, to obliterate everything else from that celestial sphere, and to reign there in unclouded glory.

"During the continuance of this feeling I could neither reflect, nor plan, nor recall the past, nor anticipate the future. Every moment as it passed was sufficient to itself. Plunged into a state of Godlike bliss, I could scarcely be said to have any use for thought. All the necessities, all the projects—nay, even all the duties of life, were utterly forgotten. Food, raiment, power, place, influence, friends, enemies, strangers, commanded no more consideration than the dream of yesterday. This convinces me that happiness is incompatible with the state of man. To compassionate others, we must know what it is to experience sorrow and suffering. We must be wounded and bruised, that we may feel for those who are so likewise. For a while I seemed to be carried out of the material world, whose shows and images, as they flashed before my mind, awakened sensations—not ideas. Vaisunta had descended, as it were, upon my soul, and transformed it into her own likeness, which assuredly resembled nothing earthly.

"We had a sort of park, jealously enclosed on all sides, and protected from intrusion. Here were walks, and arbours, and copses, and bowers, and baths, and tanks covered with aquatic flowers. Among these, in the sultry summer, we wandered at daybreak, and beheld the fiery sun thrust its red disk above the horizon, threatening by its brightness to produce the conflagration of the world. On such occasions we would sometimes sit in a bower of odoriferous shrubs, and inhale with rapture their perfume, floating on the breath of the morning. Around us, on all sides, were the most brilliant flowers, surcharged with dew, and drooping delicately over the pearly grass, or bowing to their own images in the ponds or streams. From the airy branches of the trees the nightingale sent down showers of music upon us, which were yet not half so sweet as the music of Vaisunta's voice, which thrilled through me like a combination of tones from heaven. Sometimes she would recline on soft couches, placed there purposely for her, and allow her black hair to fall in disorder to the earth. I would then lean over her, and look into her eyes, dark as night, yet full of brilliance, and indicative of whatever is holy, or pure, or absorbing in love. Her lofty, white forehead, formed to be the abode of thought, appeared to become transparent as I gazed, and to disclose to me all the curious mechanism of love and virtue within; but her mouth, where shall I find language to describe it? Humanity, even what is visible of it, is not all of clay. Mingled with the thing we love, there is some mysterious substance which makes it glow, and brighten, and assume colours explicable by the operation of no material laws. When Vaisunta's lips moulded the external air into words, what I heard was not the mere vibrations of the atmosphere: a soul was enveloped in it which spoke to mine.

"In the East, much clothing is unnecessary. Vaisunta affected little. Her perfect purity clothed her sufficiently. No statue chiselled by the hand of Phidias was ever so chaste—no seraph fresh from the presence of God more loving than she. Think, then, of the happiness I experienced when I sat beside her, or at her feet, listening to language such as Eve might have used in Paradise, before one taint of sin had blighted the beauty of earth.

"You will already have anticipated that joy like this would not endure. Vaisunta had given birth to a boy, in whose lineaments the strength of Europe seemed mingled with the softness of Asia. The love of this

Digitized by Google

child seemed to awaken new senses in her. She suckled it herself; and, when it lay upon her breast inhaling the rich current of life, and looking up with smiling eyes into her face, a joy still more unutterable than she had ever before experienced seemed to beam from her features. How many worlds are there in this world of ours! Every mother is a separate universe, a source of being, a fountain of thoughts and passions, which must go on flowing to all eternity, and producing, as it flows, happiness or misery. As Vaisunta performed this sweet office of suckling her baby, not a shade of doubt or fear passed over her mind—all was sunny and unclouded there; and I felt something like the glory of an archangel encircling me, as I reflected silently that that mother and that child were mine. And what happiness is this, if men would but feel it! Where, in all the regions of speculation, can we find anything to compare with it? You have seen Isis, with the infant Horus on her lap. It is the deification of motherhood, of that holiest and most beautiful of relations which confounds humanity with divinity by delegating, as it were, creative power to mortals. The origin and the birth of stars are nothing to the generation and birth of the soul, which passes from mortal to mortal, kindling, multiplying, and brightening the face of earth and heaven, with thought, religion, and love.

"But here below everything has an end, save the mercy of God. One morning, in the midst of summer, Vaisunta, leaving her infant in the cradle, and me watching over it, went forth alone. No presence, however, could atone to me for her absence. I delegated to a female attendant the duty of sitting by the cradle, and followed Vaisunta into the park. Looking around, however, I could nowhere behold her. She must have tripped lightly and swiftly along, and concealed herself in some perfumed copse, or entered one of the many marble baths, so delicious and inviting in those warm latitudes. I felt no solicitude, but went on, musing, in dreamy happiness. As, however, I entered one retreat after another, and found her not, a pang of anguish shot through my soul. I began to be superstitious, and fancied that what I had all this time loved might not have been a woman, but a spirit, which, now that it had given me something to supply its place, had vanished. As this strange idea was taking possession of my mind, I beheld the object of my love, sitting on the side of a bath, from which she had just issued. Her form was still wet, and her long black hair fell, dropping, over her shoulders. As soon as she saw me she uttered a sharp cry, which I would fain have believed to be one of joy. 'Come to me—come quickly,' she exclaimed, 'I feel sick unto death—the world is fading from about me—I can with difficulty perceive your form as you draw near me.'

"At these words, she rose to her full height, and, throwing herself into my arms, said—'Support me, I am dying.' I laid her gently on the grass, and, shouting for assistance, took water from the bath and sprinkled it on her face; and then, kneeling beside her, lifted up her head and supported it on my breast, in the hope that the faintness would soon pass. It did. She recovered the power of language, but only to assure me that her end was come. She threw her arms round my neck, she kissed me passionately, she desired me to receive her soul as it ebbed forth through her lips. When the power of speech had left, her eyes still spoke, and looked ardently into mine till death closed them. She then fell back, and Vaisunta's soul had passed away. I sank with her on the ground, and, some hours later, was found and roused to consciousness by her mother and several female attendants.

"I shall not attempt to describe my grief; it was proportioned to the happiness I had felt. Nothing more need be said. For me the sex perished with Vaisunta. As no love could equal hers, no other image filled the space hers had occupied, and it required no effort in me to ward off the approaches of another affection. I divided what remained to me of love between my mother and my child; for Vaisunta's mother was mine. The boy grew up, and I watched over him, and spoke to him of his mother, and conjured him to lead a life worthy of her. I dilated on the nothingness of life without that religion which is born of pure love. I inspired him with solicitude for the happiness of the people. I taught him the art of government, which is that of practising self-denial, and devoting yourself for the good of others. The good seed was not sown on a stony soil. He is now the ruler of Ajmeer, is married, and has many sons and daughters, and the whole tribe are his family, and happiness and contentment shed their light over the whole land.

"For myself, I am returning to Europe, bearing along with me all that was perishable of Vaisunta. Like the spirit in the Arabian fables, my soul is imprisoned in that vase, with her ashes. It is my duty to live out my time, to do all the good I can, to be a friend, where friendship is possible, when all the incense and perfume of my soul have been burnt out, and what you now see standing before you in the moonlight is nothing, so to speak, but the material shadow of the man who was formerly loved by Vaisunta."

CHAPTER LX.

PHASES OF SEA LIFE.

Every day, till the day of judgment, may the united blessings of all men and women alight on him who invented the art of writing! Without it all our yearnings for communion with other beings would continue mysteries for ever. By its assistance we are enabled to hold converse with the patriarchs who lived, and made love, and died under tents on the sands of Arabia, or with that happy old wanderer who has told us what took place under the walls of Troy, in Phœnicia, in Ithaca, and even on snowy Olympus, where Zeus embraced Hera, enveloped in a golden cloud. All the loves, and fears, and hopes, and aspirations of humanity, are piled up in an eternal treasury by the pen, which, could one but wield it as it deserves, would surpass in potency the mightiest magician's wand; but one feels the awkwardness of one's fingers when one essays to touch this celestial instrument, which breathes music into language, calls the dead to life, and compels them to reveal their thoughts for the benefit of those who may come after; which brings together all ages, places, and conditions, and invests a few mystic leaves with the power of enlightening and moving like a god. Again, therefore, I say, "blessed, and thrice

Digitized by Google

blessed be he who first taught his race the art of chronicling their ideas for posterity!"

Yet, great as are the powers of the pen, it cannot always enable one to express all one feels. It is to be feared the vocabulary of humanity is not co-extensive with its sensations. There are flavours and odours to which no name has ever been given; there are hopes which cannot be uttered, thoughts that find no correlative expressions, objects of sight which soar beyond the reach of language. At least I find it so.

My Indian friend, when he left me and retired to rest, was probably accompanied to his couch by the celestial phantasies of Vaisunta. I remained alone on the deck, nestled in cushions, and smoking pipe after pipe. The night was wearing away rapidly, and the first infusion of light made itself felt on the atmosphere. One after another the stars began "to pale their ineffectual fires before the glory of the infant day." A sort of pearly, billowy luminousness hovered over the bed of Aurora, the brightness of whose eyes had scarcely as yet flashed into the firmament. Yet it was evident that within those curtains of the morning her form was stirring. Her bright face and bosom shot forth brilliant irradiations that eclipsed the stars, and by degrees her saffron tiara and golden hair flashed through the portals of the East, and gave the world the assurance of another day.

Poets are excusable when they revel in rapturous expressions in seeking to portray the beauties of the dawn. It is a daily revelation from heaven. Travellers know no pleasure like that of beholding the cradle of Eros encircled by golden vapours, and greeted by the smiling earth, teeming with early incense, and braided with showers of pearls. The sea itself glitters with joy, and each of its billows is crested with a smile as the goddess steps forth from her chamber and inflames the infinite ether by her loveliness.

Here it is that words fail me. It happened that I lay opposite the East, which underwent in a few moments as many changes as the Polar firmament under the influence of the Northern lights. A struggle of all the elements of beauty seemed to be going on in the air, where God was calling into being a new creation to inundate the human soul with delight. The whole Orient seemed to be in a state of brilliant incandescence. Red, purple, gold, and azure, mingling and intermingling, surging upwards, spreading on all sides, quivering tremulously as with excess of power, inflamed the heavens, as if to create a tabernacle worthy to canopy the head of Helios. The vapours which draped the sky could not be called clouds. They were merely semi-luminous bands, or curtains, or banners, fluttering round the chariot of the sun, which bounded above the line of the horizon, as if impatient to command the homage of the world. At that instant the waves assumed every variety of indescribable hues;—purple, emerald, saffron, coruscating, trembling, dying into each other, as the warm breeze came panting over them from the fiery embraces of the desert.

It always grieves me to descend from the poetical to the mere every-day concerns of this life, to eating and drinking, chatting and smoking, and all those other trivialities that absorb so much of our time. I had just got comfortably into a conclave with gods and goddesses, and was making some very handsome compliment to Aphrodite, for whom I have always had a certain secret leaning, when little Selina, with dusky laughing face, rushed out of the cabin to inform me that breakfast was ready. I descended from Olympus with fewer strides than Posidon himself, and in a moment felt all my human appetites at work. The aroma of coffee greeted my nostrils, and the sight of cold roast fowls awaited the keener sense of sight. Selina dragged me to my place at the table, and in a moment was on my lap, plunged in all the delicacies our stock afforded. My Indian friend soon made his appearance, with countenance as placid as moonlight. Like myself, he loved children, and Selina, therefore, enjoyed a luxury of attentions more than enough to spoil any child but herself. She ate, and laughed, and chatted, and rolled about, as if the world had been made exclusively for her; and it is one of the pleasant points in my destiny, that I am always happy in the company of an agreeable child.

The captain presided—I wish I could say with frankness and hospitality. His face seemed to intimate that the good things before us were placed there rather for show than use. He evidently felt a pang at their rapid disappearance, and was especially angry at the Jew, who dropped into the London sugar with malicious industry. The Indian was imperturbably polite. Nothing could have tempted him to have uttered a harsh word to any one, or to take an affront had there been any one savage enough to offer one to him. The consciousness of past happiness brooded serenely over his countenance, imparting to it an air of unearthly satisfaction. To him, Vaisunta was not dead, but a living presence, shedding, invisibly to others, a glory on his features, which no length of time could deprive of their beauty. A long succession of Indian suns had imparted a clear dark brown to his complexion; his eyes were black and fiery, and he had that beautifully-formed mouth, and short upper lip, which confer so much grandeur on the face of man or woman. His forehead, lofty to a fault, was thinly shaded by hair of dazzling whiteness, which scarcely seemed to belong to his physiognomy.

He was immediately a favourite with every one, over whom his voice seemed to cast a spell. Involuntarily, the captain himself was all courteousness to him. The attentions he did not require, every one paid; and that not from any calculation of interest, but from mere instinct. The love of mankind was his inheritance.

It would be as tedious to the reader as to me to describe minutely the sort of weather we encountered on our way to Malta. There was, of course, a certain allowance of storms; during one of which all the geese and fowls on board were drowned in their coops. This we all regretted; more, however, I fear, for our own sakes, than for theirs. But if we fancied that we had lost anything by the accident, we were mistaken, for, with a proper regard to economy, the captain served them up day after day, as if they had been fresh from the roost. Hunger is not fastidious. Drowned, or not drowned, it was all one to us: the sea air had rendered our appetites ravenous, so that we could almost have eaten the captain himself, had any unlucky wave reached his coop.

As ill-luck would have it, we had a Mahommedan on board, servant to one of the passengers. This poor fellow, conscientious in his way, was greatly perplexed

Digitized by Google

by the minute directions of the Koran for the slaughtering of animals, whose throats are to be cut with a pious ejaculation, with the face of the butcher turned towards Mecca. It had never been foreseen by Mahomet that one of his followers might be placed in circumstances where these observances could be scarcely practicable; for example, when at sea he might be left nothing but Hobson's choice, between drowned fowls and no dinner at all. Our stock was limited—our appetites large. At length, therefore, the worthy Moslem overcame his scruples; and hoping, perhaps, that the fowls had turned their heads towards Mecca when they were drowned, he picked their bones with as much gusto as any of us.

One night, when the storm was at its worst, I lay in my berth in the state cabin, watching the movements of the captain, who appeared to be in extreme perplexity. By the light of a little miserable lamp, he was endeavouring, as well as the rolling of the ship would permit, to consult certain maps and charts he had taken from a drawer for that purpose. It was clear he would never think of consulting a passenger, and believed, moreover, that I was asleep. I got up, however, and volunteered my counsel, which was to steer for the port of Dernah, in Barbary. He said this was his first voyage in the Mediterranean, and that he knew absolutely nothing of the African coast; but that if I were sure there was sufficient water for the vessel to enter, he would do as I wished. I replied that Captain Beachey had entered it with a ship of war; upon which he no longer hesitated, but turned the Falcon's beak towards Dernah. I now went out to converse with the sailors on deck, where I learned that the vessel would infallibly go down in a very short time, but for continual pumping, since the water rose in the hold at the rate of 18 inches an hour. One of their speeches was highly characteristic. They said they had a great mind to let the infernal old ship sink, because the stingy captain refused to give them additional grog during the storm. The merchant who owned the cargo, consisting of corn and beans, advised its being thrown out, to lighten the vessel; and this could have been done, but that, considerably before day, the wind abated, upon which we altered our course, and steered towards Malta.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

Vary it as you will, a sea life is inevitably monotonous and tedious. Besides, I was now so impatient to be at home, for which I had abandoned a voyage along the shores of the Dead Sea, and a visit to Jerusalem and Constantinople, that had we been drifting through the isles of Paradise, I should have been insensible to their fascination. All I now longed for was a sight of the rock of Malta, the first earnest of my being in Europe, and really on my way home. Homer had doubtless wandered over the same sea, and experienced the longing he ascribes to Odysseus, to behold the smoke curling up from his own chimney. No lapse of years can change the feelings of human nature. To roam is pleasant, but to return is pleasanter. It is delightful, after the first agony of parting, to set out on a long journey to see strange lands, to realise long-cherished dreams, to saturate one's soul with knowledge, and one's eyes with seeing. But the delight is infinitely greater of steering back towards one's own hearth, to one's home and household gods, to the place where one's eyes first opened on the light, and where, if we are fortunate, they will close upon it for ever. It is happy to live at home; it is happier to die at home. The distance to heaven seems shorter from that point than from any other. The heart may be whirled away from it by the passions, as the bird by a tempest from its nest; but when the desolating gust is over, both seek, with tremulous joy, the road back to the only spot where, in this nether world, the soul can possibly know repose. I had wandered further than Odysseus, had dwelt among the lotus-eaters, had tasted of Nepenthe, which, according to mythology, made a man in old times forget his home and friends. But the lotus and Nepenthe had lost their power, and never did mother return at evening to her child with more eager longings, or with heavier doubts and fears, than I bent my way back towards Lausanne. The most terrible of Asiatic plagues was threatening Switzerland at my departure. Had it been in my house? had it rendered my hearth desolate? These were the terrible questions I put to myself incessantly, as, with streaming eyes, I looked, during a calm, over the ship's bows, towards Malta, which then seemed in my mind fully to merit the epithets "chanina" and "fior del mondo."

At length, one evening, the sun having just descended in glory behind the waves, being on the eternal look-out, I caught a glimpse of something in the west, which seemed much too solid and stationary for a cloud. "That," I said to the captain, "is Malta." With characteristic dogmatism he replied, "It is nothing but a pile of vapours;" but as the object did not change its shape, I persisted in my first belief, and my friend, the merchant, who had lived in the island many years, perfectly agreed with me. Presently all on board, passengers, crew, and captain, recognised the features of the impregnable rock and bulwark of Christendom, over which, after innumerable vicissitudes, the flag of England now floats triumphantly.

Will it be believed, no sooner had it been determined that Malta was really in sight, than we began to speculate on the delicious strawberries we hoped on the following day to enjoy at the Lazaretto? No length of time will suffice to place some men beyond the limits of childhood. My companions had not tasted a strawberry for many years. We were to be imprisoned 21 days, under suspicion of plague; no sublunary consideration, the life or death of the dearest friend, the ruin of families, the misery of hundreds, would suffice to obtain from the authorities the slightest shortening of that period. The yellow flag floated at our mast-head, and death, in its darkest and most terrible form, might possibly be lurking somewhere in our cabins. We were therefore to be put in durance for the time specified; and if we could amuse ourselves with strawberries, mocha, and cigars, so much the better for us. If not, we might hang ourselves, for aught the governor of Malta cared about the matter.

I have not descanted on the anticipations of the Jew, which extended no further than the smiles of the Maltese Ghawasi. He was an epicure also in all that concerned the pleasures of the table; and though proceeding towards the place of his birth, and expecting shortly to be under the same roof with his mo-

Digitized by Google

ther, he experienced little delight at the idea. I could not envy him. According to his theory, he lived in a world without souls, and looked upon all around him as two-legged hogs of different sexes. His mind seemed to have been smitten by a moral pestilence, under the influence of which all his passions, if he ever possessed any, as well as everything else that was respectable in his nature, had withered away.

Evening darkened into night, and Malta disappeared from our view. Yet sleeping, at least for some hours, was out of the question. We paced the deck, talking, discussing, anticipating, till weariness at last drove away the less enthusiastic, to snatch, if possible, a few moments' slumber.

My Indian friend, however, though old, was not to be subdued. Beneath a furrowed brow, and locks of silver, he nourished a force and vitality of intellect that rendered him equal to any position in which he might find himself. Like all happy men, he loved sleep, which often forms the most brilliant part of our lives. This is the power that triumphs over time, distance, and death. By its aid we travel back over the wastes of time, revive the lost, reconcile the estranged, and surround ourselves with whatever we love most on earth, or anticipate in heaven. There is nothing in Homer more attractive than his admiration for sleep, on which he bestows the most affectionate and endearing epithets. Shakspeare, too, speaks of it as that which "knits up the ravell'd slieve of care." This is mere reflective praise; Homer's is instructive, impassioned, like the rapture of a child. He talks of it as something which pours nectar and ambrosia about our souls, which lights up our pathway with the glances of beauty, envelops us in the soft mantle of love, and confers on all we behold a brightness above what belongs to earth. The old, wandering Greek speaks of it indeed as the half-brother of death. In Hellas, however, death was not terrible, but beautiful; and instead of being represented, as with us, by a rattling skeleton, with scythe and hour-glass in hand, appears as a delicate child, with wings soft as those of Eros, a look of pensive melancholy, and leaning on a torch *reversed*, but still burning, to signify that the flame of intellect and affection survives the tomb. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," cries Don Quixote's friend Sancho; "It wrappeth a man about like a garment." True, friend Sancho; but it doth much more. Out of its prolific and sacred womb issue forth nightly forms of exquisite loveliness, mountains whose heads touch heaven, meadows of inexpressible green, and rivers that roll o'er Elysian flowers their amber streams. Take the humblest of God's creatures, place him in a dungeon with fierce furies, and heavy chains about him—and sleep, with celestial wings, will descend to console him even there; will strike off his manacles, disperse the darkness which encircles him, and unfold before his kindling fancy an endless succession of sunny fields, where bees, with unceasing murmurs,

> "Hunt the golden dew
> In summer time; on tops of lilies feed,
> And creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed."

Yet, fascinating as sleep is, the Indian and I refused to taste of it the night before our arrival at Malta. No pleasures are so pure, few more delicious, than the interchange of ideas between spirit and spirit. To taste of it is to be something more than a creature of clay. It was the recollection of this delight that inspired the Roman poet, when he spoke of the "*noctes sænæque deorum;*" and more than most men I prize this pleasure. We spoke of our Asiatic empire, of the means of humanizing, civilizing, and enlightening it; of disciplining the dark lips of its children to mould the sounds of its imperial language, which gives laws to half the intelligence of the world. With me, he thought it possible to breathe our mother tongue, like the breath of life, into two hundred millions of Asiatics, and with it to impart to them the thoughts and aspirations of men. There are languages which seem to be moulded for slavery, while out of others it is almost impossible to form a servile vocabulary. The English is the language of democracy—full of grandeur and simplicity—religious, deep-toned, and impassioned, like all those who love liberty. It has in it also something of fierceness, inspiring uneasiness in tyrants. Many who desire to be wise above what is written affect to believe that the dialects of all countries must be equally expressive to those who speak them. But this is unphilosophical. Language, being the instrument of thought, is grand or mean, impressive or cold, full of power or full of weakness, according to the character of those who speak it; and our mother tongue, thank God! has for centuries been gradually putting off every badge and token of servitude, and speaking to us more and more of equality and independence. There is, therefore, a music in the English language, sweeter and more melifluous than the music of mere sound, a music of imperishable associations, of glorious memories, of victories achieved over despotism and superstition. And it was by this music that we hoped the soul of Asia might one day be awakened, as with the last trump, from the sleep of ages, and made to comprehend its kindred with the mind of Europe.

As the day dawned, I perceived that we had drifted to within a very short distance of Malta, whose small, strong headlands, and low, rocky promontories, I beheld through the grey light, projecting into the surrounding sea. In some picture I have seen of the Adoration of the Shepherds, the painter's pencil has unfolded before the eye a dim landscape, full of poetical suggestions. Malta now lay before me like a picture; the cool green waves, crested with white foam, serving as a sort of frame to it. No one, perhaps, can tell in what the charm of scenery lies; certainly it is not in magnitude, or in mere disposition of parts. To discover all its beauty you must go back in some cases to the early history of the human race—to the patriarchs and their families, and imagine their tents still standing, and an air of poetry descending from them towards heaven, like the smoke of incense. Malta looked to me like a verification of the Acts of the Apostles; and, in my mind's eye, I distinctly beheld St. Paul standing at night upon the beach, encircled by the wondering barbarians, and shaking the reptile from his hand into the fire. But Helios is not slow in the Mediterranean. Up streamed the light from the East, until the whole island stood relieved distinctly against the glowing sky. I wish our landscape painters would make a pilgrimage to the South, that they might be delivered from their frigidity. At present, their pictures are so cold that one must put on a great-coat to look at them. In the Mediterranean they might learn a different style of

Digitized by Google

colouring, nature there being anything but a quaker. There is nothing she hates so much as drab or white, or russet grey. In the morning, to be sure, while she is yet in her dressing-room, she likes to surround herself with a modest half-light; but when she has fairly got her veil and girdle on, she flames out in gorgeous hues, calculated to set one's imagination on fire. Malta, though a mere rock, was invested by the lavish goddess with tints and hues, which might very well have become a landscape in Paradise. Its pinnacles seemed transparent with light, and the waves, as they laughed and frolicked before the breeze, rivalled the land and sky in brightness.

By degrees we caught sight of the city of Valetta, and of one of the most striking symbols of Great Britain at the same moment. This was the St. Vincent eighty-four gun ship, with all her sails set and decks manned, proudly rolling before the breeze towards the harbour. The governor lay dead in the city; and this having been intimated to the line-of-battle ship, she was now firing as many guns as there had been years in his life; so that her lofty and magnificent sides were every now and then enveloped in a cloud of white smoke, while the thunder from her guns boomed along the deep. It is permitted to every man to be proud of his country, and I never was prouder of mine than at that moment, meeting, as I then did, one of the mighty symbols of her power, carrying laws at the southernmost point of Europe.

CHAPTER LXII.

LIFE IN QUARANTINE.

In the course of the day we were housed snugly in the Lazaretto, where we had assigned to us a magnificent suite of rooms, at the summit of the building. The apartment in which we habitually sat was at least forty feet square, by thirty-five in height, and through spacious windows, commanded a splendid prospect of the harbour, a neck of land enclosing it on the sea beyond. The first thing we did was to prepare for dinner. The Arab servant who had accompanied us from Egypt was, after the Eastern fashion, a clever cook, and the guardiano assigned to us by the Government boasted no mean talents in the same profession. Between them, therefore, we were served like the sons of Irish kings; and a friend in Valetta, having heard of our arrival, immediately sent us a hamper of claret and champagne, with abundance of strawberries and honey, with every other delicacy which Malta and the neighbouring island of Sicily could supply. Imagine us now, therefore, sitting round a table resting on the solid floor, and not on the reeling and uncertain deck, with fruits and luxuries of all sorts piled up to profusion before us. Then came coffee and tea, and cream, and fresh rolls and butter—things we had not tasted for a month—and after that Turkish pipes, piled up with Gebel Latakin, and kindled with acacia charcoal. We made up extempore divans, and reclined on them to our heart's content. No fear had we now of storms or bad weather. The place in which we were was one of the old palaces of the Knights, built of solid masonry, that had weathered many a tempest, and will, doubtless, weather many more. But one cannot command everything. We had brought our beds with us, but no mosquito curtains, so that we anticipated the most fearful stinging at night; but my skin, bronzed by the sun of Africa, and impregnated with saline particles by the sea atmosphere, was anything but inviting to these winged gentlemen, who, after buzzing about me for some time, retreated quietly through the darkness, to seek more comfortable quarters elsewhere. Most profound, therefore, was my sleep that night, and most delightful the cluster of dreams that descended on my head. From the window at Jolimont I looked out upon the Leman Lake, and saw the cloud-like summit of Mont Blanc gleaming in visionary splendour over the Savoyard Alps. In a little boat on the lake was my whole family, but neither oar nor sail could stir it. There it stood, fast as a rock, in the midst of the water, and notwithstanding that there were miles between us, I could talk with the inmates of the boat, who had no power to impel it one way or the other. From this perplexing situation I was delivered by Selina, who came bounding upon my bed like a gazelle, telling me it was time to get up, as the sun would do so in a few minutes. When I had obeyed her mandate, she took my hand, and led me out into the gallery, where, as we walked to and fro, I soon found we were in the neighbourhood of another batch of friends who had preceded us by a week, on their return from the East. These consisted of three individuals, two young gentlemen and a disciple of Æsculapius, exceedingly ill suited, and long ago tired of each other. The physician, then verging upon sixty, was what, had he belonged to the other sex, would have been called an old maid. He was fidgety, wayward, crotchety, morose, though at bottom a right good fellow. His youthful companions, having nothing else to do or think of, delighted in teasing him, and would otherwise in all likelihood have died of ennui. The doctor was an antiquarian, given to profound speculations on Champollion and hieroglyphics; and while he was, perhaps, plunged in the most interesting researches, on an inscription of Ramesis, his wild companions would scream out, at the top of their voices—"Alice Grey," or "Love's young dream." If the doctor had never anathematized love before, he must have doubtless cursed it then. When a man takes to the study of hieroglyphics, he generally gives up all acquaintance with the winged imp of Aphrodite. This, at least, was the doctor's case. There was no devil in Pandemonium less to his taste than this little Olympian vagabond; and therefore to be condemned daily to hear his praises chaunted by two raw Paphian recruits was no slight punishment.

With me the time could not hang heavily. I had my journal to bring up—notes to copy—letters to write, unluckily, none to receive—and a hundred other things to do, which filled up nearly the whole day; in the intervals, I mean, between breakfast and dinner, after which I either romped with Selina, or smoked with her papa. There is, I suspect, no man who would not have thought that child a godsend in the Lazaretto. I have told the reader twice or three times already, that she was about seven years old, and as playful as a kitten. Here in Europe little girls often become demure about that age, or soon after. This, however, is not nature, but teaching. They are drilled into demureness, and, as far as concerns those with whom they come into contact, are utterly spoiled. Selina was quite natural,

Digitized by Google

and as agreeable a companion as a child could be. She had inherited her father's sense, without his gravity, and kept her mouth on the perpetual stretch with laughter. Of course she paid her respects with great earnestness to the strawberries, a bushel of which at least was every morning piled up before us on the breakfast table.

With all this assistance, I should have found the twenty-one days equal at least to seven years transportation, had it not been for my journal. There is nothing like employment for carrying on the war with time. I calculated the days, hours, minutes, which separated me from Lausanne, and the the most interesting scenes often became insipid; but the journal stood my friend. There I entered my thoughts, communed with myself, noted on my projects, hopes, and expectations. Sometimes, also, I recalled the past, vividly, too vividly perhaps, for a man in prison.

There came at length an incident to diversify our monotonous existence, and bring us a little to ourselves. Three or four doors from us, a man suddenly died of the plague, and as in that case the body is never kept long, it was to be carried in the course of the morning along the terrace in front of our door, which was that morning kept religiously shut, and no one descended to the terrace to enjoy a walk for several hours after. Who the unfortunate traveller was I never could learn. The guardians could not or would not explain; all they appeared to know was that he had just arrived from the East with the plague about him, and he was confined in an apartment by himself, and that he died; whether with or without medical assistance I know not. Priests refuse to enter in such cases the sick man's or sick woman's chamber to hear confession and administer extreme unction; the soul, unhouseled, unappointed, unaneled goes to its last account; and, in a few hours after the departure of the spirit, dust is rendered to dust in a neighbouring cemetery enclosed by high walls. The body of the stranger was put into a plain coffin, painted black, and borne hurriedly and silently along on a plain bier, by two muffled guardians. People at a distance here in Europe are apt to talk very courageously of the plague, and a traveller who has made some impression on the public, dissertates on the subject with the utmost complacency. As far as my experience goes, it is very different when you are brought face to face with the pestilence, when you fancy it is mingled with every breath of air you breathe; when the dead body, decomposed, as if by magic, exhales mephitic particles into the atmosphere, and seems to infect and disorganize it. That would be the time to display indifference or stoical insensibility, but among our party there was not one who showed it. Every man's cheek seemed a shade paler, though my Indian friend was less affected than the rest. Of course Selina thought nothing about it, but said jocularly that the best thing to keep off the plague, was a good puff of Gebelee.

"Do let me light one for you," said she; "I can do it." So off she tripped, brought me the pipe, filled it with tobacco, and then fetching a little bit of charcoal from the furnace, at which the meat was cooking, kindled it in a few minutes, and put the amber into my mouth, "Now, smoke," said she, "while I play with your beard;" and, throwing herself beside me on the divan, began the threatened operation immediately. From this, I was called to see the coffin pass. I have never yet been tired of life, or insensible to death. It was, therefore, with deep sorrow that I looked down on the body of that unknown man, whose children, perhaps, like mine, were at that moment playing round their mother, at the distance of some thousands of miles, and asking her when their father would return. Perhaps he was an American, whose home stood on the banks of the Ohio or Mississippi, so that it would be months before the dark tidings could be wafted across the Atlantic, to make his hearth desolate. I have a profound sympathy with the citizens of that great republic, who are now found wandering over all the scenes of ancient history, collecting stores of golden experience to beautify their glorious democracy. It will, in times to come, be for Europeans to visit the banks of the Hudson, or the Missouri, to gain lessons in political wisdom. America is fast rising into the greatest of modern states, a sort of better England, born by liberty beyond the Atlantic. May her form of civil polity be as lasting as her language; and may every man in the old world, who covets to be free-born, so think and speak with respect of that mighty union of republics, which has risen, as it were, within the memory of man, from a British colony to be a vast empire.

When we descended to the terrace in the afternoon, scarcely a syllable was whispered about the dead. He had passed silently and unlamented to his rest, and fear of the disease that struck him down induced the whole Lazaretto to observe the strictest silence on the subject. Every one feared to stir up the depths of his own imagination. It was remembered then, when the plague last broke out in Malta, ten thousand persons were swept off within a few weeks.

It was not till some days afterwards that we ventured to make inquiries respecting the stranger, and to ask the guardians whether the plague was spreading in the Lazaretto. They replied in the negative. No further death occurred, or else the bodies were carried to their long home in the dead of night, that no alarm might be created. This, I believe, is not unusual, and it is certainly judicious. The fancy of many persons is so wrought upon by the vicinity of the plague, that they die of terror. How I might have thought and felt had I been alone, I know not; but the presence of several agreeable companions soon dissipated the idea of death, and we returned to our usual occupations as if nothing had happened. The Sicilian strawberries were never once lost sight of, and every evening, after dinner, claret and champagne sparkled on our board. My Indian friend, however, tasted no wine. Tea and coffee were his only beverage, though of fruit he ate more than his share. For myself, I enjoyed all the good things that came before me, especially the strawberries and the champagne. We kept very early hours, going to bed between nine and ten o'clock, and rising at four—the mornings being, at Malta, most fresh and delicious, and the sea-breezes full of health and vivacity. Still, long before the period of confinement had expired, we all longed for liberty, that we might cross over into Sicily, ascend its lofty mountains, and wander at will through its cliffs and valleys. I had just caught a glimpse of Etna on the way out. I now pictured to my fancy the Vale of Enna, where Persephone, gathering flowers—herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gathered.

Digitized by Google

LOYOLA, AND JESUITISM IN ITS RUDIMENTS.*

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

As there are, in the present day, some sincere but ill-informed Christians who tremble at the discoveries and applications of Science, so are there individuals, no less pious, who are afraid to accord merit to the professors of a creed different from their own. The former class fear, lest if nature be investigated too far, she may prove the Bible untrue; the latter cannot rid themselves of the notion that if merit be acknowledged in the members of an opposite religious persuasion, it may detract from the honour, or even imply the heterodoxy of their own faith.

It is pleasing to find so evangelical a divine, and so accomplished a scholar, as Isaac Taylor lending his powerful talent and example to destroy the latter prejudice, equally with the former unworthy of the Christian to entertain. In this aspect, irrespective of the high literary merit which belongs to it, the work under review demands our unqualified approbation. It is eminently devoid of prejudice. Throughout the whole of it there runs an honest desire to estimate aright the character of Ignatius Loyola: to award to him such praise as is due for sincerity of purpose, and such reproof as he merits for want of judgment—on the one hand there is no groundless censure, and on the other no undeserved, no romantic admiration.

All who are acquainted, even in the slightest degree, with the subject of Mr. Taylor's work, will feel it to be one of very great interest. There are few men, if indeed any, whose history and labours are more remarkable than those of Ignatius Loyola; and certainly there never existed any sect which, whether in matters of politics or religion, exerted a more powerful influence over Europe than the society of which he was the founder. It may therefore be not uninteresting or uninstructive to present the reader with an outline of the contents of the volume now before us.

Mr. Taylor has divided his work into two portions. The first is devoted to an historical sketch of Loyola's life, which is terminated by an acute and able chapter upon his character. The second is occupied with a philosophical investigation concerning the Theory of Jesuitism, or, as the author terms it, Jesuitian in its Rudiments. To both these subjects in turn our attention shall be directed.

Guipuscoa, which forms part of the province of Biscay, was the district in which, at the close of the 15th century, the family of Loyola dwelt. There, in the year 1491, the wife of Don Bertram gave birth to her eighth child. It was a son, the future founder of a religious dynasty. He was named Inigo Lopez de Recalde, but is now better known by the simple prenomen of Ignatius. At the early age of six years, he became page to Ferdinand of Arragon, in which capacity he served until his 17th year, when he joyfully exchanged the life of a courtier for that of a soldier. Besides a fair countenance and a handsome figure, Loyola possessed a frank and fearless heart, and a disposition at once imaginative and susceptible. His frame, too, had been strengthened by military exercise, and an early residence at court had given him that perfect self-possession and command of manner which constant intercourse with royalty seldom fails to bestow.

At this period of his life, through the artful policy of Rome, the long-stifled enmity which existed between Charles of Spain and the Court of France was fanned into open war. The province of Navarre first felt the brunt of the contest, and the fortress of Pampeluna was besieged and summoned to surrender by a powerful French force. All who composed its garrison, save one man, were willing to obey the humiliating mandate. That one was Loyola, who sent back by the bearer of the message an insulting refusal and defiance to the enemy. He then assumed the command of the castle himself, and animated his comrades, both by exhortation and example, to defend it against its assailants to the last. His efforts, however, were ineffectual—numbers prevailed—and the fortress of Pampeluna fell into the hands of the French, though not until its self-appointed leader had been dangerously wounded—one of his legs was broken, the other shattered by a cannon-ball. In this disable condition Ignatius was removed to his paternal home hoping that time and skill might restore to his limbs their former strength and symmetry. But whether from the unskilfulness of the operator, or the severity of the wound, the broken leg could not be made to assume its natural shape. The accomplished Loyola—he whom ladies loved and comrades envied—could not brook the notion of deformity. Dismissing the unsuccessful chirurgeon, he became his own. The broken limb, now grown well again, but sadly disfigured, he broke again, and then sawed off part of a projecting bone. A machine was next constructed, by aid of which the shrunken leg was drawn out to its required length, and remodelled as well as circumstances would admit. The agony consequent upon this mode of treatment so reduced the patient's strength that death seemed inevitable and near at hand. In anticipation of this event, Loyola's attendants administered to him the holy Eucharist upon that evening which they conjectured would prove his last; and having performed this duty to the sufferer, left him alone to die. During their absence, however, his recovery was effected in a miraculous manner; for at the hour of midnight—so runs the story—there appeared to the dying soldier an aged man, who, after a self-introduction, announced the errand upon which he had come—"I am Peter," said he, "and am commissioned of God to heal thee." So saying, he touched the wounded Loyola, and retired. When morning dawned, the attendants stole to the bed-side of their patient, and were surprised to behold, instead of a dead, a convalescent man.

To pass away the dull period of recovery, Ignatius had recourse to reading. But the romances of knight-errantry and love, which once delighted him, had now lost all their charms. Returning health had brought

* London: Longman & Co. 1849.

Digitized by Google

along with it no returning relish for his former pursuits. His bodily appearance was not more altered from what it had been than were his tastes and prospects. From the handsome soldier and envied courtier was indeed a change; but still greater was the change for one whose character had hitherto been that only of thoughtless gaiety, and fashionable dissipation, to become the calm, unrepining, nay, even joyful penitent; and on that bed of sickness, to which he had been removed from the exciting scenes of personal valour, to trace the first outline of that sagacious, unrelenting polity by which he was to govern millions of his race.

The study most congenial to Loyola was the lives of the Saints. Of these, the biography of Saint Francis pleased him best, and it he perused repeatedly with devout attention. The strange conversion of that apostle peculiarly struck the patient, affording him with an apt precedent for his own, and a ready explication of the designs of Providence in his own late recovery. So soon as his strength permitted, Ignatius left his paternal castle for Navaretto, where he paid a farewell visit to his former military commander, Don Antonio Marrique. Thence he proceeded to a Benedictine convent on the heights of Montserrat, to strengthen by prayer those promises he had made in secret to his patroness the Virgin Mary. Three whole days were spent in enumerating the long list of his youthful sins, his sick-bed hopes, and plans of benevolence. The monk listened with attention, warning him ere his departure not to put regrets or resolves in place of reformation, or become satisfied with himself for penitence alone. This confession of his sins was Loyola's first spiritual penance—perhaps of all penances the most painful. As his first act of charity, he bequeathed to the meanest stranger he could meet the most valuable of his few remaining possessions. His knightly attire—the emblem of a profession once so dear to him, the memento of many a smile and compliment—he exchanged for the filthy and tattered garments of a wayside beggar. One, and only one, other memorial of former pursuits remained to him; and this he presented as an offering at the shrine of piety. At the hour of midnight—that consecrated season—was Loyola seen within the convent, clad in a mendicant's attire, and with a sword by his side, pacing with moving lip and downcast eye before the image of the Virgin. Thus was he engaged until the dawn; when just as the grey shadows of morning began to steal into the monastery, the devotee, after slowly pronouncing his orisons of praise, solemnly dedicated his life to his Virgin Lady, by suspending his sword before her shrine.

"It was thus," says our author, "in the year 1522, the eve of the Annunciation, that Ignatius consecrated himself to the Christian warfare; and the coincidence of time has not escaped the notice of his biographers, that nearly at the same moment, when this holy man was devoting body and soul, under the auspices of the Virgin, to the services of God and of mankind, that 'execrable heretic, Luther,' summoned to the Diet of Worms by the Emperor Charles V., enounced the poison of his opinions, and with all insolence proclaimed war against the apostolic chair, and impugned every Catholic verity. 'Thus does it appear,' say they—and the allegation will be assented to on the opposite side if only a transposition of names be permitted—'thus does it appear, that while Satan on the one side was sending forth his chosen champion, Christ also took care to furnish and to bring forward his own servant for the defence of the truth.' * * * Certain it is, then, that at the same moment, two men, whose influence has been co-extensive and permanent, present themselves on the stage of European affairs, and each of them formally or virtually professes to be sent from God for the restoration or the maintenance of the most momentous truths. There is, however, a circumstance attaching to the ministry of each which cannot be regarded as of no significance, bearing, as it does, upon their several pretensions. It is this, that while one of these professed 'servants of Christ' declares his willingness to stand or fall by Christ's own word, the other makes no such appeal to the authority of Scripture; but, instead of doing so, sets forward on his own course as the champion of Mary, placing himself under her guardianship, and looking to her for grace and help."

In pursuance of a vow which Loyola had made to visit the Holy Land, he prepared himself to proceed thither. But as the port of Barcelona, whence he was to set sail, was then closed, he took up his temporary abode within the hospital of Maurissa. Here he remained for a year, engaged in drawing up the first outlines of the "Spiritual Exercises," instructing the ignorant and depraved, and undergoing severe penance. He subjected himself to a regular and rigid course of self-examination, in addition to one not less rigid of fasting and bodily torture. Seven hours of every day he spent upon his knees, and thrice during that period he cruelly flogged himself. Food he almost considered as injurious to the health of the soul; and, in addition to his ordinary fasts, he is said to have abstained, on one occasion, from sustenance for a whole week. But no discipline or penance, mental or bodily, was able to remove the melancholy which at this period of his life oppressed him, and which led him, as he tells us, to meditate self-destruction. In 1523, Loyola left Maurissa, laden with the thanks and blessings of thousands, and embarked at Barcelona for the Holy Land. His course thither was circuitous: he sailed first to Rome, to receive the Pope's blessing on his mission, crossed the country northward to Venice, and thence set sail for the port of Jaffa. Once this sea-port had witnessed the arrival of noble armies, led by the flower of Europe's chivalry, and bent upon a war of retaliation; now it beheld upon its shores a poor, squalid, decrepid traveller, who had come thither to instruct the ignorance of the Christian's enemy. Which of these two expeditions was the nobler, needs only as its answer, that of the question, which was the least imposing? The dazzling object of Loyola's new-born ambition had now been attained; he stood upon the soil of Palestine; not, improbably, upon that very spot where Jesus had often proclaimed his message of pardon to man, and, at last, by a cruel death, made atonement for their sins. If we can realise to any extent the missionary's enthusiasm and joy when wandering amid scenes so replete with sacred associations, we shall be enabled, in some degree at least, to realise his feelings when he is peremptorily ordered by the Pope's Nuncio at Jerusalem, a very short time after his arrival, to depart. After remonstrances and entreaties had failed to recall so cruel a decree, Ignatius obeyed it without a murmur.

When he returned to Spain, he was thirty-three years of age. Not considering himself, however, too old to learn, he forthwith applied himself to the study of Latin. His class-mates were the little children of Barcelona. Before such competitors he must often have made very awkward displays of scholarship. To sharpen his memory and fix his attention upon his

Digitized by Google

Latin tasks, the pupil requested what, in our school-boy days, was a wholly unknown and superfluous formality, that his master should not spare the rod. It is believed that the preceptor was not slow to comply with this request. To this accommodating spirit, on his part, we are to attribute Loyola's speedy and correct acquaintance with the moods and tenses of "Amo."

After two years of such discipline, Ignatius removed to Alcala, where, as at Maurissa, he busied himself in deeds of charity, visiting prisons and hospitals, and ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of their inmates. Such pious labours failed not to call forth much gratitude and respect. But the dignitaries of the Romish Church became jealous of Loyola's growing popularity. It ministered an open reproof to their slothfulness. Having in vain attempted to convict Loyola of any improper or unchristian act, they accused him of being "a Lutheran, a sorcerer, or something not less pestiferous," and, upon this charge, cast him into prison, in 1527. Strange, indeed, it is that the enemies of Ignatius should stumble upon so absurd and groundless a charge as this. It argued but little perception in his adversaries to confound the great champion of Romanism with the leader of the "German heresy."

Loyola was released from confinement only on condition that he should abstain from preaching the Gospel until he had completed his theological curriculum. "We should not," said the Vicar-General, "have made so much of what you do if your discourses with the people had savoured rather less of novelty." "Novelty!" replied Ignatius; "I did not understand that for Christians to speak one to another concerning Jesus Christ, was a new thing." From Alcala our missionary proceeded to Salamanca. But he here fared quite as badly as before. Again was he cast into prison, and again released, only on the same hard condition. Unable to brook inactivity in his master's cause, Loyola shook the dust of his native soil from his feet, crossed the Pyrenees in the depth of winter, and arrived at Paris in February 1528.

Ignatius was now 37 years of age. His object in proceeding to the French capital was to prosecute his studies at what was then the most celebrated university in Europe. For three years he applied himself to Latin and Philosophy; in the latter he took an honourable degree. Thereafter he commenced his theological course, at the termination of which, he was permitted to preach. His college life in Paris was one of great privation; he lodged in an hospital, and depended upon the charity of strangers for his daily food. All his property consisted of the few books which he had brought with him from Spain, and a small sum of money which had been given him by a few friends, on his departure from Salamanca. The latter had, for greater security, been committed to the keeping of an acquaintance; but this acquaintance broke the trust reposed in him, and absconded to Rouen, where he was seized with a mortal sickness, and with remorse at his crime. Loyola cared little for his treasure, but very much for the criminal's soul. Hearing of the man's condition, and of his anxiety to receive, ere he died, pardon from him whom he had injured, Ignatius straightway set out for Rouen, and was soon at the culprit's bed-side, ministering to his wants, and assuring him of his complete forgiveness. While engaged in this errand of mercy, Loyola was summoned before the Inquisition on a charge of heresy. On his return to the capital, he underwent his trial, and was acquitted, or at least dismissed.

While in Paris, Ignatius beheld, amid a crowd of thoughtless men, a little band of six individuals whose talents and ambition marked them out from the gay and busy throng around them. An observer of human character, he at once detected and appreciated the several qualifications they possessed, and felt how certainly success would attend that cause upon which such intellectual and moral energies could be enlisted. Full of desire to make them proselytes, he forthwith set himself to the task. His qualifications for its accomplishment are thus commented on by our author:—

"In the company of persons of rank (we are told), Loyola had an insinuating manner which won, and which secured to him their favour and friendship. His equals he led forward in his own track, by a graceful facility and an avoidance of all assumption of superiority, by his unwearied labours for their good, by his patience towards them in their perversities, and by a species of benevolent dissimulation of which he was master, and which he could practise whenever necessary."

That an individual thus eminently adapted for obtaining and exercising an ascendancy over the wills and characters of others, was singularly successful in this respect, will not much surprise us:—

"Multitudes," says Mr. Taylor, "we are assured, had Loyola converted from the paths of sin, and more than a few from the paths of heresy. At the time of which we are speaking, 'the plague of Lutheranism' was rapidly spreading on all sides; but by timely admonition and suitable remonstrances, he had induced many of the infected to present themselves before the Inquisitorial tribunals, and to reconcile themselves to the Catholic Church. His success in these labours had of late been much promoted by the aid he received from several accomplished and devoted young men whom he had attached to himself, and who were willing to act under his direction, and to yield submission to him as their spiritual chief."

These accomplished and devoted young men were Francis Xavier, James Laynez, Alphonso Salmeron, Peter Faber, Simon Rodiguez, and Nicholas Alphonse Bobadilla, of whom the first two were destined to a celebrity hardly inferior to that of the founder of Jesuitism.

"It was, as we are told, in a sepulchral chapel or crypt of the church of Montmartre, rendered illustrious as the scene of the decapitation of St. Dionysius—the Apostle of France—that the disciples, with their master, were assembled. And it was appropriately on the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin that the solemn dedication of themselves to the service of the Saviour took place, and that the favour of Mary, the Queen of Virgins, should thus be claimed as the Protectress of an order which makes profession of angelic purity.

"One of the company, Faber, had taken priest's orders, and from his hands the rest received 'the body of our Lord;' after which, and under the direction of Loyola, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, which in its terms included what was general—namely, a profession of poverty, renunciation of the world, and absolute devotion to the service of God, and the good of souls; and also some special or convertible conditions—namely, to attempt a mission to Palestine, or, should they be frustrated in that design, to throw themselves at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff without reservation, stipulation, or condition of any kind, offering to undertake any service which he, the vicar of Christ, should appoint them to.

"This vow," continues our author, "the rudiment of that by which every 'professed' Jesuit bound himself, was taken by these founders of the society, August 15th, in the year 1534. For completing the academic course of those of the company who had but lately matriculated, a term of nearly three years was allowed, and it was formally agreed that in January, of the year 1537, they should again assemble for the purpose of giving effect

Digitized by Google

to their present intentions in the mode which should then appear the most advisable. During this period of time each engaged, annually, and on the day of the same festival, to renew his solemn oath. Meanwhile, and constantly, each was to adhere to those practices of devotion which Loloya had prescribed, and from which no departure in the smallest particular was to be allowed. On frequent and stated occasions they met, mutually advising each other, and celebrated a sort of love-feast, in imitation of the primitive Agapæ. He himself watched for their souls with incessant care, spending entire days in a cavern at Montmartre, where, subjecting himself to extraordinary austerities, he travailed in spirit for his friends."

In 1535 Ignatius bade a temporary adieu to the members of this holy conclave, some of whom he left at Paris to complete their studies, while he himself set out for Spain. He passed several months in his native province, occupied in deeds of charity; but though residing near, he refused to visit his paternal castle—the scene of his birth and of his conversion—steadily denying the solicitations of his own bosom, and the urgent entreaties of his family. Upon quitting Spain, Loyola proceeded to Venice, where, in 1537, he welcomed the arrival of his missionary band. They had followed him to Venice, as had been agreed upon, intending from that city to embark for the Holy Land. The time fixed for their departure had not, however, yet arrived; and a war then raging between the Venetians and the Turks prevented any anticipation of their original plan, had such been proposed. Thinking it prudent for the welfare, perhaps the very existence of his newly-formed society, to obtain on its behalf the patronage of the supreme Pontiff, Loyola sent forward his companions to Rome upon this mission. He remained behind. What his motive, for so doing, was, is not very certainly known. It is, however, believed, that there existed at this time a coldness between Ignatius and the Pope. If so, Loyola's conduct on the present occasion was prudent. His companions fared well without him. Having obtained their suit—

"The fathers, in three companies, made their way back to Venice in the same plight in which they came, hardly treated and hungry. On rejoining their master, he and those of them who still were laics received priest's orders from the Nuncio there. They, moreover, renewed their solemn engagements towards each other, and afresh dedicated themselves to the service of God, of the church, and of mankind everywhere."

The war with the Turks still continuing, detained the missionaries—now increased to the number of eleven—at Venice, and this period of delay they well employed in the cause of virtue and humanity. They visited hospitals and prisons, and preached with fervid eloquence to the dwellers in that voluptuous city. Thence they removed to Vicenza, whose inhabitants treated their conversation and discourses with marked attention. It was while here that the period formerly fixed upon for their departure for Palestine expired. Still, however, the Turkish war continued, and so prevented their journey, and discomfited their plans. With a calm, indeed an almost joyful countenance, Ignatius announced to his companions the defeat of their long-cherished hopes, and then with a kindling enthusiasm unfolded to them his mightier scheme of evangelising, not Palestine only, but the WORLD. No delay or disappointment could now impede their movements. Driven from one city, they would betake themselves to another. Each soldier of this small band was straightway summoned to his post of active exertion. It having been formally agreed upon that they should now offer their services to the Pope, to be by him employed as his Holiness should see meet, three of their number set out for Rome. Whatever was the reason of our missionary's absence from the former deputation to the supreme Pontiff, that reason seems now no longer to have subsisted, for—

"This time it was Loyola himself, with his chosen colleagues, Faber and Laynez, that undertook the mission to Rome, while the eight were to disperse themselves throughout Northern Italy, and especially to gain a footing, if they could, and to acquire influence at those seats of learning, where the youth of Italy were to be met with; such as Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Sienna, and Vicenza. Surprising effects resulted, it is said, from these labours; but we turn toward the three fathers, Ignatius, Laynez, and Faber, who are now making their way on foot to Rome.

"* * * * As they drew towards the city, and while upon the Sienna road, he (Ignatius) turned aside to a chapel, then in a ruinous condition, and which he entered alone. Here ecstacy became more ecstatic still; and, in a trance, he believed himself very distinctly to see him whom, as Holy Scripture affirms, 'no man hath seen at any time.' By the side of this vision of the Invisible appeared Jesus, bearing a huge cross. The Father presents Ignatius to the Son, who utters the words, 'I will be favourable to you at Rome.'

"Soon after the arrival of the three—Loyola, Faber, and Laynez—at Rome, in the year 1537, they obtained an audience of the Pope, who welcomed their return, and anew gave his sanction to their endeavours. Faber and Laynez received appointments as theological professors in the Gymnasium; while Loyola addressed himself wholly to the care of souls and to the reform of abuses. To several persons of distinction, and to some of the dignitaries of the Church, he administered the discipline of the spiritual exercises—they, for this purpose, withdrawing to solitudes in the neighbourhood of Rome, where they were daily conversed with and instructed by himself. At the same time, he laboured in hospitals, schools, and private houses, to induce repentance and to cherish the languishing piety of those who would listen to him."

In 1538, Ignatius called to Rome those of his companions who had been sojourning in the north of Italy, again unfolding to the assembled band his future plans, and causing each individual member to renew his vows. A formal constitution of themselves into "the Society of Jesus" now took place, and after some hesitation and refusal on the part of Loyola, he was elected its President or General. During the two years which followed this event, the members laboured assiduously at Rome, as teachers of youth, attendants on the sick, and preachers of the Gospel. Their fame in this last capacity reached high. Their skilful logic and impassioned eloquence won for them signal triumphs among the learned as well as the uneducated who flocked to hear them; nor were their charitable labours less fruitful of results. During the second year of their residence at Rome, the city was visited by a severe famine, and an unusually inclement winter. Want, and the rigour of the weather combined, produced starvation and disease. The streets were crowded with the dead or dying, and, as he paced these scenes of woe, the ears of the passenger were assailed with the groans of anguish or the imprecations of despair Amid this mass of physical and moral misery, the Jesuits toiled incessantly, and by their assiduous attention to the sick, restored to health many who woul. else have died; while to those whose case was beyond human skill, they administered the words of heavenly consolation. By this fearless intercourse with infection, the missionaries won the respect of those whom they had not directly benefited; while they kindled in the breasts of those whom they had, feelings of

Digitized by Google

ardent devotion and love. When this visitation passed by, their fame was at its height, and they judiciously seized this auspicious moment for pressing their suit upon the Pope. After some hesitation, that suit was granted, and the Society of Jesus formally constituted by the memorable Bull of 3d October, 1540.

The next step to be taken in the organization of this body, and the one which, as Mr. Taylor pointedly observes, "should render Jesuitism, *Jesuitism* indeed," was the appointment of a president. Ignatius Loyola was undoubtedly the man whom such an honour befitted most. He must, we think, have known this well himself, and it savours somewhat of affectation in his character to know that he first refused to stand as a candidate for the office, alleging, as a reason for this, the plea of unworthiness; and next, when the solicitations of his friends overcame this scruple, he exhibited consternation and dismay at the result of the ballot in his favour:—

"The installation of the General," says our author, "was carried forward in a course of services held in the seven principal Churches of Rome, and with extraordinary solemnity in the Church of St. Paul, without the city, April 23d, 1541. On this occasion the vows of perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, were renewed before the altar of the Virgin, when Loyola administered the communion to his brethren, they having vowed absolute obedience to him and so he to the Pope."

Loyola's administration was authoritative and sagacious, and its success, as we might hence conjecture, most eminent. For fifteen years he regulated the vast and complex machinery of Jesuitism with admirable power, precision, and effect, and at the close of this period bequeathed to his successor Laynez, the governance of this terrible engine. The effects which, under Loyola's guidance, it had wrought, were immense, and for the support of Romanism altogether incalculable. It had opportunely raised a broad and well-built barrier against the attacks of Protestantism; welded together the spiritual and secular affairs of life in a manner which most materially strengthened the influence of the Vatican in the councils of European sovereigns, and modelled and marshalled out under the ensign of the cross, a band of professed adherents to its faith, whose virtues and learning commanded the respect of the pious and enlightened. After having lived to see these grand results of his persevering exertion and self discipline—and which in importance and extent far outstripped the dreams of his early ambition—Loyola was called away from the scene of his labours to the tribunal of his Judge. This event took place at Rome on the 31st of July, 1556, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Around his bed, on that fatal morning, were assembled a few of his devoted followers, who could scarcely refrain from tears as they gazed in silent adoration on their dying general. With a calm and assured countenance, over which suffering and hope were contending for the mastery, Ignatius lay insensible to the world around him, and in close communion with his God. The chill of death gradually spread over his noble countenance, and with the name of Jesus still upon his lips, the spirit of Loyola entered the world unseen.

To estimate correctly the character of Ignatius Loyola, is no easy matter; for, to attain to this, we have not merely to examine with suspicious attention the conflicting narratives of Loyola's biographers, and to strip these of that thick drapery of sentimental pietism and miraculous influence with which Jesuitical historians have so enveloped the memory of their idolised founder, but we have, as Protestants, a still more difficult task to perform; we have to put from us the prejudice of education, the wholesomeness of which, so far at least as regards the doctrines and practices of the Jesuitical body, experience has only tended to confirm; we have to separate in our minds the founder of the society from the society itself, and to believe that the originator of a system which has since turned out one of error, of ignorance, and of superstition, might yet be a sincere, a benevolent, and a Christian man. It is in such a spirit of candour that our author has discussed this inquiry; and the result at which he arrives is, on the whole, favourable to Loyola. His great defect—certainly a very great one—was want of independence as a thinker. When roused by the voice of conscience from the torpor of casual indifference, and made to believe man's accountability to his Creator, he lost not a moment in making preparation, after his own fashion, for a coming eternity. But his fashion, unlike Luther's, was that of adopting, without examination of its correctness, the path marked out to him by others. From the moment of his conversion to that of his death, he was completely subject to the authority of the Church, the orthodoxy of whose doctrines he never dreamt of calling in question. This want of moral vigour was perhaps rather accidental than constitutional. Loyola's youth and early manhood had been passed away in pursuits whose direct tendency was to weaken the force of the reasoning faculty, and consequently his confidence in its power. Neither the gay pastimes of a court, nor yet the sterner duties of the camp, are adapted for making one a serious or successful inquirer. A severer process of mental training is required for this; and through such a process Loyola never passed. Driven to seek peace for a troubled conscience, while yet a novice in the truths and promises of the Bible, he willingly, and without hesitation or inquiry, adopted the faith of his fathers, as a sure means of securing to him this envied blessing. Never did the Romish Church possess a more grateful or faithful servant. In him was realised St. Paul's accomplishment of being all things to all men. Amid all the scenes in which he mingled—and these were not less numerous than diversified in character—he ever kept these two objects in view, the salvation of the souls of men, and the advancement of the Catholic religion. His voluntary penances, while they excite our pity, demand also our respect, inasmuch as they, together with his active benevolence and missionary enterprise, bear conclusive evidence to the sincerity of his motives. An unsound reasoner and a timid thinker he was, but a hypocrite he was not; and, while professing a faith whose absurdities, both of doctrine and ceremony, are patent to every ordinary capacity, the founder of the Jesuits claims from us that admiration which will ever be conferred on the man of sincere principle and stern purpose, who, at a great personal sacrifice, devotes his energies to the service of his fellow-creatures.

The canonical writings of "the society" are four in number, viz.: the Spiritual Exercises, the Letter on Obedience, the Constitutions, and the Directorium. In these are contained, developed, and explained, the theory of Jesuitism, the duties of the members of

Digitized by Google

"the company,' and the course of training through which all must pass who would aspire to the honour of being such. Of these four works, the Spiritual Exercises rank first, both in point of time and authority. They were composed by Loyola shortly after his conversion, and are repeatedly referred to in the Constitutions and the Directory as the great standard of Jesuitical theology. The aim of the Exercises is to unfold a method by which the conversion of the impenitent is to be effected, and the author of the work, claims for it a merit sufficiently imposing. The certainty of its cure is only equalled by its celerity. Within the short period of twenty-eight or thirty days the Spiritual Exercises promises without fail to convert a sinner into a saint, subject only to the condition that the study of this work be commenced and continued under the guidance of a competent teacher, to whose direction the student is unqualifiedly to abandon himself. In this proviso, as Mr. Taylor well observes, is contained the whole efficacy of the remedial process. To solitude, as complete as that which dungeon walls and doors impose upon the criminal, is the student of the Exercises at once subjected by his instructor. He is at once cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-creatures, and sees no one save only his spiritual guide, or, it may be, on a chance occasion, a male cook or bed-maker vanishing from his apartment.

The Spiritual Exercises are divided into four portions, corresponding to the four-fold division of time which is assigned for their perusal—embracing, in ordinary cases, the period of one lunar month. A deviation from this rule is, however, occasionally permitted. Very stupid or inattentive readers require a longer course of application, extending to 30, or even 35 days; while the man of business who cannot spare a month from his ordinary avocations is to be made a saint in a fortnight, or, if necessary, in four days less. The great point to be observed is, that the gross period devoted to the Exercises, whether it be strictly a month or not, is to be divided into four parts, each of which, though more or less than seven days, are to be called a week, and strictly devoted to the task allotted thereto. During the first week the student is to review his past life, for the purpose of becoming aware of the depravity of his nature. He is to detect his shortcomings from duty, and his actual transgressions. These he is to spread out in array before him three times a-day, and every evening, ere he retires to rest, is to notify the progress he has made in overcoming a besetting sin. Its malignity or frequency is, at the beginning of the work, to be represented by a given number of points upon a line, which, one by one, are to be erased, as its commission becomes less frequent, until the bad mark and the evil passion disappear together.

By this process, its author affirms, "sin *is* to be abandoned, hated, loathed. The Exercises of the second week are to bring things forward to their second stage." Having now been made to abhor sin, the penitent is next to be brought to love holiness. The past being abandoned, the future is to be provided for. To effect this, the student's thoughts are to be employed in realising the idea of the world in which he lives, as the theatre of conflict between "two potentates," the Prince of Peace and the Prince of Darkness. By aid of his imagination, the inquirer is to picture out to himself the human race diversified by varying manners, complexions, pursuits, and accidental circumstances, and the Supreme Being, as the Holy Trinity, looking upon this vast scene of vanity, evil passion, and suffering; and, touched with a feeling of compassion at the sight, sending his Son into the world to redeem its woe-stricken inhabitants. The incidents connected with our Saviour's birth are to form a subject of minute study; the inquirer's mental eye is to be directed with keen scrutiny to the "cottage of the blessed Virgin, situated in Nazareth, in the province of Galilee." By such a system of mental landscape painting, the theory of religion is to be unfolded to the mind's eye of the student; thus are the beauties of religion to be appreciated, and its adaptation for human necessities to be realised; and by thus associating with the divine nature and mission of Christ the vulgar accidents of his parentage, birth, and condition as a man, is the inquirer to familiarise himself with the person, and identify himself with the cause of his Redeemer.

"The materials of meditation for the third week," says our author, "are drawn from the incidents of the Passion; and in following these incidents, the same care as before is taken to engage the sensuous faculty, by fixing upon the mind an image of the way 'as rough or smooth, short or long,' and of the place of the Supper, 'as wide or narrow, plain or adorned,' and the like, the way descending first, and of steep ascent; also the garden, which must be imagined of a certain size, shape, and nature."

With the third week terminates what of self-humiliation and sadness there is in the study of the Exercises. For the remainder of the month their effects are those of joy and gladness. During the fourth and last portion of the month, our Saviour's resurrection—the evidence of his accomplished mission and finished work—is to form the theme of contemplation, and excite in the student's bosom a glow of rapture. Upon this hope-inspiring event, his fancy is to be allowed to dwell as often and as long as imagination can sustain so lofty a subject, and not sink overpowered by emotions so ecstatic.

Such is a sketch of the Spiritual Exercises—that infallible medicine for the cure of sin. From the outline given, little else can be gathered beyond this, that the soul-renovating process which they prescribe, partakes largely of a mechanical and sensuous character. A more minute acquaintance with the work will not tend to alter this opinion. To prescribe for all souls the same course of treatment is absurd; and not less so is it to guarantee the renovation of a man's moral nature within a definite number of days. The effect of means upon the human soul, however well-suited for their purpose these may seem, are inappreciable by human wisdom. But the Exercises do not even seem to belong to this class of well-suited means. Can it be supposed that the faculty of portraying Gospel scenes is synonymous with that of believing Gospel truth; or that the practice of the former, however successfully attained to, can beget such saving belief? Surely not. Yet this was Loyola's plan, and it was one—the fact cannot be disputed—which, if it did not produce the desired effect, was followed by it. The character of thousands was changed, if not by, at least after, a perusal of the Spiritual Exercises. The thoughtless man became a serious one; and he who but lately scoffed at Christianity, and made a jest of

Digitized by Google

her holiest mysteries, was soon seen submitting himself to her commands, and joyfully bearing the reproach of being one of her disciples. The explanation of this result, at first sight so surprising, is given by Mr. Taylor. He says:—

"The month's work in the cell, together with the daily visits and instructions of the director, have had their effect; and, in truth, if among those whose trembling foot touches the threshold of a retreat there have been some (there may have been many such) whose minds were already quickened by pungent religious motives, whose consciences were in a sensitive condition, and whose intentions were sincere; then, indeed, *this* method, or almost any other in its stead, could not but take its effect, and would *set* the mind and dispositions in some form of fervid devotion. * * * * Among those who in a course of time have submitted themselves to this training, the larger number, and certainly the larger proportion of those upon whom it has produced any lasting effect, have entered upon it with no indistinct forethought of what would be—of what they wished to be—the next procedure, namely, their entrance upon the probationary course of a noviciate; and then, in due order, their taking the vows, their abjuration of everything earthly, and the commencement of a course of life awful in the view of those who are regarding it in perspective, and from a distance. The Spiritual Exercises open this path to the conscious victim; and they take hold of a spirit already awe-stricken and tormented with that indecision which precedes an act which is far more terrible than would be that of a suicide. * * * * * The Spiritual Exercises of Loyola would prove themselves to be nothing better than what they intrinsically are—a rapid insanity, if separated from those things which impart to them a terrible energy."

Of the Letter on Obedience little need be said. It is addressed to the Members of the Order in Portugal, and was written by Loyola three years before his death, explaining the nature and enforcing the duty of obedience. Both are sufficiently comprehensive. The term implies an unqualified submission and assent of the will to the commands or dicta of a superior; thus including, not merely the performance of commanded acts, but also acquiescence in the truthfulness of promulgated doctrines or propositions. A man may obey a despot's behests without doing violence to his own moral or intellectual being; but not so he who assents to—for it cannot be called believes—propositions *because* uttered by a certain fellow-creature. The mind recoils with disgust against such self-imposed slavery. No one can compel another to believe contrary to reason; and he who agrees to *say* that he so believes is a traitor to truth. Were the Church to declare that black is white, white it must be held to be, against all evidence to the contrary—when one examines the doctrine of obedience by such a dictum as this, it savours more of folly than of falsehood to accede to it. It is rather the meaning of a word, as it seems, than the quality of an object which is said to be changed. But it is not so really; and this more readily appears in the enunciation of those less palpably false propositions regarding morals and theology, which, from time to time, have been sanctioned by the authority of the Jesuit fathers. In the letter alluded to, the duty of obedience is enforced by an appeal to Scriptural texts. The writer either did not see, or would not attend to the distinction drawn by the Bible between truths which are above reason and those which are discoverable by it. The reception of the former, as coming from Infinite Wisdom, is enjoined upon finite intellects without reasoning; that of the latter never is, until their truthfulness has been approved of by reasoning.

"The one drift of the Constitutions is the selection and careful discipline of those who are to be the agents of the society." The work is divided into two parts—each of these treats at length and prescribes certain regulations concerning the admission of members into the order, and their after education, conduct, and pursuits. The society is composed of four distinct classes—the Novices, the Scholars, the Teachers, and the Fathers, or professed members. The Novices are those who are applicants for admission—their course of probationary trial is tedious and severe. On first presenting himself, the candidate is remitted for a preliminary examination to a select committee, who report generally upon his appearance and apparent abilities. If these are deemed, on the whole, satisfactory, he is passed; if otherwise, he is rejected, and, unless there are certain specialities in his case, denied another trial. This examination over, the Novice is entered into "the House of Primary Probation." Here a severer scrutiny awaits him—he is particularly questioned regarding his parents' extraction, their callings or professions, the principal events in his own history, his habits, pursuits, and religious opinions. The health of his body is examined by medical inspection, and the extent of his present possessions or pecuniary prospects ascertained. If possessed of wealth, he is now made to gift it away to the society. If poor, and his poverty be not compensated for by talent, he is dismissed as altogether unsuited for benefiting his fellow-creatures; which really means for advancing the interests of the order. Should circumstances speak favourably for him, he is advanced to the grade of a senior Novice, after having come under a solemn obligation to abandon his own judgment in every matter, and be guided entirely by the authority of his superior. A system of espionage is established over him—his actions are closely watched and reported, and his letters, as well those which he receives as those he writes, are opened and read. During his novitiate he has to undertake and competently perform six separate duties, extending over a period of half-a-year. The first month is spent in self-examination, and a study of the Spiritual Exercises. The second month he is engaged in an hospital attending the diseased and dying. During the third month he follows, as a profession, the calling of a beggar—stripping himself of his decent and comfortable clothes, he assumes the attire and cringing mien of a mendicant, and begs his food from door to door. If he survive this precarious mode of life, he next undertakes the duties of servant in a gentleman's family. From the rank of a scullion, he is next promoted to that of a schoolmaster; and, after his powers of conveying instruction to boys and ignorant men have been practised for a month, he is advanced to the higher grade of preacher or confessor.

Upon the successful termination of his novitiate, the candidate is enrolled as a scholar in one of the universities of the order. Should he pass through his curriculum with credit, he is advanced to the rank of an approved scholar, and, finally, to that of a coadjutor or teacher; whence, should success still attend him in his trials, he is promoted to the highest class of all, that, viz., of the Fathers or full members. As one of this envied number, he comes under the oath characteristic of the society—"complete and unqualified obedience to the Pope's commands."

Digitized by Google

Ere so long, numerous, and severe examinations could be passed through by any one, it will be apparent that he must have possessed a goodly share both of physical and intellectual gifts. Nor is it less evident that, of whatever natural intelligence, and of how inquiring soever a disposition the candidate was originally possessed, he must have been reduced to a sad state of mental slavishness ere he reached the proud post of complete membership. In requiring such a state of probation to be passed through by every candidate, the society invested itself with the power of fashioning each man according to its own model, or else of rejecting him altogether. Unquestionably, by so doing, it restrained the *mental* development of its own order by thus dwarfing that of those who composed it. But thus, also, did it impart a vigour and an unity of action to its own movements not otherwise attainable, and consolidate into one mass the else scattered elements of power which it possessed. Freedom of thought was sacrificed for energy of action. "The Society" was not a body of philosophers, but a band of propagandists. The system of mental espionage was probably carried to greater perfection by the Jesuits than by any other community. The General of the order knew—or at least could know—the thoughts and most secret sins of every one of his followers. The Confessional Box and the tortures of the Inquisition alike ministered to his knowledge. Mutual distrust and jealousy were the natural fruits of such a system. The confidence of friendship was destroyed. Each man looked on his neighbour as a spy, and practised upon him the same arts as he knew were employed against himself. The tenderest ties of life were not proof against this accursed practice of inspection and disclosure. The lisping infant was made to reveal the secrets of home, and thus become the unconscious destroyer of a mother's happiness. To this purpose was the love of kindred, in the case of those without the society, made subservient. The members of the order, themselves, were allowed to cherish no such feelings. One great object of the long novitiate imposed was to break asunder the cords of natural affection, to withdraw entirely the son or brother from the influence of his parents or sisters, and not merely subject him entirely and without reserve to the society's will, but also to deaden his heart to the sympathies of human friendship or love.

The Directorium comprises a series of instructions to the teachers of the uninitiated. Of this work our author says nothing beyond indicating its purport. His examination of "Jesuitism in its Rudiments" terminates with that of the Constitutions; but, before concluding the volume, he devotes a chapter to the Purport of the Jesuit Institute, and another to Pascal and the "Provincial Letters."

What the avowed, and what the real purport of Jesuitism is, are questions which Mr. Taylor answers differently. To the former he replies, "The *spiritual* good of men, and the glory of God, and these alone, are the ends and purposes of the Institute. These purposes are professed in terms which might exclude all suspicion of sinister or fraudulent intention." But these are professions merely; and this, as Mr. Taylor well remarks, is proved, not merely by the events of history, but also by the discipline which the Society imposes upon its members. The vows of poverty and celibacy which it exacts, and the abjuration of conscience and reason which it requires of its disciples, prove incontestibly that the order of Jesus aims at something more than that of being the spiritual teachers of mankind. The Society's ambition really is to be the world's rulers, and this dominion it strives to attain, not by employing those vulgar elements of power which kings or conquerors use to protect or extend their territories, but such as, in their working and effects, are far more insidious and sure. Men are to be governed, not by physical force, neither by motives of love or fear, but by virtue of their inability to govern themselves. They are to be deprived, as far as may be, of that which gives them superiority over the beasts that perish; and thus deprived of power to reason, they are to be deprived of power to resist. Well may it be asked, what motive could prompt a design so devilish as this; or how can Loyola, the founder of such a system, be entitled to any share of praise? Mr. Taylor's answer to the first question is, "that the motive was a love of POWER." No other explanation seems devisable. To the second question we answer that, although the founder of the Society, Loyola is not therefore necessarily chargeable, in a moral point of view, with the grosser and later abuses of Jesuitism. No doubt he commenced the system which has since proved so pernicious, thus sowing the seed which has produced the noxious fruit; yet, as his conduct and that of his companions was such as to render honesty of heart and purpose, on their part, at least, quite supposable, not to say presumeable, we are only judging charitably in giving the founders of the order the benefit of that supposition, and by concluding, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that their motives were good. Giving them credit for sincerity, we deprive them of all claim to the title of philosophic, or far-seeing men. They did not examine the position from which they started, but, taking for granted its soundness, they, in becoming members of the Society of Jesus, only became *more Roman Catholic* than their neighbours. This idea has suggested Mr. Taylor's concluding chapter, in which he speaks of the Provincial Letters. Strange, indeed, it is, that a man so gifted and devout as Pascal, should have failed to perceive that, in lashing, as he unsparingly does, the Jesuits of his day, he was inflicting stripes upon the backs of the early "Reverend Fathers" themselves, as well as upon his own. The author of the Provincial Letters was an acute, but not a profound reasoner, or a bold thinker. His conclusions were deduced from very limited premises. He skimmed the surface of his subject without diving into it, else he could not have but discovered that, if that which swam upon the surface was noisome and disgusting, it was but matter exhaled from the stream beneath.

In the composition of the present work, Mr. Taylor has displayed considerable erudition and research. Its style is fertile and expressive, and we can confidently recommend the volume, both from the candid spirit in which it is written, and from the instruction and philosophy which it contains, to the attention of our readers. Its perusal will, in a most agreeable manner, introduce them to the acquaintance of Ignatius Loyola, and give them a clearer insight into his character and that of the society he founded, than can at present be obtained from any other quarter.

Digitized by Google

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer omits the taxes on knowledge from his annual statement. The members of the press have only themselves to thank for this omission. They have made few and faint efforts to reduce or remove these taxes, and they have been hitherto unsuccessful. The most influential members of the press are hostile or indifferent to the movement. Taxation gives a monopoly to capital, and capitalists engaged in business do not always seek deliverance from this monopoly in their favour. The reduction of taxes should be made in the way most likely to increase employment; after all absolutely improper taxes have been removed. We seek the abolition of the taxes on knowledge, on these two grounds: first, that they are essentially improper; and, second, that their repeal would create more employment than the abolition of any other set of duties. They consist of the duty on paper, 1½d. per lb., the stamp on newspapers, 1d. per sheet, and the tax on advertisements, 1s. 6d. on each. These taxes have been modified at various dates. They stood before the last change at 3d. per lb. on paper, 4½d. for the newspaper stamp per sheet, with a discount of 25 per cent., and 3s. 6d. on each advertisement. We may mention that 25 per cent. is discounted from the payment of penny news stamps in Ireland, if the purchase be to the value of ten pounds or upwards, and in that country a a tax of only one shilling is imposed on each advertisement. These taxes do not form the only obstacles in the way of promulgating knowledge through the press. Other, and equally grievous burdens are imposed on journalists, without even the paltry excuse of raising revenue. The proprietor of a newspaper must give two securities for the regular payment of the duties on advertisements, and against seditious libels. These securities must be certified by two referees to be persons worth five hundred pounds each. The proprietor of a newspaper has, therefore, first to catch his securities; and next, to procure from them the names of referees. The two processes are both of a delicate nature, and the last is particularly unpleasant. After two friends have been persuaded to oblige the proposed and unfortunate proprietor, he has next to ask them for referees of their capability to pay *five hundred pounds* each. When these referees have certified, the guarded securities are practically useless, because if the proprietor of a newspaper falls into an arrear of payments for advertisement duty, his supply of stamps, which must be paid by cash in advance, is stopped; and the money can be secured by a summary exchequer process from his material—a process that sets aside all other claims—breaks through sequestrations, and is in every point of view preferable.

The security against libel is still more absurd, if possible. In common law, no man is bound over to keep the peace who has not manifested a disposition to commit a breach of decorum. By the fundamental principles of British law, all men are deemed innocent until they be proved guilty. These two excellent rules are violated in the case of any man from the moment that he proposes to publish a newspaper. He is then immediately treated by the law as a rogue and vagabond. He is ordered to give security that he will not commit crime. He may be the most peaceable, well-disposed, loyal subject of her Majesty under her rule. The fact helps him not. Even the Duke of Wellington could not escape the ruthless suspicion directed against all men who propose to publish and sell intelligence. Only let the hero of Waterloo buy a weekly newspaper—not in London even, but in some such obscure town as Ballina, or Ballibay, and by that act he becomes a suspected person, who must give respectable security in £1,000, for some paltry payments, which the Stamp Office can enforce by the most summary diligence, and for his good behaviour.

We could write sedition on this sheet, and publish it to the world. For that crime we should be amenable in the usual way; but we give no security in this instance for the character or the matter which we write and publish. Yet if the same manuscript were published in a stamped newspaper, it would be done under the securities we have specified; and although we may promulgate our opinions here, without previously giving security for their character, yet our friends of the stamped press can only quote them, if they should be tempted to take that course, under security.

We may be told that this security is formal, and never leads to any trouble, but we are not confident in the truth of this statement. If the security be formal only in one respect, it must be burdensome in another, as it puts a tradesman under obligations which may be inconvenient; for the Stamp Office, we believe, will not take a deposit of money; and if they would, then the arrangement, like the French caution-money, would increase unnecessarily the capital requisite in the business.

The taxes on knowledge entirely prevent the publication of cheap newspapers. The recent efforts made to reduce their price in many English and in several Scotch towns have been generally unsuccessful, although supported in several quarters by the application of great talent and capital. The causes of this failure may be easily explained. A penny stamp should only add one penny to the price of a newspaper; but it takes it out of the range of price which would secure a large sale, and brings it within another range of price which many readers refuse to pay. The law, with considerable perverseness, renders the sale of these high-priced papers by the hour, or by time, illegal. The practice is very common in many parts of the country; but the Government can punish the dealers, and we suppose that they must punish them, if an informer should bring a case into court. The law first makes newspapers dear, and then renders their circulation at a coin per hour, or two hours, as the arrangement may run, entirely illegal.

Books are lent from circulating libraries by the hour or by the day, as a regular and very extensive traffic. All other commodities may be lent out, for money in the same manner. A man may lend his house, his furniture, his horse or his ass, at any price he can obtain, but he must not lend his newspaper.

Digitized by Google

We cannot imagine any other reason for this old law, rendered obsolete by practice in many cases, except the determination to check the spread of political knowledge. The progress of unstamped publications has now rendered the law useless even for this purpose. Political information will be circulated by "Working men's friends," by "Latter-Day pamphlets," by "Fly-sheets," and similar vehicles, often useful, and sometimes prejudicial; but the effort to prevent its circulation must recoil on those who make it, to their own ultimate prejudice.

The *Times* newspaper has published a statement of its contributions to the revenue under the present system of taxation, but it is imperfect, because it does not give any return of the business done, or any statement of the per centage that the tax bears upon that business. The *Times* defends the taxes on knowledge from an erroneous opinion that its power in the press is supported by them. The same feeling prevails in the offices of many well-established journals, and its existence weakens the movement for the repeal of taxes that never should have been imposed. This opinion springs from a low estimate of the means at the disposal of old papers for supporting their position. They may sink under competition if their interests are neglected; but, so long as they are conducted with energy and talent—for honesty in many cases seems quite dispensable—they will maintain their place, and enlarge their profits as they extend their field of sales and of advertising.

The accounts of provincial journals will more clearly exhibit the repressive tendency of the taxes on knowledge, than any statement of the gross duties paid by the *Times*. A provincial journal in prosperous circumstances may be assumed to have a circulation of 2,500 copies weekly, and an average of 80 advertisements; while its sheet will probably weigh 72 lbs. per ream of 500.

We assume the case of a weekly paper in a considerable English town; not a first-class provincial journal, but one that will yield profit to its proprietors. The price of paper varies with its quality, and if the description in use be equal to that of many provincial journals, the cost will probably be 7½d. per lb.; the quantity used for each impression of the number specified is five reams, and the entire weight of paper on the preceding estimate is 360 lbs., on which the duty is 1½d. per lb., or—

On the impression, . .	£2	5	0
The stamp used, at 1d. each, will cost, for 2,500 . . .	10	8	4
The duty on 80 advertisements, the average which we have assumed at 1s. 6d. each, is, . .	6	0	0
Giving nett taxation on the weeks' business of . .	£18	13	4

The next point is to ascertain the probable amount of the proceeds; and in doing so, we reckon, that although the paper is sold at 4½d. per copy; for all the numbers delivered to retailers, the publisher will only be paid 3½d. each, and while the country newspaper proprietors, unlike those of London generally, supply subscribers direct from their office, conjoining thus the different trades of newspaper publisher and newsagent, yet, as it is likely that the retail part of the business does little more than sustain itself, we assume the entire yield of the 4½d. paper at 3½d., and as paid for in cash. In all offices the number printed is not invariably sold, while free copies and exchange copies are unpaid. Out of 2,500 copies printed, careful management alone will produce payment for 195 dozen, or 2,340 copies.

Advertisements are of all prices and sizes; but in the case we are supposing, 6s. may be assumed as the average yield, exclusive of bad debts, and inclusive of duty. The proceeds of the weekly business will therefore be,

For 195 dozen copies, at 3s. 6d.,	£234	2	6
For 80 advertisements, at 6s. ...	24	0	0
	£258	2	6
Less taxation, as above.....	18	13	4
Balance to the Proprietor.....	£239	9	2

The duties form thus nearly *one-third*, and in reality 32 1-6th per cent. on the gross receipts—an exorbitant taxation, when applied to an article of home industry. Many other articles are taxed equally high, and some productions pay a higher duty; because the Government wisely checks their consumption, and public opinion harmonises with their measures for that purpose. But newspapers have become necessaries of education and existence to so great an extent that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might take one-third from school and collegiate fees, without doing a more inconsistent act than in taking the thirds from newspaper proprietors, and the tax is a third in nearly all cases.

The Government of any country is bound to afford facilities to the newspaper press; because the people have no other means of ascertaining the provisions of those laws which they are expected to obey, and are liable to punishment for disobeying. Official announcements are published in the *Gazettes*; and they might remain in manuscript, without detracting in the slightest degree from their publicity, if the unofficial journals did not republish them. The *Gazettes* are never read, except by persons engaged in newspaper offices, and individuals interested in a special announcement, who must preserve copies in reference to any particular department of business. The Legislature has thus no authorised channel of communication with the constituencies. The press supplies the deficiency, but it is unauthorised and taxed. Even the reports of Parliamentary proceedings are stolen matter according to law. The standing injunctions of both Houses are broken for the convenience of the members daily and nightly. Their proceedings towards the press are barbarous and inconsistent, for they erect galleries and afford accomodation to the reporters in trampling under pencil, type, and steam-press, their own regulations. The Peers were recently engaged in solemn deliberation on the accoustic inconveniencies of their Reporters' Gallery, and the impossibility of human beings, placed there, hearing correctly, or doing more than merely guessing the meaning of the various speakers. The architect had erected the gallery with the view of carrying out, not the wishes, but the law, of their Lordships' House. A more ridiculous position of matters can hardly be imagined; but it exists, and

Digitized by Google

the members of both Houses expect correct reports of their speeches in the morning papers, according to breach of privilege. It is a reasonable inference, that a Government, desirous of respect to their laws, should aid their promulgation; and it is a fact that a tax of one-third obstructs that object which the Government should advance.

Many parties believe, indeed, that the penny stamp is a fair compromise for the free transmission by post conceded to the stamped press; but why should readers be compelled to pay postage who do not use the post-office? Many publications have stamped and unstamped editions, and all newspapers should have that facility. The public cannot carry newspapers by their conveyance for nothing; but the publishers of journals should not be obliged to pay for work which they do not require.

A large proportion of newspapers published are not forwarded by post. On looking over some copies of journals for which we pay, it appears that not one in four comes to us by post; yet the Government reasonably demand payment for those that they carry, and most unreasonably expect remuneration for those that they do not touch. At some commercial public tables, a similar rule of life in dining was once adopted, and is still continued in a few instances. The waiter put wine on the table, and charged all who sat there indiscriminately for value received, in hock, port, or sherry. The guests might indulge only in pale ale; or they might adopt the Rechabites' practice, and eschew wines altogether, but the bill came to the same conclusion. A moderate man might use a pint of wine, and an immoderate neighbour could put two or three bottles under his belt, but the conscientious waiter struck an average.

A friend of ours was lately put down by a stage coach at the door of the head inn—the premier hostelry—the hotel of a respectable country town in the far north, where old manners linger longest. He remained in the town for eighteen hours, passed five of them out of doors, thirteen in the inn, and of the thirteen eight were slept away in bed. Five remained, the greater part of which he declares were passed in most industrious letter writing. He dined, and left the room immediately to catch the party whom he travelled there to meet. He supped like a cynic, breakfasted in haste, and paid a very large bill, not greatly removed from the proportions of Falstaff's tavern scores, as described by Shakspeare—a perfectly bacchanalian and classic bill, although he had scarcely looked on the "ruby red wine," but that look cost him dear. He had dined at the commercial table, and it was the custom of the house.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is officially more unreasonable than the northern innkeeper. The bales of stamped newspapers thrown out of railway trains daily, on all the great lines, never see the post-office. The trade cannot afford to wait on the laggard ways of her Majesty's mail. Letters may wait on the mail, but newspapers would be out of date, if they travelled no faster than that conveyance; but still they pay because it is *the custom of the country*. Some parties allege that the papers are read and posted again, or even re-posted for the convenience of parties in country places, and thus value is dragged out of the post-office for the money absorbed by the Stamp-office. They forget that the rural readers, whose cause they plead, would get newspapers even after the post-office managed its own business, and received the earnings of its own labours: with this difference, that the papers which they received under a change of system would really be new and not old—clean, and not soiled. A penny stamp should carry a newspaper of a single sheet, and, if it were considered inadequate, a twopenny stamp would not increase the cost to parties who take them direct through the post-office,—for the abolition of the stamp duty will probably reduce the cost of newspapers by more than its amount, and the repeal of all the taxes on knowledge would certainly produce that result.

The penny stamp prohibits penny newspapers; but penny and twopenny daily newspapers would, on the removal of the red mark from the corners of the public journals, be common in all provincial towns, enjoy a larger circulation, and afford in their department great additional accommodation to the public. But penny or even twopenny newspapers are at present physical impossibilities. They cannot exist for a penny, unless they were supported by the profits of advertising alone; and that is prevented by the tax on advertisements. A similar remark applies to twopenny newspapers, which means journals at the prime cost of paper and stamps. We know that paper for many common journals costs less than a penny per sheet. The paper for the *Globe* may, probably, cost ⅝d.; that for the *Dublin Evening Mail*, for the Glasgow *Daily Mail*, and a host of other journals, will cost a similar sum; but to repay the cost with the profits of advertisements would require either a high price for insertions, or so large a number at a low price, as either would destroy their character of newspapers, or compel that increase of their size which would bring the price to one penny. A selling price of threepence for a newspaper is, therefore, practically, the prime cost of such journals as we have named for stamps and paper, because retailers generally have one penny from each copy of a newspaper; and so far as their publishers and proprietors fulfil the functions of retailers, they are entitled to seek, and they will, undoubtedly, require their profits to meet the bad debts and outlay in that department of their business.

Paper and stamps form only a small part of the outlay in a newspaper. Compositors' wages are a considerable, although a varying, item. One sheet may be filled with type at two-thirds, or even one-half of the money expended on another; and yet the ordinary reader may not recognise a large difference.

We have named an English, an Irish, and a Scotch newspaper—all tolerably well known in the respective countries; and either of them, with the contingent expenses, in addition to wages, but strictly appertaining to printing, may cost £8, onwards to £12, or even £14 daily, dependent on the types employed, and the period of the day or night, when, to be newspapers, the matter is composed. The London and the Dublin papers named being evening journals, will be economically set in point of time.

The smallest sum infers a sale of 1920 sheets at one penny to cover that department; the second sum requires, at the same rate, a sale of 2880 sheets; and the largest figure, a circulation of 3360 sheets; and this calculation makes the original cost of these papers,

Digitized by Google

to their proprietors, 4d., with the risk that they may not have the extent of sales mentioned, and the hope that they may increase their circulation above the figures named.

The next department is the cost of literature, reporting, obtaining information, and business management. This item is very large in some establishments, and remarkably small in others. A good newspaper cannot, however, be maintained on the small scale. Newspapers already established may maintain their position without much outlay in this particular, but their readers must be contented with a journal that discharges only half its functions, and gives them intelligence a day behind time. *Saunders' News Letter*, in Dublin, is, or should be, the cheapest conducted daily newspaper, under this department, in the world —being a judicious selection from other journals. And it would be difficult to name the most expensive; for several of the London daily papers, in all the literary departments, approach the outlay of the *Times*, and in several exceed its expenditure. The *Daily News*, at one period, had a more expensive editorial establishment; and the *Morning Chronicle* must recently have paid a large sum for its able and useful papers on the state of the labouring and working classes of England; while a large capital has been expended for the *Morning Herald*; and the *Morning Post* has a peculiar department which may cost a considerable outlay. The *Morning Advertiser* is, perhaps, the cheapest done of the London daily journals, as it depends on an efficient circulation, secured by its peculiar circumstances.

The literary, reporting, and business expenditure of a newspaper must entirely depend upon the exertions made in its general management, and not upon any scale open to public inquiry. The leaders of the *Times*, for a single morning, often cost a large sum; and while we may have newspapers, yet we cannot have efficient journals, unless in very extraordinary circumstances, without a liberal expenditure under this head.

We have gone into these statements to show that the penny stamp must destroy cheap journals. It binds up the stamped press to present prices. If they reduce their cost, and trust to advertising, they sink on Scylla on the one hand; and if they maintain their price, they are whirled round in a perfect Charybdis of coffee-houses, taverns, and reading rooms, on the other; so that, do what they may, in the emphatic words of Lord Stanley, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the dragon of taxation, has an eye ever open, and a claw ever stretched, to clutch their means, from whatever source they arise.

We regret to observe that a nobleman of Earl Fitzwilliam's standing and liberal principles should know the world so little as to say in the House of Peers that this tax prevents pernicious political opinions from being circulated amongst the cottages of the peasantry. We believe that few writers of the present day are disposed to circulate worse principles in the cottages than those that already find a large place in the hearts of the peasantry.

Will any writer, whose works received sale, advocate the incendiarism that has been prevalent in some parts of England, or those outrages that have disgraced many Irish districts? Would any stamped perodical promote poisoning by arsenic for the purpose of securing a paltry payment from a funeral club? Are any political principles worse, or to be more deplored, than that ignorance of the name of Jesus Christ, and of all connected with religious faith and eternity, that is proved to exist in many parts of England, not universally, but commonly, amongst the peasantry?

Did cheap newspapers incite the peasantay of Gallicia to murder the proprietors and nobles? Did political information, at its fair cost, cause the prevalence of Socialism in Vienna? Is it untaxed political knowledge that gives to Socialism its prevalence in France? Did penny newspapers whet the swords of the Magyars—incite the passions of the Neapolitans—arm and madden the Sicilians—or put bitterness in the German hearts?

The criminal population of this country are not the readers of newspapers, or periodicals of almost any description, for Earl Fitzwilliam may learn from the chaplain of any prison, that the majority of culprits cannot read newspapers—are safe from the pernicious principles that they may instil, and are indebted for their position to some widely different cause.

The "crass ignorance of the world" displayed in this assertion, is equally obvious from the well-known fact, that political periodicals circulate extensively amongst those of the poorest classes who can read. These publications are certainly not superior to the stamped press in caution and character. The circulation of pernicious principles is well secured in this channel, and the only change that the repeal of the taxes on knowledge would cause in that respect is one of a beneficial tendency; for, as it would extend the periodical reading of the poor, it would also, most probably, improve its quality. We have no reason to consider the red stamp on the corner of news sheets the sole guarantee for the retention of their present principles, or their present ability.

The free transmission of newspapers through the post-office, in virtue of this red badge of terror—the terror of the weak or the wicked for the free expression of thought—for the expansion of knowledge—for the information of all classes—is merely an injury to many for the benefit of a few. The greater part of the journals printed are not sent by that conveyance. The majority of their readers derive no benefit from its existence, which is not more than counterbalanced by the extra cost, not of the stamp, but of its consequences. Nobody desires any benefit from this privilege that he would not enjoy for a penny stamp, and attain in addition cheap journalism.

The duty on advertisements is not less prejudicial than the stamps. It is a most unequal tax, bearing on the poor man's advertisement of three lines, "wants a place," &c., with the same weight laid upon a column's surface of "Farms to Let," or the rich man's offer to lend £20,000 at 4 per cent. on good heritable security.

The results of this tax on business are best seen by comparing a New York daily journal, and a Liverpool newspaper—only Liverpool has no daily newspaper. The leading commercial town of England, except London, with its wealthy population, and its 300,000 inhabitants, rich and poor, cannot afford that luxury; but when the "taxes on knowledge" are repealed, it will have four or five. One New York daily journal publishes more advertisements in a single morning than all the Liverpool papers in a week.

Digitized by Google

The duty makes cheap advertising impossible. On small advertisements it equals the publisher's charge in some country newspapers; and during its existence advertising will never take its true place as a fairly-recognised element in business.

The value of the stamp and advertisement duty together, is from half a million to six hundred thousand pounds annually. The withdrawal of the stamp tax, and its posting equivalent, would probably add one-third of the sum to the net post-office revenue in stamps used for posting papers, or by a reduction in the post-office expenses. The sacrifice of revenue would not therefore be more than four hundred thousand pounds, by the withdrawal of both the stamp on papers, and the duty on advertisements. For this miserable sum, the Government cuts away from itself those political advantages that it would gain by the circulation of just views amongst all classes of society—it makes the tap-room, the gin-palace, the public-house or the beer-shop, instead of his own home, the political school of the artisan. It forms for him habits opposed to domestic comfort, sobriety, and morality. It gives him a distaste for his own house, and sends him to his neighbour's, for the commonest purpose in life, to learn the news of the day. It cramps and crushes one department of the home trade, by which many thousand persons have their livelihood now, and many thousands more would be supported, if the legislature would tax the men themselves rather than their business. The compositors, and other workmen connected with this business, in the United Kingdom, would gain money by offering the amount of these taxes annually to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as an extraordinary contribution from their earnings, if he would take the sum derived from the taxes on knowledge in that way.

The taxes on food, on cotton, on flax, on wool, on the necessaries of bodily existence, are repealed; and on what pretence can the taxes on the mind be supported? Daily bread is free; and why should daily knowledge alone be taxed? A wise government will not place less value on mental improvement than on bread and cheese. Education is a standing theme in the House of Commons. More time is devoted there to educational discussions, in various forms, than to any other class of subjects. The Ecclesiastical debates are educational. The discussions and grants to schools of design are educational. The speeches regarding the great proposed exhibition of specimens from the world's produce in agriculture, arts, and manufactures, at London, in 1851, are educational; and yet the Government desire to maintain a prohibitory tax on cheap journals, that day by day would diffuse amongst the working classes—for whose benefit Prince Albert and the Earl of Carlisle both allege that this exhibition is intended—the details of its progress; while scurrilous publications, exhibiting the greatness of the genius for low sarcasm prevalent in London, the coolness with which men write falsehoods for bread, the utmost malignity towards all men who will not pronounce the "Shibboleth" that their writers for the time are employed to proclaim those journals full of horrid tales, concerning love and murder, conceived in bad taste, and gilt over by the most morbid and unhealthy colouring, will circulate free by the hundred thousand—yet Earl Fitzwilliam calls the taxes that promote this state of matters, means for preventing the promulgation of pernicious principles amongst the cottages of the peasantry. See with how little wisdom the world is governed.

A tax on pulpits, pews, and church or chapel spires, would produce a large annual revenue, but the taxes on the material employed in their erection are wisely refunded.

A tax on desks, forms, tables, and school-rooms, would help the budget; but, although many excellent works of instruction are taxed 1½d. per lb., yet no statesman offers to extend the system to the actual tools of education; and yet the utility of teaching men to read is half destroyed by taxing the books and papers they are to read. Education is good, and cannot be too widely diffused; or bad, and cannot be too narrowly watched. The State should take its side, and act out its principle, without, as now, professing to be the friend of education, until the school door closes on a human being; and then becoming practically the foe to his instruction during his subsequent life.

We acknowledge thankfully the existence of many cheap but good and unstamped weekly publications. The good are, on the whole, more numerous than the objectionable works of this class, and their sale is, we have no doubt, very much larger. That fact establishes the opinion that the cottages which Earl Fitzwilliam wants to protect from pernicious principles, by the taxes on knowledge, would be better protected without them, by the good sense and sound principles of their owners or occupants. The repeal of these taxes would, in the first instance, improve the circumstances of the population engaged in the production of literature—from the editor of "Household Words" to the youngest or the poorest hawker of earthenware in exchange for old rags. It would particularly advance the circumstances of a numerous, and, we may add, a generally deserving class of men, connected with the literary and reporting department of periodicals, for whose services, at once, a new demand would arise. It would produce nearly similar results in the case of parties engaged in, or acquainted with, the management of periodicals. It would double the number of compositors on this description of work, and be worth all the efforts of the printers' union for a dozen of years past, or to come, in behalf of their trade. It would very greatly increase the orders of paper-makers for paper—of typefounders for types—of engineers for printing-machines and presses—and of the workers in printers' material, for all the odds and ends connected with their business.

It would gradually improve the circumstances of the poorest classes, by the withdrawal of one canvasser for the beer-shop and the tap-room. The people of this country are a news-seeking people. After the manner of the Athenians, and we hope in many cases with a better motive, they are ever inquiring after some new thing. We propose to gratify their curiosity at their own hearths, instead of permitting it longer to draw them from home; therefore it is that we will account the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, when it can be obtained, a great political, but more especially a great social and a great domestic reform, a revolution in behalf of all good housewives, and a blessing of no ordinary character to the "rising generation." But

Digitized by Google

how can it be obtained? The Chancellor of the Exchequer refuses to quit his hold. Even the Secretary of the society for the removal of the taxes on knowledge confessed, during an interview of a deputation with the Premier, that the public were not yet greatly incited in his favour.

A great agitation has not been yet produced, and, therefore, Sir Charles Wood prefers bricks to mind. Some wicked people account for the preference by hinting that a man is always guided by his nature, and that the clay, in this case, predominates.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to make an agitation for a good cause. In August next, the fields of wheat will be ripened; but if the farmers merely invite the corn to come and be stored, they may wait until it rots on the ground, but it will never come. The people of Britain treat politics in the same way; their opinion is sufficiently matured against the taxes on knowledge, and a million of their signatures would repeal them; but unless the signatures are sought, they will never be found.

The committee for opposing these taxes has an army of "helps" in the compositors of the United Kingdom, organised through their union, and represented in all considerable towns. Through this agency, a million of signatures could be procured before the close of the Easter recess, and if they be obtained before the Whitsuntide holidays, the taxes on knowledge will be repealed by July; and if they are not, we must bear them for an indefinite period; for when may we ever have a surplus revenue again?

Apathy at present may cause the typographical unions many struggles on the wages and work question for years to come, which a little activity now would prevent.

But wages and work are the smallest part of a question that deeply affects the prosperity of all intellectual and moral institutions, and that should have the cordial and earnest assistance of all who, in an enlightened way, seek the advancement of the population in comfort, in intelligence, and in morals, and, although not the highest, yet often the most powerful adjuration of all who have any wants to be satisfied, or products to be sold, and who seek free communication, at a reasonable rate, with the world of buyers and sellers.

We seek for the people of Britain only that free press which their colonists possess—for the productive classes at home, that free access to instruction and intelligence that the wealthy already enjoy—for one numerous class of instructors, that freedom to pur so their avocation untaxed, which other classes have always exercised—for those who are deprived of employment, liberty to notify their want without paying half the cost on taxes—and for the whole trading community, permission to pursue their business, without being taxed on every announcement through the public press.

Success would substitute, in "the cottages of the peasantry," the best current literature of the day for the mixture that they now enjoy—place peer and peasant on a level, in reference to periodical information; and although that would prove a real blessing to the peasant, we believe that it would be a still greater benefit to the peer.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

The sensation which the death of Lord Jeffrey has created in the Scottish metropolis, so much greater than it seems to have occasioned elsewhere, is a tribute to his personal qualities, which shows that he was eminently one of those individuals whom it is necessary to know personally, in order to estimate aright. The vast influence which he exercised over the literature of this country for the last half-century is but a part of his claims to distinction, and that part which was most likely to wane after he had resigned the position which had conferred on him so much literary renown. But to those who had the opportunity of observing him in his latter years—to those who enjoyed the charms of his conversation, or the privilege of his friendship—to those who knew the influence which he exercised through the veneration entertained for his character long after he had withdrawn from political life,—or to those who, even at a distance, watched him in his judicial capacity, and were reminded of his greatness at the bar by his excellence on the bench, the star of Francis Jeffrey will appear to have set in undiminished, if not in increased splendour. The grave has too recently closed over him to permit us to "peep and botanise" upon it while presenting our readers with a view of his character and works, but we believe that it is as unnecessary in regard to him, as it would be unjust towards them to permit our personal feelings to interfere with the most impartial estimate which can be formed of one who has so many titles to our admiration and respect.

It is to his connection with the *Edinburgh Review* that he owes his wide reputation, and he was entitled to that, perhaps, scarcely more from his individual contributions to its pages, than from the place which he so long held as the captain of that band of illustrious writers who projected it, and raised it to its eminence as a literary and political organ. But it would be a mistake, though we fear it is a common one out of Scotland, to suppose that he was great only, or, chiefly, as a critic. As an orator he was entitled to stand in the first rank; but his eloquence being chiefly exerted on the narrow stage of the Scottish bar, was not so generally known or appreciated as it deserved. As a lawyer and a judge, he attained the highest eminence in the decline of his life, after he had ceased to cultivate literary success; but in law also the limited sphere of his labours prevented his acquiring a very extended reputation. As a politician, if he did not rank as a statesman, he was at least one of the most distinguished leaders of that party which, through long exertion, has struggled from almost hopeless depression into power. And, as a conversationalist, he was recognised in the most distinguished society

Digitized by Google

as at once one of the most brilliant, and one of the most agreeable. Such an individual, whatever might be his sphere, could not but be one of the foremost men of the age in which he lived; but when it is recollected that to these claims to intellectual rank, he added, in an eminent degree, those qualities which mark a great heart, the loftiest principles, and the most genial impulses, we do not much fear the charge of partiality or provincialism in ranking Francis Jeffrey as one of the greatest lights and ornaments of our race.

It is as a critic that he will be best known to posterity, and perhaps there never was a human mind so well adapted for exercising the art of criticism. Eminently analytical in its texture, it discriminated beauties and defects, truth and error in literary composition, or in philosophical speculation, with a delicacy and precision which nothing, however minute or evanescent, could evade. The same critical acumen distinguished his professional appearances, both as an advocate and as a judge; for, accompanied as they were with great learning and eloquence, they were still more valuable for their subtle elucidation of principles and analysis of authorities. A correct judgment fortified these powers of discrimination, and in literature this was refined into an exquisite taste, which instinctively guided him in his criticisms. His emotions were more lively than profound, and his intellect more adorned by fancy than imagination; and hence he hit the proper medium between that enthusiasm which leads to exaggerated praise or blame, and that insensibility which ignores sensations it does not feel. Great eloquence he unquestionably had, but it was not always roused into extraordinary vigour, seldom indeed, but in his speeches on occasions of peculiar interest; and in his writings, it is in general seen rather in the flow of refined thought and graceful language, than in the torrent of passion or imagination. He possessed, however, a brilliant fancy in a very remarkable degree, which, so far from leading him astray, being habitually under the control of a sober judgment, aided him powerfully in stating clearly and illustrating with copiousness whatever he desired to express or expound. It indeed made his path radiant as with phosphoric light wherever he trod, whether among the flowery meads of poetry, the arid regions of law and business, or the obscure depths of metaphysics. It may not be so generally conceded, though we hesitate not to assert it, notwithstanding some superficial appearances to the contrary, that to these intellectual capabilities he added the scarcely less valuable requisites of candour and temper, the purest motives, and the most generous sympathies. A thorough acquaintance with, at least, *English* literature, an ardent love of literature for its own sake, and habits of the most untiring industry, completed qualifications as a critic, which, whether as regards the matter of the criticism, or the charm of the composition, have, probably, been unrivalled in ancient or in modern times.

One so highly gifted could not fail to be a most important coadjutor of those choice spirits who, at the beginning of this century, originated the *Edinburgh Review*. It was proposed to them, by the late Rev. Sidney Smith, "one day when they met, in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey," and the proposal was received with acclamation. To his editorial management it was committed almost from its commencement, and he continued to superintend its publication down to 1829, when, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, he withdrew from the management out of a delicate regard for the purity of the bar, feeling, as he himself has recorded, "that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great Law Corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might fairly enough be represented as, in many respects, a Party Journal." During this long period it owed the greatest share of its success and renown to him, who not only contributed largely to the most brilliant of its pages, but who discharged the still more difficult and important task of presiding over the other distinguished contributors, and bringing out periodically, upon a systematic plan, a work which was intended to overturn established modes of thought in literature, philosophy, and politics, and to advance the popular discussion of these to a rank which it had never before attained. It is in this latter point of view, as much as in reference to his individual writings, that Jeffrey must be regarded, in considering the influence which he has exercised upon the public mind.

What the *Edinburgh Review* became and performed under his management, it would exceed our limits to detail; but the subject bears too closely on our present purpose, to be left altogether without notice. Periodical literature in this country had, by the end of the last century, to a great extent changed its character as well as lost its lustre. The admirable essays of Addison and Steele, and, at a later period, of Johnson and Goldsmith, had given place to journals devoted to notices of new publications; and, as it was their main purpose to puff these into repute, the reviews were in general confined to what was calculated for that object. Occasionally a bookseller's interest, or a critic's spleen ruffled the wonted serenity of their pages, but seldom did they display talent above mediocrity, and never did they aspire to investigate or expound principles. Sir Walter Scott has thus graphically described the effect of the *Edinburgh Review* on this degraded state of periodical criticism:—

"From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics were soon to be roused, by a rattling peal of thunder; and it now remains to be shown how a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated upon the memorable laws of the old republic of literature, scourged the booksellers out of their senate-house, overset the tottering thrones of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred-necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of milk and water, in which, like the serpentine supporter of Vishnou, he had wreathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth for a quarter of a century. Then, too, amid this dire combustion, like true revolutionists, they erected themselves into a committee of public safety, whose decrees were written in blood, and executed without mercy."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, for 1809.

This is rather highly coloured; but it is not to be denied that the young reviewers discharged their assumed functions occasionally with excessive severity; nor need it be concealed that, besides indis-

Digitized by Google

cretions of this kind, they committed graver errors arising from party spirit, the excitement of the times, and the confidence, coupled with the inexperience of youthful minds. Inconsistency, or rather diversity of opinion, is inseparable from an undertaking of this kind, the product of different minds, with only a general common purpose to keep them to uniformity; and such faults are not only venial in themselves, but prove the independence and variety of intellect with which the work is conducted. It is not by these blots that the *Edinburgh Review*, or its original projectors, should now be judged, but by the improvement which it rapidly effected in periodical literature, and by the beneficent influence which it has exercised on the progress of opinion and the intellectual development of the age. It "aimed high from the beginning," said its editor, in reviewing his connection with it; and it cannot be denied that it succeeded in its aims. The productions of genius are, to a great extent, independent of criticism; and it would be too much to say, that the brilliant literary era of the early part of this century owed its existence to the writers who hailed its advent, illustrated its glories, and castigated its delinquencies. Their influence was felt rather in awakening the public mind to enlarged views of the multifarious and important topics of which they treated, and in perfecting periodical criticism by abandoning the beaten path of mere critical remarks on books, for the wider field of discussion of principles and systems. They exalted periodical journalism from a subordinate and ancillary, to a paramount and independent place in literature, and made it the popular vehicle, not only of criticism, but of original speculation, which their great attainments and varied talents placed among the most valuable contributions to the literature and philosophy of the age.

Jeffrey's exact share in this grand work can never be ascertained, but there can be no doubt that it was great, and his position entitles him to the presumption that it was the greatest. His own articles were numerous and multifarious. He admits them to have tripled in number those contained in the collected edition published as his, and we have reason to suspect that they were considerably more. We believe also that he was in the constant practice of making important additions to papers written by others. But such contributions must have formed but a part of his labours and honour in the conduct of such a journal. He describes himself, in reference to his chief coadjutors, as a "feudal Monarch who had but a slender control over his greater Barons;" but the voluntary fealty which they yielded to him marked *their* sense of his capabilities for being their leader, and the success which attended their enterprise must be ascribed not more to their prowess than to the wisdom of his government. An eminent position in literature, multifarious knowledge, firmness, temper, skill, and industry, were indispensable qualifications for providing once a-quarter a goodly volume, which was to sustain and extend the fame of its predecessors as the chief periodical organ and director of public opinion; and all these were possessed in a high degree by its celebrated editor. Perhaps no other individual could have moderated in a synod of such spirits as gave it its first impulse, or could have communicated to their individual endeavours that homogeneity which was required for their common object. But much as he was feared by those who awaited the fiat of the *Review*, he was in a greater degree beloved by those with whom he was associated in its conduct, and there can be no doubt that much of its success was owing to the feelings of regard entertained for himself. Sir Walter Scott, a keen Tory partisan, who disliked it for its politics, which Jeffrey told him was its "*right leg*," used to apologise for his occasional contributions to a Whig journal, by his personal liking for its editor.

Of the quarrels in which Jeffrey was involved through his connection with the *Review*, only two have acquired celebrity—those with Moore and Byron—and both ended most honourably for him. The former, after the parties had resorted to not the most intellectual or rational, but if report speaks true, in their case not the most *dangerous* mode of settling the dispute, resulted in a close friendship, which death only could dissolve. Lord Byron has recorded his sense of the critic's conduct in a well-known passage in his "Don Juan," from which we can afford space for only three lines:—

> "I do not know you, and may never know
> Your face—but you have acted on the whole
> Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

That the same generous tone pervaded Jeffrey's own mind throughout his editorship, though assailed with a great deal of acrimonious abuse, none will now deny, and he has left some touching proofs of this in the short but valuable notices he has introduced into the acknowledged edition of his "Essays." Nothing could be written in a finer spirit than what he has thus recorded of his feelings towards the chiefs of the Lake School of Poetry, with which the *Review* had so long waged a redoubted warfare. Of Southey he says:—

"I have in my time said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey, and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry; and if I have noted what I thought its faults in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties, and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than on the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers by reprinting, so soon after his death, anything which might appear derogatory either to his character or genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem, which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits, and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

And still more touchingly of Wordsworth:—

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; and forgetting that even on my own view of them they were but faults of taste or venial self-partiality, I have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of Moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *rancoeils* of expression: and, indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the

Digitized by Google

attributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, *in my old age and his*, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain in substance the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to impart a retractation, which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable," &c.—Vol. iii., p. 233.

The great influence which Jeffrey exercised over literature can never be properly estimated without taking into account his editorial connexion with the *Review*; but it is by his writings that he must be judged of as an author and a critic. Six years ago he authorised the publication of four volumes of these as his acknowledged contributions, and we presume that it was by these that he wished to be judged. But we doubt if posterity will be content to be confined to so small a portion of what he is known to have written, and many a lover of literature will ransack the volumes of the *Review* for what it will not in general be difficult to identify as the production of his pen. Indeed, we believe that means at present exist of verifying nearly all his writings, and, in particular, there are to be found on the shelves of a well-known book collector and personal friend, a goodly number of volumes containing papers cut out from the *Review*, and authenticated as his by a characteristic note from the author. Other personal friends and literary contemporaries can also vouch for the authorship of many of his articles, but these are sources which the lapse of time will speedily exhaust. Respect for his presumed wishes would induce us to go far in restricting the public curiosity to his acknowledged productions, were this either possible or desirable for his fame, but we believe it to be neither. He himself was satisfied that his selection did not include what had been appreciated as the most original of his writings. In his Preface he says:—

"I have honestly endeavoured to select from that great mass—*not* those articles which I might think most likely still to attract notice by boldness of view, severity of remark, or vivacity of expression—but those, much rather, which, by enforcing what appeared to me just principles and useful opinions, I really thought had a tendency to make men happier and better."—Vol. i., p. 8.

Nothing can be more honourable to the great critic than to have held those sentiments in his old age; but they have imparted to the publication a subdued tone, which, though exceedingly graceful in one in his position as a judge, and who had done with literary warfare, does not quite bear out the opinion entertained of his originality and vivacity by those who are extensively acquainted with his writings. Nor does it contain some of those papers which have already acquired too much celebrity for the world willingly to let them die, or be buried in the numerous tomes of the *Review*. In particular, we miss the controversial articles on Phrenology in 1826, and on Utilitarianism in 1829, and we know no reason for suppressing any of them.

In glancing over these multifarious labours, it is impossible not to be struck, in the first instance, with the vast variety of subjects which they embrace, and the ease, versatility, and grace with which all of them are discussed. Poetry and belles lettres formed the more peculiar province of his criticism, but he ranged extensively over Literary Biography, History, Mental Philosophy, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Politics, and Miscellaneous Literature, and occasionally Physical Science, his latest contribution being, we believe, a paper on the discovery of the composition of water, in a recent number. On all of these topics it may truly be said that he touched nothing which he did not illustrate and adorn. His information is in general exact, and, at least in English literature, profound, and there are invariably to be found in his writings on all subjects—the most elevated or the most trite—acute and lively remarks, solid sense, and accuracy of judgment, while an unfailing flow of easy and graceful diction imparts an inexpressible charm to the whole. There is no straining for effect, no affectation of originality or profundity, and though his papers frequently contain some very masterly disquisitions on principles, they are more generally in the form of critiques upon the works reviewed than in that of mere essays. This practical feature, though it may have made them more effective for the occasion, certainly detracts from their more permanent interest.

It is on his criticisms on Poetry that his fame as a critic chiefly rests; and taking into account the obscure nature of metaphysical speculations on the theory of art and the diversities of individual tastes, the pretty universal appreciation, if not acceptation of his expositions of principles, as well as of their application, forms the highest tribute to his originality and judgment. The art of criticism, though old enough, had not before his time been very sucessfully cultivated. The literature of Greece and Rome, and, unfortunately, the former chiefly through the very inferior medium of the latter, has exerted, and still exerts, a vast influence on the critical judgments of modern nations, long after their own literature has rivalled, and in some respects surpassed, the productions of ancient times. In France, even after the age which produced Molière and Bossuet, so little were enlarged principles of criticism understood, that men disputed fiercely whether the ancients or the moderns were categorically to be preferred, and down to the end of last century the controversy was held to be unsettled, but not perceived to be absurd. In England, the influence of ancient literature was immense, notwithstanding the glories of the age of Elizabeth, and it acquired additional force by our literary importations from France during that of Anne. Johnson did much to shake off the thraldom by the exercise of his vigorous sense; but his contracted range of sympathies circumscribed his capabilities of appreciating poetry, and his own writings exhibit a somewhat slavish Latin affinity. Even Hume, the most independent thinker of that period, betrays the same benumbing influence in his critical speculations as well as in his style. But towards the end of the century the ruling authority in criticism, in Scotland at least, was that of a much less acute intellect, Dr. Hugh Blair, whose judgments were

Digitized by Google

founded entirely on classical models, unredeemed by any pretensions to boldness or originality. In this school Shakspeare and Milton were tested by classical standards, while the other great writers of the Elizabethan and succeeding age, were but little known; Homer and Eschylus were talked about much more than studied or understood; and Virgil and Cicero, Pope and Addison, were supreme.

It is the glory of Jeffrey as a critic, if not to have taught a more accurate estimate of the works of ancient writers, at least to have awakened the public mind to the glories of that early indigenous literature on which the literary renown of England must mainly rest, and demonstrated its excellence by the application of principles of great importance and truth. Educated at Oxford, it cannot be supposed that he had no direct acquaintance with Greek literature, though it must be admitted that he never displays any very accurate or profound knowledge of it; and there is nothing in his writings to lead to the conclusion that he was on much more intimate terms with that of Rome. But whether from enlightened discrimination, or natural predilection, he certainly clung with the utmost devotion to that school of writers which he thus describes:—

"There never was, anywhere, anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the period of the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison: for in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced,—the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sydney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh, and Napier, and Milton, and Cudworth, and Hobbes, and many others,—men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings; but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging to an incredible and unparalleled extent both the stores and the resources of the human faculties."—Vol. ii., p. 282.

It was then from this school that Jeffrey drew his canons of poetical criticism; and his leading principle is, that "the very essence of poetry—apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose—consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature." (Vol. iii., p. 284.) This analogy impresses all language with forms of thought that are in reality so many metaphors borrowed reciprocally from the opposite forms of existence, which, by familiarity, lose their metaphysical effect, but this effect, wherever it exists, is—Poetry. It may be exercised either by the direct method of similes and metaphors, which is the more common, or by the more refined mode of creating a harmony between visible objects and the emotions wished to be excited—"kindling the whole surrounding atmosphere with a harmonising and appropriate glow, and bringing all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart."

We are not disposed altogether to impugn these principles, but, like most others, when used too exclusively, they afford an imperfect view of the subject. Poetry cannot well be abstracted from the pathos, the wit, the brilliant description embodied in it, or even from the setting of fine language in which it is imbedded. A more catholic, and, we apprehend, a juster view of it, is to consider all these, and everything else that tends to produce Beauty, as among the elements of Poetry; and the analogy between the physical and the moral worlds traced by metaphor in either of its modes, is just one of the sources—it may be the greatest and the noblest—from which poetry is evolved. We do not assert that Poetry and Beauty are identical; but there cannot be Poetry without Beauty, and whatever tends to produce an essential part of anything, tends to produce that thing itself. We apprehend that it will be found that, so little is the analogy referred to absolutely essential to Poetry or Beauty, the simple *Reproduction* of the appearances of physical objects, by means of art, is one of the most general sources of both. This is constantly exemplified, especially by the plastic arts, the phenomena of which are certainly not attempted to be explained by Jeffrey, and cannot be explained by the theory we are discussing.

Be that as it may, however, there can be no doubt that he was right in recalling the national taste to the neglected beauties of the old English writers; and although we wish, for the sake of the catholicity of his criticism, that he had shown more acquaintance with other schools, particularly with the early literature of Greece, in which he could have found kindred beauties, we have no fault to find with his appreciation of that to which he swore fealty. And yet his admiration is more marked by delicacy of taste, accuracy of judgment, and exuberance of fancy, than by enthusiasm. Of Shakspeare, who, of all mortal beings might have been supposed to have called forth all his fire, he thus discourses, in a characteristic passage of linked sweetness, long drawn out, that has few parallels in English literature:—

"In many points he has acquitted himself excellently, particularly in the development of the principal characters, with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancy of all English readers, but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs, and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins, contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the riches of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and continued to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of

Digitized by Google

ornament or need of repose!—HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery and splendour, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares."—*Vol. ii., p.* 317, *Review of Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.*

This is followed by other passages of exquisite beauty, and of more accurate construction, which we cannot quote. In the same spirit, though never with more admiration, he ranges over the other writers of that school, and hails its "second spring" in Keats and others of his own day, everywhere expatiating on their most characteristic points, with a relish for their beauties, of which their most ardent admirers have no reason to complain. Of his correct estimate of Milton alone have we any reason to doubt, for though he has subscribed to some splendid passages in Campbell's "Specimens," as "offerings not unworthy of the shrine," we are disappointed to find in the acknowledged essays so little on the subject of, after Shakspeare, our greatest poet.

As might have been expected, the wits of Queen Anne's time, and their successors, do not rank high in our critic's estimation. Addison is underrated, and Pope is scarcely less so (considering his extraordinary merits), though he is justly placed at the head of the class. We apprehend that his judgment on this subject has not been so well sustained by public opinion as in the case of the older poets. The standard question, whether Pope was a poet at all, has, we believe, long since been decided in the affirmative, on the soundest principles of criticism. Nor do we see how the depreciation of the school of Pope is reconcilable with the extraordinary admiration of Crabbe, whose principles of composition are more akin to those of that school than to those of their predecessors. Of the famous critiques upon the Lake Poets, we can only afford room to say that we think they were substantially correct, and public opinion seems to have confirmed their decision. The "Excursion" is not exactly a poem to be treated with "This will never do!" but experience has proved that the *peculiarities* of the school will not do long. Though we do not, like our critic, exclude abstract speculation from the category of Poetry, we do not think it susceptible of the highest poetical effect, and therefore do not approve of its being made the staple of a poem. When it falls into mysticism, it becomes not only unpoetical, but positively absurd, in a composition which, to be effective, must, first of all, be easily understood. The other extreme into which the Lake Poets ran, is equally opposed to the true principles of art. The perfection of all art leads to simplicity. Nothing can excel in their several ways a Grecian temple, or a song of Burns; but it is the depravation of this principle to push it so far as to prefer a mud-walled cottage, and the rude sentiments of its boorish inhabitants, because of their greater simplicity. Horace long ago defined the true application of the principle in two words—"*Simplex munditiis.*"

Next in importance to the criticisms on poetry, are the essays on Mental Philosophy. Jeffrey has recorded his partiality for this branch of study, and his early devotion to it. His writings leave us room to regret that he did not devote himself more continuously to subjects for which his singular acuteness, fertility of illustration, and precision of language, peculiarly qualified him. So early as 1804, we find him entering the lists with Bentham and Dugald Stewart; and, during the next quarter of a century, he occasionally buckled on his armour to overthrow some overgrown folly. Phrenology received a wound at his hand, from which it has never recovered; and Utilitarianism, as expounded in the *Westminster Review*, was scarcely more fortunate. In his controversy with Stewart, on observation, and not experiment, being the proper *organum* in investigations on the mind, he was certainly in the right; and it is to be regretted that on this occasion he did not pursue his advantage by a more extended correction of the current notions as to Bacon's views on the inductive method—a triumph which has been reserved for his brilliant successor, Mr. Macaulay. His most elaborate production of this kind is the most finished of all his works, the essay on Beauty, originally a review of Mr. Allison's Essays on Taste, and afterwards corrected and enlarged for the "Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica." The theory which this essay illustrates is that of Association, and is intimately connected with his views on the principles of poetry, to which we have already alluded. We cannot pause to discuss a theory which, notwithstanding the eloquence and ingenuity with which it is illustrated and defended, is not generally received as satisfactory. As a piece of writing, it is not surpassed by anything in our language, for elegance of composition and beauty of illustration.

In general his writings were not so correct in point of composition, though the papers on metaphysical subjects are written with more care and accuracy than any others. On literary and general subjects he seems to have been seduced into a rapid habit of composition, for which his fertility of ideas and command of language gave facilities that his multifarious occupations could not afford to forego. The charm of his compositions, therefore, arises rather from the beauty of the language than its correctness, and still more from the graceful fancy which played sportively around the efforts of his understanding. There are no Johnsonian periods, and few that can be said to have been elaborately polished, while there are many that are inartificially constructed, and not much indebted to skill in punctuation; but such is the charm of thought, and felicity in the choice of words, that these defects are lost sight of in the graceful flow of sprightly and not inharmonious diction. A more delightful author could not be taken up, for, with no affectation of originality of thought, or fineness of expression, he rambles on, touching on everything of interest in his course, gay or grave, lively or severe, as the occasion

Digitized by Google

requires, with a vivacity and grace which seem to arise spontaneously from the subject, rather than from the effort of the critic—a pungent but playful wit, which delights while it corrects—and, above all, an exuberant fancy, which illustrates whatever is most abstruse, and enlivens whatever is most dull. But his vivacity never descends to levity, and has always a practical object in view. He begins a disquisition by telling us that "Burns is certainly by far the greatest of our poetical prodigies—*from Stephen Duck down to Thomas Dermody;*" but we are soon convinced that, according to the popular notion of uneducated poets, he was no prodigy of that kind at all—a conclusion which, as our italics show, had been archly demonstrated from the first.

But Jeffrey has still higher claims as a reviewer to our admiration and respect, which he thus puts forward in his late Preface:—"The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which, I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under discussion a leading subject of discussion, and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of Poems and Novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue, and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion, which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty, or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other." We admit the claim, and could adduce many proofs of its justice, particularly his celebrated essay on Swift; but the following indignant animadversion on the immoral tendency of Lord Byron's writings will suffice, and must conclude our notice of Jeffrey as a critic, though we are very far from having even enumerated all the points of view in which he presents himself in that capacity:—

"*This* is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind, to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Religion, love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce. But the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace, and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose for the time that he is the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime, and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality, as if on purpose to show

'Whoe'er was edified, himself was not;'

or to demonstrate practically, as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality," &c.—Vol. ii., p. 369.

Jeffrey's other claims to distinction our limits will only permit us to discuss still more cursorily. As an orator he had considerable drawbacks, in a diminutive figure and a somewhat mincing manner of speaking, and his mental organization was too metaphysical and too little impassioned for attaining the very highest effect of public speaking. And yet he was a most effective pleader, and scarcely less successful in his popular oratory. From the institution of Jury Trial in civil causes in Scotland, in 1815, he was generally employed in all cases of importance or public interest; but although these afforded more room for popular display, we apprehend that he was still more at home in addressing the bench, where his refined intellect found a more befitting audience. On such occasions his style of speaking approached nearer to that of his metaphysical essays than to that of any other of his writings, while before juries it was more enlivened by flashes of wit and fancy, rising occasionally to the most earnest and dignified eloquence. His sentences were generally long and parenthetical; but, such was the felicity of the diction, and the skill with which he managed the intonation of his voice, that the pregnant sense was evolved with marvellous distinctness and effect. There are not many records of his forensic speeches, and the few that do exist scarcely convey a correct idea of them; nor is it easy to cull out from the best, passages sufficiently characteristic, and at the same time of sufficient general interest, to warrant our transferring any of them to these columns. But the following, from a speech for the late Sir James Gibson-Craig, then Mr. Gibson, in an action of damages against the publisher of the *Beacon* newspaper for a libel, may suffice as a specimen:—

"Gentlemen—There is in this, and in all free societies, a large infusion of what the timid call faction, and the enterprising zeal—the proud reproach it may be—the glorious fault of all liberal institutions—to be regretted certainly when carried to great excess, but at the same time to be forgiven, and partly to be loved, for its connection with those noble privileges from the exercise of which it is inseparable. When acting under the influence of this feeling, and within the sphere of its lawful operation, all men of common temper will make the same large allowances for their opponents which they cannot but feel they may themselves require at their hands, and will neither impute malice nor harbour animosity for attacks that are made in a public cause and in the heat of a public contention; but when these open and not ungenerous dissensions are made the pretext for private defamation and personal malignity, or when some base adventurer makes a nauseous attempt to recommend himself to a political party by low and lying imputations on the personal conduct of their opponents, it becomes all honest men, and those especially whom he degrades by his unsought and polluting alliance, to spurn him from the fair and honourable contest which admits of no such auxiliaries, and to show that they who are divided on principle fight not with persons but with principles, and disdain the aid of skulking assassins, with their concealed and envenomed daggers.

"Gentlemen, if the defender had had any pretence for this attack, some apology might have been made for him; but when you find on a single glance at the libel that it is full of wicked and atrocious falsehoods—that it is in all its parts a baseless fabric of pure malignity, and a violation of all truth and justice—when you see that there is here the most direct evidence of the malignant spirit that dictated the attack—that the writer of the libel shows his disappointment that the shaft he directed against the character of the pursuer did not work its deadly end—that he seemed mortified even at this hour and in this presence that the shot has not even galled the victim of his malice—when you see the charge reiterated, made the subject of pre-

Digitized by Google

tended inquiry, and again affirmed to be the truth, and republished with an intimation to all the world that Mr. Gibson, although aware how deeply it affected his character, had not ventured to answer the statement;—and when, upon being indignantly told that it is false, and required to give up the author, they say, if you will not have recourse to the law we will tell you who he is, and name you a man who will give you a meeting; and then, when the pursuer declines to meet with this bully, and seeks his redress in a court of justice against this libeller, he has the audacity to put this defence on the record, to say that not one word of the libel is false, and to take an issue in justification—it is surely impossible for you to doubt that the case now before you unites all the aggravation of which any case is susceptible."—*Report of Trial, Gibson* v. *Stevenson*, p. 119.

As a political orator, we can scarcely speak from personal knowledge, having heard him only once from the platform, and then he kept the audience attentive for, if we remember rightly, a period of upwards of two hours. The subject was the *gradual* emancipation of the slaves, but upon this occasion the honors of the day were carried off by a still more stalwart intellect—Dr. Andrew Thomson, who adroitly taking advantage of the emotions which Jeffrey had excited, and after the latter had left the room, moved and carried an amendment in favour of *immediate* emancipation.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.

As a Parliamentary speaker, his fame rests on his speech in favour of the Reform Bill, which was certainly one of the best delivered in the House of Commons on that occasion. It has been said that it was merely a spoken article, but this is more sarcastic than correct, for though there was much of philosophical discussion in it, particularly on the progress of free institutions by the enfranchisement of municipalities, there is also a great deal of very effective debate. In answer to Sir Robert Peel's taunt that the Ministry were yielding to the threats of the people, he observed :—

"The right hon. baronet opposite has reproached us in an eloquent and pathetic speech, that we do not submit our fears to argument, but our argument to our fears; that we take counsel of the alarm we have ourselves raised; and that we have rushed on desperately, 'scared at the sounds ourselves have made.' I wish that the house had been told by the right hon. baronet the difference between our intimidation and that which is proposed by the right hon. baronet himself. The difference between us is this—We are afraid to refuse the just prayer of the people, as expressed in their petitions: they are afraid to do an act of justice for fear the concession of just rights may, by the perversion of all moral feelings, be made the ground for unjust demands. It certainly comes to this, and this alone, which is the ultimate ground of their refusal, namely, the right hon. baronet says, in part at least, 'I am afraid of the dangers and evils that, by some indescribable and unexplained process, will ensue from the granting of just rights;' for the rights are just, and no man pretends to deny their justice. The distinction between us, sir, is, that we are afraid to refuse an act of justice, and they are afraid to grant it."—*Mirror of Parliament*, March 4, 1831.

But it must be admitted that Jeffrey's Parliamentary life was not marked by such brilliant success as had been anticipated from the distinctions he had previously attained. As a politician he had from the outset of his career maintained, as well in the *Review* as elsewhere, a high position as an intrepid and eloquent defender of our constitutional rights, and not a doubt has ever been cast upon either his consistency or his integrity. But when his official position as Lord Advocate, to which he was appointed on the accession of his party to power, in the end of 1830, required him to have a seat in the House of Commons, he entered into a new sphere of action, for which at that time of life he was probably unfit. He was not only unsuccessful, but unfortunate, in his electioneering; and even when he had reached the summit of his Parliamentary ambition, by being elected one of the representatives of the city of Edinburgh, he neither shone with that lustre which had been expected, nor did he give much satisfaction in the less brilliant departments of official duty. Even in his more peculiar province of amendment of the law, we fear that posterity will look in vain for any great measure that signalised the reign of Lord Advocate Jeffrey.

This, however, was but a temporary obscuration, and he speedily emerged from the cloud, to emit in his latter years an effulgence not unworthy of his former fame. In 1834 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session, in which capacity he laboured, till within a few days of his death, with pristine vigour and success. In place of giving himself up to literary pursuits, or, it might have been, to literary indolence, for both of which he had great temptations, and might have found great excuse, he devoted himself to his judicial labours with an energy and a sense of duty which were above all praise, and which added increased lustre to his character. Lord Byron had finely said of him as a barrister,

"As Cæsar wore his robe, you wear your gown;"

but with the ermine his robe acquired a vast accession of almost unexpected dignity, which placed him in a position of the first judicial eminence. At the bar he had been distinguished more as a brilliant advocate than as a profound lawyer, though we well remember the start he took in the estimation of the profession when, on his appointment as Dean of Faculty, he threw off his literary occupations, and devoted himself exclusively to law. It was not, however, till he became a judge that the full extent of his legal acquirements and capabilities was seen, but he then rapidly distinguished himself as a lawyer of the most profound attainments and views, as much characterised by their soundness as by their originality. But it is not in these pages that his merits in this respect can be discussed, and we must pass on to the more popular subjects of his judicial demeanour and eloquence.

Now, admirable as he was in both of these respects, it would convey an altogether wrong impression to compare him to those classic oracles of the law, such as Lord Mansfield and Sir William Grant, of whom our conception is, the perfection of patient listeners and grave expounders. Lord Jeffrey was neither the one nor the other, and probably more resembled Montesquieu or D'Aguesseau than any of our own judicial sages, not excepting Lord Chancellor Erskine. A patient listener he certainly was not, for his acute intellect enabled him to anticipate the bearings of an argument, and he constantly interrupted the pleaders before him by questions which it was often not easy either to answer or evade. They were, however, generally very

Digitized by Google

much to the point, though occasionally, like most other very clever people, who anticipate the slower movements of others, he missed the mark; and they were invariably so characterised by suavity of manner, and brilliancy of illustration, that they pleased almost as much as they puzzled—the litigant, of course, always excepted. When he came to deliver his opinion, he was very much the *Edinburgh Reviewer* on the bench—with the same acuteness of observation, accuracy of judgment, and variety of learning, but with the same discursiveness, the same flow of easy and graceful diction, and the same play of fancy, which indeed seemed to sparkle brighter by contrast with the usual solemnity—we will not say dulness—of the bench. Subtle and ratiocinative as were his elucidations, and pregnant with the soundest and most enlarged views of law, there was nothing oracular or dogmatic in his manner of stating them. Dignified and solemn he often was, and always when the occasion particularly required him to be so; but there was no affectation of pomp or ceremony, and his manner towards both the bench and the bar was, in a high degree, candid, courteous, and deferential. Indeed, often as he differed from his brethren, he seldom did so without a graceful compliment, or an expression of deference which seemed almost an apology for his dissent. Were we to draw upon the Reports of his time, or still more, upon our own recollections, we could quote many instances of this exquisite grace of manner and expression, which imparted such a charm to his judicial demeanour; but to do so, where we could not with propriety balance their effect by its more grave and valuable features, might convey erroneous impressions, and sink the great magistrate in the agreeable talker. We will, however, present our readers with a passage of surpassing interest in several respects, from his opinion in a case of public importance—the application (with undisguised political feelings), for an interdict or injunction against the erection of an obelisk, in the Calton burying-ground in Edinburgh, in honour of the memory of Muir, Palmer, and other "Political Martyrs," who had, in 1793-4, been transported for sedition. The Court—the Lord President dissenting—dismissed the application. Lord Jeffrey observed:—

"I shall not repeat what has been already so well said as to the established practice of erecting in such places what are learnedly called cenotaphs—or, in other words, tombs or monuments to the memory of individuals who are not there interred; and which are fully as often intended to commemorate the admiration and sympathy of sections of the community, for public services or sufferings, as the mere private affection of surviving friends. It is enough to satisfy one of the legality of such a structure in such a locality—that it is essentially of a Sepulchral and Solemn character. It is a monument to the memory of Dead men—of men, no doubt, who, in their lifetime, offended against the law, and incurred its penalties; but who may now surely be held to have expiated their offences by their sufferings; and of whom I cannot but think that we are bound, on every consideration of Christian charity and humility (and especially in such a place), to think only as of erring and unfortunate fellow creatures.

"I am unwilling to believe, and, in fact, I do not believe, that the promoters of this monument, or any considerable number of them, really wish by it to encourage insubordination or contempt for lawful authority. But even if I could think that any of them were actuated by so malignant an intention, I should feel confident that the experiment must end in their signal disappointment. The evil of any lesson inculcated in such a form, fortunately depends wholly on the spirit in which *it is read*, and not on the purpose for which it may have been promulgated; and I have not the least fear of its being now read by the people of this country, or such of them as may think of looking at it in any but a safe and even a salutary sense. The thought which such a monument should suggest, even to those most opposed to the views and opinions of its founders, are naturally of a solemn and sobering character. And if in some they may still be too much mixed up with feelings of anger at supposed injustice, and in others of unmerciful reprobation of offences, of which the mischief and the penalties have been long ago consummated, I can only say that the blame will be with those who continue, on either side, to cherish sentiments so uncharitable; and if there be any place where the influence of the scene in which they are suggested are likely to soften them down to a more humane and indulgent standard, it is when that scene is laid where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, and where everything should remind us of our own frail mortality, and of that awful seat of judgment before which none of us can hope to be justified—except through mercy.—*Patterson and others, v. Beattie and others*, 8th March, 1845.

We have been dwelling on sad recollections, now that his place in court knoweth him no more; but sadder still remain to those to whom he was known in private life. From what we have said of the charm which surrounded him, it may be inferred that his usual conversation was in a singular degree pleasing, and this arose, not less from its high intellectual tone, than from the genial spirit which never abandoned him. He was by no means a professed wit, though he often uttered what might well be called witty things; but these were not so much the grotesque combinations of incongruities, as shrewd remarks, illustrated by fanciful images, which in ordinary unrestrained conversation sprung up in his mind with a fertility and spontaneity which were very remarkable. Nor was he, in the usual sense of the term, good-humoured, for there was a *brusquerie* in his manner, which imparted an air, but only an air, of petulance and impatience. His good humour lay much deeper, and seemed to spring more from his moral feelings than from constitutional habit. There were, indeed, few good qualities of the heart which he did not possess in an eminent degree, and these, particularly his beneficence, were enhanced by the unostentatious way in which they were exercised. The wisdom, moderation, and high-mindedness of his character were conspicuous, and to these the highest tribute was paid by the respect and veneration which it commanded, long after he had withdrawn from all public exertion, except the discharge of his judicial duties. By the political party to which he had adhered with undeviating consistency, he was to the last revered as one who, not less from his eminent services, as from his exalted character and illustrious reputation, was, as far as he could with propriety be, their ornament and support. By his more immediate acquaintances, among whom he ranked some of the most eminent men of his day, he was all but adored, as their guide, philosopher, and friend, and many who could not boast of his friendship, regarded him at a distance with scarcely less affection and respect. His rather sudden departure from among them, though it could not be called premature, attended as it was, to them especially, with such imposing splendour, was felt by the citizens of

Digitized by Google

Edinburgh, as the extinction of one great source, not only of the intellectual light, but of the social warmth of the community.

> Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
> Tam cari capitis ?

But we must pause, lest we be supposed to have fallen into Panegyric—which Jeffrey's memory requires not. We have finished our labour of love, which was to bind for him a Wreath, though it may not be an *immortelle*—which we now, with awe and reverence, deposit on his Tomb.

THE SCOTTISH CAVALIER.*

BY LIEUTENANT GRANT.

Mr. Grant's character as a writer of Historical Romance was established by the Adventures of the 92d Regiment. He seized a brilliant and stirring subject, which is in itself a proof of useful genius; and he wrought it out in an exciting and interesting style. Historical romance is the most dangerous and difficult class of fictitious narrative. It requires more caution than is necessary in merely telling a story that never existed out of the author's brains, until it got amongst the printer's types. The historical romance must have all the embellishments of imagination—all the excitement that the world expects in a novel, and yet it must not travel out of the record as respects the real characters introduced into the narrative, or the actual events that it describes. The rule is stern and unbending. The late Sir Walter Scott portrayed some of the Covenanters' leaders in colours calculated to leave a darker impression of their character than was warranted by truth. The consequence is well known—a contribution to criticism which is likely to live out the offence in which it originated. Dr. M'Crie's vindication will, we believe, survive the Wizard's attack; and all thinking men, likely to be prejudiced by the one, will most probably consult the other before consolidating their opinion. Dr. M'Crie's work not merely indicated the character of the men whom he believed to be aspersed, but also the importance of historical romance. The title is certainly not the happiest that could be employed to describe this department of literature, but it is intelligible, and cannot now be changed. We expect a large increase of this class of works, and hence the propriety of adhering strictly to the rule which we have mentioned. The fictitious characters are the marginal creations of the author; and if he does not outrage great principles in the men of straw whom he creates, nobody can find fault with the manner of their disposal. They are altogether his own property—and that description of property respecting which it may be most aptly said, that a man may do what he likes with his own. But the historical romancist must draw an accurate picture of the times, and the great deeds that he describes. He cannot be allowed to trifle with impunity amongst public records—to distort facts of national importance—to stab patriotism by fictitious narrative—or to elevate tyranny out of the dust consistent with its nature. Any greater latitude than we have named would destroy its subject. This system of writing would become an intolerable nuisance, which men, by common consent, would agree to proscribe, unless it were limited in the way stated. If Mr. Grant, in his work on the 92d Highlanders, had been pleased to represent Cameron of Fassifern as an arrant coward, he would not have been permitted to find shelter under the fact that he was engaged in a fictitious narrative. In his present work, the "Scottish Cavaliers," we are inclined to believe that he represents James VII. as a man of more heart, and Viscount Dundee as a man of greater generosity, than either of them possessed. James can hardly get a character for bravery, for wisdom, or for anything very good, established for himself at this period of time; yet he would have been more or less than a man, if he could have seen the Scotch refugees, who abandoned home, friends, families, wealth, estates, and honours, for his cause, converted into private soldiers in the French service, without feeling all that Lieutenant Grant makes him express. Graham of Claverhouse is an accursed name in Scottish history. His memory was ruined for ever by the "Cloud of Witnesses;" and the "Scottish Martyrs;" and Lieut. Grant's view of his character, when fairly examined, is merely on a par with the estimate made of Dick Turpin, by Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, in Rookwood.

The tales circulated regarding Claverhouse, in his western raids, are to be taken *cum nota*. We cannot more readily believe them all, and in all their atrocity, than we believe the man to have been in a special particular guaranteed league with the devil; who "kept the word of promise to the ear," and broke it to the sense, by giving his friend and servant a charm against lead, while he left him open to the precious metals—a current tradition amongst the peasantry being that he was shot at Killiecrankie with a silver button.

Fidelity to the Stuarts was a ruling passion with the second as it had been with the first Graham; and this ruling passion, unless it be closely curbed and warily watched, becomes in all men the "besetting sin." We believe that Claverhouse was not greatly concerned regarding any form of faith. We presume that if the Crown had turned from the Cross to the Crescent, the gallant Graham

---

* 3 vols. Henry Colburn, London.

Digitized by Google

might, like General Bem, anno 1849, have permitted himself to be circumcised. The Covenanters were not, most probably, objectionable in his eyes, because of their psalm-singing in moors and clefts of the rocks, to their mournful melodies—the Bangors or the Torwoods of their time; but because they had minds, and dared to think. He may not have been naturally a cruel man. How many licentious men of the present day would turn aside rather than crush a worm, that could not promote their pleasure, and yet will risk any amount of cruelty in the service of the phantom which is their idol? We cannot avoid the confession that amongst the ultra-Tory party many large and generous hearted men abound, who would, and who do, contribute largely to save distress from verging into want, yet will not aid, but stoutly resist, the means for rendering such sacrifices less necessary than they have been for many years. We have frequently half-wished, for the sake of all that class of men, and of Claverhouse amongst others, that Lord Brougham had been correct in considering men not responsible for their belief, which is merely a fashionable and discreet way of stating the doctrine on one topic of R. D. Owen. All men must be responsible for their belief on a great variety of subjects, because their belief is the ground and spring of their actions.

The claim to bravery, chivalry, and gallant bearing in the field, maintained for Claverhouse by Lieutenant Grant, may be conceded without allowing us to make him one of the heroes—and one of the most spotless heroes and patriots of Scottish history, as has been done in a recent Edinburgh volume. No man is prepared to regard Claverhouse in that light who is not in danger of following his bloody steps, if opportunity offered, and who might not, under similar excitement, shoot John Brown, the carrier, before his wife, at their cottage-door.

James VII. was a more sincere man than his brother, or perhaps than his grandfather, and appears to have resembled the character of his father more intimately than any other of his relatives who occupied the British throne. History proves him to have been always a weak-minded man, deficient in ability, bigotted in opinion, and, when effectually opposed, timid in action. These facts are, however, perfectly consistent with all the statements for which the author of the "Scotch Cavaliers" gives him credit.

The low estimate formed by him of the military talents and "virtues" of William III. is comparatively new. The soldiers who lost the Battle of the Boyne offered to change kings and fight the contest over again. The talents of William were not brilliant—the Dutch are never brilliant—but they were "steady and solid," like his people. His military life was early commenced. He led armies when he should have been at a university; and he has the merit of success—the possession of all that bravery and genius yield; and possession in history, as in law, comes to be considered nine points of the ten in the case.

Mr. Macaulay, in his *History of England*, draws a flattering picture of William's capabilities and vigour; and we find nothing in other histories to shake this opinion, or to impress us with the belief that it is overdrawn or too vividly coloured.

We have written the preceding sentences to show what we expect and insist upon in a historical romance. We can hardly even allow in it an "episode" of drollery, like Tytler's verdict in John Knox's case, founded on the black pin—the most attenuated of all circumstantial evidence, on which a cat could not be hung without incurring the charge of feline murder.

Lieutenant Grant's work is perhaps too life-like to be popular amongst the ordinary class of circulating library readers. Works suited to their taste generally comprehend an entire system. The whole theory of rewards for the virtuous and punishment for the vicious, is wrought out; and we expect everything to be in a fair train for bringing out the good folks from every dilemma at the beginning of the third volume, and the heroes and heroines get into their right places by its close.

The author in this work takes a different course; but before stating its outlines, we shall quote an explanatory passage from the preface:—

"The principal locality of the story is the Wrightshouse, or Castle of Bruntisfield, which stood near the Burghmuir of Edinburgh, and was unwisely removed in 1800, to make way for that hideous erection—the Hospital of Gillespie. As described in the romance, it was a magnificent chateau in the old Scoto-French style of architecture, and was completely encrusted with legends, devices, armorial bearings, and quaint bassi relievi.

"It was of great antiquity, and over the central door were the arms of Britain, with the initials J. VI., M. B., F. E.H.R. Amid a singular profusion of sculptured figures, representing Hope, Faith, Charity, &c., was a bas-relief of Adam and Eve in Eden, bearing the following legend:—

'Quhen Adam delv'd, and Eve span,
Quhar were a' the gentiles than?'

"Between them was a female representing taste, and inscribed *Gustus*. 'On the eastern front of the castle was sculptured a head of Julius Cæsar, and under it *Caius Jul. Caesar primus Rom. Imp.* On the eastern wing were figures of Temperentia, Prudentia, and Justitia, which, it is remarkable, were among the first stones thrown down.'—(*Scots Mag.*, 1800). On the west wing was a Roman head of Octavius II., and five representations of the Virtues, beautifully sculptured, *Sicut Olica fructifera*, 1376. *In Domino Confido*, 1400, *Patriae et Posteris*, and many other valuable carvings, which are now preserved at Woodhouselee, adorned the walks and windows. The east wing was said to have been built by Robert III. Arnot informs us, that the centre was erected by James IV., for one of his mistresses, and about the close of the last century, Hamilton of Barganie made many additions to it. How the edifice obtained the name of *Wright's*, or *Wrytes's house*, is now unknown, as no proprietor of it who bore that name can now be traced; but the Napiers appear to have possessed the barony from an early period, and their names frequently occur in local records.

"Alexander Napier de Wrichtyshouse appears as one of an inquest in 1488. His coat armorial was a bend charged with a crescent between two mullets. He married Margaret Napier of Merchiston, whose father was slain at the battle of Flodden. In 1581, among the commissioners appointed by James IV., 'anent the cruize,' we find William Napier of the Wrightshouse. (*Acta Parliamentorum*). And in 1590, Barbara Napier, his sister, was convicted of sorcery, for which, on the 11th of May, she was sentenced to be burnt at a 'stake set on the Castellhill, with barrels, coals, heather, and powder,' but when the torch was about to be applied, pregnancy was alleged, and the execution delayed.—(*Calderwood's Historie*)."

The scene, then, is Edinburgh and its vicinity—the time, those years immediately before and after

Digitized by Google

the great revolutionary settlement—and one of the families most interested is that of the Napiers, whose descendants in India and the Peninsula, in Scinde and Syria, have recently borne a leading part, as did their predecessors, in fray and foray.

The Castle of Merchieston was in the possession of the Dowager Lady Grisel, and her niece, Lilian Napier, of whom Lord Clermistonlee, who belonged to the Council, and was the greatest scamp amongst them, was enamoured, both on account of her beauty and her lands. The young lady did not favour his views; for even in these days Clermistonlee had a bad character, when such characters were not easily acquired. In order to promote his purposes, he obtained warrants to search Lady Grisel's house, for a proscribed minister, and an officer of the Napier family, who was in the Dutch interest, and at the time was concealed in the castle. A company of Dumbarton's regiment, commanded by Douglas of Finland, was employed in this duty. In the company, a cadet, named Walter Fenton, a protege and an old page of Lady Dumbarton's, was attached. This young man had been picked up, as was supposed, from his dead mother's side, in the old Grayfriars' kirk-yard, when the remnant of some raid against the western Whigs were confined there under guard, and in the open air. The soldiers pitied the boy, and spared a peculiar ring which was supposed to be his mother's, and offered the only probable clue to his family; but it never served any purpose to him, although it avenged his death. The minister, Ichabod Brumel, was captured in the castle, and the ladies only escaped in consequence of the connivance of Walter Fenton, whom Lilian had known as a page at Lady Dumbarton's, and who was brought before the Council for this breach of military discipline. He confessed his crime, and was saved from the torture which the enraged Clermistonlee and his friends at the board would have inflicted, by the interference of Claverhouse and Dalzell, who admired his gallant bearing. He was committed to prison; and the author's description of an Edinburgh prison at that period corresponds, we fear, too minutely with its real state:—

"Walter was conducted back to the prison-house in Gourlay's Close, the Heart of Mid Lothian being already filled with nonconforming culprits, preceded by Macer Maclutchy, and the gudeman or governor of the establishment, who wore the city livery, blue, faced with yellow, and carried a bunch of ominous-like keys. Walter found himself before a little archway, closed by a strong iron door, which opened under the great turnpike stair of the edifice, and led to the lower regions—to a superstructure of vaults, which, from their low and massive aspect, might have been deemed coeval with the days of the Alexanders. The light of the iron cruise borne by the gudeman failed to penetrate the deep abyss which yawned before them on the door being opened, and the cold wind of the subterranean chamber rushed upward in their faces. Slowly descending the hollowed and time-worn steps of an ancient stair, accompanied by his guard and conductors, poor Walter moved mechanically: the lamp, as it flared in the chill atmosphere, showed the dark arches, and green, slimy walls of the massive stonework forming the basement story of the prison. He felt a horror creeping over his heart. A profound and dismal silence reigned there; for these earthy passages, where the frog croaked, the shining beetle crawled, and the many-legged spider span in undisturbed security, gave back no echo to their footsteps. In the heart of a populous city, thought he, can such a place be? Is it not a dream? 'Adonai! Adonai!' cried a voice in the distance, so loud, so shrill, and unearthly, that the gudeman paused, and the macer started back. 'How long, O Lord, wilt thou permit these dragons to devour thy people? Rejoice, ye bairns of the Covenant! Rejoice, O ye nations, for He will avenge the blood of his chosen, and render vengeance on his adversaries.'

"'Hoots! It's that fale-body Brumel, blawing like a piper through the key-hole,' said the macer; and, knocking thrice on the cell-door with his mace, added, 'Gif your tongue had been bored with an elshin, as it deserved, my braw buckie, ye wadna hae crawn sae crouse. However, gudeman, his rebellious yammering will not disturb you muckle.'

"'The vaults are grey far doon—we would be deeved wi him else,' replied the gudeman; 'but he gangs to the Bass in the morning—and he can sing psalmody to the roaring waves and the cauld east wind, wi Trail, Bennet, Blackadder, and other brethren in tribulation.'

"'By my word, keeping thae chields on the auld craig is just feeding what ought to be hanged,' responded the macer, for these underlings affected to acquire the cavalier sentiments of the day."

The prisoner, knowing well the secret causes of Lord Clermistonlee's enmity, was unlikely to cherish for him a favourable feeling; and it is not the portion of the following extract relating to this topic which we think important, but the second paragraph, which serves to remind us of the brief period that has elapsed since slavery was not merely practicable, but practised in Scotland. The value of the reforms secured by the struggling men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Scotland, have never been fully estimated, but they included the destruction of slavery:—

"His sentiments of hostility to Lord Clermistonlee were equalled only by those of gratitude to the Laird of Claverhouse, by whose influence he had, for a time, been spared a cruel and degrading maltreatment; but that, alas! was yet to be endured, and the contemplation of it was maddening. To be given as a boudsman or serf, girt with a collar of thrall or slavery, to work in the pits and mines of certain landholders, was a mode of punishment not uncommon in those vindictive days.

"When the Scottish troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Strachan, defeated the brave cavaliers of Montrose in battle at Herbister, in Ross, on the 27th of April, 1650, hundreds who were taken captive were disposed of in that manner. Some were given in thrall to Lieutenant-General Lesly, many to the Marquis of Argyle, others to Sir James Hope, to work as slaves in his lead mines; and the residue were all sent to France, to recruit the Scottish regiments of the Lord Angus and Sir Robert Murray."

The return of George Douglas, of Dumbarton, from London, saved Walter and released him. He obtained a commission in Dumbarton's regiment; the restoration of Lady Grisel and her niece Lilian to their lands, which had been confiscated; while Clermistonlee carried off Lilian's old nurse from her cottage — abducted her in error for the young lady; and never discovered his mistake until he attempted to console her and reward himself in a manner common amongst gallants in all ages and countries. The noble lord may have nourished a moustache for his own personal comfort, but he did not altogether relish a grey and thin appendage of that character in his leman—and, for once, was willing to let his captive free.

Times, as we said, have changed, and Ensign Fenton is accompanying Lilian Napier in her shopping amongst the Lacken Booths, while Lord Clermistonlee follows them, anxious to fix a quarrel and fight a duel with Ensign Fenton, for sake of the lady fair and rich. He had previously fought with Douglas of Finland unsuccessfully in the same cause. The duel is immaterial to us, although

Digitized by Google

it is well described; but we like the chaffering and small talk of the Edinburgh shopkeepers of the seventeenth century, as exhibited in the Lucken Booths, and narrated by Lieutenant Grant:—

"'What are ye bonne for buying the day, my winsome lady?' said a buirdly vender of groceries; 'what are ye buying? Plumdavies, sixpence the pound—the new herb wise folk ca' tea, and fules ca' poison, only fifty English shillings the pound—oranges, nutmegs, and lemons frae the land o' the idolatrous Portogules—Gascony, Muscadel, and Margaux, the wines o' the ne'er-do-weel French—aughteen-pence the Scots quart—what are ye for buying, madam?'

"'Or if you lacked a sharp rapier, sir,' cried a bare-armed swordslipper, leaning over his half door, and taking up the chaunt; 'a corslet o' Milan that would turn a cannon-ball, pikes of Culross, blades of Toledo, pistols of Glasgow, and gude Kilmaurs whittles, the best of a'.'

"'O, what a Babel it is!' said Lilian.

"'Or a warm roquelare to wear in the camp, my handsome gentleman?' cried Lucky Diaper, a brisk and comely haberdasher in a quilted gown, high-heeled shoes, and lace-edged coif. 'What are ye buying, my Lady Lilian? You will be setting up house, I warrant, and are come to seek for the plenishing. Walk in, sir—walk in, madam. I have cushions o' velvet for hall-settles and window seats stuffed with Orkney down—braid-claiths of worsted and silk, servants (or napkins, as the Southrons ca' them) o' Dornick and Flanders damask, some sewit, and others plain—cramsaasie codwairs, and sheets just without number. What want ye, my bonny leddy, and when does the bridal come off?'

"'Malediction on her chatter!' muttered Clermistonlee, who lounged at the door. Walter smiled, Lilian blushed and trembled between diffidence and anger; but her reply was interrupted by the entrance of a customer, who, lifting his bonnet respectfully to her, tendered his order to Lucky Diaper, who immediately reddened up with indignation, and eyeing him askance, said sharply—

"'Set ye up, indeed, wi' a coleur-du-roi coat of three pile taffeta; it's like the impudence that makes ye speir before your betters are served. My certie! what is this world coming to when a loon o' a baxter comes speiring for the like o' that? Awa wi' ye, man, awa! Galloway-white, drab-de-frieze, or buckram conform to the Act o' Apparil, are gude enough for one of your degree!'"

"The unfortunate baker was forced to retreat, for the draper of 1668 thought very differently from one of the present day.

"'Ay, Madam Lilian, there was that ill-faured wife o' Bailie Jaffray, who bydes up the Stinking Style (just aboon the Knight o' Coates' lodging), gaed down the gate not an hour ago, wi' a hood o' silken cramsaasie, wi champit figures as red as her ain neb, and a mantle wi' passments sewit round the craig o't. What think ye o' that for a webster's wife in the Lawnmarket. I mind the time when sic presumption would have found her a cauld lodging in the Water Hole. That was in 1672, when the Apparel Act was strictly enforced, and nane but gentlefolk daured to ruffle it on the plainstanes in silk, taffeta, lace, or farring, broidery or miniver; but the times are changing fast. I am getting auld now, and neighbours say, am far behind the world.'

"'Bonny Florentine blue that is, my lady; and weel would it become your sweet face, if pinkit out wi' red satin a-la-mode. Lack ye a sword-knot, young gentleman, blue and white, our auld Scottish cockade? In what can I serve ye? A' the cavaliers of my Lord Dumbarton ken me; for I had a fair laddie once, that fell in their ranks at Tangier (rest him, God!), far, far awa' among the black-avised unco's.'

"When a pause in the bustling dealer's garrulity permitted her to speak, Lilian requested so much of the finest blue velvet as would make a scarf for the shoulder, with fringe and embroidery thread, and spangles of gold and silver.

"'I see, madam—I ken,' resumed Lucky Diaper with a smile of intelligence; 'tis a scarf for this winsome gentleman. Oh, hinny, ye needna blush; I mind the time when your lady mother came here to order a bran plenishing for her bridal and bedecking for her chamber-of-dais; and a blythe woman I was to serve her! Blue taffeta?—You'll be taking the very best Genoa, I warrant. It is a pleasure to serve gentlefolk; but it gars my heart grieve when loons like that baxter body think o' decking their ill-faured heads and houghs in my fine Florence silk and Sheffield claith. Come, bustle, lassies, and show my Lady Lilian our velvets.'

"Two spruce and buxom shop-girls, in short overgowns, with snooded hair and bare arms, laid several rolls of velvet before Lilian, who immediately made her selection, and, anxious to escape the infliction of any more observations from Lucky, desired her to give it to the lame serving-man, and note it in the books of the steward, Syme of the Hill. All the shopwomen curtsied profoundly, as Lilian took the arm of Walter, and swept again into the morning bustle of the Lucken Booths.

"Chafing at their delay, Clermistonlee had been looking with imaginary interest into the window of a bookseller's booth (the sign of which was 'Jonah'); but he heard not the chatter of the proprietor, whose tongue supplied the place of newspaper puff, review, and publishing list. His lordship's thoughts were elsewhere than among the red-lettered and quaintly illustrated tomes before him.

"'What are ye for buying this braw day, my noble lord? There is the Knight of Ravallan's 'True crucifix,' the 'Banished Virgin'—a folio that will please you better;—the three volumes of 'Astrea;' the 'Illustrious Bassa,' imprinted by Mosely, the Englishman in St. Paul's Churchyard, fresh frae London by the last waggon, only three weeks ago; the last poem o' buidy ——, my noble Lord Advocate, Sir George o' Rosehaugh, 'Clelia's Country House and Closet,' whilk, as the Lady Drumsturdy said in this very 'booth' yesterday, is the most delichtfu' book since the days o' Gawain Douglas o' Dunbar ——'

"'Sirrah, I want neither your books nor your babble; when I lack either, I will know where to come,' said the haughty lounger, suddenly remembering where he was, and whence came the cataract of words that poured on his ear. Turning, he saw those for whom he was in wait entering the Lawnmarket."

Clermistonlee succeeded in making a quarrel, and was worsted, but not killed, as he should have been. Men like Clermistonlee should never be merely wounded, for they are better off the stage entirely. After they have attained a thorough character for mischief, and the artist cannot put more black on the ebony of their hearts, he should finish them.

Walter Fenton and Lilian Napier lived and loved happily until William of Holland put to sea with his armament, and then Dumbarton's regiment was ordered to England. They were expected to join the army collected at Hampstead by James to oppose the invader, his daughter's husband. Although the interference of William became, perhaps, necessary to secure his own and his wife's expectations—for the Long Parliament and Cromwell were not then forgotten on the Continent—still it was a melancholy business. The deposition of a father by his son is bad—by his daughter, worse; and yet the responsibility lay with James, who expected, perhaps, to convert the nation; and who, certainly, was a tool in the hands of the French King and the Pope.

We need not repeat the history of that conflict, which is well told by Lieutenant Grant, so far as his business leads him into the matter; but the parting of Walter Fenton with Lilian Napier and Lady Grisel reveals so many traits of olden times in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, that we copy part of the author's description:—

"'Awake, aunt Grisel; Mr. Fenton has come to bid us farewell. He marches by crow of the cock, and we may not see him again for—for many a weary day.'

"'My dream is read!' exclaimed the old lady, starting. 'Oh Lilian, lass! what is this you tell me? Walter, my poor bairn, come to me; for whence are ye bonne?'

"'For England, madam.'

"'England! alake, alake! and I was dreaming of Sir Archi-

Digitized by Google

bald,' replied the venerable dame, whose eyes were glittering with tears. 'I saw him standing there, before the oaken cabinet, in his buff coat, steel cap and plume, just as I saw him last when under harness; and oh! but he seemed young and winsome, with glowing cheeks and bright locks of curling brown. "Archibald," I cried; and, stretching my arms toward him, I strove to say mair; but O! Lilian, the words died away in whispers on my lips. He walked over to the buffet, and took up his silver tankard which other lips have never touched since his own. It was empty. Sairly he gloomed as he wont when aught crossed him, and flang down the cup. I heard the clank of his janglingspurs as he turned lightly about, saying, "Fare-ye-weel, my jo Grisel, horse and spear's the cry again," and strode away. But oh, his face, and the flash of his dark-browed eye; they come back to me a vision from the grave. I awoke, and there stood Walter Fenton—his living image. O, Lilian! my doo, something sad is at hand. Blows and blood ever followed such visions as mine hath been this night. It forebodes deep dool, and dark misfortune.'

"'Dear Aunt Grisel, why such dreary thoughts?' said Lilian, no longer able to restrain her tears; 'though we are losing one dear friend—Mr. Fenton—one, I hope, after Sir Archibald's own heart.'

"'True, he hath the bearing of a Napier, and the very eye of my young son, and, sooth, *he* was a stalwart cavalier as ever danced a gay galliard or spurred a horse to the battle-field. And you are boune for the south, Walter? War and blood, more of it yet—more of it yet—when will the wicked cease from troubling? Well it is for ye, boy, that ye have no mother to weep this night the bitter tears that I have often shed for mine. Three fair sons, Walter, hae gone forth from this auld roof-tree, three stalwart men they were and winsome to look upon, blooming and strong as ever braced steel owr'e gallant hearts; but hard alake; e'er the sun sank ower the westland hills, the last o' them lay by his father's side, cauld and stark on the banks of the Keithing burn.'

"'But I trow,' she added, striking her cane on the floor, 'many a braw English cap and feather lay on the turf ere *that* came to pass.'

"The keen grey eyes of the spirited dame flashed bright through her tears, for strongly at that moment the Spartan spirit of the old Scottish matron glowed within her heart. 'England? Alake! and what is stirring now that our blue bonnets maun cross the border again? Smooth water runs deep. I aye thought we were owre sib wi' the South to hide sae long.'

"'Madam, we march as friends and allies to assist in repelling invasion from its shores. William of Orange, with a great armament, now bends his cannon on the English coast, and by daybreak to-morrow we march for King James's camp. I must leave you instantly, for I have not a moment to spare. My Lord Dumbarton requires my presence at Holyrood, where General Douglas of Queensbury is to address the officers of the army. Farewell, dear madam; think kindly of me when I am far, far away from you, for never may we meet again,' and, half kneeling, he kissed her hand.

"'Then ere thou goest, my poor boy, drink to the roof-tree of one who loves thee well, and who may never behold thee more. Ye hae the very voice of my youngest son; and O, Walter, my auld heart yearns unto ye even as a mother's would yearn unto her dearest child.'

"Walter's heart swelled within him as the kind old lady laid her hand round his neck.

"'Lady Bruntisfield,' cried he, in a low voice, 'often have I known how sad a thing it was to feel oneself alone in the world, and never will the memory of these kind words be effaced from my heart.'

"Lilian, blushing and pale by turns, with eyes full of tears, brought from the almry a silver cup of wine, and after she and Lady Grisel had tasted, Walter drained it to the bottom; as he did so, uttering a mental blessing on the house of Bruntisfield. The rich Gascon wine fired his heart, and gave him courage to sustain the separation.

"'Tis a sad and sudden parting, Walter,' said Lady Grisel, weeping unrestrainedly with that old-fashioned kindness of heart which has long since fled from the land. 'How long will you be away from us?'

"'That depends on the fortune of war, madam.'

"'Puir bairn! ye mean the misfortune. Alake! we live in wsefu' times. Year after year our auld Scots wife seeth the fair flowers that spring up around her trod down and destroyed. How many fair sons are reared with mickle pain and toil to be cut down by the sword of the foemen! Thrice in my time have I seen the balefire blaze on Soutra-edge and Ochil Peak, and thrice have I seen the haill flower o' the country-side wede away. And well it is, Walter, that thou hast no other mother than myself to mourn for thee this night; for, as I said before,' she continued, in the garrulous musing of age, 'my mind gangs back to the happy days and the fond faces of other times, when I have laced the steel cap owre comely cheeks whose smiles were a' the world to me. Then the balefire was lowing on ilka hill, and *mount and ride* was the cry. O, when will men grow wise (as that fule body Ichabod said with truth), and let the wicked kings of the earth gird up their loins and go forth to battle alone?'"

Time passed swiftly with the winners and the losers in the game of war. The largest portion of the army abandoned James, and marched over to the standard of William. Even the Scotch forces in formidable bodies passed from their allegiance to the Stuarts, or rather transferred that allegiance from the father to the daughter; but there were no railways — there were not even mail coaches in those years—and warriors, notwithstanding the sneer at Sir John Cope by the Governor of Berwick, were in the habit of carrying the news of their defeat or victory. Lady Grisel had her Christmas party while her friends were approaching rapidly from England, but she was ignorant of the turn that the war had taken, and the bent of its course:—

"Old Lady Grisel occupied her great-cushioned chair with her spinning-wheel on one hand, and her cup of milk posset on a tripod table at the other. The neighbouring Laird of Drumdryan, a plain, hard-featured man, in an unlaced coat and hideous wig; Sir Thomas Dalzell, in a gala suit of laced buff, rather cross and irritable with a lumbago, contracted in Muscovy; and the Dowager Lady Drumsturdy, all stomacher, starch, and black satin, with Mistress Priscilla, her daughter, and exact counterpart, occupied the foreground; while honest Syme of the Greenhill, in his plain hodden-grey coat, a flaming red vest, with ribbed galligaskins rolled over his knees, and his fat, comely dame, with her serge gown, laced coif, and bunch of household keys, sat respectfully a little behind.

"While the two lairds were accommodated with silver tankards, which Mr. Drouthy replenished again and again with the burnt sack, then so much in vogue, the bluff ground bailie, in virtue of his humbler station, drank nut-brown ale from plain pewter. Everything in the apartment was trimmed with green holly branches, and a mistletoe-bough hung from the great dormant tree of the ceiling, under which the long-bearded old cavalier saluted Lady Grisel's faded cheek with much good humour and courtesy.

"'Yes, Simeon, it was the case,' continued the latter, who was engaged in some prosy reminiscences of King Charles the First's days. 'A fiery dragon *was* seen in the west, and it flew owre the Muirfute Hills, towards the Castle of Dunbar; and, that day month, a mournful field was fought and lost there.'

"'I weel mind the time, your ladyship,' replied Simeon, scratching his galligaskins, where he had received a thrust from a Puritan's pike; 'but the fleeing dragon, wi' its fiery tail, was thought to portend——'

"'Just such things, Simeon, as the bright lights in the north hae portended this month past. And ye ken, Sir Thomas, that the miraculous shower of Highland bannets, whilk preceded the irruption of the ill-faured Redshanks in the west, in the December of '84, was another wonderful and terrible omen.'

"'True, Lady Grisel,' replied Dalzell, taking a sip from his tankard; 'but ane partaking owre mickle o' the leaven o' the auld covenant (d—n it!) for an auld cavalier like myself to believe; unless auld Mahoud was the merchant that made sae free wi' his gear. He has owre lang been poking his neb in our Scottish affairs.'

"'O' which my late lord (rest him!) had most ocular proof,' said Lady Drumsturdy, in a low impressive voice—'when he saw him, wi' horns and tail, dancing on the walls o' Blackness, in the hour o' its uplawin', in the year 1652.'

Digitized by Google

"'Cockmails!' muttered Drumdryan; 'here's the snow coming doun the lum!' and he shook the flakes from his wig.

"'You are sitting owre far ben the ingle, laird.'

"'We'll hae a storm this night, sirs,' said Simeon. 'I ken by the sengh o' the norlan wind—its gey driech an eerie.'

"''Sdeath! I hope not,' said Drumdryan. 'I've a score o' braw bell-wethers owre the muir at the Buckstane; and I lost enough at Martinmas-tide, when twa hundred black-faces were smoored in the Glen o' Braid.'

"'And there has been no word from England since the snow fell—six weeks?' said Lilian, sighing.

"'Some say the roads are deep, sweet mistress,' said General Dalzell; 'and others say the Orangemen are deeper; but the deil a scrap hath reached the Council since that rinawa' loon Craigdarroch arrived: and gude kens wha's hand may be strongest by this time. But God bless the King and the gude auld cause!' continued the old cavalier, draining his tankard."

Clermistonlee had gathered some information respecting the approaching change, and he had formed one in the band of mummers with the design of carrying off Lilian Napier—a design, in this instance, perfectly successful. He did not, however, gain by the movement, for the retreating forces of Claverhouse attacked his tower on the night when he had succeeded in Lilian's abduction. It was stormed. The bad and base lord fought once again with Walter Fenton, was once more wounded, and most unfortunately was once more spared to live and sin more.

The rescued lady was conveyed to Edinburgh by Fenton, and joined there her friend "Annie Laurie," under the protectorate of Ichabod Brumel, who, by the revolution, was restored to liberty, power, and the prospect of a benefice. With Douglas of Finland and Fenton the cry was still to horse and spear. They hastened to join Claverhouse, and they arrived when he was doing military execution on a traitor—an officer who had planned to betray him for the sake of the price put upon his head—one thousand guineas—a large sum when guineas were scarce:—

"Cool and collected, with folded arms, he firmly encountered the dark eyes of Dundee, which were fixed with stern scrutiny upon him. The group of his comrades surveyed him with glances of mingled scorn and pity.

"'Holsterlee!' said the Viscount, who held in one hand a long Scots pistol, in the other a letter; 'how little could I once have suspected that you, the best cavalier of the King's life-guard, and one in whose loyalty and high spirit I trusted so much, would stoop to this dishonour? The attempt, simply of deserting, to take service with this vile usurper, though bad enough in itself, is as nothing compared to the treachery which this stray letter has revealed. Fool and villain! thou knowest that I am the last hope of the king's cause in Scotland, and that if I fall, it will be buried in my grave; and yet thou art in league with this accursed Convention to destroy me! A thousand English guineas for my head, thou villanous scape-the-gallows and companion of grooms and horse-boys, who hast squandered away a fair repute and noble patrimony among rake-belly gamesters and women of pleasure, dost thou value the head of a Scottish peer at a sum so trifling? hah!' He uttered a bitter laugh. 'What,' he resumed, 'hast thou to urge, that I should not hang thee from the branch of this beech-tree?'

"'That I am a gentleman,' replied Holsterlee, boldly; 'a lesser baron of blood and coat-armour by twelve descents, and should not die the death of a peasant churl or faulty hound.'

"'Right!' exclaimed Dundee, whose dark and terrible eyes began to fill with their dusky fire. 'A gentleman should die by the hand of another, for every punishment is disgraceful. DEATH is the only relief from the consciousness of crime. Thou shalt have the honour of perishing by the hand of the first cavalier in Scotland. *Thus* shalt thou die—now God receive thy soul!' and, pointing upward with his bridle hand, he levelled the pistol, and fired. The ball passed through the brain of Holsterlee, and flattened against the plastered wall of a neighbouring cottage. The body sank prostrate on the turf, quivered for a moment, and then lay still and stiffening, with upturned eyes and relaxed jaws.

"This act, which was the most terrible episode in the life of the terrible Dundee, threw a chill on the heart of his comrades; but he did not permit them to remain gazing on the lifeless remains of one who had ridden so long in their ranks, and who was the gayest fellow that ever cracked a jest, shuffled a card, or handed a coquette through the stately cotillon or joyous courante.

"'Our nags are somewhat breathed after the hot chase he gave us, gentlemen,' said Dundee, deliberately loading his pistol, and endeavouring, under an aspect of external composure, to conceal the immediate sorrow, remorse, and anger, that too surely preyed upon his heart. 'To horse! sling carbines—forward—trot!' and away they rode in silence, leaving the cold remains of the dead man lying on the grassy sward, with his blood-dabbled locks waving in the morning wind, while the gleds and ravens wheeled and croaked around him with impatience.

"But he felt not the one and heard not the other.

"He was stripped by the cottagers, and as his dress was remarkably rich, to prevent further inquiry, they interred him where he lay, between the bare beech-tree and the old cottage wall."

In after years—years long after that day, and not yet long ago—when the cottage was old and taken down, close by its foundations, the peaceable men of a more pacific period found the skeleton of a man, who, according to tradition, fell by the hand of the "great Dundee."

The description of the battle of Killiecrankie, and the death of Dundee, is written in an animated style; and deeply, but mournfully interesting, is the last volume of the three. Douglas of Finland was killed in the service of France, but not before the fickle Annie Laurie had found another lover, and obtained a richer husband than the forfeited exile. The episode of Annie Laurie and Douglas is rendered more interesting by an old ballad, ascribed to Douglas of Finland. The lady and her lover were real characters, who lived and suffered, but Annie Laurie did not keep the faith pledged to the poet soldier, and ill deserved the fame she gained by his verses—which bear the impress, at least, of being thoroughly Scotch:—

"Maxweltown braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And blue-eyed Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true:
Gave me her promise true,
That never forgot shall be;
And for my bonnie Annie Laurie,
I would lay me down and dee.

Her locks are like the sunshine,
Her breast is like the swan;
Her hand is like the snow-drifts,
And *mine* her waist *micht* span.
But oh! that promise true
Will ne'er be forgot by me,
And for my bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me down and dee!

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet;
And like wind in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
But oh! that promise true
Makes her all the world to me;
And for my bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

The end of the romance is sad enough. Irritated by the taunts of neighbours on account of her abduction, and stung by the contents of a forged

Digitized by Google

letter, containing information of Walter Fenton's marriage, a lie concocted by Clermistonlee and Annie Laurie, Lilian Napier married the old ruined peer.

Wounded on the battle-field of Steinkirke, in a foreign land, poor Walter Fenton, then Sir Walter Fenton, was saved by a foreign lady. That lady was the ill-used wife of Clermistonlee's youth, and she was Fenton's mother; for his nurse, and not his mother, was found dead beside him in the Greyfriars' kirk yard.

Returning to Scotland on a mission in the Stuart interest, and knowing nothing of Lilian's marriage, Fenton, in a changed garb, visited Merchieston Castle. The lady learned then the imposition practised upon her, and learned, too, that she was not a wife; for the first Lady Clermistonlee was still alive.

But Sir Walter Fenton was arrested, tried, and condemned to be shot on the following morning in the Parliament Square.

In the scene that followed between Lord Clermistonlee and Lilian Napier, the former gained possession of the ring found with Walter in the old kirk yard. It was a peculiar ring, his gift to Alison Gifford on their marriage day. He then had persecuted and ultimately had succeeded in obtaining the condemnation of his son. He rode hard to stay the execution, and arrived in time to see the shots fired. He returned to Merchieston Castle to find that Lilian Napier and her child were fled. They were seen no more.

In 1800, when the mansion was demolished, "within a deep alcove, or labyrinth of stone, in the heart of its massive walls, the skeletons of a female and a child were discovered; some fragments of velvet, brocade, and a gold ring, were found with them. On touching them, they crumbled into undistinguishable dust."

Such are the materials from which Mr. Grant has formed a narrative that fully supports his fame as the historian of the 92nd Highlanders.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. W. A. Butler. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

The recent history of Ireland is peculiarly painful in many respects; and not more so in any than in the number of her ablest sons, who descended to the grave in her years of gloom. Who can estimate the loss to a nation in the death of the young, the good, and the gifted? An accountant will cast up the money value of a young labourer to his country, but no accountant can estimate the price of genius, elevated by patriotism and hallowed by piety.

Our recollections of Ireland embrace the names of many valued men, who, during the dark years beginning with 1845, and not yet terminated, have perished amid the misery that they vainly tried to assuage. All classes and professions furnished victims to the fever that tracked the path to famine; and marked it with the fresh-turned earth, and the withering grass on the parted sods over new-filled graves. The hearts that felt most strongly for the misery, want, and woes of their neighbours, were allurements into danger; and so death was busiest amongst the best. Recent times have no similar judgment to that which has brooded over Ireland since the summer of 1845, and Ireland, amongst her lost, had few abler sons than the author of this volume.

Mr. Butler was originally educated by his mother in the Roman Catholic faith. At Trinity College he adopted Protestantism, and joined the Established Church. He was a regular contributor of *Blackwood's* and the *Dublin University Magazine.* As Professor of Moral Philosophy in Dublin, he supported well, though young in years, the high and well-earned fame of Trinity College. As the pastor of a northern parish, he discharged his duties faithfully. At the time of his death he was engaged in completing a work on faith—he died before it was finished, and the theological world have lost a work that might, in some measure, have supplied Bishop O'Brien's indisposition to publish a second edition of his work, which has long been out of print.

Mr. Butler died of the disease of his land and his time, in July, 1848. We have had this volume of his remains in our possession for a considerable period. We have opened it often—read it often—and, while, on some minor topics we entertain views different slightly from those of the lamented writer, yet we have to say for this work—that we never found a redundant sentence—never read a sentence without an idea—never read a page without feeling somehow the better for doing so. Mr. Butler died in his thirty-fifth year. What, with his application and genius, might he not have accomplished ere his seventieth!

The Principles of Geology Reviewed in Relation to Revealed and Natural Religion. By the Rev. Dr. King, of Glasgow. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

This small volume is fortified with notes by Professor Scouler, of Dublin. It appears, indeed, to be a joint production—in which Dr. King's part is printed in large, and Professor Scouler's in small type. The object of the work appears to be well attained; but we have the misfortune of living in expectation of so many new discoveries in geology, that we consider many of the deductions that some men take out of the present crude knowledge that they have gained, altogether premature. However, that view only helps Dr. King's argument. All science, rightly viewed, has hitherto confirmed inspiration. The discoveries amongst the ruins of Nineveh form the most eminent confirmation of our day, until at last a European has got amongst the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees, and we shall probably have great treasures from that ancient city. We are surprised that theologians have made so little use of Layard's Nineveh; but they will learn probably to know its value.

Some passages of Dr. King's work are eloquent—for example, his reflections on the formation of coal, a remarkable evidence of design in the structure of the globe as it stands at present. This little volume will help to solve some doubts, and cast many minds into a proper train of thinking: while we commend its recognition of the natural revelation—that revelation which many believers in the revealed weakly and wickedly overlook.

Digitized by Google

Railway Economy. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L., &c London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1 vol. p. 528.

We can merely notice this volume as the most elaborate work on railways—their tendency, their origin, progress, advantages, defects, and prospects of amendment—that we have yet seen. The author exhausts the subject so far as it is exhaustible, but he has learned practically that science never stays: its way is onward ever. We had good macadamised roads, fleet horses, and light coaches. We have railways now, but no man can assume that we are to stop with them. The best lines of railway, and the most expensive, are in this country. To the 1st January, 1849, a sum of two hundred millions sterling had actually been paid for their construction, and power was taken to spend additional sums of one hundred and forty millions. Still, the united amount is not one-half of the national debt—is not equivalent to one-sixth of the sum expended in the century for battling with France—and we may be all assured that it is better and wiser to fight the elements than with our fellow men. A recapitulation of the various chapters of this volume would not prove very entertaining; and we have not space at present to bestow on a careful exposition of the author's views, so that we are compelled to confine our remarks to a recommendation, and a warm one, of the work, to all whom it concerns—firstly, of course, to railway officials; and, secondly, to that generally unfortunate class, by whose losses the public have gained—railway shareholders.

Impressions of Central and Southern Europe. By W. E. Baxter. London: Longman & Co. 1 vol., 388 pages.

We have read with much pleasure the notes written by Mr. Baxter, who is connected with Dundee, and has travelled over a large portion of the Continent, including some part of Turkey. His work is more descriptive of men than of scenery. He has examined minutely the characters of the different races which comprise the great European families, and we see no reason to doubt the truth of those conclusions at which he has arrived. He is evidently a thorough believer in politics, and an evangelical dissenter in religion. With these views he found little sympathy in Germany or Switzerland, where Christianity is either displayed under the hood of superstition, or is crippled by what is most unreasonably styled rationalism—and of course he found still less in the East. Of the Grecian character he bears a bad report, and he does not anticipate a vigorous resistance from the Ottoman population to the assaults of Russia, if they be again renewed. Mr. Baxter appears to us to take a very enlightened view of public matters as he moves along. By way of example (page 195), he says:—

"Nothing can be more harmless than to encourage the residence on a property of a moderate quantity of game, for the benefit of the natural historian, the sportsman, and the poulterer; but humanity protests against converting a thickly-peopled country into preserves for the rearing of animals which consume the fruits of the earth."

He expects, from the repeal of the Corn Laws, as a means of teaching landlords to husband their resources, some abatement of the game nuisance. We shall learn more of that in a few years.

SHILLING LITERATURE.

Some additional parts of Mr. Ainsworth's novels have been published by Messrs Chapman and Hall; but by far the most extensive, varied, and useful of the shilling cataract, is issued by Mr. Slater, of London. His series, or, more properly, his three or four series, are remarkably well got up, and contain some valuable essays, differing entirely from the fictitious works to which this mode of publication has been recently confined. A similar flow of works is published by Mr. Routledge, under the title of a "Railway Library," and contains good works.

A Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland. By Dr. Forbes. London: John Murray, 1 vol., 350 pages.

This volume is the second edition of an able and interesting work on Switzerland. The first edition was published last year, and the appearance of a second proves that the public have appreciated the work, which forms an excellent guide and itinerary to the tourist amongst the Alpine mountains, but without the formality, and with more vivacity and a greater amount of scientific information than can be found amongst the regular guides.

Eight Years in British Guiana. By Barton Premlum. London: Longman & Co. 1 vol., 305 pages.

We notice the appearance of this volume in a merely incidental manner, because we intend hereafter to make some use probably of the facts stated by Barton Premlum in his journal, as one means of showing how very well our present system has succeeded in bringing the tropical colonies to the verge of ruin. The name is assumed, but the writer went through all the losses and trials described, and is a *bona fide* West Indian, and a sufferer by the restrictions in the labour market there.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

During the past month, the attention of Parliament has been directed to the subject of our national expenditure, in three important debates. On the 8th, Mr. Cobden called upon Government to shew cause why the yearly outlay should exceed that of 1835. On the 12th, Mr. Henry Drummond moved a resolution, averring the existence of distress, caused by over-taxation, and affirming the propriety of reducing the demands and the expenses of the State. On the 15th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with rather unusual alacrity, produced the budget for the current year.

Upon the formal motion with which Sir C. Wood concluded his statement—viz., that the House should authorise the issue of Exchequer-bills to the amount of £9,200,000 for the service of the year—there was of course no division. In the other two cases, the House came to votes, which would, to a person unacquainted with the course of our Parliamentary proceedings, supply a very false criterion either of the relative or absolute importance of the motions submitted to the consideration of the Legislature. Both of them, though not directed against Government, encountered a vigorous opposition from the Treasury benches. Mr. Cobden was unable to

Digitized by Google

secure as many as a third of the votes given on the subject of his proposition; and, in an assembly consisting of 346 members, Mr. Drummond was beaten by a majority of about 10 per cent. The difference of these divisions is easily accounted for. The debates, though ostensibly on the same theme, revealed beyond a doubt that the member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and those who acted with him, were only advocating the cause of the general interests of the country: while on the other hand the member for West Surrey was fighting a party battle. What is every man's is also no man's business, and Mr. Cobden was accordingly but ill supported at the division. Exclusive interest concentrated numbers and energy in aid of Mr. Drummond.

The experience, however, of the last thirty years is amply sufficient to show that the effectiveness of such a motion and such a speech as Mr. Cobden's is not to be estimated by the greater or less number of voices that approve them within the walls of St. Stephen's. Public attention out of doors once arrested, and general interest in a subject once excited, the opinions of representatives slowly and surely advance, till the desired amelioration is finally consummated by a legislative act. As a step in such a progress as we anticipate for economical reform, the debate on the 8th ult. was as successful as could be desired. The resolution which gave rise to it was couched in the following terms:—

"That the net expenditure of the Government for the year 1835 amounted to £44,422,000; that the net expenditure for the year ending the 5th January, 1850, amounted to £50,853,000; the increase of upwards of £6,000,000 having been caused principally by successive augmentations of our warlike establishments, and outlays on defensive armaments; that no foreign danger, or necessary cost for the civil government, or indispensable disbursements for the services in our dependencies abroad, warrant the continuance of this increase of expenditure; that the taxes required to meet the present expenditure impede the operations of manufactures and agriculture, and diminish the funds for the employment of labour in all branches of productive industry, thereby tending to produce pauperism and crime, and adding to the local and general burdens of the people; that, to diminish these evils, it is expedient that this House take steps to reduce the annual expenditure, with all practicable speed, to an amount not exceeding the sum which, within the last fifteen years, has been proved to be sufficient for the maintenance of the security, honour, and dignity of the nation."

Taking this as his theme, Mr. Cobden not merely supported his reputation as one of the most lucid and logical speakers in Parliament, but also supplied what has hitherto been a great *desideratum* in the public business of the country. Year after year the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes down to the House of Commons and tenders his bill. So much may be dispensed with, such and such burdens may be shifted from one class to another—after such reductions so much may be expected—such is the song of all; but none inform the public, and very possibly they do not know themselves, what are the real causes that may be assumed to necessitate the devotion of a particular sum to a particular purpose, or whether any other reason besides the arithmetical addition of such specific items renders the devotion of a large millionary total indispensable to the honour and happiness of Great Britain. When the items are produced in due course, they must be voted, or the Ministry is virtually displaced. The rejection of a money-vote implies in the most cogent manner that the executive is distrusted and already condemned. It is, therefore, rarely attempted by a Parliamentary Opposition that looks to place as the reward of its labours, and many abuses are consequently perpetuated in public expenditure.

With respect to the resolution in question, Lord J. Russell had the candour to admit that the Member for the West Riding gave strength to a government when proceeding to deal with such subjects. The averments, however, of Mr. Cobden's motion, and the speech by which he explained it, necessarily implied some censure upon the zeal or ability of the Administration, and were therefore met by the noble Lord and Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Cobden had well chosen the year 1835. The state of Europe then was, to say the least of it, as perilous as it is now. Each successive possibility of war has added something to our expenditure since that time, and it is surely reasonable to inquire why the increased armaments continued when the circumstances that occasioned them no longer existed. It may at a future time be prudent to ascertain whether the expenses of 1835 were fairly warrantable; at present it will be enough to endeavour to reduce our outlay to the level of that year. The cause of the existing excess was not alluded to in any speech upon the motion. The charge itself was, however, palliated to a certain extent. Nearly £2,000,000 had been added to the miscellaneous estimates. The post-office figures show us an additional charge of upwards of £700,000 upon the navy estimates, and the sums arising from the sale of old stores are now paid into the Exchequer, instead of being appropriated in aid of the departments which had originally purchased them. By these and other similar deductions, the excess complained of in the motion is reduced to £2,365,000; and to that extent the precise terms of the motion are impugned. But the fact complained of remains much as it was. The largest item in the excess is for warlike preparations, and for them no cause is assigned that can bear a moment's investigation. Malta, so strong, that the French, when they took possession of it on their way to Egypt, congratulated themselves upon having some one inside to open the gates to them, has, it seems, been voted defenceless, and in urgent need of additional fortifications; Gibraltar, long in our possession, and an almost virgin fortress, is in the same melancholy plight. It is nevertheless undeniable that both of them, if ever taken, can only be subdued by a nation having the absolute command of the Mediterranean, or, in other words, repose upon the same security as England itself. Notwithstanding this obvious and unquestionable fact, they, it seems, are a colourable pretext for increased expenditure. Then, the relief of colonial stations is urged, and the pretence is received with a gravity which does some credit to the ironical gravity, if it be not somewhat derogatory to the intelligence and common sense, of our legislators. There are soldiers at the Cape to the amount of upwards of 4,000 men. The climate is healthy; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the gallant

Digitized by Google

warriors, that they pass their time pleasantly—at all events they have nothing in the world to do. When an outbreak on the frontier does occur, the real work is done by the Hottentot levies, whose habits and accoutrements are calculated for a desultory border warfare, in which the English soldier of the line is absolutely useless and helpless. Upon this point we may as well here remark that the people at the Cape have expressed their readiness to undertake their own defence, as soon as they are enabled by the acquisition of free institutions to do so effectually. In New Zealand, the case is nearly similar. Regular troops are maintained there at an enormous cost, ostensibly to defend the colonists. When an outbreak did occur, which might have been repressed by the settlers, had they been permitted to arm and organise themselves, an enormous destruction of property took place, and the troops were found nearly useless in savage warfare. In Australia, there are no barbarous tribes in such force as to be dreaded by the community, though isolated marauders may be troublesome, and sometimes fatal, to individuals. In fact, in the Southern Hemisphere in general, the colonists, claiming to be Englishmen in all respects except in sending members to the Imperial Parliament, complain of the presence of troops among them, as indicating an intention on the part of the mother-country to overawe them by a display of force; while their fellow-subjects within the four seas piously believe that they are paying for the defence of their brethren in the colonies. "In the opinion of those best able to form a judgment upon such points,"—the phrase is Mr. Labouchere's,—"the money of the people of England is properly frittered away upon these and similar absurdities."

But it is not alone for eliciting such a defence of these monstrosities that the country is indebted to Mr. Cobden. The diplomatic salaries were attacked by him, and—not defended by Goverment. The Treasury benches, to their honour be it said, could not muster assurance sufficient to defend the salaries of from £9,000 to £10,000 per annum, enjoyed by Ministers at the Courts of Paris, Petersburg, and Vienna. The days when barbaric pomp was necessary to maintain the dignity of an ambassador have long since passed away. In modern civilization, display is no longer requisite, and therefore never attempted, by functionaries who represent her Majesty in foreign countries. Of course, no "low person" is eligible to fill such situations as those in question, and high personages who condescend to accept such employments must always be presumed to have some fortune of their own. It may, perhaps, be a rash presumption, but, as it might give offence to entertain a contrary hypothesis, we must acquiesce in the conventional view of the case. These distinguished persons, then, in consequence of their receiving an income nearly double of that spent by any native of the countries to which they are sent, are under the absolute necessity of either offending public opinion by outrageously profligate expenditure, or, in addition to the incomes of their private fortunes, must accumulate large savings which are altogether unnecessary, inasmuch as the country provides them with enormous pensions when they retire from their laborious career. We perfectly understand the Ministerial argument so pertinaciously repeated up on all occasions—"You must pay well if you would have your work well done." Nay more, we would say with Mr. Cobden—we will pay excessively rather than deficiently; but surely it is somewhat derogatory to our national pride to observe that the amount of diplomatic talent and integrity which can be obtained in the United States for £2,000, only without a pension hereafter, is not to be had in England at less than £10,000, with a pension in prospect. In two words, the thing is a job, and must be put an end to.

We will not quarrel with the salaries of the common-law puisne judges. They are not very excessive; and that they are amply sufficient to secure the very ablest men in the country is proved by the fact that they stand as high as judicial authorities can in the estimation both of the profession and the public. But then their functions are precisely identical with those of their chiefs, and if the latter only receive a sufficient remuneration, the former must be considered under-paid. The chiefs, however, of the common-law courts are far less favoured than the heads of the Chancery Courts in England and in Ireland. £14,000 a-year in the one, and £8,000 in the other, with retiring pensions to induce these high magistrates to resign when they are unfit for work, is a standing contradiction to Ministerial professions of economy. All these exorbitant salaries, it must be remembered, were fixed at periods when the expenses of living were far higher than at present, so that, assuming that they were originally fixed on a proper scale, the enhancement of the value of money renders them far better remunerated appointments than it was ever contemplated they should be. Even at that time Sir William Grant denied that a Master of the Rolls deserved a higher salary than the £2,000 per annum, which then constituted the whole of the emoluments of his office, and with a noble elevation of sentiment, claimed and obtained for himself an honourable exemption from the affluence that was indiscriminately poured upon his brethren. The reasons which induced him to come to this conclusion, were doubtless much the same that present themselves to everybody acquainted with the real state of the profession. Sir William Grant, though like many of the puisne judges of the present day, possessing law and talent of the highest order, resembled them also in having had, comparatively, but little business as an advocate. A man who surrenders little or no income, or is compensated by the certainty of a permanent appointment for relinquishing uncertain and fleeting gain, has no right to require anything more than a mere remuneration for the actual service he undertakes to perform. The average earnings, even of very able lawyers, it is well known, are far less than those of the puisne judges.

THE BUDGET.

It is a rare phenomenon when a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer has to deal with a surplus revenue; we are, therefore, disposed to view with indulgence

Digitized by Google

the efforts of a beginner. The surplus, however, is not altogether of that kind which gives cause for very great congratulation, either as to the state of the country or the ability of the Administration. It has not been brought into existence by an increase of those portions of the national income which bear witness to the augmented means and enjoyments of the mass of the population. It is merely the result of savings effected in the last two years, and it was stern necessity alone that forced the Government most reluctantly to retrench superfluous expenditure. We need not further look our gift-horse in the mouth. We have, it seems, a surplus of about two millions and a quarter, and *that* is certainly some satisfaction, though neither of the political parties, as such, deserve any credit for it. How to dispose of this sum is clearly a difficult question. Some of it certainly should be applied to the reduction of the national debt. Since the year 1835, that Charybdis has swallowed up an additional sum of no less than seven-and-twenty million pounds sterling. Verily the present generation, that has been so spendthrift in a time of peace, has no place in court to accuse its predecessor, which bequeathed it only one-half of the burdens incurred in a war, supposed at the time to be vitally necessary to the honour and even the existence of the nation. Sir C. Wood, therefore, can hardly be blamed for devoting about £750,000, during the current year, to the redemption of national debt. An increased grant of £150,000 is to be awarded, it seems, to the new Houses of Parliament—a costly gewgaw, with which everybody is now heartily disappointed; but finished it must be, so that it is idle to grumble about it now. The abolition of the excise upon bricks, amounting to a little more than £450,000, is fortunately an appropriation of a very different character; and the diminution of stamp duties upon sales, leases, and mortgages of small real estates, deserves the same praise. Both these reductions are highly desirable. But we must at the same time remember that neither of these do much credit to the originality, nor, we think, to the sagacity, of Ministers. Though Sir C. Wood professed in his speech to rebuke the unreasonable querulousness of the Anti-Free-Trade Agriculturists, in his selection from obnoxious taxes, he was guided by a remark of Sir Robert Peel as to the benefit which that interest might derive, if the excise on bricks were abolished. In other words, he attempted to conciliate the party by his actions, while he alienated it by the irritating expressions with which he accompanied his gift. The reduction of stamp duties is the most feeble and unsatisfactory kind of economical reduction attempted in the budget. A large field was open in that department for the exercise of statesmanship and legislative ability, in reforming and reorganizing the whole system. As a system of revenue it is as faulty as can be devised, and unjust in its own regulations is also, according to the unanimous testimony of every advocate and professional man, the most prolific source of injustice in all dealings between man and man. Instead of a universal *ad valorem* duty of moderate amount (and if such had been adopted, there would have been an increase instead of a loss to the revenue), all the disgraceful gaps are still left in favour of the wealthy. The probate stamp for an estate of half-a-million sterling, less one pound, was fixed at the same sum as that paid for a property of £400,000; and we fear is likely to remain so, while nine hundred and ninety-nine several estates of £100 each, pay in the aggregate no less than £99 18s., in probate to the revenue. We have taken here but a solitary instance from the table of stamps and duties before us. We might give hundreds such. The whole is, in fact, an ironical comment on the text, "that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken, even that which he hath." With respect to the system under which documents are rejected as evidence, for being unstamped, or insufficiently stamped, no language is strong enough to reprobate the folly from which it originates, and the injustice which results from it. A power of stamping in court, upon payment of a heavy penalty, say ten or twenty times the amount of the duty, would amply protect the revenue. At present, the revenue is, in such cases, not protected but revenged, by the frauds which it sanctions, at the expense of a delinquent for the most part morally innocent; while the rogue who takes advantage of the system congratulates himself upon a legislation that openly permits the plunder it was appointed to prevent.

With respect to the other point in the budget, little need be said. We have no doubt that our enterprising fellow-countrymen will, as heretofore, make the most of the Government loans for the improvement of land; much good will thus doubtless be effected. But, at the same time, however prepossessing the idea may be of thus permanently increasing individual and national resources, it is well to bear in mind that the precedent is vicious and indefensible upon sound principles. It is no part of the duty of the people to pay taxes to enable individuals to build a manufactory or to drain a farm, and it is impolitic for a Government to compete with private resources and private judgment as a lender in the money market.

On the 19th, Mr Hutt brought forward his resolution for the withdrawal of the African squadron, and but for a strenuous application of the Ministerial whip, would doubtless have carried his point. It appears that the whole saving to be effected, if our policy on the coast of Africa were reversed, amounts to no more than half the expense at present incurred, as a force equal to half the squadron would be necessary to prevent piracy. The main grounds which were insisted on were the inefficiency of the preventive schemes hitherto adopted, and the hopelessness of putting an end to a traffic in which profits average five hundred per cent. Both these may certainly be contested to some extent. Under the system adopted from 1839 to 1845, the amount of slaves exported sank to 20,000. It has since increased, for a very obvious reason. During that period, some very zealous officers prevented the shipment of slaves, but it could not be expected that their successors would invariably adopt a system which deprived them of

Digitized by Google

the chance of getting head-money for slaves captured on the passage. With respect to the possibility of suppressing any profitable pursuit by force, we must always remember that there is no magic in trade, or anything else, that will make obstacles play the part of facilities. It is as certain that much fewer slaves are imported to Brazil in consequence of the impediments now in the way of the traffic, as it is that more grain is imported into Great Britain, in consequence of the repeal of the corn-laws. In spite, too, of the all-powerful principles of trade, it is admitted on all hands that the slave trade (the most lucrative in the world when ventures are successful) has been reduced one-half, after a period of thirty years, in which time many other infinitely less gainful trades have been doubled and quadrupled in amount. The problem of its final extermination will be decided at the time when we have discovered a system by which burglaries, felonies, and the like, can be made impossible. At present we cannot but think that Lord John Russell was right in demanding further time for the experiment. When the Admiralty shall have shown as much zeal and ability in the cause as the Foreign Office, we shall be able to form a more mature judgment as to the proper course to be adopted for the future.

RAILWAY AND JOINT-STOCK BUSINESS OF THE MONTH.

The aspect of Railway Property continues slightly to improve. The reaction from extravagance to economy in the *modus operandi* of boards and officials is beginning to be felt by the proprietaries in the way of improved dividends. The dividends and shares, however, have not materially changed since our March number appeared. The improved temper of the late meetings of shareholders is a feature worthy of observation—the mania for legislation seems to have worn itself out, and proprietors seem now more desirous of arranging matters in dispute by amicable adjustment. There are some exceptions to the rule stated at the outset, among which may be mentioned the Edinburgh and Glasgow and the Taff Vale lines, but these are the result of local agencies which are explained below, and do not affect the general fact. The recent briskness in the manufacturing trades must, in some degree, account for the improved appearance of the Railway Market. The actual business of the month is seen in the following record of the half-yearly meetings, given as fully as the limited space at our disposal will permit.

London and South Western.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Wednesday the 27th February, at Nine Elms, Vauxhall. The financial statement of the directors was read to the meeting, as was also a report from the committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of the directors. From the first it appeared that a large amount of unused capital was yielding no return in consequence of the original plans of the company having been in some measure abandoned. The financial summary of the year may be thus stated:—

The net revenue for the half-year ending 31st December, 1849, amounts, after deducting interest on loans, and all other preferential charges, to	£107,658	14	6
The surplus from June, 1849, to ...	2,687	18	8
The balance applicable to dividend is therefore	£110,346	13	2
From which the Directors recommend that a dividend for the half-year, at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, be deducted, amounting on £6,602,422 3s. 4d., to	107,289	7	3
Leaving to be carried over to the next half-year	£3,057	5	11

The Shareholders' Committee acquitted the chairman and directors of all dishonourable motives, and the proprietors accepted with a good grace the dividend awarded.

Eastern Counties Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders was held on Wednesday, Feb. 27th, at the London Tavern. The report of the directors states—"The entire revenue of the half-year has been £424,378 15s. 1d., of which £69,294 4s. 9d. have been earned upon the Norfolk Railway. The working expenses, disbursements, and charges against the half-year amount to £372,620 8s. 11d., leaving net £51,958 6s. 2d., to which the surplus of £976 0s. 1d. left after paying the last dividend, must be added, making a balance of £52,934 6s. 3d. The directors have therefore to recommend a dividend of three shillings per share upon the consolidated stock of the Eastern Counties Company; and the payment to the Norfolk Company, in terms of the agreement between the two companies, of such a sum as shall be sufficient to pay an equivalent dividend upon the consolidated stock of the latter company."

The Great Northern Railway.—This company held its half-yearly meeting at the London Tavern, on the 28th February. By the balance-sheet, sent out to the proprietors on the 20th instant, of the capital received and expended to 31st December, 1849, it is shown that £5,400,157 was the sum expended, and the company having powers to raise capital to the amount of £8,284,800, a balance of £2,894,277 remained at that date to meet the existing liabilities of the company, and the further cost of constructing the works and providing additional plant.

Birmingham and Oxford, and Birmingham, Dudley, and Wolverhampton.—The half-yearly meeting of each of these companies was held at Birmingham, on Saturday, 16th February; but it being previously understood that there was no business to transact (the entire undertaking being now under the control of the Great Western Company) the attendance consisted of the Chairman, Mr. F. P. Barlow, and one shareholder only. A formal resolution was passed to the effect that the several orders of the directors, together with the statements of accounts as examined and signed by the auditors for the half-year, be received and adopted.

The Taff Vale Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at Bristol, on Tuesday, February 19. The Report stated that a deficiency had occurred in the receipts to the extent of £1,633 16s. 3d.

The Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Junction Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at Birkenhead, on Saturday, the 23rd February.

The revenue account for the half-year showed that £25,045 10s. 2d. had been received, and £11,386 11s. 6d. expended; leaving a balance applicable to dividends of £13,658 18s. 8d.

The report was received, and after the usual complimentary votes, the meeting separated.

York and North Midland.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at York, on the 28th February. The report stated that the traffic receipts during the half-year have been £204,511 7s. 2d., which, when compared with the corresponding half-year of 1848, shows a diminution of £20,407 18s. 3d. The half-year ending on the 30th of June, 1849, also showed a falling-off of £11,993 12s. 7d. below the corresponding receipts of 1848, so that the total traffic receipts of the year 1849 were less than those of 1848 by no less a sum than £32,401 10s. 10d.

The directors had also recommended the acceptance of a sum of £1000 from Mr. Hudson in preference to involving the company in an expensive litigation, in which view the shareholders coincided.

York, Newcastle, and Berwick.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at York, on Thursday, the 7th March. A feature of much interest was the presentation to the committee of investigation of a massive and costly set of silver, consisting of two trays, an urn, two candelabras, and smaller articles, for their valuable services.

The committee have succeeded in compelling Mr. Hudson to

Digitized by Google

disgorge considerably of his ill-gotten gains, and the affairs of the company look promising.

Chester and Holyhead Railway.—On Thursday, 15th March, the half-yearly meeting was held at the Euston Square Station.

The report stated that the amount of profit on traffic to 30th June, at £14,194 16s. 1d., is subject to a reduction of £7,800 19s. 8d., arising from the liabilities at that period having been under-rated; this would leave the profit to that time £6,393 16s. 5d., but eventually there will be a considerable sum added to this amount, arising from the apportionment of the earnings of the mail service, which will, under any circumstances, more than cover the above deduction.

The report was adopted.

Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Tuesday, the 12th March, at Glasgow.

The balance-sheet for the half-year, ending 31st January, 1850, shows a diminution in the receipts when compared with the corresponding period last year. The comparative statement of receipts is—

	£	s.	d.			
Passengers, 1849	56,484	0	8			
1850	51,308	0	8			
				5,176	0	0
Goods, 1849	32,048	19	10			
1850	28,370	13	10			
				3,678	6	0
				8,854	6	0
Parcels, horses, carriages, and mails, 1849	3,665	7	7			
Do. do. 1850	5,446	2	2			
Increase				1,780	14	7
Decrease				£7,073	11	5

Number of Passengers.

	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd & 4th Cls.	Total
1849	39,985	91,130	384,355	515,470
1850	40,035	81,447	380,847	502,329
Increase	50			
Decrease		9,683	3,508	13,141

This decrease in revenue is accounted for by the low rates charged, in consequence of the competition between this company and the Caledonian. After discussing the financial concerns of the Company,

Mr. Cox moved "That a morning and evening train be run on Sundays from each terminus of this railway to the various stations along the line, for the accommodation of such portion of the community as may find it necessary to use these trains."

Mr. A. Paton, of Glasgow, seconded the motion.

Colonel Dundas moved "That trains be not run." Seconded by the Rev. Mr. Lorimer.

A long debate followed, when the motion of Mr. Cox was lost by a majority of 6,094 proxy votes against 74. It was also lost by a show of hands in the meeting, which then separated.

Scottish Midland Railway.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at Perth on Wednesday, February 27. The report stated that the expenditure had very nearly balanced the traffic receipts, but the directors trusted that they might reasonably expect an increase of traffic from the opening throughout of the Aberdeen Railway, which was expected to take place in April next. The report was adopted.

Meetings have also been held of the Midland, the Shrewsbury and Chester, the Windsor and Staines, the Bristol and Exeter, the Buckinghamshire, the Manchester and Sheffield, the East Lancashire, the Wilts, Somerset, and Weymouth, the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, and the Paris and Rouen Companies; but their proceedings were wholly of a routine character, and unworthy of any particular notice.

Scottish Provident Institution.—The twelfth annual meeting of the contributors to this company was held at Edinburgh, on the 20th Feb. Report of the directors—During the past year the directors have accepted 567 proposals, the sums thereby assured amounting to £238,219 2s, and the yearly premiums to £7,212 15s 11d. These sums show a very considerable increase as compared with the business of any previous year—the excess over last year being fully one-third. A tabular view of the new assurances effected in each of the last seven years is appended to this report, to which the directors refer with much satisfaction, as indicative of the steady and healthy progress of the society; and they would here again repeat, that their present position has been attained without the expenditure of any part of the funds in commission to third parties, not the accredited agents of the institution. At 31st December last, the subsisting assurances amounted to £1,441,034 3s. The fund arising from accumulated premiums at the same date was £134,406 1s 1d, and the yearly income, from premiums alone, was £40,820 1s 11d. The directors have peculiar satisfaction in reporting the experience of the year in regard to mortality. During the past year, 31 deaths have occurred, the amount of claims being £15,354 11s. That a mortality of about one per cent. only should have occurred in a society, many of whose members are now far advanced in life, furnishes ground of increased confidence in the security of calculations based upon observations of mortality, when applied to numbers sufficiently large to afford a proper average.

London and Liverpool Assurance Company.—This company held its annual meeting at the office of the company in Liverpool, on the 20th March. The report stated that the fire business of the company has largely increased during the year, and exceeds by a million that of 1848. The premiums also are more than they were last year; but a safe business, rather than a large amount of premiums, is the great desideratum, and, therefore, as is known to the proprietors, it has long been the policy of the board to encourage improvement in the construction of buildings, and the general character of risks, by making important reductions in the rates of premiums when such improvement has been effected. The losses, though heavier than usual, and rendering the general result less favourable, are not greater than, with the extensive business of the company, must be expected from time to time. The steady increase in the life business of the company which has been noticed in successive annual reports, was realised also in the last year. The number of policies issued was 236, the amount insured, £132,883; the new premiums received, £4,202 1s 2d; and at the same time, notwithstanding the terrible mortality with which this country was visited, the claims were only 8 per cent. greater than those of 1848.

The Victoria Life Assurance Company.—This company held its annual meeting at the Office in King William Street, City, on the 22d March. The Board of Directors say:—"Your directors proceed, for the eleventh time, to make their annual report of the affairs of the society, and to submit the balance sheet, duly certified by the auditors, including a statement of the receipts and disbursements during the past year, and the assets and liabilities of the company, on the 31st December, 1849, in addition to which a detailed statement has been prepared, showing the receipts and expenditure of the company under the several heads, from the establishment of the office to the close of the last year. As regards the business of the past year, your directors are happy to report that 175 new policies were effected, covering assurance to the amount of £120,000, and adding £4,000 a year to the income of the society, from new premiums alone. The total policies in force on the 31st Dec., 1849, numbered 1,007, assuring £710,947; and the income of the company, as may be seen on reference to the balance-sheet, was nearly £28,000. The result of the year's business enabled your directors to carry nearly £11,000 to the general

Digitized by Google

or assurance fund, now amounting to over £80,000, while the total assets of the company stand at £114,000, and upwards.

British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company.—The third annual meeting of this association was held at Radley's Hotel, on Tuesday, the 20th Feb. The following statement of the progress of this company, during the three years of its existence, will show that the public are becoming sensible that a life assurance company, well conducted, requires no capital beyond that which is yielded by the premiums paid, and that a proprietary body, under whatever form or name it may be disguised, is an incumbrance on the assured members.

	General Life.	Amount.	Investment Assurances.	Amount.
1847 Policies effected	266	£49,918	... 192	£13,566
1848 ,, ,,	318	47,059	... 523	30,766
1849 ,, ,,	721	108,122	... 450	26,253
Total in 3 years	1,305	£205,099	1,165	£70,525

It thus appears that the new life policies effected during the last year are considerably more than double the number issued in the preceding year, and that they, with the investment assurances, make a total of 2,470 policies issued in three years.

OBITUARY NOTICES FOR MARCH.

SIR JAMES GIBSON-CRAIG, BART.

In our February number we recorded the death of Lord Jeffrey. Our March obituary had Sir William Allan among its names. And now we are called to the melancholy task of inserting among the illustrious departed another eminent citizen of Edinburgh, whose name has long been conspicuous and familiar as one of the leading politicians of his time, to whom liberal and reform principles owed more than to almost any other of his contemporaries, and whose straightforwardness, courage, and sagacity, earned for him the good opinion, if not always the good-will, even of those who were most opposed to him in politics, while, with the other qualities which rendered him so efficient in the cause that he so long, so ably, and so faithfully supported, they were of incalculable advantage to his own party. Sir James Gibson-Craig, of Riccarton, Bart., expired on the 6th March, at his seat, Riccarton House, in the 85th year of his age. He had been confined for a few days with one of those severe colds, to which he had been for many years subject; but the immediate cause of his death was bronchitis, the same complaint which so recently carried off his two distinguished fellow-citizens, Francis Jeffrey and Sir William Allan. In this venerable baronet Edinburgh has lost one of its oldest and most eminent citizens, and the liberal party in Scotland one who, from the time of the American War and the first French Revolution, down to a very few years previous to his death, had taken the lead on the liberal side of politics, and steadily adhered to his principles even in the worst of times.

Sir James was born on the 11th October, 1765, and belonged to the ancient family of Gibson, of Durie, one of whom married the daughter of Sir Thomas Craig, of Riccarton, the learned author of the "Treatise on the Feudal Law," who died at Edinburgh in 1608. The father of the deceased baronet, William Gibson, Esq., a merchant in Edinburgh, died in 1807. He married Mary Cecilia, a daughter of James Balfour Esq., of Pilrig, by whom he had nine sons and a daughter; Sir James being the second son. He was educated at the High School of his native city, and in 1786, was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet. Latterly he was at the head of the list of that body. From his earliest years he entertained a zealous attachment to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and throughout his long life had always been regarded as one of the most able and active of the liberals of Scotland. On the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1789, he was one of those who came prominently forward to agitate for Parliamentary reform; and by his purse, his pen, his influence, and professional counsel, undismayed by the frowns of those in power, he aided the liberal cause, and proved himself the friend of the friends of liberty, when more cautious and less zealous supporters of liberal opinions shrunk from the hazards and dangers which then attended such a bold, and uncompromising, and honest, and consistent course as was adopted by him and a few others holding similar sentiments. At a later period, when Harry Erskine; John Clerk of Elgin; Adam Gillies, afterwards Lord Gillies; David Cathcart, afterwards Lord Alloway; and others of the Edinburgh Whigs, were joined by Cranstoun, Jeffrey, Moncrieff, Cockburn, and Murray, James Gibson was still the active and indomitable agent in conducting the policy of the party. In fact, says a writer in the *Caledonian Mercury* newspaper, the presence and counsel of Sir James were always deemed indispensable when a movement was to be made, for he was one of the main springs when speculation gave way to action. During that period of excitement which followed a few years after the peace, when men, undistracted by the shock of contending hosts, had time to revert to political reform, we find Sir James receiving his full share of the abuse then lavished by the *Beacon* on the leaders of the Whig party. One charge made by that journal involved his professional reputation and personal honour, and he sought recourse in the Jury Court, when, after an elaborate trial, during which the most satisfactory testimony was borne to his high character and honour, by certain of the most eminent of his professional brethren, although on the opposite side of politics, he triumphantly established his case, and the jury returned a verdict for him with £500 damages."

During the Reform agitation of 1830-31, and 32, his unimpaired energies and undying zeal in the cause, enabled him, though then verging on his 70th year, to discharge, with admirable skill, courage, and boldness, the duties of that leadership to which he was called by his services and character. Well do we recollect his tall and commanding figure at the public meetings of that stormy period, with his characteristic top-boots, and, although no orator, he could express his sentiments in public, in a style which, from its brevity and force, told powerfully on his audience. Shrewd common sense, a practical knowledge of the subject, and a business-like way of handling the question, were his principal characteristics on these occasions. He attended and took part in the King's Park demonstrations in favour of reform, and all the other meetings in Edinburgh, and they were numerous, of that exciting period, and was one of the foremost at the Jubilee of 1832, in celebrating the triumph of the liberal party. To the last he retained his interest in public and political matters, yet, though for many years known to be the confidential adviser and agent of the leaders of the liberal party in Scotland, few citizens of Edinburgh have ever been more generally respected, or their name been more truly honoured, not only in that city, but throughout Scotland. This he owed to the strength, ardour, and firmness of his mind, his judgment and resolution, and particularly to his honesty of purpose, and straightforward honourable course of conduct through a long and arduous political career.

The Whig patronage for Scotland was supposed to have been vested for a considerable period in his hands; but he was never known to use his influence unfairly to promote his own interests, or those of his party. He had no personal ambition but to serve and promote the liberal cause. Though he was understood, from his influential position and the services he had rendered them, to have a large claim on the whig party, he never solicited any office for himself. In 1806, when the Whigs obtained a brief tenure of the Ministry, he was appointed Solicitor of Stamps, an office which he did not long continue to hold. His last appearance in public was at the meeting, last month, called for the purpose of adopting measures to erect a monument to Lord Jeffrey, in Edinburgh.

Up to a short period of his death he regularly attended at the chambers of the eminent firm of which he was the head—Messrs. Gibson-Craigs, Wardlaws, and Dalziel, Writers to the Signet—taking an active part in the professional business, and also in that of the banks and public companies with which he was officially connected as a director.

He married first in 1796, a daughter of James Thompson Esq., of Edinburgh; and secondly in 1841, the second daughter of Sir John Peter Grant, of Rothiemurchus, Bart., and widow of

Digitized by Google

Colonel Pennington of the Bengal Artillery. He assumed the additional surname and arms of Craig, on succeeding Robert Craig, Esq. of Riccarton, in virtue of the provisions of an entail made by his predecessor in 1818; and in 1831 he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom. He is succeeded in the baronetcy, and in the estates of Ingliston and Riccarton by his son, by his first wife, William Gibson-Craig Esq., M.P. for Edinburgh.

It was on the motion of Sir James Gibson-Craig, that, at the meeting of Sir Walter Scott's creditors and trustees on the 17th December, 1830, after the failure of the latter, Sir Walter was requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library, and curiosities at Abbotsford, as the best means they had of expressing their very high sense of his most honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment of his exertions on their behalf.

MR. JOHN PETER DEERING, R.A.

On the 2d March, John Peter Deering, architect and Royal Academician. His original name was John Peter Gandy; but in 1827 he changed it to Deering, on succeeding to a large landed estate in Buckinghamshire. In 1811 he was sent out to Greece on an architectural mission, under the auspices, and at the expense of the Dilletante Society. There he remained for two years, and, while there, he obtained the friendship of the Earl of Elgin, the British Ambassador to Turkey, whose pillage of the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon at Athens was so fiercely lashed by Lord Byron in his "Curse of Minerva," and the second canto of "Childe Harold." By Lord Elgin Mr. Gandy was afterwards employed to build Broomhall, his seat, in Fifeshire. In 1814 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a careful drawing of "The Mystic Temple of Ceres, at Eleusis, in Attica." He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1827, and in 1838 he became a Royal Academician. He was the architect of Exeter Hall, in the Strand, London, and of other works not devoid of architectural elegance. The chapel on the east side of North Audley Street, London, is one of the best examples of his abilities as an architect, and some of the better portions of University College, London, have been attributed to him. Shortly after the passing of the Reform Bill, he was elected member for Aylesbury, and sat for some time in Parliament. His latter years were passed in improving his estates, and designing lodges for gentlemen's seats.

THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

On the 28th of February, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, rector of Watton, Hertfordshire, in the 64th year of his age. The name of this distinguished minister is well known, both in this country and America, and wherever the English language extends, as an able and prolific writer on religious topics. He has been before the world for many years, as an active, and zealous, and influential member of the evangelical portion of the religious community, and many will lament his death. He was born on the 19th March, 1786. His original destination was the profession of the law. He was articled in the office of Messrs Bleasdale and Holm, of London, solicitors, and subsequently established himself in Norwich as an attorney. Having married the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Bignold, Esq., he resided in that city till 1815, when a desire to enter the ministry of the Church of England induced him to apply to Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, for ordination. Mr. Bickersteth had, at that time, published his "Help to the Study of the Scriptures," and some other useful works on divinity. His admission to the Church was cordially acceded to by the Bishop; and he preached his first sermon at the parish church of St. Gregory, Norwich, in the month of December of that year. The Church Missionary Society immediately sought his aid as assistant secretary, and he removed from Norwich to the Society's house, in London, and also at that time became assistant minister to an Episcopal chapel in Spitalfields. In 1830, Abel Smith, Esq., of Watton, in Hertfordshire, presented him to the valuable living of Watton, in which large parish he laboured with great zeal, fulfilling all the duties of a faithful and devoted minister. He has left a widow, one son (the Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, curate of Banningham, in the county of Norfolk married to his cousin, Rosa, the daughter of Samuel Bignold, Esq., of Norwich), and five daughters, the eldest of whom is the wife of the Rev. T. R. Birks, rector of Kelshall, Herts. Mr. Bickersteth was rather tall in person, somewhat thin and wiry in frame, and of a dark iron-grey complexion. His hair was grizzled by time, and his face was ploughed by the furrows of thought. He was a most uncompromising opponent of Popery, and took every occasion to show his detestation of its new phase of Tractarianism.

SIR THOMAS MARRABLE, KNIGHT.

At his official residence, St. James's Palace, London, on the 19th March, Sir Thomas Marrable, Knight, Secretary to the Board of Green Cloth, aged 68. He was the second son of the late John Marrable, Esq., of the city of Canterbury, and was formerly in the Privy Purse and Private Secretary's department. He married, in 1817, the daughter of William Breach, Esq., of Sloane Street, London, and received his knighthood in 1840, after thirty-four years' service at the court. The Board of Green Cloth, of which he was the secretary, is in the Lord Steward's department of the Royal Household. It takes cognizance of all matters of Court etiquette, from the shape of a buckle to the cut of a petticoat, and derives its name from the simple circumstance that the table where the Council sit is covered with green cloth. It has also jurisdiction as a court of justice, and is held in the counting-house of the Queen's Household. The Board is composed of the Lord Steward and officers under him, who sit daily. To this court is committed the oversight of the Royal Household, in matters of justice and government, with power to correct all offenders, and to maintain the peace of the verge of the Court Royal, which extends, on every side, to about 200 yards, from the last gate of the palace where the Sovereign resides. Without a warrant, first obtained from the Board of Green Cloth, none of her Majesty's servants can be arrested for debt.

MR. RAMSAY, OF BARNTON.

At Barnton House, near Edinburgh, on the 15th March, of an attack of pleurisy, after a short illness, William Ramsay Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton, formerly M.P. for the county of Edinburgh, in the 42d year of his age. He was the only son of the late Mr. George Ramsay, of Barnton, and of the Hon. Jean Hamilton, sister of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton, and was born in 1809. In 1828, he married the Hon. Mary Sandilands, daughter of Lord Torphichen. In 1831, shortly after attaining his majority, Mr. Ramsay was elected member for Stirlingshire, in opposition to Admiral Fleming, and went to Parliament pledged to oppose the Reform Bill. After the passing of that measure, he did not offer himself to the new constituency; but at the general election in 1841, owing to the retirement of Mr. William Gibson-Craig, he came forward as a candidate for Mid-Lothian, and was returned without opposition. He never made any figure in Parliament, and in 1845 he resigned his seat, without assigning any reason. Sir John Hope, of Craighall, Bart., the present member, was returned as his successor. From Mr. Ramsay's extensive estates in Mid-Lothian and Stirlingshire, he was popularly considered the richest commoner in Scotland. He has left an only son, an infant, to heir the estates of Barnton and Sauchie. It is said that he had insured his life to the extent of £80,000.

M. CHARLES DE BERNARD.

At Paris, at the early age of 47, M. Charles de Bernard, one of the most graceful and lively writers of fiction in the French capital. He was the author of "La Femme de Quarante Ans," and of "Gerfaut," and several other excellent novels, illustrative of French domestic life. Some of his most attractive tales appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats*. His style was remarkable for its elegance, and he excelled in depicting the surface traits and characteristic manners and vices of French society. He belonged to a good family, and was of a shy and reserved disposition. Of his abstraction and absence of mind many curious anecdotes are related.

PRINTED BY GEORGE TROUP, 29, DUNLOP STREET, GLASGOW.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1850.

LIMITS OF PARTY DISCIPLINE.

Though April, 1850, will not be remembered in Parliamentary annals as a period during which topics of large importance were energetically discussed, or as having been enlivened by brilliant displays of political oratory, it has nevertheless been a noticeable month, whether it be regarded in a philosophical or a partisan spirit. The declared opponents of the great Liberal party have invariably met with signal discomfiture upon every occasion. The vantage-ground won in 1846 has been successfully maintained, both against the open attacks and the insidious stratagems of the common enemy; but discord has appeared within the precincts of the camp itself, and three warnings, following each other in rapid succession, have indicated in a manner not to be mistaken that an administration must show some deference to the wishes of its supporters, if it hopes to frustrate those of its adversaries.

What is often urged on behalf of the Russell Ministry, viz., that all Governments, however Liberal, must, from the nature of things, contain a large Conservative element, may be admitted to its fullest extent. In other words, it is the merest and most palpable truism. It only means (or it means nothing) that responsibility is a necessary attendant upon the exercise of power, and that those by whom public measures may be proposed, and must be executed, are bound to exercise their judgment with deliberate caution, whether they initiate or merely ratify the decisions of the Legislature. This principle is, in fact, acknowledged when any men are recognised as leaders by a party: no less acknowledged is the amount of deference to which the leaders are entitled from their followers. On the former rests the whole responsibility for their policy, legally, morally, and practically. It is worse than frivolous to endeavour to evade it by alleging that this or that was done by the House of Commons or by the Legislature. Such an excuse is a sham, and the country well knows it to be a sham. If a measure be forced upon a minister in opposition to his own matured judgment, it is his duty to appeal from the representatives to the people, and ascertain whether he is, in truth, the minister of the country or not. If he remain in office and adopt such a measure, he has no escape from the presumption that he accepts it as his own to the fullest extent, and is willing to undergo all the constitutional responsibility that attaches to its remotest consequences. It is in virtue of this responsibility, and of this only, that a minister has a right to require deference to his judgment, and assistance to his efforts, at the hands of those whom he leads. The very recognition of an individual as a leader implies that he is thought capable and trustworthy, as far as regards the great principles which he professes to advocate. To give him power in Parliament to carry out such principles, he is authorised to call upon his adherents to forego their private opinions upon points of less vital importance. They, on their part, are often obliged to support measures of which they do not entirely approve, and refrain from pressing others which they individually desire. In short, the minister being responsible for the policy generally, it must be assumed that he gives constant attention to the bearing of each legislative detail upon that policy, and that therefore his judgment on particular questions deserves to obtain great weight with his ordinary supporters. In this sense the saying of a veteran member of Parliament, viz., that he had often changed his opinion, but had never changed his vote, ceases to appear preposterous; on the contrary, nothing can be more unsafe for an individual politician than to affirm isolated truths, which, from the time or manner in which they court his acquiescence, may have the effect of falsifying the policy he still more firmly believes in.

Of these general principles, though seldom categorically expressed, no doubt is entertained in any quarter. Their necessity is invariably recognised in practice. The division upon the maintenance of the African squadron may be considered a fair illustration of them. That question was not a party question. Whatever our individual sentiments may be, it is idle to say that either side has satisfactorily established itself in the opinion of the public. Speeches of great ability were made by Mr. Cardwell in behalf of, and by Mr. Gladstone against, the existing policy. If we go to the Committee's Report, we find masses of evidence, on both sides, leading to the most opposite results, and further, that the Report upon which the House of Commons was called to act, was carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, Mr. Hutt. Upon the eve of the debate, the Prime Minister announced to his supporters that he had determined to make

Digitized by Google

the maintenance of the squadron a ministerial question, and addressed something like a reprimand to those of his supporters whom he thought remiss in the performance of their duties as members of the political party under his leading. We will not inquire whether Lord John Russell was right or not in the view he took of the blockade system on the coast of Africa. That system may be one of false policy, but its maintenance certainly does not involve any principle, directly or indirectly at variance with the essential characteristics of the great Liberal party. It was felt therefore, and properly felt, by many who entertained the strongest opinions upon the subject, that the Minister must be supported by them, even at the sacrifice of their private judgment upon the point at issue. To be obliged to make such a sacrifice is, of course, sufficiently distressing, but it is ridiculous to taunt those who made it upon such a question, or to impute an unwarrantable assumption of power to the minister who required it at their hands. It is, in short, upon such conditions only that a responsible administration can exist, or members of Parliament, as such, make themselves practically useful in carrying on the legislative business of the country. The power of addressing their fellow-countrymen upon political subjects is shared by the representatives of the people with the press and the platform; but a vote in St. Stephen's is the peculiar privilege of the former only, and to make it available for any good purpose, it must be used in concert with others according to the established and necessary rules of parliamentary organisation.

Such as we have above described them, are some of the rights of an administration, and some of the duties of those who profess to be its supporters. They are in general assumed by all who are acquainted with public life, though they are frequently ignored, both in speeches and writings, designed merely to produce a temporary effect upon minds less conversant with the modes of working a constitutional government. It is, however, necessary to investigate other political relations, before a just estimate can be formed of the causes which have led to the singular phenomena we first mentioned—we mean the three defeats which the Russell administration has received from its own supporters, though the Liberal party still triumphantly bids defiance to the utmost efforts of its avowed opponents. The foregoing observations proceeded entirely upon the assumption that the minister was the tried and trusted chief of a large and powerful body—that, raised to power by that body, the realisation of its objects was the Polar-star that guided his course, and that, whatever were the differences between him and his supporters upon minor points (and, from the very constitution of the human mind, such differences are unavoidable), the general tenor of his policy was such as, at all events, could suggest no reasonable doubt as to his being earnestly and actively engaged in carrying out the great objects which constituted the sole bond of union between himself and the millions that relied on him. A different state of things, of course, takes place when the slightest suspicion of the minister (whether it be well-founded or otherwise) prevails among the generality of his ordinary supporters. One, two, three—perhaps more—occasions for carrying out the common objects to some extent, present themselves in the course of legislation. The party anxiously watch to see if their leader will take the initiative. If he does so, all is right. A minister acting with his party can hardly fail, though the success of an individual member of Parliament, even when bringing forward a precisely similar measure, is problematical in the highest degree. If, however, the leader be remiss, or fail to give convincing reasons for obstruction or inactivity, suspicion and discontent become rifer still. His ordinary supporters, in their estrangement, argue that little worse could be expected if their avowed antagonists were to succeed to office; and an administration is thus not unfrequently upset more from the distrust of the troops in their commander, than from the cause, the numbers, or the abilities of its antagonists. Midway between the confidence we have first, and the distrust we have last mentioned, is such a state of things as we have witnessed during the past month. Individual members at all times bring forward measures more or less in accordance with the wants of the country and the policy of the party to which they belong. When a Government is strong, it adopts such measures or rejects them summarily. The latter it can only do by the aid of its non-official friends. It is a sign of weakness when it is foiled in the attempt, for it shows that the hitherto habitual adherents of Government have become indifferent to its welfare. Such a time is critical in the extreme; the danger to the party and the Government is palpable, but tact and energy may still retrieve the game.

Such, we trust, will be the issue of the present session. In the mean time, however, we cannot but take notice that the Liberal party in Parliament, while shewing ample strength and resolution against all danger from their reactionary opponents, has, by its votes upon three several occasions, distinctly enunciated that if Government has rights it has also duties, and that its performance of the latter has recently been by no means satisfactory to the country. It is with extreme reluctance that we are compelled to avow that there seems good reason for discontent. It may be admitted that the Secretary for the Colonies has principally failed from the extraordinary complication of difficulties, that renders it next to impossible that anything generally satisfactory should proceed from his office. It may be granted that Lord Clarendon has, in a trying time, and unsettled country, maintained, or rather increased, the reputation for tact and ability which accompanied him to his viceroyalty in Ireland. It would be unjust to deny to the Solicitor-General the credit of the numerous and most desirable law reforms which he has brought forward with hereditary enthusiasm and talent. It would even be somewhat hard to pass an unqualified condemnation upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though ex-officio the chief of taxgatherers, and therefore popularly represented as a kind of *hostis humani generis*. Still less can

Digitized by Google

the reactionary feeling against Free-trade, which has undoubtedly appeared in some quarters, be attributed to any ministerial delinquency, either of omission or commission. That such a feeling would surely make its appearance we were long since warned by Mr. Cobden; and his prediction has proved true. Some agriculturists have undoubtedly suffered from the change; and other classes, which anticipated impossibilities, have been grievously disappointed by the discovery that a single legislative measure has not proved a *panacea* for all the ills that flesh is heir to. A huge mountain of food, however, in addition to the home supply, has fed the hungry labourers of Great Britain during the past year, and society in consequence has rested on a far firmer basis than at any period that can be named for the last half century. The blame, in short, incurred by maintaining a system under which the hungry are fed in almost unexampled profusion, and by which, notwithstanding the absence of reciprocity on the part of other nations, the foreigner is enabled to pay more largely for British merchandise, by using corn as a currency, may be, and doubtless is, lightly borne by the Russell administration. There are, however, other points upon which the country is far from satisfied, and the more so because it had no reason to expect a disappointment from the present Ministry.

If there be one thing more than another to be anticipated from a Government, the legitimate successor of that which proposed and carried the Reform Bill, it is surely that that great work should not be left imperfect. Years have elapsed, and that, like all other human inventions, has been proved by experience to be in some respects defective, and from the nature of the defects it has been also recognised that they might be remedied by the simplest of enactments. The ten-pound franchise is a very bed of Procrustes. It implies no principle. It is a mere arbitrary distinction. It leads to the strangest absurdities. The residence of the landlord in the house will disfranchise, for the lodger is then but an *inmate*. His absence will enfranchise, for the lodger thereby becomes a *tenant*. A London artizan, after having voted for Lord John Russell, may be selected and engaged by a Birmingham or Manchester firm, and emigrate to either of those towns. In his new domicile, one perhaps infinitely more commodious than his old one, though far cheaper, he finds that he cannot concur in electing Mr. Bright, or opposing a Protectionist, as the case may be. Making, perhaps, more money in the exercise of his craft, developing probably more ingenuity, rising more and more in the esteem of his associates, and consequently in his own self respect, he feels, and feels acutely, that he is politically degraded from the position he held in London. He, and those who feel, as he does, that they are qualified by the spirit, though not by the letter, of the Reform Bill, to take their part in the Government of the country, naturally look to Lord John Russell as the Man of Men—as one fully cognizant of their grievances, as one well able, and, they trust, well-disposed, to remove the disabilities under which they labour. What has been done? A hope was held out by a semi-official journal, some few days before the meeting of Parliament, that an enlargement of the franchise would be one of the topics of the Queen's Speech. That hope proved delusive. Household suffrage is never whispered by ministerial lips. Any attempt to enlarge the present constituency, whether in England or in Ireland, is pitilessly smothered, and we are obliged to content ourselves with mysterious intimations, which are malignantly interpreted to mean, that in case the Prime Minister shall be run hard, he will endeavour to regain his waning popularity by coming down to the House of Commons with some large measure of electoral reform. Of course we do not for a moment attach the slightest weight to an imputation of such foolish and unstatesmanlike shuffling as this. We mention it merely as a sample of the mischievous rumours that necessarily get into circulation. From the prevalence of such rumours among classes long suffering from hope deferred, a distrust of the Russell administration, and therefore an estrangement from it, necessarily ensue. Popular opinion spreads rapidly in these railroad times, and the world soon begins to ask by what strange fatality it happens that a Liberal Ministry is as inert in forwarding the dearest wishes of the people as the most retrograde of the opposite party could venture to be if they were installed in office.

Household suffrage, however, it is manifest enough, will shortly become an institution. A rental qualification has nothing in theory to recommend it, and, in practice, is found unsatisfactory to the last degree. There is, and there can be, no reason against giving the franchise to every man of full age, untainted by crime, having a fixed domicile, and paying whatever may be the demands of the State or the parish upon him. Why should this be delayed longer? It is the business of a statesman to ascertain and anticipate the reasonable requirements of the people: it is discreditable alike to his foresight and spirit to concede only upon compulsion.

Upon the three other questions to which we have already adverted, the same strange and unaccountable carelessness, both as to the reputation of the Government and the feeling of the people, is, at least, as remarkable as the divisions which took place. We would not be supposed to imply that the case of the assistant-surgeons in the navy is a matter in which the country at large takes a very lively interest. It was, on the contrary, a comparatively trifling subject in a political point of view. But after Captain Boldero's speech was made, there was literally no case left for the official side—the side unhappily taken by Government. Commissions and committees had already recommended the course proposed. It was obviously unfitting, in the highest degree, that men of mature age, and officers ranking nominally as lieutenants, should be compelled to herd with young midshipmen, while boatswains, carpenters, and engineers, were carefully exempted from such a derogatory annoyance. The mischief arising from such unworthy treatment was not long in making its appearance. The power to

Digitized by Google

appoint some assistant-surgeons was, in 1847, vested in the College of Surgeons at Edinburgh by the liberality of the Admiralty. The patronage, however, was soon found somewhat difficult to dispense. In the first year there were *no* applicants for the appointments, in the second there was only *one*, and, in the third, the college renounced the thankless duty of appointing to a worthless office, from proper professional pride and indignation at the treatment to which professional men were exposed when in service as assistant-surgeons on board the Queen's ships. Against the existing system, therefore, the Scotch universities and London hospitals petitioned unanimously, and the only answer made by the Government was, that in some ships the requisite accommodation could not be afforded. It is hardly worth while to notice the offensive speech of Captain Berkeley upon the occasion in question. We had thought that the time for a public display of outrageous patrician arrogance had gone by: we were undeceived when informed by the speech (we presume correctly reported) of the gallant Captain that there was a probability of scientific men of about two-and-twenty years of age, being improved by associating with boys of fifteen, who might have been at Eton, Harrow, or Rugby—the latter, of course, being supposed superior in gentlemanly feeling to their studious companions! Against the Government, however, the substantial ground of complaint is, that it should have exhibited a want of firmness in dealing with the bureaucratic insolence and indifference of the Admiralty officials. The House of Commons, on the other hand, represented to a nicety the feelings of their constituents when the case was laid before them. For want of due tact Government experienced a defeat; and a defeat cannot be gainsaid, though the contest be about a trifle.

Upon the question of extending the jurisdiction of County Courts to a higher range of contract debts and damages in trespass, the same fatal error was apparent. Subordinates were deferred to; and so far from being aware of the real importance of the question to large classes of the community, the Ministry seems to have been absolutely astonished at the result of the division. It appears, indeed, as if it had forgotten that a question of the kind is necessarily far more interesting to the country at large than any other, excepting only questions of finance and taxation. Upon the benefit of the main provision there could be no doubt whatever. In litigations for such comparatively small sums, a cheap and speedy decision is the greatest boon that can be granted to all parties concerned; and neither speed nor cheapness can be obtained in the superior courts. We remember the time, when the old principle of English law, that justice should not be refused or sold to any man, was so set at nought, that it was the fashion to say, the costliness of lawsuits *worked* well, inasmuch as it prevented litigiousness. This, however, was an argument too dangerous to use in these days; and the main objection to Captain Fitzroy's proposal—an objection somewhat earnestly insisted on by Mr. Martin—was the mere apprehension that the public might feel dissatisfied with the decisions of County Court judges hereafter, more especially as those functionaries would decide in cases involving such large sums as forty-nine pounds, without the assistance of barristers to enable them to form a correct judgment. Now, we have already observed that a cheap and speedy decision is the main desideratum in cases such as these; but it by no means follows that the decision will necessarily be carelessly given, if the County Court judge be properly appointed: and so far from the higher class of cases suffering from the absence of counsel, it is within our own knowledge that they will actually bring barristers in considerable numbers into the County Courts, and thereby establish the kind of superintendence said to be required over the minor cases which come before the judge. It must at the same time be admitted that there are many details in the bill that require serious consideration, such as the power of appeal, which, if not rigorously watched, might neutralise all the substantial benefits intended to be conferred on the suitor: and it is also to be investigated whether any, or what, increase of salary should be given to the officials of the new courts; but these were not the points discussed, nor were they those upon which the Government opposed the bill. The interest that will undoubtedly be injured to some extent was discreetly kept in the back-ground. Attorneys, and particularly special pleaders, will lose a considerable amount, both of business and profit; but then the former have an enormous range of other occupations besides conducting suits in such matters as the bill deals with, and the latter, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are but barristers in a kind of chrysalis state, waiting only till they have spun a business connexion sufficient to warrant a reasonable amount of practice, when they are developed as full-blown counsellors. Neither of these classes, therefore, are likely to experience any very serious injury from the passage of the bill; and even if the contrary were the case, it would be strangely at variance with the recognised rules of legislation in such matters, to maintain a faulty and unsatisfactory system for the sake of the private profits of those who throve upon a public nuisance.

Upon the window-tax we shall refrain from speaking at length, as we purpose to return to the subject at another opportunity. It is enough on the present occasion to remark that the reason why it does not press so much upon the labouring population in a pecuniary point of view is obvious enough. No landlord in building for them or any other class can venture to give the proper number of windows, because he is afraid of the tax-gatherer. But this assumed popular character of the tax, and the highwayman's plea, that he wanted money, were the only reasons put forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for retaining the most oppressive, the most unjust, and most pernicious of all the grievous imposts occasioned by the long war at the beginning of the present century.

Such are the most recent instances of ministerial deviation from the course which their adherents and the country at large expected Government to

Digitized by Google

hold. Is it reasonable to impute the damaging defeats which have taken place to want of tact in the leaders, or to the caprice or want of proper discipline in the party? It is with the utmost regret that we feel we cannot altogether acquit a statesman whom we esteem so highly as Lord John Russell. The case of the assistant-surgeons ought never to have been mentioned in Parliament. As soon as it was brought to notice, the course which has now been promised should have been voluntarily taken. The questions of franchise, county courts, and window-tax belong entirely to a different class. It is not permitted to a statesman, while at the head of the Government of Great Britain, to sit down and indulge in pleasurable meditation upon the good he may already have aided to accomplish. A government must advance, or it will seem to be retrograding. Incalculable harm was done to the cause of progress by the unfortunate application of the word *finality* in reference to Parliamentary Reform. Equally unsatisfactory, unless taken in relation to the stirring events of 1848, was Lord John Russell's declaration, in that year, that a government could not be always bringing forward legislative measures. An effective government, on the contrary, should ever be on the alert to satisfy the reasonable wishes of the people, and it gains credit for statesmanship and superior ability, whenever it has the good fortune to originate the means of anticipating such desires. It is, however, hardly short of deplorable, when a ministry relied upon by the country, as the especial advocates of progress, not merely fail to initiate, but actually obstruct such measures as the three last-mentioned. Improvements in the electoral system, the administration of justice, and the present oppressive system of taxation, are not subjects upon which individual members can or will waive their private feelings, or the unequivocally expressed wishes of their constituencies, in deference to Parliamentary tactics. Such improvements as these are of the very essence of Reform. They are not merely innocent, but they are also beneficent in the highest degree. They are not merely safe in themselves, but they further conduce greatly to the general security of society. It is the duty of every ministry to effect them if possible, it is no less their interest to do so.

It may, indeed, be said, and we would gladly adopt the supposition, that Government was not aware of the power at its disposal, and therefore intended to defer the time for bringing forward the reforms in question lest their ultimate accomplishment should be delayed by a premature defeat. If this be the case, it is satisfactory, at all events, to know that no such apprehensions can now be entertained. The very defeats of the Ministry have proved the real strength of the party. Against external attacks the Liberal camp is impregnable. Discontent within its precincts will cease when the leaders take their proper place in the front of the movement, and proceed to secure those successes which have been surely indicated by the wish, and may be easily obtained by the co-operation, of their followers.

FRANCESCA DI RIMINI.

DANTE INFERNO, CANTO V.

"I FAIN would speak with yonder lonely pair
Who float so lightly in the distance." "Stay,"
My guide replied, "till they approach, I pray
You watch them closely, if you would behold
The havoc love hath wrought on that doomed twain.
Come hither; speak with us, unhappy sprites!"
I then exclaimed aloud; and suddenly,
Like two fond doves returning to their nest,
With outspread wings, they both drew swiftly on,
And stood before us in the dusky air.
"Ah, you who wander through these sunless realms,
If the eternal King would hear our prayers,
We would entreat him for your soul's repose;
For you have pitied us.
Now, that the angry winds are hushed awhile,
We would, if that you list, rehearse our griefs.
The land where I was born sits on the sea,
On that fair coast to which the Po descends,
With his unnumbered streams, in search of peace.
Love, which soon seizes on the gentle heart,
Inflamed him for the beauty I have lost,
So ruthlessly destroyed, it grieves me still.
Such love as his must ever be returned;
And it then so absorbed me, sense and soul,
That, as you see, the passion still remains.
Love led us to one death; but the dread doom
Of Cain awaits our murderer."
While thus I listened to these troubled words
I hid my face in silence. Then, my guide:
"What thinkest thou?—why art thou thus cast down?"
"Ah, me!" I cried, "how many tender thoughts,
How many fond desires, have led them on
To this most grievous pass!" Again I turned.
"Francesca!" I exclaimed, "thy agony
Hath filled my eyes with tears; but tell me how,
In that soft season of sweet sighs, Love first
Did vanquish thee? How didst thou first discern
The dim approach of his unknown desires?"
Then she to me, "There is no sharper sorrow
Than to remind us in our misery
Of our once happy days—and that thy guide
Well knows. But, stranger, since thou would'st unfold
The history of our passion from its springs,
I will recount it, even as one who speaks
Through tears. We read one day, to guile the time,
Of Lancelot: how love enchained the knight.
We were alone all unsuspectingly:
But oft his eyes met mine; and, as we read,
Our colour went and came, until one line
Destroyed us. When we read of her sweet smile,
So fondly kissed by that devoted lover,
He—who shall never more desert my side—
He kissed my mouth, all trembling—treacherous book!
And traitor he who wrote! That day we read
No more."
While thus she spoke, her comrade wildly wept;
And, overwhelmed with grief, I swooned away,
And fell like a dead body on the ground.

J. P.

Digitized by Google

DOM ALURED THE CANON.

A LEGEND OF OLD SAINT PAUL'S.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON LEGENDS.")

Ard.—What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself!
I feel a pair of fiery wings displayed;
Up, and begone! If thou be'st love, begone!
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *King and no King.*

It was nearly midnight; the honest burghers of the West Chepe were counting in their slumbers the profits of the day that had fled; the taverns were deserted and closed; and the watchman on the Cornet's Tower in Bucklersbury was nodding on his post: sleep was stealing upon him, despite the chilling air which blew from the East. The city, wrapped in silence and gloom, lay beneath; but overhead the bright stars were twinkling in glorious radiance. The Bear had passed the meridian; Aldeboran glowed among the lesser lights by which he was surrounded; the mighty hunter already had one foot on the horizon; and Sirius, like a liquid emerald, was blinking over the distant hills, obscurely seen in the imperfect light.

Westward rose in succession towers and gables, among which the lanterned steeple of St. Mary-le-Arcubus was conspicuous. Farther on, the gigantic Cathedral of St. Paul and the Monastery of the Blackfriars reared their huge piles high above the surrounding dwellings. Conspicuous in the south were the towers of London-bridge and the neighbouring Church of Saint Saviour—the last shown in bold relief by the faint whey-coloured light behind it, caused by the moon, which had set an hour since; while the Thames, dividing the city and the southern suburbs, looked like a vein of molten silver.

Fine and imposing as the whole scene was, it had, however, no charms for the drowsy watchman, who found that the stoup of ale he had taken previous to mounting guard was a more potent one than a prudent guardian of the night should have indulged in.

Now, Timothy Turnbull was a conscientious fellow, and though he felt uncommonly drowsy, he forbore to yield himself up to Somnus; besides, he had a very vivid recollection of the solemn injunction given him by the priest of St. Benet-Sherehog. The holy father had often assured him that, if he ever fell asleep on his post, and any of the citizens should be burnt in their beds for want of a proper alarm, his soul would assuredly lie in purgatory a thousand years.

These fears and precautions may appear ridiculous to a modern citizen; but, in the good old times, the houses of great cities were huddled together so closely, and were constructed with such a liberal proportion of beams and rafters, that, when they chanced to catch fire, whole streets were burnt down like stacks of timber.

Timothy Turnbull was conscious of this, and therefore, having the fear of the priest of Saint Benet, and the thousand years of purgatorial penance before his eyes, he did not suffer himself to fall asleep, but yawned and shook himself by turns with the most laudable intention of remaining awake and vigilant until day should break and the citizens should be stirring. While thus striving to master the drowsiness which was stealing upon him, a sound struck on his ear which served to aid him in his resolve. The nuns of Saint Mildred were chanting the midnight service of the Church: he had often heard it break the stillness which reigned around, and now, drawing his rosary from his bosom, he knelt and joined in prayer with the pious sisterhood, whose voices, mellowed by distance, fell on the ear like the swell of an Æolian harp.

Soon another sound was heard in the stillness of the night: it disturbed the devotions of the watchman, who sprung to his feet and looked in the direction from which it seemed to proceed. The noise was like the crackling of a fagot just kindled. Suddenly a steamy vapour was seen teeming through the roof of a house in the West Chepe. In a moment it reddened, and bright flames like fiery tongues pierced the roof and licked the tiles, which cracked and exploded with the heat: the dwelling was on fire!

"Holy mother!" cried Timothy Turnbull, trembling at the sight, "Master Gerard's house is o' fire!—help! help! good citizens, for the love of Christ and the saints—fire! fire! fire!" Then applying his horn to his mouth, he blew a long and loud blast, which alarmed the jackdaws in the steeple of St. Benet's Church, and awoke the echoes in all quarters of the city.

He did not blow in vain. The scene that ensued almost defies description. Like some fabled city, the inhabitants of which had been lulled to sleep by the wand of the enchanter, and recalled to life by the blast of the victorious knight's horn, the good folks of Bucklersbury, the Poultry, and the West Chepe, sprung from their beds at the fearful cry, and, rushing to the casements, stared with eager eyes in every direction; while some fled into the streets in their night gear, so completely had terror taken possession of them. The alarm quickly became general. Other watchmen took up the call for assistance; anon the bells in the different churches were rung, and from every quarter within the walls the startling cry of "fire!" was drawing crowds to the scene of the conflagration, the house of Nicholas Gerard, the merchant of the West Chepe, near the Poultry.

The reader has been already informed that a fire in London during the middle ages was a most awful visitation; and he will not require to be told that there were then neither engines nor fire establishments, and that the means of overpowering the "devouring element," as the newspapers phrase it, were extremely simple and perfectly inadequate.

Digitized by Google

Such was the case on the night we are attempting to describe; but fortunately the western side of the merchant's house was flanked by a high wall of great thickness, probably the remains of some building of the Roman period. It stayed the fire from spreading further, while a band of resolute fellows crept on the roofs of the adjoining houses, and dashed buckets of water on the burning mass. The fire raged in the upper part and the rear of the dwelling only; but it cut off all communication with the stairs, so that descent by them was impossible. Master Gerard, seized with a panic, threw out among the crowd some of his most valuable property, and then, regardless of the tears and importunities of his young and beautiful wife, descended into the street by a rope fastened to the window, an example which was followed by his man-servant, while the maids joined in the tears and entreaties of their mistress.

Arrived on *terra firma*, and satisfied that all danger to himself was past, Master Gerard began to think for the first time how his partner might be saved. The question was an urgent one—the flames were spreading; Mistress Gerard appeared at the windows, wringing her hands, and with all the marks of the most agonising fear, while a wild cry rose from the crowd.

"Save her! save her!" cried the merchant. "A ladder! a ladder!—I'll give a hundred nobles to him who'll bring her down."

"Will you, master?" said a stout fellow in the garb of a smith, "then I'll try—make room, my mates," and raising a ladder in his brawny arms, he placed it against the casement; but he had scarcely ascended half-way, when a shower of sparks and burning pieces of wood compelled him to descend precipitately amidst the cries of the crowd and the shrieks of the lady and her servants, whose danger became every moment more imminent.

At that moment the tall figure of a man in a priest's habit pressed through the throng.

"Why, what ails thee, varlet?" said he, reproachfully addressing the smith; "dost thou fear a few sparks?—out upon thee!" Then suddenly springing up the ladder, despite the burning shower he entered the window, from which he immediately emerged, bearing on his shoulder the fainting lady. He descended rapidly, and at the foot of the ladder was met by Master Gerard, to whom he delivered his insensible burden. The crowd looked on in mute wonder at this bold feat; but when they saw the priest twice ascend the ladder, and at each time bring down a woman-servant, their admiration burst forth in loud plaudits.

The ecclesiastic seemed to disregard the praises which were showered upon him on all sides, and to some hurried expressions of gratitude from Master Gerard, he deigned no other reply than a smile of contempt. The next moment he disappeared among the crowd.

Fortunately at this juncture a heavy fall of rain assisted to check the fire, which, ere morning dawned, was completely extinguished. The merchant's chief valuables being on the ground floors, were saved, though much of his merchandize was damaged by the water so abundantly bestowed upon the burning house, a very common result at the present day.

Of course, the Londoners were fully occupied the next day in talking of the fire, the danger of Mistress Gerard, and the courage and hardihood of the bold priest, who had been recognised by some of the citizens as Dom Alured, one of the canons of St. Paul, a man, though yet in the prime of life, of most singular austerity and piety.

The merchant finding his late residence for awhile untenantable, had removed with his partner to the house of a friend, at the west end of the Chepe; and report said that the pair, who were ill-matched, the lady being some twenty years younger than her husband, were wrangling daily, while the dame was perpetually talking of and lauding the bold canon who had rescued her from a horrible death; nay, it was even whispered that her visits to the Cathedral of St. Paul were more frequent than the strictest piety demanded, and that something more than devotion attracted her so often to that sacred fane.

Of Dom Alured, it has been already hinted that he was a man of great piety, charity, and learning. Of the former he had given proof by his having, as an elder brother, relinquished a vast fortune for the austere life and responsible duties of a priest: of his charity the blessings of the poor and needy whom he fed were the best evidence: of his learning, like Dan Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde,

> For him was lever han at his beddes hed,
> A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
> Than robes riche, or fidel or sautrie.

He had run through all heathen lore, and was familiarly acquainted with the voluminous works of the fathers of the Church; in fact, he was an authority on all occasions of doubt or dispute among his brethren of the cassock. Then his preaching drew large crowds, and he had the rare talent of adapting his discourses to the capacities of his hearers; not that he courted popularity—his heart was set above a possession so ephemeral, or, perhaps, he was too proud; for pride is not altogether dead, even in the breasts of those who fancy they have renounced the world and its vanities. Be this as it may, Dom Alured discharged his clerical duties with a zeal and self-sacrifice worthy of imitation by many of his less rigid brethren.

One fine Sunday morning, Dom Alured preached to a very numerous congregation in the Cathedral of St. Paul. While he dwelt with more than usual earnestness and eloquence on the Christian virtues of humility and self-control, his eye fell on a citizen and his wife, who seemed to regard him with fixed attention. The dame was young and passing fair; her husband a man advanced in years, with a hard ill-favoured visage. It was Master Gerard and his helpmate. Her dress was of the newest fashion; her hair, a dark chesnut, was braided, and served to set off an olive complexion, to which a rich rosy tint lent an additional charm; while her large hazel eyes, with their long lashes, beamed with a most enchanting radiance. Despite

Digitized by Google

of himself, the preacher more than once found his eyes wandering from the homily to the lovely figure of the city matron, who, in her turn, gazed upon him with a look of such intense admiration, that the ecclesiastic was disconcerted and twice blundered in his discourse. Dom Alured was glad when his task was ended, and the congregation quitted the cathedral.

The attention with which Mistress Gerard regarded the preacher was not unobserved by some of the citizens and their wives; nor was it without comment. Two worthies, as they walked homeward, thus discoursed of the matter. One was Master Turnpenny, the Paternoster-maker; the other was Deputy Catt, the brazier of St. Martin's.

"Neighbour," observed the first, "did'st thou note how Mistress Gerard eyed the handsome Canon?"

"Aye, marry, that did I," was the reply; "she seemed to think that a husband of his age and comeliness would be more to her choice, neighbour. But all this comes o' marrying your daughters to men who are old enough to be their fathers; and that was Mistress Gerard's lot, sure enough."

"True, true; but they musn't therefore think they have a license to ogle the priest till he blushes and stumbles in his discourse, eh?"

"Whist, man!" whispered the brazier, placing his forefinger on his lips; "the holy clerks have an especial discipline for those who presume to sit in judgment on their actions."

With this significant hint to his friend, the brazier wished him good morning, and they parted.

Dom Alured certainly *was* somewhat embarrassed by the marked attention of the merchant's wife, for his quick glance told him that her looks indicated anything but devotion. Those brilliant eyes, which had gazed on him with such earnestness, haunted his slumbers; and visions of a nature calculated to alter and disturb the devotional turn of his mind, caused him to rise the next morning unrefreshed and less fit for the serious duties of his office. But he had soon to experience a greater trial. Among the citizens' wives who came to confess that morning, was a female whom he in a moment recognized as one of his auditory on the previous day—it was Mistress Gerard! The Canon started as she entered the confessional, and his heart beat high; but he stifled his emotion, and inclined his ear to the fair communicant. We must, however, leave them for a while.

In a dark nook of the aisle of the cathedral stood a man enveloped in a large cloak, and with his hood scarcely drawn from his head. It was evident that he wished to avoid observation, and that his dress was adopted to avoid recognition. He took his stand near the confessional; but, though he endeavoured to catch what was said within, he dared not to approach too near, and it was plainly to no purpose. He bit his nether lip, clenched his hands, and seemed to be suffering from some violent inward struggle; nevertheless, he was but little heeded by those who passed near him. Suddenly, the door of the confessional was thrown open, and Dom Alured the Canon came forth, a flush of anger or resentment reddening his usually pale features, and his eyes flashing with excitement. Mistress Gerard was behind him; she grasped his cassock, and said something in an imploring but half-smothered tone; but the Canon, snatching his gown from her grasp, strode hastily along the aisle, and ascended the steps of one of the towers at the western entrance of the cathedral.

The merchant here advanced, and, confronting his wife, sternly demanded an explanation of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed. Mistress Gerard shuddered at this sudden and unexpected apparition of her liege lord; but when was woman, and a corrupt woman too, ever known to fail in extremity? She quickly recovered herself, drew up her pretty head, and demanded in her turn why she had been followed and watched with such jealousy when performing an act which the Church enjoined; hinting also that she half-suspected him to entertain the opinion of the Lollards, who, among their other damnable doctrines, denounce auricular confession.

Master Gerard winced like a galled horse, and shrugged his shoulders at this insinuation, which amounted almost to a menace; for in those days, such was the zeal of the Church, that she was wont, as everyone knows, to warm the cool reasoner on such subjects with a rousing fire in Smithfield. The merchant, therefore, with a "humph!" of dissatisfaction, proffered his arm to his faithless wife, and led her out of the cathedral. They proceeded home together—the dame in sulky mood, her husband a prey to the most torturing jealousy and suspicion, which he was striving hard to conceal.

In the meantime, the priest had reached, by the stairs of the tower, the roof of the cathedral. The morning air fanned his flushed cheek, and cooled his throbbing temples. He leaned on the parapet wall, and looked down on the busy crowd below, for London was in motion like an ant-hill.

"Oh, strange and infatuated sinner that I am," groaned the Canon, burying his face in his hands; "this comes of my having looked, for one single moment, on a beauty which the fiend hath sent to tempt me! What have I done? *Quia omnis qui viderit mulierem ad concupiscendam eam jam mœchatus est eam in corde suo!* Wretch that I am, I have disgraced the sacred habit that I wear, and broken the vow I made to Heaven! How my heart smote me when I bade her begone, and snatched my cassock from the fair hand that grasped it! But I must stem this tide of pity, which will plunge me still deeper into sin. Aroint thee, fiend! I will be tempted no further. No, though she come in the might of her beauty, and plead with that voice which might lure a saint from his devotion, I will be firm." Then, changing his tone, for superstition had conjured up other terrors to his mind, "What," he continued, "if this fair form should conceal some demon bent on luring me from the right path, and commissioned to drag my soul to torment if I yield to the temptation! How oft have holy men in days of yore been thus tried! Yet *they* have been proof, and their prayers have been heard. Shall mine, then, be uttered in vain? shall I alone be a scandal to my holy order, a jest for the crowd, and a warning to corrupt confessors for all time? Would that fire had consumed either

Digitized by Google

her or me when, on that fatal night, I saved her from perishing. She would have been spared this sin, and I should not have to entreat pardon for harbouring thought of such a wanton!"

Here a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, which caused Dom Alured to start, and turn suddenly round, uttering a hasty "How now?" He blushed on perceiving that it was a brother canon.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the intruder, a fat, portly, good-humoured personage, with a rubicund visage and a twinkling merry eye, "Why, I scared you sorely, brother Alured."

"In truth you did," replied the other significantly; "I thought I was *alone*."

"Ay, marry, doubtless you did, for you seemed to be confessing yourself, brother."

Dom Alured felt the colour again mounting to his cheeks, and he replied,

"Then it would have been more decent, brother Roger, if you had kept aloof while I performed that good office for myself."

"Tut, tut," rejoined he of the rubicund visage, "not a whit; I would fain assist you, though beshrew me if thou hast half so much need of absolution as myself." The concluding part of this speech reassured the Canon, who now felt that his soliloquy had not been overheard. At the same time, he wondered what could have brought the pursy brother up the steep stairs of the tower. "I marvel what has brought you up here," said he.

"Why, I brought you a message from the Dean," replied the fat priest; "and hearing you had gone to sniff the morning air on the roof, I thought I would deliver it myself; but let us descend, and I'll tell it you as we walk to the lodging of our very reverend brother."

With these words, the rubicund clerk placed his arm within that of Dom Alured, and, descending the stairs of the tower, they proceeded to the residence of the Dean.

There is little peace in the house of a married couple when either party has lost confidence in the other, and certainly Master Gerard had none in his spouse since the morning when he saw her emerge from the confessional. They took their meals together, it is true; but whenever the old merchant made any advances towards a reconciliation, the lady gave herself such airs that he was soon convinced of the utter hopelessness of coming to an understanding with her. But this was not all; the monster Jealousy took possession of Master Gerard's mind, and he became, by turns, moody and violent. This, however, gave but little concern to his wife. She despised him from the moment that he had left her in their burning dwelling to be rescued by a stranger. It would have been well, at least comparatively, if contempt for her unmanly partner had been the only feeling then created: but it soon became evident to him that some other object engrossed her attention. With such surmises, it will not be surprising that Master Gerard should have viewed the strange scene in the confessional with more than suspicion.

Several days passed away, during which Mistress Gerard kept her chamber, and refused to see any of her kin or acquaintance. At length, she ventured abroad again, and betook herself to the Cathedral of St. Paul. She repaired at once to the confessional. The door stood ajar. Within sat the priest in a musing posture, his capuchon drawn over his head, and shrouding his visage, while his very hands were concealed by the long and ample sleeves of his cassock. It looked as if the ecclesiastic had crept out of his canonicals, and left them to keep guard while their owner was absent.

Mistress Gerard knelt at his feet, not daring to look upward. All around was silent as the grave—so still, indeed, that she could hear the fluttering of her own heart, and the hard breathing of the priest. At length she spoke, in a voice scarcely articulate:—

"Father, have pity on me; I am a wretched and miserable woman!"

The confessor made no reply, but his knees trembled like a man suffering from some violent emotion; while the communicant continued—

"I am wretched, father—most wretched! yet I dare not make you acquainted with my griefs."

Here the Canon made a sudden movement, expressive of impatience.

"Ah, do not upbraid me," she resumed; "do not reproach me for despising one who could not protect me."

A long-drawn sigh, which seemed to come from the inmost recesses of his heart, was the only reply which the listener deigned to this bitter declaration, and he made an attempt to rise.

"Stay, stay!—do not leave me!" cried the matron, passionately. "If, in my turn, *I* am to be despised, yet do not again spurn me. Say that you pardon me, and pity the mad passion which has brought me to this miserable pass!"

She clasped his knees convulsively, and, looking upward, endeavoured to catch a glimpse of his features, but he averted his head.

The priest made no effort to disengage her arms, but loud sobs burst from his over-charged bosom; then, with a sudden start, he tore the capuchon from his head, and—oh, horror!—Amy Gerard saw the visage of her wronged husband, swollen and distorted with the mingled passions of grief, jealousy, and maddening rage.

A faint shriek escaped the miserable woman, as she beheld this awful apparition.

"Wretch!" said the injured man, raising his trembling hand to imprecate a curse upon the head of his faithless partner—but here articulation failed him, a bloody foam mantled on his quivering lips, his arm sank listless by his side, his jaw dropped, and he fell dead on the floor of the confessional!

P. P.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENT OF SCHILLER.

From internal evidence there seems to be little doubt that the subjoined passage originally stood as part of the noble trilogy of Wallenstein's Life and Death, which is universally recognized to be the master-piece of German historic drama.

The fragment appeared first in the *Deutsche Londoner Zeitung* of the 24th November, 1848; the editor of which states that it was communicated many years ago by the youngest son of the author (since deceased) to the Grand Chamberlain of the Duchy of Baden, Fr. von Boyneburg. Only four lines of it were retained by the poet in the version which he gave to the world. Coleridge's translation of these has been adopted.—It will be remembered that Seni is an astrologer.

WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH—Act V. Scene III.

WALLENSTEIN AND SENI.

Wallenstein. So he is dead, then, my old friend and tutor?
Seni. He died at Padua, in the hundred and ninth
Year of his age, just at the very hour
That he himself foretold in the horoscope;
And 'mong three oracles he left behind,
Two of the which have been fulfilled already,
This one was found, and all the world will think
It points to thee.
[*He writes in large letters on a black tablet.*]
Wallenstein. [*Gazing on the tablet.*] A fivefold F!—Hm!
It is the wont of spirits to love mystery— [strange!
And who is there can read the truth of this?
Seni. It has been read, my lord.
Wallenstein. It has?—and means?—
Seni. Thou hast heard surely of the sevenfold M,
Which by the same philosopher, a short time
Ere the departure of the Emperor
Matthias, was sent forth into the world?
Wallenstein. Oh, yes! It caused much marvel at the time.
Its meaning was—a monk, I know, explained it. [*Morietur.*
Seni. Magnus Monarcha Mundi Matthias Mense Maio
Wallenstein. And so, in sooth, it happened!—in May he
Seni. He who explained that M so well and truly [died.
Hath also read this F.
Wallenstein. [*Anxiously.*] Well! let me hear!
Seni. It is a verse.
Wallenstein. The Godhead speaks in verse.
[*Seni writes in large letters on the tablet.*]
Wallenstein. [*Reads.*] *Fidat Fortunæ Friedlandus,—*
Seni. Friedlander! Faith have in Fortune,—
[*Writes further.*]
Wallenstein. [*Reads.*]—*Fata Favebunt.*
Seni.—And thou by the Fates shalt be Favoured.
Wal. Friedlander! Faith have in Fortune! and thou by the
Fates shalt be Favoured!
[*He remains plunged in deep thought.*]
Whence flow these words? Or are they empty sounds,
Or big with weighty thought?—that is the question.
Here is no middle course—the highest wisdom
Verges so closely on the highest folly.
How shall I prove it, though—the wonder that
My senses strikes—whether it rises from
The depths of the most secret Art, or whether
It is a phantom merely on the surface?
Hard is the judgment, for no evidence
Is here. Unto the Spirit *in* us alone
The outward Spirit will reveal itself.
Whoso wants faith, for him the Dæmons lose
Their labour in performing miracles;
In the deep-meaning volume of the stars,
His vulgar eye reads but the calendar.
Oracles speak to *him* who understands them;
As shadows follow substance, here perchance
Substance may follow shadows. "As the sun,
"Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
"In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
"Of great events stride on before the events,
"And in To-day already walks To-morrow."
The powers which guide man so wondrously
Oft turn the Janus-face of Time around him,
And thus the future gives birth to the present.

Fidat Fortunæ Friedlandus Fata Favebunt.
They do not sound like mortal words—the words
Of mortals are but unsubstantial signs,
The words of spirits are real living powers.
Some strange and gloomy force approaches me,
And grasps the deep mysterious threads of life.
Shaping the sentence with my lips, I feel
As though some ghostly head rose softly, gently,
And glided towards me with a stern fixed glare.

JARNO.

FROM GOETHE.

THE COY SHEPHERDESS.

Sweetly on a bright May morning
Through the fields a carol rang;
Young and fair, and sorrow scorning,
'Twas a shepherdess that sang.
Trilla, lalla, la!

Colin begged a kiss, to win it
Of his lambs would give her train;
Roguishly she looked a minute,
Then she laughed, and sang again.
Trilla, lalla, la!

Ribands offered her a second,
And a third his heart and troth;
Heart and ribands nought she reckoned,
Still she laughed and sang at both.
Trilla, lalla, la!

THE SHEPHERDESS CAUGHT.

Towards the west the sun descending,
Through the woods my path I took;
Robin's flute was sweetly blending
With the ripple of the brook.
Fal, lal, lal, dera!

Robin pulled me down beside him,
Kissed me, and the lovely strain,
Happy that I did not chide him,
When I asked him, played again.
Fal, lal, lal, dera!

All my girlish fancies vanish—
All I used to hope or fear;
Robin's notes I cannot banish,
Still they tinkle in my ear.
Fal, lal, lal, dera!

Digitized by Google

SAVINGS BANKS.

Until towards the commencement of the present century, there existed very few facilities to enable the provident, and still fewer inducements to prompt the improvident labourer, to make pecuniary provision for a day of need. Associations, known by the name of Friendly Societies, had certainly been in existence for about fifty years anterior to this period; but, from the principle upon which these institutions were based, the benefits they conferred were both limited and uncertain. By paying in regularly a fixed sum or premium, the party so contributing was entitled to receive support out of the society's common fund, when, from sickness or other specified cause, he was thrown out of employment. But as the amount of support to be granted was necessarily regulated by the number of applicants upon this fund (the extent of which was fixed), the relief thereby afforded to individual members was very different at different times, and was often most scanty in seasons of greatest distress. The principal defects, however, of the system, resulted from this: that the sums thus paid in from time to time, being irrecoverably sunk, were totally useless to the depositor on many occasions when the command of an equal amount of money would have been of the most essential service to him; and further, from the circumstance that these deposits—the earnings of industry and toil—were, from fortunate causes, or frugal habits on the part of the labourer, or both combined, often to a great extent, sometimes entirely lost to him.

To remedy the defects and, at the same time, continue and extend the benefits of such associations was the aim of various philanthropic individuals in England towards the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. Several institutions, bearing a close resemblance to our present Savings Banks, were founded at Wendover, Tottenham, and Bath, in 1798, 1804, and 1808; but, from want of enterprise on the part of their promoters, or of support on that of the public, rather it would seem than from any defects inherent in the system itself, these several schemes, after flourishing for a short period, gradually died away. The practical benefit they had conferred upon the poorer classes was comparatively slight; but affording, as their career did, valuable hints and suggestions to the future promoters of similar institutions, their usefulness was great. While to England, therefore, is undoubtedly due the credit of taking the first step towards the formation of Savings Banks, to Scotland, as we shall see, belongs the yet higher honour of profiting by the example so set and abandoned by the sister kingdom, and of fairly realising the establishment of these invaluable institutions.

In 1810 the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, having had his attention accidentally turned to the condition of the poor, in consequence of his perusal of a pamphlet then published upon that subject, became impressed with the conviction that much of their distress was traceable to causes within the power of the community, at no great cost to itself, to remove, or at least greatly to lessen. The wages which workmen earned, when labour was in demand, were, in most instances, more than sufficient to meet their ordinary wants; but, instead of saving the surplus, it was usually spent either in useless or criminal indulgences. Looking at this evil—productive at once of misery to the working classes and to society—Dr. Duncan perceived, that while much of it did undoubtedly spring from depraved and vicious tastes, which nothing less than education and religion could cure—much, also, of this evil, and more than was generally supposed, resulted not so much from a positive inclination to mis-spend, as from the absence of facilities and inducements to save. No establishment adapted for the deposit or temporary custody of small sums existed. Friendly Societies partook more of the nature of Insurance Companies than of Banks. The benefit they conferred on their members was not certain, but contingent. Against the chance of no benefit (but, in that case, a decided loss), they placed the chance of an excessive benefit. Such a system as this, however, did not form a very powerful antidote against the evil to be removed. The desire to receive a certain return from our capital, whether that consist in labour or money, is natural to all; while it is generally greatest in those persons whose wants, as compared with their ability to meet them, are most numerous and pressing. Such is the case with the labouring classes; and it would be as unwarrantable to expect, as we think it would be undesirable to wish, that they should hazard any of their surplus earnings in the purchase of mere contingencies, however tempting, or invest them otherwise than in the way of securing to themselves some certain, though it might be moderate, return. What was natural occurred. The Friendly Societies did not hold out to the workman inducements sufficiently secure; and he consequently preferred to expend, or, as often happened, to waste his wages in the purchase of what *did* gratify him, rather than invest them in a way which merely *might* do so.

To turn to the workman's personal advantage this disposition, so natural, and, at the same time, so generally prejudicial to him, Dr. Duncan saw, that in his scheme for the attainment of this end, he must substitute certain for contingent, and, a far as possible, present for future benefits. This design he realized by means of the Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell, which he founded in 1810, and upon whose model have been formed those institutions of a similar class which since then have been established in this country. Discarding altogether the principle of a sinking fund, Dr. Duncan strictly confined his bank to the purpose of receiving in loan such sums of money

Digitized by Google

as the workman did not at the time require, and of repaying the same, on demand, in such proportions as might be desired. In addition, however, to the two-fold advantage possessed by the depositor, viz.: security of investment, coupled with a complete and constant control over his funds, there was added the further inducement of profit. For the bank not merely bound itself to keep safely the workman's wages, and repay the same to him on demand, but it likewise promised to give him value for the use of his money, in the shape of interest, proportioned to the amount and duration of the loan. Between this new society, therefore, and those friendly associations to which we have alluded, it will be seen that there existed scarce any other similarity than what arose from the benevolent object they respectively proposed. Both agreed in aiming at the welfare of the labouring classes, but they differed widely from each other in the means employed for the attainment of this end.

The slight sketch now given of the principles upon which Friendly Societies were founded, will, we think, be sufficient to enable the reader to see how superior to these, both in the nature and the working of its machinery, was the Savings Bank of Ruthwell. Its peculiar feature and high superiority consisted in this, that, instead of a merely possible, it guaranteed to its members a certain benefit. Unquestionably, the value of this benefit principally consisted in its certainty; for, in many cases, the sum paid by the bank to the depositor was nothing more than what the depositor had lodged in the bank; and in most cases, when interest was added to the principal, its amount was inconsiderable; while in none did the profit upon a bank deposit bear to that deposit so disproportionate a value, as occasionally, though rarely, did the pecuniary relief afforded by a Friendly Society to a member, to the amount of that member's contribution to its funds. But all the points of difference which existed between these two institutions were in favour of the Savings Bank. It afforded to the workman a place of safe deposit for his surplus wages, which, instead of being irredeemably invested on the mere chance of a reversionary interest, were completely secured and constantly under command, payable to him on demand, without a moment's warning, and thus serviceable to him at all times and for all purposes. To these, its solid and distinguishing advantages, his new institution added the less important though probably more tempting one of profit.

Although Dr. Duncan received much praise for his benevolent intentions on behalf of the poor, his Savings Bank scheme was regarded by the wealthier classes with distrust, and his exertions towards its establishment received from them but little encouragement. But strong in his belief that his plan was sound and well suited to secure the object which he so fondly desired, and confident besides that the good sense and sagacity of the labouring classes would soon convince them of its utility, Dr. Duncan, relying upon no other patronage than theirs, put his plans of benevolence into operation. His expectations were not disappointed. The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell soon became an effective and a flourishing establishment, and its founder had the satisfaction of seeing a much larger class than that of residents in its immediate neighbourhood benefitted by the experiment he had made. Other districts in Scotland speedily followed the example thus set in 1810 by the parish of Ruthwell. England, too, entered upon a similar career of philanthropy, which she prosecuted with so much zeal and success that within seven years thereafter, and before her efforts in the cause had received any statutary assistance, seventy Savings Banks had been established in that country. During the same period, four had been set a-going in Wales, and four in Ireland. By this time the importance of these institutions had forced itself upon the attention of the country, and it was deemed advisable, with the view of extending their usefulness, to confer upon them powers and privileges not secured to them at common law. The first of a long list of statutes, which for this purpose have been passed since 1817, was the 57th George III., c. 105, intituled "*An Act to encourage the establishment of Banks for Savings in Ireland.*" This was followed in the same year by another Savings Bank Act for England—the 57th George III., c. 130. The principal clauses of these two acts, neither of which extended to Scotland, provided for the enrolment of the rules of such institutions at the sessions; debarred the trustees or managers of such banks from deriving any emolument or pecuniary benefit whatever from their office; fixed the rate of interest upon moneys deposited in Savings Banks at four per cent., payable half yearly in May and November; limited the sum lodgeable annually by private individuals in Ireland to 50*l.*, and in England to 100*l.* the first year, and 50*l.* per annum thereafter; expressly exempted Friendly Societies from this rule, permitting them to deposit unlimitedly: and provided that when accounts reached the extent of 50*l.*, their amount might be lodged on the part of the trustees of the bank with the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, for which the interest of 4*l.* 11s. 3d. per annum was to be allowed.

By two statutes, the one passed in 1818, and the other in 1820, the English Savings Bank Act just referred to was greatly modified; but as these two, as well as the English Bank Act itself, were subsequently repealed in 1828, it will be unnecessary for our present purpose to detail any of their provisions. In 1824, a Joint Savings Bank Act for England and Ireland was passed, making still further alterations in the law relating to these establishments in the two countries, which, in four years thereafter, was also repealed by the 5th George IV., c. 62. In 1819, the 59th George III., c. 62, known as the Scotch Savings Bank Act, was passed; but the statute of 1828 already mentioned, and another of 1833, the 3rd William IV., c. 14, repealed the provisions of this act, except in so far as these had reference to Scotch Savings Banks established at, or prior to, its date.

Notwithstanding, however, these repeated attempts by the Legislature to increase the useful-

Digitized by Google

ness and extend the benefits of Savings Banks, defects were still found to exist in the working of these institutions. In particular, it was considered expedient to guard more strictly the interests of the depositor, still further to contract the range of the banks' operations, and to facilitate and cheapen the transferance of rights to sums lodged in the bank from one party to another, and from the deceased depositor to his heirs. Towards the attainment of these, and other improvements, the Act of 1828 (9th George IV., c. 92) was directed. Among others, we find the following provisions:—A barrister is appointed by the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, to whom are submitted for his approval the rules of any association desirous of taking the benefit of the act, prior to their enrolment at the sessions: Every officer of the bank intrusted with money, or who derives any salary, is required to give security, to be approved of by at least two trustees and three managers, for his faithful dealing with its funds: All moneys deposited in Savings Banks are to be lodged in the Bank of England or Ireland, in names of Commissioners for reduction of National Debt, but with consent of the depositor these may be otherwise invested: Trustees and managers not personally liable, except for their own acts, and then only in cases of wilful neglect or default: The interest payable to depositors reduced from 4*l.* per cent. to 3*l.* 8s. 5¼d. per cent Private parties are prevented from lodging more than 30*l.* in one year, and 150*l.* in all: When, from the accumulation of interest, such accounts reach the sum of 200*l.* no further interest runs upon them: When a depositor, having at his credit in the bank 50*l.* or under, dies intestate, the trustees, on being assured of this, and that no letters of administration will be taken out, are empowered to divide such balance according to the rules of the institution, and in the absence of such rules, according to the statute of divisions. Payment of the balance of a deceased depositor to parties appearing to be his next of kin is declared valid: Powers of attorney, whether by the trustees or the depositors, are exempted from stamp duty: Savings Banks are bound to make up annually a state of their accounts, and transmit the same to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt: They are further bound to affix in the office of the bank a duplicate of such account, and to furnish, at the rate of 1d. each, printed copies thereof to depositors.

This Act of 1828 may, without impropriety, be considered as, on the whole, the most important statute which has been passed relating to Savings Banks. The few alterations which have since been made upon its provisions have been rather alterations of detail than of principle, and the still fewer additions which have been made to its enactments have naturally sprung from, and been suggested by, the gradual practical development of the theory which is embodied in its several clauses.

By the 3rd William IV., c. 14, passed in 1833, depositors in Savings Banks were enabled, through their medium, to purchase Government Annuities, not exceeding 20*l.*, on very economical and highly advantageous terms. Within the last few years the value of annuities which may thus be purchased has been increased to 30*l.*

The most recent statute connected with Savings Banks is the 7th and 8th Victoria, c. 83. By it the amount of interest paid by Government to the Savings Bank trustees is decreased to 3*l.* 5s., and that payable by the Bank to its depositors is fixed at 3*l.* 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. The fifth section provides that each depositor in every Savings Bank shall, once a year at least, produce his account-book for examination. Section 6 limits the responsibility of trustees and directors to their own individual acts, unless when, by writing under their hands, such trustees or directors have agreed to undertake additional responsibility. Section 17 declares that treasurers, and all other officers intrusted with the receipt of money, shall give security, to the satisfaction of at least two trustees and three managers.

The short abstract which we have now given of some of the provisions in several of the numerous Saving Bank Acts passed during the last thirty years, will be sufficient to give the reader a correct general idea of the nature and constitution of these establishments. More than this, for our present purpose, is not required. To perceive the defects which at present impair the usefulness, pervert the objects, and even endanger the existence of these institutions, it is unnecessary to be minutely conversant with their more intricate details. The grand imperfections and radical errors of the system are not so concealed as to require for their discovery—however it may be with regard to their removal—any unusual amount either of perseverance or penetration.

The object contemplated by Dr. Duncan, in his great philanthropic experiment at Ruthwell, was the formation, among his poorer parishioners, of habits of economy and prudence. That object he strove to attain by means of a Savings Bank. Through its medium he was introducing, toward the cultivation of those habits, inducements hitherto unknown, and inducements which he confidently trusted would not prove inoperative. The benevolent design of the founder of these institutions has received the cordial approval of the nation at large. For upwards of thirty years has this country been following out the plan which his sagacity adopted; and during all this period have we been attempting, as many an Act of Parliament can attest, to add to his plan such increased efficiency, as resources more extensive than those at his command are calculated to impart to it. The inducements which Dr. Duncan proposed were those of security and profit. The former term is, like the latter, a relative one, and, as such, admits of different degrees in the quality expressed. That security which the Ruthwell Savings Bank provided to its depositors was, of course, no greater than the guarantee it possessed for the fulfilment of that promise. This guarantee consisted partly in the honour and partly in the wealth of its projector, which, to the extent of the obligations undertaken by him, were pledges for its performance.

For some time in England, and for a still longer period in Scotland, this was precisely the nature

Digitized by Google

and extent of the security afforded by Savings Banks. But it will be obvious that, however sufficient in some instances such security may be to inspire confidence in the minds of the public, it is not well fitted to do so in ordinary circumstances, and this inability will generally be found to be greatest in those very situations where the completest checks against insolvency and fraud are most required. In a thinly populated district, the before-mentioned securities may often prove ample enough, because, on the one hand, this smallness of population implies a small amount of deposits, and so—especially in rural districts, as most thinly populated districts are—a large legal guarantee on the means and substance of the banks' co-obligants; and, on the other hand, it presupposes that the influence of public opinion is powerful, and the detection of fraud almost certain, and so implies a strong moral guarantee upon their reputation. Both circumstances combine to render loss to the depositors, arising either from the dishonesty or the insolvency of the bank managers, extremely improbable. To the commission of the former there is no adequate inducement, and of the occurrence of the latter scarcely any possibility.

But, however well adapted districts like these may be for the successful working of Savings Banks based upon such principles of security, these are not the situations where Savings Banks are most needed. It is in densely, and not in thinly populated localities that the social and moral influence of these institutions is most required. It is not the village, but the town, which most urgently calls for assistance from them; and that just because in the latter there exist far stronger temptations to improvidence than in the former, and far greater chances of personal and family distress. Yet, while this is the most appropriate sphere for the operations of Savings Banks, it is precisely the one where the legal and moral guarantees above referred to are least effective. From the vast numbers of workmen and domestic servants whom the pursuits and opulence of cities draw together, it usually happens that the aggregate of their deposited earnings amounts to an enormous sum. This circumstance at once weakens the security against accidental loss, and creates a powerful inducement to fraud, which, whether more or less deliberate in its character, is in almost all cases productive of serious loss to the depositors.

To remove, if possible, these defects, which, by impairing the confidence reposed in Savings Banks, would necessarily limit their usefulness, various acts of Parliament were passed, providing, on the one hand, against fraud in the management of the Banks' affairs; and, on the other, against loss arising from improper investment. Towards the attainment of the former object, trustees and managers of Savings Banks were expressly debarred from deriving any pecuniary benefit whatever from such offices, and all treasurers, actuaries, and cashiers of such banks were bound to give security to the satisfaction of at least two trustees and three managers. To these enactments various others regarding periodical exhibition of accounts, were added. To prevent loss arising from improper investments, Savings Bank trustees were bound to lodge the moneys deposited with them either in the Bank of England or Ireland; and when these reached a certain sum, to invest them on account of the bank with the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. The one or other alternative was, according to circumstances, to be adopted, and no deviation from it was to be permitted except at the express desire of the depositor himself. In virtue of such provisions, and of the general superintendence which Government had taken of those establishments, they came to adopt the title of "National Security Savings Banks." But this name is in reality a misnomer. For, if it were really true that Savings Banks did possess national security, it would follow that, except in the case of a national bankruptcy, no loss could be sustained by Savings Bank depositors. But this is far from being true. These parties have already suffered severely from the mismanagement and fraud of Savings Bank officers, and the Government has refused to make good to them such losses. This has happened in the case of those Irish Savings Banks which failed in 1848; and the more recent insolvency of the Rochdale and St. Helen's Savings Banks will, in all probability, be productive of still greater suffering and ruin. The truth is, that, as the law at present stands, Government is not really responsible for Savings Bank funds, unless these have been, and only so long as they are, lodged with the National Debt Commissioners. Now, it must be apparent that, although such responsibility may be better than none at all, it is by no means entitled to the appellation of national security. A depositor's funds may never *be* lodged with the commissioners; after having been so, they may, without his knowledge, be withdrawn. In either case an opportunity is afforded to the bank officers to embezzle or otherwise misappropriate such funds, and in neither case, in such an event, has the depositor a claim upon the Government. In point of fact, its responsibility is of little value, because it guarantees against a less probable risk, but leaves the more probable wholly unprovided for. In the case of Savings Banks, more is to be apprehended from dishonesty than imprudence. The negociation of loans, the investment of the bank's funds, the disposal of its property, and, generally speaking, those matters which present scope for the commission of the latter fault, are transactions of too great importance to be completed or even commenced without the knowledge, approval, and consent of the trustees or managers; and as these are, for the most part, individuals who either are, or have been, engaged in commercial pursuits, and who owe their position in society to the exercise of skill, caution, and prudence, it is not probable that these qualifications will desert them when called upon to decide and act for the interests of the bank's depositors. But it is otherwise with their diligence and attention to the minuter and more mechanical part of its business. Being establishments instituted from motives, not of profit, but of benevolence, it would be unwarrantable to expect from the trustees or managers of Savings Banks,

Digitized by Google

that constant and scrupulous attention to the minute and fatiguing details of the petty transactions of the bank, which parties having a pecuniary interest at stake are only induced to give, because nothing less can secure them against the negligence or dishonesty of their clerks. This tendency to remissness, which arises from the absence of a motive of gain, is further strengthened from the absence of a fear of loss. By the 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 83, sec. 6, the personal responsibility of trustees and managers is limited to their own individual acts and dealings with the bank's funds, unless they have, in writing, agreed and bound themselves to the contrary, and then only to the extent specified. The natural effect of such limited responsibility is, negligence in those matters, an acquaintance with which can confer but little credit, and that little purchased by a great outlay of time and labour; and the natural effect of this negligence, on the part of the trustees, is to afford to the subordinates of the bank opportunities to fraud, of which—in this experience is our authority—they are not backward to avail themselves. Accounts are falsified, money embezzled, and for years a wholesale system of fraud is practised, of which the bank managers hear and know nothing till time unveils the deception, and ruin involves the depositors. It is true that the paid officials of the bank are bound to give the security we have mentioned to the satisfaction of, at least, two trustees and three directors. But this cannot really prove itself a very effective check—in the first place, because its efficiency in particular cases is ever varying, owing to the very varying standard by which this efficiency is determined, viz.: the opinion of persons who are not likely to trouble themselves much about the matter; and when we further consider the vastness of those sums which, in ordinary cases, pass through the hands of Savings Bank clerks, it will readily appear that, even were their circumstances and connexions much more affluent than they almost ever are, it would be practically impossible to obtain from them such a pecuniary check as would prove of itself adequate security against dishonesty. Nothing can be relied on as a preventive against this, under the present system, except the most exact and scrupulous attention, on the part of the trustees and managers, to the minutest and apparently most trivial details of the bank's management. This, we have shown, is not likely to be given; certainly it cannot be counted upon.

Whether Savings Banks ought to possess national security, may admit of doubt; but of this there can be none, viz.: that they should make no profession of such security when they really have it not. The poor man is led to believe, by the signboard above the door, and the pass-book within his hand, that the stability and solvency of the bank are guaranteed by the credit and honour of the nation. On this understanding he lodges his deposit—thoroughly believing that, from the moment when he receives a receipt therefor from the clerk, it is as safe as if directly invested in the Government funds. Nor is it until, on some inauspicious day, when admittance to the office is vainly demanded by an eager and anxious crowd, or until rumour has startled him from his vain dream of security, that he finds the signboard's and the pass-book's declaration meant only half, and that the least important half, of what they said—that, while the State guaranteed the security of his deposit, *if* that were lodged in its funds, it gave no guarantee whatever that this *would* be done—that, while it pledged itself for its own honour, it in reality gave no pledge whatever for the Bank's solvency. Such a state of matters ought not to exist. It is practically, though quite undesignedly, a system of deception which has betrayed hundreds into ruin. If Savings Banks are to be allowed to boast the inducement of national security, let them really be possessed of it. Let the nation's credit and honour really be bound for the security of the poor man's deposit—not at one or other period only of its passage through the bank's books, but during the whole period which elapses from the moment when it is lodged till the moment it is repaid.

The next point to which we would advert is, the amount of interest payable under our present system. As already mentioned, this amount has varied a good deal, and these variations have been in a regularly downward direction. By the statute of 1817, the rate of interest paid by the National Debt Commissioners to Savings Bank trustees was fixed at 4*l.* 11s. 3d. per cent.; and that paid by the latter to their depositors at 4 per cent. These rates were gradually lowered by subsequent Acts, and are now, by the 7th and 8th Victoria, c. 83, fixed at 3*l.* 5s. and 3*l.* 0s. 10d. per cent. respectively. The difference between these two sums, viz.: about one quarter per cent., would, it was calculated, be sufficient to defray the expenses of the bank's management. The effects of this arrangement have proved highly injurious to the successful operations and usefulness of Savings Banks.

The parties for whose benefit exclusively these institutions were originally instituted, have since been, and still are avowedly designed, are the working-classes; those whose capital consists not in money, but in labour, and whose pecuniary resources are from this very circumstance not merely very limited, but entirely dependent upon their ability to turn this their capital to account. In times of sickness or mercantile depression this is out of their power. Their means of livelihood, then, must consist of wages formerly earned, and laid by to support them during these ever recurring periods of inactivity. To increase the stimulus toward the formation of provident habits, beyond that which the mere fear of want might itself create, Savings Banks held out the further inducement of profit, in the shape of interest, which is often, we might almost say generally, higher than the current rate in other banks. At the same time, this rate is sometimes lower. But the principle upon which, when it does happen, this occurrence takes place is such, that instead of counteracting the mischievous effects of the former alternative, it gives rise to an opposite but an equally formidable evil. When the rate of interest given by Savings Banks is higher than that afforded by other equally safe and

Digitized by Google

convenient investments, the result, as might be expected, is that other parties than those for whose convenience and benefit Savings Banks were designed, straightway become depositors in them. Small capitalists embrace this opportunity of making larger profits, and institutions which were only intended to assist the labouring classes are made use of to minister to the greediness of the speculator. When, on the other hand, the rate of interest is lower, an opposite result takes place. Those parties who deposited in Savings Banks with the view of profit, immediately withdraw their funds and invest them elsewhere. But this, in the circumstances, cannot be done without expense to the Government, and consequently loss to the country.

As already explained, the moneys lodged in the Savings Banks are thereafter deposited with the National Debt Commissioners, who allow to the former, upon such deposits, interest at the rate of 3*l.* and 10d. per cent. The Savings Bank moneys upon which the interest is paid are invested by the Commissioners in Government Stock. Now the price of this stock generally bears an inverse ratio to the price of money throughout the country. When this commodity is much in demand, and capitalists are willing to give a high rate of interest for the use of it, the value of Government Stock naturally falls. In other words, the funds are low in price, and, being so, it is a bad time for a holder in these funds to sell out. Unfortunately, however, Government is, just at this season, compelled to do so. The speculators in Savings Banks now withdraw their capital there lodged, with the view of more profitably investing it elsewhere. To meet the demands thus made upon it, the bank is obliged to draw upon the National Debt Commissioners; while they, in order to realise money to cash these drafts, are in turn compelled, at this most unseasonable time, to sell out of the funds.

When matters change, and the money-market, from whatever cause, becomes glutted, the value of money necessarily falls; and the interest of 3*l.* per cent. being greater than that obtainable from other equally safe and convenient investments, small capitalists are again induced to become depositors in Savings Banks. The sums then lodged by them are as before transferred to the custody of the National Debt Commissioners, who forthwith invest them in the funds. But as these are now high in price, from the operation of causes exactly the reverse of those which previously rendered them low in price, the present is just as disadvantageous a time to buy into these funds as the former was to sell out. But as in that case, so in this, the Commissioners have no other alternative than to submit to this hardship. The total loss incurred in such cases is equivalent to the difference between the price at which the stock in question is bought, and that at which it is sold; and as the National Debt Commissioners are bound to restore on demand to each Savings Bank the entire sums deposited by it with them, the National Debt Commissioners, or, in other words, the Government, are thus—so far as Savings Banks are concerned—made responsible for the fluctuations which occur in the price of the funds. To what amount of expense the country has been put, in consequence of this arrangement, we are not able accurately to determine: it must certainly have by this time reached a very large sum—we should say two or three millions *at least*. During the year 1847 alone, the loss incurred by the Government in the sale of stock, on account of the Savings Banks, amounted to 237,856*l.* 3s. 9d.*

To prevent the evil to which we now allude, viz., the investment by small capitalists of their funds in Savings Banks, private parties are by statute debarred from depositing in these institutions more than 30*l.* annually, or 150*l.* in all; and when, by the accumulation of interest upon it, this latter sum reaches the amount of 200*l.*, no further interest accrues thereon. By statute, therefore, 200*l.* is declared the limit of any private depositor's account with a Savings Bank. While such, however, is the law, such is very far from being the fact.

From an abstract account of Savings Banks in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, compiled from official returns, and brought down to the 20th November, 1847, we obtain the following information:—"At that date there were in England 2,669 depositors, whose individual deposits exceeded 200*l.*, and amounted to the sum of 621,966*l.*; in Wales, there were 52 such depositors, with deposits amounting to 12,256*l.*; in Ireland, 75 such depositors, with deposits amounting to 16,889*l.*; and in Scotland, *one* such depositor, with a deposit amounting to 202."† As illustrative of this subject we may further mention, that on the failure of the Kerry Savings Bank about eighteen months ago, it was discovered that one depositor had claims upon that establishment to the extent of 1,000*l.*, another to that of 800*l.*, and others of 650*l.*, 450*l.*, 320*l.*, and several smaller sums above the fixed limit of 200*l.*‡

These statistics prove that numbers whom the Legislature intended and attempts altogether to exclude from a share in the peculiar benefits of Savings Banks do, in spite of all enactments to the contrary, avail themselves of these institutions whenever it suits their convenience or interest to do so. We may be sorry, but certainly we cannot be surprised at this. So long as it is for the pecuniary advantage of any class of the community, without incurring any great risk or odium, to evade legislative enactments which stand in their way, so long will there be found numerous parties willing to make the attempt. And when we further consider the unfavourable position in which, from the system of banking adopted both in England and Ireland, a very large class of the community of these countries is placed, the results just given are precisely those which might have been expected.

Banking operations in England and Ireland are conducted upon a less uniform plan, a less secure basis, and less liberal terms than in Scotland. In the former country it is the exception, and not the

* "Banker's Magazine," No. 47, Feb. 1848; p. 116.
† "Tables of the Revenue, &c., of the United Kingdom, and its Dependencies," Part 17, sec. A., 1847; pp. 12, 13, 14.
‡ "Banker's Magazine," No. 51, June 1848; p. 865.

Digitized by Google

rule, to find banks which afford to the small capitalist places of investment at once safe and profitable. In the latter country the very reverse is the case; and to this difference in these two systems of banking may mainly be ascribed the result which the statistics we have given present: viz., that while, both in England and Ireland, the designed object and purposes of Savings Banks have been to a very great extent perverted and abused, in Scotland these institutions have been with a very trifling exception entirely confined to those classes for whose benefit they are exclusively designed. The truth is, that in England, Savings Banks do to a very great extent perform the same functions which our Joint Stock Banks do here, and in many of their more essential particulars, these last are truly Savings Banks with a *minimum* deposit of ten pounds instead of one shilling.

We have already stated that Savings Banks receive from Government one quarter per cent. more of interest than they are allowed to pay to their depositors. This quarter per cent. is intended to pay the bank's working expenses, and is calculated upon the total amount of the funds lodged by it with the National Debt Commissioners. The effect of such an arrangement is, to render it for the interest of every Savings Bank to have at all times as large a sum as possible deposited with the Government, and—small deposit accounts requiring for their management at least as much attention, and therefore costing at least as much expense, as large ones—to encourage the latter in preference to the former. According to Mr. Maitland, the late able actuary of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, "few Savings Banks have been long conducted in an efficient manner at a rate less than one shilling per annum for each individual deposit account." Assuming this estimate to be correct, it follows, in the case where three per cent. is paid by the bank, that in the management of every deposit account below 20*l.*—which exactly pays itself—a loss is sustained at the rate of about one halfpenny for each pound sterling that the account is less than the above sum. This shows that the principle upon which the Government allowance to Savings Banks is fixed is an unsound one; for it increases the difficulty of conducting these establishments proportionately to the poverty of their depositors, or, in other words, tends to withdraw the influence of Savings Banks from that very class in society which, from the improvident habits and consequent indigence of its members, stands most in need of all the succour and assistance which such institutions are capable of affording.

The first defect in the system to which we alluded was, the want of that which it professed to have, viz., national security. While no doubt can be entertained that such a deception should be put an end to, a difference of opinion may exist touching the manner in which this ought to be done. Some may think that it should be effected by the Government really undertaking the responsibility now professed; others, by Savings Banks forthwith erasing from before their names the words, "National security," and being by profession, as in fact, altogether unconnected with the Government. Seeing, then, that justice to the depositor demands that one or other course be adopted, the question presents itself, which of the two will prove the more advantageous.

The first requisite of a bank is stability. This remark applies, if possible, with greater force to Savings Banks than to ordinary ones; because the parties depositing in the former, being less able than those depositing in the latter to bear up against pecuniary loss, should be less exposed to the risk of such a calamity. The truth of this proposition has been all along admitted, and, indeed, has formed the very basis of all the Savings Banks legislation which exists. In ordinary commercial transactions, the rate of profit upon a given investment of capital bears a certain proportion to the chance that there is of the entire or partial loss of such capital. In the case of Savings Banks, there has all along been a departure from this rule in favour of the depositor, and a departure which, though less wide now than it once was, is yet often still too great to be consistent with the sound and healthful operations of these establishments. No doubt it might be desirable that the poor man should possess a bank, not merely of first-rate security, but also of first-rate liberality—one where his deposits would not merely be as safe as prudence and caution could make them, but likewise more remunerative than such a degree of risk could justify or afford. All this might be desirable, but this is not, in the nature of things, practicable. These two advantages cannot be enjoyed together; and, as a choice of one or other is all that is left, it is not difficult to see that, in the case of Savings Banks, good security must ever be preferred to great profit. The working man's income—so Providence has decreed—is to be earned by manual labour, not by monetary speculation; and any attempt to alter such a decree will infallibly lead to this result, that the Savings Bank will be diverted from its proper and alone legitimate sphere of action, and the fund of private or public charity, without the aid of which no Savings Bank could afford to pay a disproportionately high rate of interest, far from exclusively benefitting the poor depositor, will be made to minister to the cupidity and avarice of the speculator. The amount of interest given by Savings Banks ought, we think, to be a matter of secondary consideration. The real use of these institutions is to create and foster among the labouring classes habits of prudence, not of speculation; to provide them with places of safe deposit, not of profitable investment for their wages; and the advantages which these should possess over ordinary banks, should consist in the superior facilities and convenience the former possess in regard to the lodgment and withdrawal of small sums. If interest can be afforded, then interest should be given; because to it, as profit arising from the use of his funds, the depositor is fully entitled. This, while it cannot act injuriously on the bank, forms a most appropriate and well earned reward for the cultivation of frugal habits.

If these views be correct, there cannot be much doubt that Savings Banks—so far as a secure in-

Digitized by Google

vestment for their funds is concerned—might be efficiently conducted in Scotland without assistance from Government. Banking in this country is now, and has for many years been, entirely conducted on the joint stock principle; and so numerous is the staff of wealthy partners which our banks severally possess, that the risk of eventual loss arising from their insolvency is next to nothing. Public confidence in these banks is consequently great, so that, even during a monetary crisis, little or no fear need be entertained of so much as a temporary suspension. As an indiscriminate adoption of all our seventeen banks, as places of deposit for Savings Bank funds, would be probably less convenient than the selection of a much smaller number, choice might be made of the five oldest of them. These are all chartered companies, severally possessed of a large staff of partners, and—with the exception of the Royal Bank—of a large number of branches throughout the country. The banks chosen, whichever they were, would perform the same duty that the National Debt Commissioners now do. To their custody the Savings Bank would commit its funds, for the use of which, it would, in return, receive a certain amount of interest; this rate of interest, however, instead of being, as it now is, fixed, would be fluctuating. According to the rise or fall in the price of money, banks increase or diminish the rate of interest paid to their depositors, and Savings Banks, in the case supposed standing in this capacity, would be treated in the same manner. At present there are in Scotland several Savings Banks which pursue a plan analagous to the one now suggested; and on the sums which they lodge with the ordinary banks, the latter allow to the former, in consideration of their character and objects, one half per cent. above the current rate of interest. This liberal allowance is given to defray the Savings Bank's working expenses, and so enable it to pay its depositors the same rate of interest as that allowed by the other banks; and would, we believe, be willingly extended to all Savings Banks that chose so to deposit their funds.

It must, however, be observed, that almost the only advantage which such an arrangement as this possesses over the method now pursued is, that it tends effectually to confine the operations of Savings Banks within their proper channel. Doubtless, this *is* a great advantage, and one well worthy of an effort to secure. But it is an advantage which in Scotland is already attained, and which, in all likelihood, will ever continue to be enjoyed as long as the ordinary banks afford to the public so convenient and profitable places of investment.

Against the dishonesty of Savings Bank officials, any such change as that now mentioned can obviously afford no safeguard whatever; but since from this source proceeds an infinitely greater amount of damage to the community than from over investment, so to the removal of the former evil our efforts ought, first and principally, to be directed. Hence it boots not to inquire whether in England the custody of Savings Bank funds could with safety and success be transferred from the National Debt Commissioners to the ordinary banking companies throughout the country. This—could it be done—might act advantageously in limiting Savings Bank operations, and so prevent much of the loss to which Government is now put by a compelled sale of stock at an unsuitable season; but this could never prevent falsified accounts or acts of fraud on the part of the clerks and officers of the Savings Banks. This, as it seems to us, can only be effected by Government inspection and control.

Did the management of Savings Banks afford a profitable return upon the time and labour thereupon expended, there would then be elements sufficiently powerful at work to insure on the part of their proprietors a strict and constant examination of the minutest details, as well as more important transactions, of these establishments. In this case foreign interference would be unnecessary. The interests of the proprietors would be a sufficient pledge for their diligence. But Savings Banks never can afford such a return. Their existence takes its rise from motives of benevolence, not of profit. The managers of such institutions derive no pecuniary advantage from the performance of their duties; there is hence little cause for astonishment should these be discharged in a perfunctory manner. The parties whose arrangements suffer from this circumstance are precisely those whom it was intended to benefit. The deposit of the poor labourer, instead of being more secure than that of the wealthy merchant, is in truth much less so: the latter is protected against the risk of embezzlement by all the defence which self-interest can interpose, the former is exposed to the very same risk without any such protection. All the safeguard he can possess must be provided for him by benevolence; and the question to be answered is, whether should this benevolence be of a public or private character?

If those pecuniary losses which have from time to time, but more especially of late, overtaken and, in not a few cases, ruined Savings Bank depositors, be considered slight calamities whose occurrence but little affects the comfort of the lower classes or the welfare of society in general, then it may very well become us to let things remain as they are—to allow the poor man's deposit to run all the risk it now does, with just so much extra chance of escape from the swindler's pocket as a more than usual degree of benevolent interference or responsibility may fortunately secure to it. But if, on the other hand, these losses be regarded as very serious calamities whose occurrence materially affects the comfort of the lower classes and well-being of society at large, then it is clearly our duty—provided the thing be practicable—to devise means by which more powerful and effective checks than those now in operation may be interposed against the recurrence of those afflicting and fatal bankruptcies. We certainly incline to the latter opinion: considering that, upon the ground of prudence not less than of humanity, we are called upon to attempt, through the medium of Savings Banks, to foster economical habits among our labouring

Digitized by Google

population; and for the attainment of this end, to increase public confidence in these institutions by guaranteeing their stability and solvency with the country's honour, making them really—not as they now are in name only—National Security Savings Banks; and pledging the credit of the Government for the safe custody, and, on demand, the repayment, of the poor man's deposit. The performance of such an engagement will undoubtedly entail expense upon the country; and it is possible that the practicability of such a scheme may be destroyed by the greatness of this expense. We think, however, that by an alteration on the present rate of interest —to which we shall immediately refer—the actual outlay by the Government would not be much greater than it now is—possibly not even so great. Under any circumstances, however, it must be borne in mind that could we but obtain a sound and secure system for Savings Banks, its tendency to promote industry and independence among the working classes would operate most favourably in preventing pauperism and lowering poor's rates, so that the *eventual* cost to the country by the adoption of even a more expensive system than the present, might prove itself, in the end, to be a real economy.

Without going into professional minutiæ and details—which would be out of place in such a paper as the present one—we confine ourselves to an outline of a plan which, or something similar to which, might perhaps be advantageously adopted.

The rules now in force respecting the requirement of security from all Savings Bank officers intrusted with the receipt of money, remaining unaltered, as also those regarding the investment of Savings Bank funds with the National Debt Commissioners—with this exception in the case of the latter, that no other investment whatever should be permitted, even with the sanction of the depositor himself—let Government inspectors be appointed periodically to visit Savings Banks, for the purpose of examining their affairs, and especially of reporting on the four following points:—*First.* The sum total of the deposits lodged in the Savings Bank. *Second.* The amount appearing from the bank's books to be lodged with the National Debt Commissioners. *Third.* The sum deposited in the Bank of England or Ireland, and, if in Scotland, in one or other of the chartered banks. *Fourth.* The balance in the coffers of the Savings Bank itself. The first point to be certified by the Government inspector, along with one or more Savings Banks trustees and managers, from the bank's ledgers, and also from the depositors' pass-books; and, for this purpose, that the latter be periodically called in for examination, under pain of forfeiture of Government security in case of non-compliance with such requisition. The second point to be certified by the same parties from the bank's ledgers. The third point to be certified by the inspector, along with an accredited officer of one or other of the before-mentioned banks respectively. And the last point to be certified by the inspector and cashier or other officer of the Savings Bank. That a copy of such periodical reports be regularly transmitted for examination to the National Debt Commissioners. That security be required from each inspector for the faithful performance of his duties; while, to remove as much as possible any temptation to fraud, that his salary be a liberal one; and, to prevent any opportunity of collusion on his part with the officers of Savings Banks, that the district of his periodical visitations be constantly and irregularly varied.

By such an arrangement as this, Government would have a direct constant control over by far the larger portion of the funds lodged with Savings Banks, and, periodically, a complete acquaintance with the position and operations of these establishments. The funds not so under Government control would consist of those balances required by Savings Banks for current use, and lodged with other banks, or lying in their own coffers. These would in general be so small in amount that, even did this system of periodical inspection fail to remove all opportunity of their embezzlement, the security previously obtained from the delinquent officer or officers would in all likelihood be sufficient to cover any loss thereby arising to the bank. To protect as much as possible those sums which, in the shape of deposits, come to the bank during the intervals elapsing between the inspector's visits, might it not be advantageous and practicable for the depositors to elect from among their number—just as is done by creditors on a sequestrated estate—one or more commissioners whose duty it would be to see that the sums so lodged from time to time were regularly deposited with an authorized bank, or, if their amount warranted, were duly transferred to the custody of the National Debt Commissioners? and, for this purpose, that leave to inspect the books and receipts of Savings Banks be conferred upon depositors, and a correspondence regarding their affairs instituted between them and the National Debt Commissioners.

The system at present pursued by Savings Banks, of paying a *fixed* rate of interest to their depositors, is an eminently absurd one. To the effects produced by it we have already alluded. They are those of large investments in Savings Banks when money is plentiful and cheap throughout the country, and of rapid withdrawal of those investments as soon as the price of money begins to rise. And since, in either case, Savings Banks are bound to receive, and, on demand, to repay, deposits, the result is, that Government—at once the broker and banker of these establishments—is put to certain loss, between, on the one hand, buying into the funds when they are high in price, and selling out when they are low. The expedient at present adopted to prevent this evil result, consists in arbitrarily limiting the amount of private depositors' accounts with Savings Banks. This device, however, as we have before seen, has not been successful. In England and Ireland there are about 3,000 accounts exceeding the prescribed limit of 200*l.*; and the only reason why a similar evasion of the law upon this point does not occur in Scotland, is to be traced to the great inducements toward the deposit even of very small sums, which are here afforded by the ordinary banks.

Digitized by Google

Savings Banks, which are intended for the use of the poorer classes exclusively, should be exclusively adapted for them. The very constitution and economy of these institutions should be such as to render it contrary to the interest of any wealthier class to become depositors in them. This is not likely to be the case, however, so long as an arbitrary limitation of accounts is deemed necessary; for a regulation of this nature seems to imply that it would advantage some class to transgress it. Such is the case at present; and, as long as it continues so, so long will it, as at present, be transgressed. In any circumstances, this would be unfortunate, inasmuch as it would evidence a want of adaptation in the means employed to secure the end proposed; but in our present Savings Bank system, this result is doubly sad; because not merely is a perversion of the objects of these institutions thereby proved, but, as it happens, this very perversion is the means of entailing additional expense upon the country. Effectually to prevent this result, its cause must be removed. That cause is, the temptation occasionally held out to small capitalists to become depositors in Savings Banks, arising from the higher rate of interest afforded by these over other equally eligible investments. The proper way to remove this temptation and its attendant evil is, to allow the rate of Savings Bank interest to vary according to the variations occurring in the value of money—to make the market law of demand and supply, which regulates the price of this commodity elsewhere, to regulate its price in Savings Banks also, and never to allow them to pay a higher rate of interest upon their deposits than what corresponds with the then productive value of the loan. It would be far safer to act upon the opposite principle of paying less. Such an arrangement would very materially facilitate the carrying out of a Government Savings Bank scheme; and, considering the increased security thereby afforded, would not be an unfair arrangement towards the depositor. Were such a plan as this adopted, there would be no need of fixing any limit to depositors' accounts. Self interest would do this. Savings Banks would then be strictly confined to their proper province—that of furnishing to the labouring classes places of safe custody for their wages. A very slight difference between the rate of Savings Bank and ordinary current interest would secure this desirable result, and yet scarce perceptibly diminish the income of the depositor. We agree with Mr. Maitland in thinking that 200*l.* is by one half a larger sum than one individual ought to deposit in a Savings Bank; but we would much prefer that the proper limit should be discovered and fixed by the influence and tendency of Savings Banks themselves, than by statutory regulation. The former is much the safer, cheaper, and more effective plan. Indeed it may confidently be said, that any other will either be ineffective or unnecessary.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSES.

LADY fair, I wish,
That I were a fish;
Should'st thou come to angle,
On the hook I'd dangle.
Lady fair, I wish
That I were a fish.

Would I were a nag,
My darling should'nt lag;
Or a coach my lady bearing,
She should have so nice an airing.
Would I were a nag,
My darling should'nt lag.

Would that I were gold,
To my lady told;
If paid away in shopping,
Soon back would I be hopping.
Would that I were gold,
To my lady told.

Would that I were true,
And my sweetheart ever new;
When she bade, I'd come with her,
And always dine at home with her.
Would that I were true,
And my sweetheart ever new.

I would I were old,
And wrinkled, and cold;
Then should my love deny me,
It would'nt plague or try me.
I would I were old,
And wrinkled, and cold.

I would an ape I were,
Full of tricks droll and queer;
Should anything annoy her,
My playfulness would joy her.
I would an ape I were,
Full of tricks droll and queer.

Were I meek, as sheep in fold,
Were my heart as lion's bold;
Were mine eye as keen as hawk's is,
Were my cunning like the fox's.
Were I meek, as sheep in fold,
Were my heart as lion's bold—

Whatever I might be,
I'd gladly give to thee;
Besides, thou should'st have singly,
All gems and treasures kingly.
Whatever I might be,
I'd gladly give to thee.

As I am—nor more nor less—
Wilt thou have me?—Answer, Yes;
Want'st a better? At thy leisure,
Go and get one made to measure.
As I am—nor more nor less—
Wilt thou have me?—Answer, Yes.

WOLFGANG.

Digitized by Google

THE PAPACY UNDER NAPOLEON.*

The name of Bartolomeo Pacca, member of the Sacred College, and twice prime minister to Pius the Seventh, although a leading actor in some of the scenes of the great historical drama of our half century, is almost forgotten. Cardinal Pacca was not a great statesman, in the common acceptation of the term; he was not endowed with large mental gifts; but in dignity of character, integrity of purpose, unselfish devotedness to duty, and calm resignation in the hour of adversity, he was morally a great man. He suffered much for duty; he did not strive for fame. His name, therefore, has nearly been forgotten.

Cardinal Pacca was pro-secretary of state at Rome, in 1809, when Napoleon audaciously carried away the Pope. The unlucky minister had the reputation of possessing great influence over his priestly master, and a large weight of the imperial vengeance consequently fell on his devoted head. On the restoration of the papal power, Pacca again, for a short time, held the office of prime minister. While a prisoner in the Piedmontese fortress of Fenestrelle, he wrote an account of his administration from 18th June, 1808, to 6th July, 1809, and of all the circumstances attending the fall of the papal throne, and the violent abduction of the Pope. In the silence and solitude of a dungeon, as he tells us, he was tortured by the reflection of being stigmatized in the eyes of posterity by the blame, whether by reason of imprudence or of want of foresight, of having contributed to the fall of Rome and the pontifical government. An apology for his administration was therefore written, and conveyed by stealth to his nephew, Tiberio Pacca, who was a prisoner in the same fortress, in order that, should he be the survivor, he might be enabled to render an account of his uncle at Rome, or elsewhere. The good cardinal lived to be the guardian of his own fair fame, and, in 1818, under happier circumstances, he completed his memoirs, a valuable contribution to history, and a charming record of personal connexion with some of the most interesting events of his day. Sir George Head has done good service to literature by the publication of an elegant translation of the cardinal's memoirs.

The impolicy of Napoleon's character was strongly manifested in his treatment of the Romish Church. He was too impatient to diplomatise, and he crushed, or at least disabled, the spiritual power by the material weapons of his irresistible might. At no time scrupulous in his actions, he was most unscrupulous in his treatment of the Holy See. At the time he attained political power in the Consulate, the religious reaction was gaining strength; and every act of favour conferred on religion and its ministers was reckoned to his own advantage and glory. He made friendly overtures to the Pope, and the Concordat of 1801 was no inconsiderable step to the Empire. In 1804 Pius hastened from Rome to preside at the solemn ceremonial of the coronation. But Napoleon had something more to gain by his patronage of religion than popularity from the religious; he comprehended the spirit of Hume's famous remark on the governmental uses of religion; for while he coveted the domain of St. Peter, he longed to convert the successor of the apostle into the patriarch of the Empire. A cherished project of the Emperor was to transfer the apostolic seat from Rome to Paris. Napoleon made many demands, and the Pope, having no other course, made concessions. In 1806 his Holiness, who had not yielded without hopes of corresponding benefit, began to see the real aims of his imperious ally. Napoleon had intimated to him that Italy ought to be entirely subject to his laws, that the Pope should pay deference to him in temporal affairs, and consider the enemies of France as enemies of the Holy See. The Pope, supported by the counsel of the Sacred College, now assumed that independent tone which soon after led to the forcible overthrow of his power, and his imprisonment. On the 2nd of February, 1808, a French corps, under the command of General Miollis, took military possession of Rome.

The French would seem to be doomed by fate to dishonour in their Roman aggressions, whether in pulling down a popedom by an empire, or in raising one up by a republic. The occupation of the city by Miollis was treacherously accomplished. The general, who was then on his march to Naples, asked permission for his troops to pass through the states of the Church, indicating the various halting stations as far as the frontier, plausibly representing that the arrangement was proposed to prevent inconvenience within the territory of his Holiness. As the city of Rome was set down as one of the halting stations, contrary to arrangements made between the governments, when the war first broke out between France and Ferdinand IV., the Pope remonstrated with Alquier, the French ambassador, who, in a note, expressly stated that should the troops remain a few days in Rome, the arrangement would not be permanent, or "accompanied with any dangerous consequences, either at present or in future." Miollis and his troops entered the city, took possession of the castle of St. Angelo, and by way, it is to be presumed, of smoothing down the apprehensions of the Holy Father, surrounded the palace with soldiers, and planted cannon opposite the windows of his private apartments. Miollis left the civil government and administration of finances for a time in the hands of the Pope; but the military occupation of Rome, despite the assurance of Monsieur Alquier, was permanent. A few days afterwards, the Neapolitan cardinals at Rome were forcibly expelled, under the pretext that they had

* Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca, Prime Minister to Pius VII. Written by Himself. Translated by Sir George Head, author of "Rome; a Tour of many Days." 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1850.

Digitized by Google

refused to take the oath of allegiance to Joseph Bonaparte, the new king of the Two Sicilies; and a few weeks later, all the cardinals, natives of the provinces of Napoleon's Italian kingdom, shared a like fate. Various acts of insult were crowned by the seizure and annexation of the duchy of Urbino, and the Marches to the kingdom of Italy.

On the 16th of June, several French officers suddenly entered the apartment of Cardinal Gabrielli, pro-secretary of state, whom they put under arrest, and ordered to quit Rome instantly. The same afternoon, the Pope appointed Cardinal Pacca to the vacant portfolio; and two days after, the cardinal commenced the duty of minister at the Quirinal palace. We are quite prepared to concur with his eminence in the assertion, that "never did a man join an administration in times more critical, or, to say more properly, under circumstances more horrible." The principal members of the College of Cardinals were absent from Rome; the people had no confidence in the stability of the government; the government, with the exception of a handful of the household Swiss guards, had no force to keep the rebellion in awe, the French having taken command of all the Roman troops, and virtually, too, of the police, although both were paid by the Pope; the treasury was exhausted, and a portion of the Roman population was much dissatisfied with the administration of the papal authority.

The readiness with which Cardinal Pacca undertook the responsibility and dangers of office, under these discouraging circumstances, was highly honourable to him on various accounts. In the first place, he repaid neglect by duty. He had previously held the important position of Nuncio to the court of Vienna, and subsequently to Lisbon; and his diplomatic duties were discharged creditably to himself, and to the satisfaction of his sovereign. But he had not received the customary promotion either to a Legation, to superior employment at Rome, or to a See. In the next place, the office was one not only of difficulty, but danger; for the threats of Napoleon were well known, and it was but too probable that, when the hour of danger arrived, his vengeance would fall on the minister. Indeed, in times more tranquil, Pacca had foreseen these difficulties, and had actually for three years kept a ready-prepared letter by him, declining the secretaryship of state, in case it were offered to him. But all personal considerations vanished under the sense of duty that caused him "to overcome a most powerful internal sense of repugnance, and to accept the appointment." He courageously entered on his functions, resolving to show a pacific spirit and a friendly bearing towards the French.

It was clear, from the beginning of his administration, that the fall of the Papacy was only a question of time; Napoleon had only suspended the execution of his designs, in consequence of the unfavourable aspect of affairs in Spain. A temperate policy was, therefore, the most prudent course of action. The minister could not, however, long maintain it, for the aggressions of the French were on the increase daily, and public opinion at Rome was adverse to the past temporizing policy of the Pope. "Signor Cardinal," said his Holiness, one morning, to the Secretary of State, "they say in Rome we are asleep; but we will now, on the subject of these last outrages, let them see we are awake, and we will address a vigorous remonstrance to the French general." The minister thereupon assumed a bolder tone, with what success will be seen from an anecdote which, while it displays the amiability of the cardinal's character, exposes a weakness one could hardly expect in the pro-secretary of an infallible sovereign. A passport was presented for signature in behalf of the French conductors of a convoy of vehicles on their way to Paris, laden with the statues and other antiquities of the Villa Borghese, purchased by Napoleon. Pacca refused to sign the passport. The Pope, as soon as he heard that Prince Borghese had sold these precious monuments, contrary to the laws of the Pontifical States, had protested to the French Government; but aware that the French commandant would carry his point in spite of refusal, the cardinal proposed to evade the difficulty by calling the hare a lion; in other words, to sign a passport for the waggons without specifying the contents. For the credit of the cardinal, we are glad to be able to say, that the increased audacity and insolence of the French authorities saved him from fully consummating this act of weak dissimulation.

The encroachments of the French grew daily greater; at length matters with the cardinal came to a crisis, in the third month of his ministry. The French general had, for several months, been enrolling a force called the civic guard, ostensibly to put down the *briganti* or insurgents of Naples, but in reality, as the cardinal alleges, to aid in overthrowing the Roman Government. The Roman Government received fair but faithless replies to all their protests. At length, the excesses of these new levies grew to such a pitch, and the remonstrance of the provincial magistrates so strong, that Cardinal Pacca, on the 28th of August, placarded, in all the provinces of the States, a pontifical declaration, expressing disapprobation of the enrolment. One of the cardinal's orders on the subject fell into the hands of General Miollis, who resolved to have him removed from the Pope's councils, and dismissed from Rome. Accordingly, on the 6th of September, while transacting business in the Tribunal of the Consulta, two French officers entered the apartment, and conveyed the general's command to leave Rome on the following morning for Benevento. The cardinal, on the ground that he acknowledged no other authority in Rome but the Pope, refused to obey. The officers would not permit him to go to the Pope's apartments; but a note, detailing his unpleasant predicament, soon brought the "sovereign pontiff" to the chamber, almost frantic with grief and indignation. Addressing the officers, his Holiness desired them to tell the general that he was weary of suffering such outrages, that he plainly perceived that the drift of these acts of violence were to remove from him, one by one, all his ministers and counsellors; he then commanded

Digitized by Google

Pacca not to obey the order, adding, that if the general was disposed to carry his project into execution he must do so by breaking the doors of the chamber by main force. The Pope, followed by Cardinal Pacca, retired to his private apartments, assigning the minister rooms adjoining his own, where he remained for ten months, namely, till the escalade of the palace on the 6th of July, 1809. The same evening the cardinal addressed an energetic official note, giving an account of the outrage to all the foreign ministers resident at Rome.

It was now apparent to every one that Napoleon's object was, to quote the cant phrase of the officials, to remove the gardener from the vineyard. Many symptoms appeared of a movement hostile to the Pope's person and government. At the Quirinal every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise; the principal gate communicating with the Piazza was ordered by the Pope to be kept continually closed — the small door alone being opened for the convenience of the inmates and persons having business. His Holiness gave positive directions that no Frenchman of whatsoever rank should on any account be permitted to enter. In the meantime his Eminence Dean Antonelli and Monsignor Arezzo, pro-governor of Rome, were arrested and sent out of the city. As the Roman garrison was small, and the people had made several strong manifestations of loyalty to the Pope, the execution of the project was delayed. The question naturally occurs, why, with a loyal people at hand, an attempt was not made to overpower the small French garrison, which does not appear to have exceeded 600 men? Cardinal Pacca has not overlooked this point. A massacre of the troops could have been accomplished with the greatest facility; indeed, many private offers are stated to have been made of insurrectionary aid, but they were all rejected by his Holiness. The cardinal admits that such a measure would have been lawful, but he questions the expediency of such a step. The Pope was a temporal sovereign, but he was also "vicar on earth of that God whose title is the Prince of Peace." On the latter point he argues that, even had they succeeded in the first instance, the movement would, most probably, have soon been crushed by the other French forces in Italy. It would have been the signal for a deed of vengeance, the odium of which Napoleon would not have scrupled to throw upon the Pope and his advisers. Cardinal Pacca, therefore, wisely resolved to adopt the policy of passive resistance, and humanely exerted himself to prevent any conflict between the Roman people and the garrison.

The cardinal likewise speaks at some length in defence of his policy in not advising the Pope to escape from Rome. There were great difficulties in the way, even in the only possible outlet by sea. A proposition was actually made for his escape to the coast at Fiumicino, off which an English frigate, purposely sent from Sicily, was then cruising. The messenger, a Franciscan friar in disguise, not being able to show any credentials, was distrusted by Pacca, and the project fell to the ground. But the Pope had determined not to depart from Rome of his own accord, but to allow himself to be taken from his throne by force rather than abandon it. The cardinal defends the resolution by this reasoning:—"Had the Pope escaped, he must have thrown himself upon the protection of England, and sought an asylum in Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, or some other country hostile to France, and it would have given Napoleon a plausible pretext to separate the Gallican church from all dependence on the See of Rome. In short, the loss of Rome and the Papal States, and—above all—the religious revolution that would probably have broken out in France in consequence, and even perhaps schism with its concomitant train of evils, would have been laid on the Pope's shoulders, and the act of aggression stigmatized as superlatively rash and imprudent." His flight could have had no other object than personal safety; and believing, with Tertullian, "Pulchrior est miles in pugnæ praelio amissus, quam in fuga salvus," he resolved to remain in his palace and wait events.

In the year 1806, when the court were under apprehensions of a French invasion, a congregation composed of Cardinals Antonelli, Di Pietro, Litta, Pacca, and Gonsalvi, secretary of state, passed various resolutions with a view to the preparation of a papal bull for abrogating the usual ceremonies in case of a vacancy in the Popedom, a manifesto to Europe protesting against the French usurpation, and finally a bull or brief against the French government for the offences they had committed against the laws of the Church. The latter document was prepared by Cardinal Di Pietro, but it was never issued. However, after the arrest of Pacca in September, the Pope instructed Di Pietro to prepare another bull, which was kept in readiness for the moment of action. It was suspected that the French government got notice that the bolts of the Vatican were ready forged, and that they were consequently induced still further to postpone the Emperor's aggressive policy; for, notwithstanding the Bobadil tone of Napoleon, he really dreaded the bull,* and his secret agents made some efforts to stir up a party to influence his holiness from publishing any bull or brief in the event of a change of the government. An attempt was even made to influence the minister by representing that Napoleon was prepared to go to the extremity of sacrificing the Holy Father's life. "In that case," replied Pacca, "there will be one more Christian martyr in the series of supreme pontiffs." But the cardinals would certainly all be hanged, represented the man of expediency. "That is not a canonical reason to give to the Pope," was the good minister's reply: "let the will of God be done."

The French seem to have become impressed by an idea that the Pope would only protest, for by the beginning of June, 1809, every one in Rome was in daily expectation that the imperial decree for the union of the Pontifical States to the French empire would be issued.† At noon, on the 10th

* "Croit-il que ses excommunications feront tomber les armes des mains de mes soldats?"

† The imperial decree was signed at Vienna, on the 17th of May, 1809.

Digitized by Google

of June, the pontifical standard that floated over the fortress of St. Angelo was lowered, under a discharge of artillery, and the French tri-colour immediately supplied its place. While the thunder of the French cannon was still sounding his dethronement, the Pope calmly gave orders for the proclamation of the bull after sunset.

The effect of the bull was extraordinary; the French were astounded, and all Rome in a state of stupefaction. Every individual, high and low, employed in the French service, either at once gave up his office or inquired at the Quirinal for instructions. But matters could not long rest in this unsatisfactory position; Napoleon had resolved on the abdication of the Pope and his minister. On the evening of the 5th of July, the communications to the Quirinal were obstructed by cavalry piquets, and at daybreak the gendarmes and police attacked the palace by escalade. Cardinal Pacca gives a most graphic account of the escalade, which is likewise important, as it corrects many absurd statements of the affair which have been received as history. Having been engaged at work all night, he was about to retire to his chamber to take some rest, when the faint light of the morning had begun to appear. He had hardly lain down when his chamberlain announced that the French were within the palace.

"Instantly I despatched my nephew, Gian Tiberio Pacca, to awaken the Holy Father, and a few moments afterwards I went myself in my dressing-gown into the Holy Father's chamber. The Pope immediately got up, and, with the utmost serenity of spirit dressed himself in his episcopal robe and stole, and, going into the apartment where he was in the habit of giving audience, found assembled there the Cardinal Despuiz, myself, some of the prelates who were inhabitants of the palace, and several officials and clerks of the secretary of state's office. The assailants had by this time broken with their axes the doors of the Pope's suite of apartments, and had arrived at the door of the very chamber where the Holy Father and ourselves were. At this juncture, in order to avoid the chance of some more calamitous result, we caused this last door to be opened. The Pope now arose from his seat, and going opposite the table, stood ready in the middle of the room, while we two cardinals placed ourselves one on his right hand and the other on his left; and the prelates, officials, and clerks in the secretary of state's office were on the right and left of all.

"The door being opened, the first person that entered the room was General Radet, the commanding officer of the enterprise, followed by several French officers, for the most part belonging to the gendarmerie. Having formed line opposite the holy Father and ourselves, both parties stood face to face for some minutes in perfect silence, equally, as it were, confounded at each other's presence. At length General Radet, pale in the face, with a trembling voice, and hesitating, as if he could scarcely find words to express himself, addressed the Pope as follows:—He said that he had a painful and disagreeable duty to perform, but having sworn fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he was compelled to execute the commission that had been imposed upon him, and consequently intimate to his Holiness, on the part of the Emperor, that he must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the Pontifical States; adding that, in case of the non-compliance of the Holy Father with the proposal, he had further orders to conduct his Holiness to the General Miollis, who would indicate the place of his destination.

"The Pope, without being discomposed, but with an air full of dignity, replied in a firm tone of voice nearly in the following words:—'Since General Radet, by virtue of his oath of fidelity and obedience, considers himself obliged to execute orders of the Emperor such as he has undertaken, he may imagine by how much the more we, who are bound by oaths, many and various, to maintain the rights of the Holy See, are under an obligation to do so. We have not the power to renounce that which does not belong to ourselves, neither are we ourselves otherwise than the administrators of the Roman Church, and of her temporal dominion. This dominion the Emperor, from whom, after all we have done for him, we did not expect this treatment, even though he cut our body in pieces, will never obtain from us.

"'Holy Father,' replied General Radet, 'I am conscious that the Emperor has many obligations to your Holiness.'

"'More than you are aware of,' replied the Pope, in a somewhat angry tone; 'and,' added his Holiness, 'are we to go alone?'

"'Your Holiness,' said the general, 'may take with you your minister, Cardinal Pacca.'

"Hereupon I, standing close at the side of the Pope, immediately replied, addressing myself to his Holiness, 'What orders does the Holy Father please to give me—am I to have the honour of accompanying him?'

"The Pope having answered in the affirmative, I requested permission to go to the room adjoining, and there, in the presence of two officers of the gendarmerie, who followed me, and now were making believe to be looking at the apartment, I dressed myself in my cardinal's habit, with *rocchetto* and *mozzetta*, supposing that we were to be conducted to General Miollis, who was quartered in the Doria Palace, in the Corso. While I was dressing, the Pope, with his own hand, made a memorandum of those attendants whom he wished to take with him, and, as was afterwards reported to me, had some conversation with General Radet, who, while his Holiness was engaged in putting some articles in the room in order, having observed,

"'Your Holiness need be under no apprehension that any thing here will be meddled with.'

"The Pope replied, 'He who sets little value even on his own life, has still less regard for his property.'

"On my return to the Pope's chamber, I found he had been already obliged to depart, without even allowing sufficient time for the chamberlains to put the little linen he required for the journey into a portmanteau. Radet would, in fact, have wished the Pope to change his dress for a less conspicuous

Digitized by Google

and recognizable costume, but had not the courage to tell him so. I followed, and joined his Holiness in another chamber, whence both of us, surrounded by gendarmes, police, and Roman rebels, making our way with difficulty over the fragments of the broken door, descended the staircase, and crossed the principal *cortile*, where the remainder of the troops and police had been collected. We then went out through the great gate opening upon the Piazza, where we found in readiness the carriage of General Radet, which was a description of vehicle called *bastarda;* and at the same time we saw in the Piazza a considerable detachment of Neapolitan troops, who, having arrived a few hours before for the special purpose of taking a part in the great enterprise, were drawn up in line. The Pope was now desired to get first into the carriage, and afterwards I was bid to follow. When we were both inside, the Venetian blind, which was on the Pope's side, having been previously nailed down, both doors were fastened with lock and key by a gendarme: General Radet, and a Tuscan quartermaster named Cardini, mounted in front on the dickey, and the order to drive off was given."

The party were driven not to the Doria Palace, but by a circuitous route to the Porta del Popolo out of the city, where post-horses in waiting were harnessed, and the carriage drove off at full speed on the road to Tuscany. On examining their purses, the Pope and his minister found that they could only muster between them seventeen-pence and a halfpenny!

The account of the journey is very graphically described by the good cardinal; it is enough here to say that, after a most oppressive and harassing journey, they arrived at the Carthusian Convent, near Florence, on the third day. Here the Pope and the cardinal were separated and conveyed to Grenoble, where they arrived on the 21st. At Grenoble the illustrious prisoners received every mark of respect from the population. They were comfortably lodged, but denied permission to hold any intercourse with each other. Indeed, it was Napoleon's great object to separate the Pope from all his counsellors, and Cardinal Pacca above all. The Emperor being then with the army in Austria, the prisoners were detained at Grenoble until the 1st of August, in expectation of the order relating to their final destination. The Pope was offered an airing in a carriage, but feeling himself a prisoner, he declined to join in "an excursion of pleasure." The cardinal was closely watched by a corporal's guard, in his ante-chamber, and restricted from all communication with the inhabitants of the city, and with ecclesiastics; for the Government seem to have been under some apprehension that Pacca had opened a correspondence with Cardinal Fesch and the French bishops. On the 1st of August the Emperor's orders came for the removal of the Pope to Savona; and for the imprisonment of Pacca in the fortress of Fenestrelle.

It will be most convenient if we first follow the cardinal to his mountain dungeon. It being notorious that Napoleon had threatened to shoot any of the Pope's ministers who should print or publish any document against his enterprise, the cardinal almost made up his mind that his last hour was approaching. It was, therefore, with no pleasing feelings that he received the announcement that he was to be sent a close prisoner to Piedmont. The violent death of the cardinal, however, was not the Imperial policy just then. On the 6th of August, Cardinal Pacca was consigned to the gloomy fortress of Fenestrelle, to which Napoleon was very fond of committing stubborn churchmen. This prison created as profound a sensation of horror in Italy, as a sentence of banishment to Siberia does amongst the subjects of the Czar. Situated in the bleakest part of the cold Alps, the most severe winter-weather reigns there during the greater portion of the year. The cardinal quotes Dante,—

> "Poichè me volsi, e vidi me davante
> E sotto i piedi un lago, che per gelo
> Avea di vetro, e non d'acqua sembiante."
>
> "With that I turned, and saw a lake before me
> And underneath my feet. The frost had made it
> To be as glass, water it seemed no more,"—

to express the horrors of the place for one accustomed to the sunny skies of the South. In this wretched place, shut up in a small, damp, cold chamber, almost devoid of furniture, long debarred from any intercourse with his fellow-prisoners, Cardinal Pacca remained for three years and a half. Material comforts he had none; and when he asked for books, the commandant sent him a volume of Voltaire. However, the good man bore his fate silently and patiently:—

> "Sperando il bene, e tollerando il male."
> "Hoping the good, and bearing with the bad."

This portion of his memoirs is the most interesting. We have seen him weak and doubting when surrounded with all the pomp and splendour of the Vatican; we find now a great man in his calm and philosophic resignation in the dungeon of Fenestrelle. Most truly does he say with the Roman philosopher:—"Nihil est enim aptius ad delectationem lectoris quam temporum varietates, fortunæque vicissitudines; quæ etsi nobis optabiles in experiendo non fuerunt, in legendo tamen erunt jucundæ." The fatal issue of the Russian campaign began to instil hope into the breasts of the weary inmates of Fenestrelle. On the 30th of January, 1813, the Pope having concluded a Concordat with Napoleon, the cardinal quitted his prison in deep sorrow for the Church, and repaired according to the Imperial summons to Fontainbleau.

Let us now return to the Pope, whom we left at Grenoble, on the 1st of August, 1809. Without any warning, he was hurried off at midnight, by Valence at Avignon, to Savona, where he was detained, leaving Napoleon free to carry out his designs against the Church. Here he was assailed from various quarters by letters from ecclesiastical dignitaries under the influence of Napoleon, urging him to confirm and grant canonical institution to ecclesiastics nominated by the Emperor to the several vacant churches in France and Italy. His Holiness, however, firmly refused to yield this

Digitized by Google

point. The Emperor, desiring, if possible, to secure a strong Church party, summoned all the Italian cardinals able to travel to appear at Paris at the end of the year. They were compelled to appear at court, and some of them were there treated with great disrespect. On the occasion of the Emperor's marriage with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, thirteen of the cardinals deeming this an offence against the jurisdiction of the Pope, refused to attend the ceremony. Napoleon was greatly enraged, and the absentees were prohibited from displaying the insignia of the rank of a cardinal, or appearing publicly otherwise than in plain black clothes; hence the distinction of *Cardinali neri* and *Cardinali rossi*—black cardinals and red cardinals. The Cardinali Neri were, at the same time, deprived of their pensions, and they were soon after banished from Paris.

Napoleon, finding that the Pope was not to be influenced, formed a council of bishops and other ecclesiastics, with Cardinal Fesch as president, to whom he proposed to suggest various queries relating to the affairs of the universal Church, the Concordat, the particular privileges of the Gallican Church, and also to the Churches of Tuscany and Germany. In the beginning of 1810, the council replied in rather a temporizing spirit, which, however, failed to please the new ecclesiastical reformer, who dictated his reply in rather an imperious manner to the Bishop of Nantes.* The answer was thereupon more satisfactory. No immediate steps were taken, and the ecclesiastics favourable to Napoleon, again vainly renewed their efforts to induce the Pope to bend to his purpose. The Emperor then proceeded to nominate to various vacant churches, and the Pope, in the end of that year, issued three briefs, declaring the institutions contrary to the laws of the Church. This incensed Napoleon to such a degree, that he imprisoned the Cardinals Di Pietro, Gabrielli, and Opizzioni, in the fortress of Vincennes, and treated with great severity other persons suspected of having taken part in the composition and promulgation of these briefs. The Pope was thenceforth denied access to persons of all descriptions, with the exception of those the Government chose to place about him. His Holiness was at the same time forbid to hold communication with any church in the empire.† His writing materials and books were carried off, and even his bed and pockets were searched. The ecclesiastical council became still more complaisant to the Emperor, but that personage saw that he must proceed with caution. Cardinal Pacca, in reference to these proceedings, expresses his opinion "that Bonaparte would never have proceeded to the length he did in the persecution of the Holy See, or at least would not have commenced his attack so soon, if, when he began to meddle with religious matters, there had been found more true-hearted apostolic courage among the French prelates, and a less truckling and condescending spirit in Rome." On the 25th of April he summoned the bishops of France and Italy to meet in general council at Paris, on the 9th of June, and a deputation* was instructed to inform the Pope of this measure, and that since his Holiness had refused to comply with one of the conditions of the Concordat of 1801, the same was to be considered in force no longer. They were authorized to negociate for a re-admission of that Concordat on two conditions—that the Pope should give canonical institution to the bishops already nominated by the Emperor, and, for the future, failing the institution within three months after nomination, that it should devolve on the metropolitan to institute; and that the Pope, provided he took the oaths prescribed for bishops by the Concordat, should be permitted to return to Rome, but failing which he should reside at Avignon, with a spiritual jurisdiction, with an income of two million of francs. But on no condition would the temporal sovereignty of Rome be restored to him. The entire body of cardinals, then at Paris, recommended the Pope to accede to these terms. From the 9th until the 19th of May the poor Pope was harassed in every possible way by the deputation. At first he stoutly refused to comply; but in the end acceded to the substance of the terms. Hardly had the consent been given than he bitterly repented of it. But it was too late to retract; the prelates had immediately departed.

On the 17th of June the Council of Bishops met at Notre Dame. Their resolutions did not please his Majesty, as the assembly seemed to doubt the consent of the Pope, and their power to propose a new method of canonical institution, and he forthwith dissolved the council; and the Bishops of Tournay, Troyes, and Ghent were committed by the reformer to the dungeons of Vincennes. The bishops, however, with a few exceptions, were persuaded to do that individually which they did not do in council, to sign their assent to Napoleon's measures. A new council was held on the 5th of August, when the measure was formally assented to. Under the persuasion of a deputation of cardinals, the Pope confirmed the decree of Paris by a brief. The victory was immediately communicated by telegraph; but, strange to say, the Emperor refused to receive the brief. Napoleon now determined to harass the head of the Church in every possible way.

His Holiness was suffered to rest tranquilly in his prison until the 9th of June 1812, when, at two hours' notice, he was hurried off at night, by Imperial order, to Paris. Notwithstanding an almost mortal sickness with which he was afflicted on the journey (the holy viaticum had been even administered), the unfortunate Pope was hurried on with the most disgraceful haste. It has been imagined that the hasty removal was occasioned by the report that some English cruizers were off the coast, for the purpose of setting the Pope at liberty;

* "There was indeed to be admired," says Cardinal Pacca, "the pretty spectacle of a young soldier who had passed his life in the army, and on the field of battle, dictating regulations on ecclesiastical discipline, and the government of the Church, to a bishop!"

† The letter (dated Savona, 14th January, 1811,) of M. Chabrol, the prefect, was couched in most insulting terms. The following is the concluding paragraph:—"Qu'il cesse d'être l'organe de l'Eglise celui qui prêche la rebellion, et dont l'âme est toute de fiel: que puisque rien ne peut le rendre sage, il verra que sa Majesté est assez puissante pour faire ce qu'ont fait ses prédécesseurs, et déposer un Pope."

* Composed of the Archbishop of Tours, and the Bishops of Nantes, Treves, and Faenza.

Digitized by Google

but Cardinal Pacca expresses his belief that the real motive was to place his Holiness within the reach of persons who might continually harass him into consent of whatever Napoleon desired. The Pope arrived at Fontainbleau on the 20th of June, two days before Napoleon crossed the Niemen, on his fatal Russian enterprise. For many weeks the Pope lay on a bed of sickness, from which few expected he would again rise. The Red Cardinals were not idle during the five months for which the Pope had resided at the royal residence, when Napoleon returned from his luckless campaign in Russia, most anxious to effect some kind of reconciliation with the spiritual head of the Church. A new negociation was set on foot; and Napoleon and the Empress paid a sudden visit to his Holiness at Fontainbleau, on the evening of the 19th of January. Napoleon played the hypocrite with matchless skill, for he embraced and kissed the Pope, making every demonstration of cordial friendship, carefully abstaining from any mention of business.* It is unnecessary to detail all the negociations; suffice it to say, that on the evening of the 25th the Pope, after much hesitation, signed the Concordat, yielding the point of Institution, and virtually assenting to the deprivation of the temporal power of the Holy See. This act procured the release of Cardinal Pacca; although he tells us that the Pope had to "fight a regular battle" for it, Napoleon declaring, "Pacca is my enemy."

A letter which Napoleon immediately addressed to the Pope is worthy of reproduction, as a specimen of his craft and hypocrisy: that his Holiness could be so easily deceived passes belief:—

"MOST BLESSED FATHER,

"Understanding that your Holiness, on signing the articles of the Concordat, whereby the dissensions that afflicted the Church have been brought to a close, was under some apprehension that the act might amount to an explicit renunciation of your Holiness's pretensions with regard to the Roman States, I derive pleasure in assuring your Holiness, by the present communication, that never having felt myself justified in requiring the renunciation of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman States, your Holiness need be under no manner of fear that your Holiness's signature to the said articles can ever, either directly or indirectly, be considered a renunciation of your Holiness's rights and pretensions.†

"In treating with the Pope, I have considered him solely in his quality of Head of the Church, and with regard to spiritual matters.

"In the meantime, most blessed Father, I pray to God that He may preserve to you for many years the government of our Holy Mother the Church.

"Your most devoted son,

"NAPOLEON.

"Fontainbleau, 25th January, 1813."

* Several subsequent interviews took place, at which it has been reported that the conduct of Napoleon was most brutal. The author of a book, called "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," states, that at one of these conferences Napoleon actually seized the Pope by the hair. Cardinal Pacca says, the Pope denied the truth of that statement, but admitted that his manner was frequently most contemptuous; and he even proceeded so far as to tell the Pontiff, on one occasion, that he was insufficiently versed in ecclesiastical matters!

† The third article of the Concordat is in these words: "The dominions, or, in other words, the immoveable property, heretofore possessed by the Holy Father, and *unalienated*, shall be exempt from every species of imposition, and shall be administered by his agents, or by other persons intrusted with the management of his affairs. Those portions, on the contrary, at *present alienated*, shall be replaced by the yearly revenue of two millions of francs in compensation."

The consummation of the act did not elevate the Pope or his advisers in the estimation of the religiously disposed. Even gay Paris shook its head, and, alluding to the black and red division of the cardinalate, wittily remarked that "Le Pape a conclu avec l'Empereur un Concordat qui a fait rougir les cardinaux."

The Pope seems to have been heartily ashamed of the act as soon as it was completed, and he fell into a state of deep melancholy. Cardinal Pacca thus describes his first interview at Fontainbleau:—"At first sight of the Holy Father I was thoroughly shocked and astonished to see how pale and emaciated he had become, how his body was bent, how his eyes were fixed and sunk in his head, and how he looked at me—with, as it were, the glare of a man grown stupid. He embraced me, and then, with an extraordinary coldness of manner, said, he did not expect me so soon. I replied that I had accelerated my journey on purpose to have the consolation of throwing myself at his feet, and of testifying to him my admiration of the heroic constancy with which he had endured his long severe imprisonment. To this his Holiness, as it were quite overcome with grief, replied in the following precise words:—'But,' said he, 'we have been dragged through the dirt! Those Cardinals . . . . . absolutely forced me to go to the table and sign my name.'"*

The honest cardinal, to his great disgust and indignation, was compelled to be presented at court. The account of his reception by Napoleon at the Tuileries is characteristic:—

"The Ministre des Cultes, who was standing close to me, told him that I was the Cardinal Pacca. The Emperor, with a serious look, having first repeated the words 'Cardinal Pacca,' advanced one pace nearer towards me, and then immediately assuming a considerably more benign cast of features, 'Pacca,' said he, addressing himself to me, '*have not you been a little bit in the fortress?*'† 'Three years and a half, sire,' I replied. Upon which he bent his head a little towards his chest; and at the same time making a motion with his right hand on the open palm of his left, to imitate writing, apparently with the intention by such an action of justifying my sentence of imprisonment before the persons present, '*Was it not you,*' said he, '*who wrote the bull of excommunication?*'

"In answer to this, neither thinking it opportune nor expedient to urge anything in my own defence, for fear of bringing upon myself some rabid invective, I made no reply; upon which Napoleon, seeing I was silent, added, '*but now we must forget all that has passed,*' alluding to the tenth article of the Concordat of Fontainbleau, where the Emperor promises to restore to his favour the cardinals, bishops, priests, and laymen who had incurred his indignation on account of circumstances which I need not just now recapitulate. Finally, Napoleon asked me 'of *what country I was a native?*' To which I answered, 'Bene-

* "Ma ci siamo sporcificati! Quei cardinali mi strascinarono al tavolino e mi fecero sotto scrivere."

† "Pacca, siete stato un pezzo in fortezza?"

Digitized by Google

vento.'"—He then passed on, and the cardinal adds, that he was glad to have "come off so cheap."

When surrounded with his devoted friends of the cardinalate, the Pope began to re-consider the false step he had taken. The question of a retractation of the Concordat was referred to them; and, after long deliberation, retractation was agreed upon; and on the 24th of March Pius communicated the fact in a letter to the Emperor. Napoleon was greatly enraged, and immediately consigned Cardinal Di Pietro, whom he suspected of the deed, to the Col d'Ossone, in the Pyrenees. He at the same time endeavoured to extort from the other cardinals a promise not to influence the Pope or interfere with politics; after which he issued his decrees, declaring the Concordat to be the law of the Empire, and obligatory on all the clergy of the empire and of Italy. "The publication of the two imperial decrees," says Cardinal Pacca, "gave reason to fear that the Emperor intended to proceed at once to the vigorous execution of the Concordat, and place the Pope in the difficult dilemma of being obliged either to confirm and give canonical institution to his majesty's nominees, whomsoever they might be, or to see planted, in the vicinity of his own palace, the first germ of a schism likely to extend itself very speedily over the various dioceses in France and in Italy. But Napoleon did not consider the present a fit moment to stir up dissension among the churches of the empire, and so increase the discontent of his people; but he was merely preparing the way for future projects, that he proposed to undertake after his return from the campaign then about to be opened against the allied armies. The disastrous termination, however, of this campaign, his defeat at Leipsic, and his abdication of the throne after the capture of Paris, eventually caused the frustration of all these designs, and was, finally, the means of putting an end to the fatal Concordat, that, after menacing new disasters and new persecutions to the Church, then fell to the ground, and vanished for ever." The head of the Roman Church was thus restored for a time to its crazy dominion. On the 24th of May, 1814, the Pope made his solemn entry into Rome.

The memoirs of Cardinal Pacca are of much general interest, from the graphic accounts they give of the important events in which he was an actor; they are full of lively sketches of men and manners. Their historical value can hardly be over-estimated, not merely on account of the large supply of facts, but the clear statement of motives and policies. The very thoughts of the guardian of St. Peter's patrimony are laid before the reader. The cardinal has laboured zealously, but with honesty, to defend his priestly master, but has failed to wash away the blots of vacillation and weakness from the Pope's character. Poor Pius was a living satire on the infallibility of Popes. Pacca has also, by a simple narrative of facts, consigned the courtier cardinals to a very unenviable position in history. Napoleon's character, at least in the period of empire, has gained nothing from the calm revelations of the victim of his atrocious tyranny. As regards the cardinal himself, as a man and a minister, no one can read these simple pages without feeling profound respect. He was an absolutist in politics, as became the Prime Minister of the Papacy, and a devoted son of the Church, as fitted one of the Holy College; but he was an honest man and true to his principles in the hour of great trial. The memoirs are indispensable to the full comprehension of the history of the first years of this century; they have some bearing on questions now affecting Rome and the Papacy; above all, they are important to teach vain-glorious Frenchmen, sighing for empire, what France may gain and lose under a Bonaparte empire.

W. J.

THE RATH DREAM.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.—NO. VII.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The parish of Clones, which is situated on the boundaries of Fermanagh and Monaghan, though chiefly belonging to the latter, is remarkable for containing the only ecclesiastical ruins now to be found in that extensive county as vouchers for its name, which in the old Irish is believed to signify the Land of Monks. Whatever might have been the state of things when that appellation was bestowed, few traces of the monastic system now remain on its low hills and lake-studded plains, which also present scarce a vestige of ancient castle or stronghold, thus forming a singular contrast to the counties by which Monaghan is literally inclosed, for in each of them such relics are abundant. It is not, indeed, wanting in witnesses for the past, but they are those regarding which history is silent. Ancient dwelling-houses, built of huge uncemented stones, like the Cyclopean masonry, have been discovered deep in its bogs, and over the whole county rise those earthern forts or raths traditionally ascribed to the old invading Danes, and long associated with the popular superstition of the fairy. These are particularly numerous in the border parish of Clones, which, as we have already remarked, offers a striking exception to the county's general deficiency in ruins. Tradition claims for Clones the honours of an ecclesiastical metropolis of equal if not superior antiquity to Armagh, for Saint Patrick

Digitized by Google

also was its founder, and the doings of his immediate successors, Saint Macarten and Saint Tigernac, form a still larger chapter in its history. Nothing, however, now attests their labours but the remnants of an abbey, said to have been of the latter's foundation, a cemetery through which the public road now passes, with antiquated tombs in it, and a pillar tower rising to the height of five stories. A small town, chiefly composed of thatch-houses, gives its name to the parish; and thither, at oft-recurring fairs, traders and peasantry for many a mile were wont to flock in the less pinching times of Ireland.

Such was the period of our story, about 1707, when regularly expected at every fair, as one of its artistic arrangements, was the stall of Con Sullivan, where he sold baskets, small chairs, and cradles, all formed of most primitive materials, namely, straw and briar-bark, for the service of surrounding householders.

Con was a middle-sized, spare man, with a grave, thin face and keen look. It was said he never smiled except in view of profit, and had contracted a stooping habit from perpetual work; for the man was not old, and a wife and seven children are not generally held a burden too heavy for an Irishman in ordinary times. Exceptions from any class often tend to its opposite extreme; and Con was one among the Catholic peasantry of Clones. In the matter of forethought and economy, they stood on the proverbial level of their land; many of them had still larger and more helpless families than Sullivan, but his anxiety to earn and save had long become a by-word in the parish, and its most sagacious inhabitants predicted that Con would die rich.

The speedy fulfilment of that prophesy seemed by no means probable. Con was for the present but a day labourer, occupying a cottage, and a garden devoted to potatoes, which were situated on a solitary by-way some two miles from the town of Clones, and in the shelter of a very large and elevated fort densely covered with furze, and from that circumstance known in its neighbourhood as the Whin Rath. The dwelling had more of comfort about it than many an Irish cabin. Its roof was neatly thatched, and the interior consisted of two earthern-floored apartments with a window in each, the leaden sash and very small panes of which could not be conveniently broken. The outer door was tolerably strong, and it was said that Con had a jealousy on that subject, from keeping his savings hoarded in the cottage, though nobody but himself knew where. If his treasure were not great, it was the misfortune rather than the fault of Sullivan, for no mortal could be more anxious to earn or less willing to expend a penny. He would work at any distance and in all weathers, provided the returns were sufficient; and his neighbours had a whisper that the fabrics sold at fairs were not manufactured exclusively in his evenings at home, as inquiring friends were led to believe, but occasionally on Sundays and holidays also. Whether the report were true or not, certain it was that Con carried on the said manufacture on the most economical principles. The straw on which his household rested was regularly used up for that purpose, while the collection and preparation of briar-bark occupied the days of its juvenile members. Schools for their class were not then a popular provision, though there was a hedge one in the parish; but Con averred that "many a man made money widout books," and he allowed small latitude for play.

It was even said that his surveillance extended to Mrs. Sullivan's spinning-wheel, and the number of hanks to be spun throughout the week was inflexibly fixed, and duly reckoned at his return on Saturday evenings. A strict account was also required for every farthing committed to her care for the purchase of provisions for her family, who were one and all believed to look hungry in proportion as the markets rose. A spare company the young Sullivans were, all boys except the last—still a mere baby—whom Mrs. Sullivan in her own devotional style hoped "the Lord would look afther, for the boys were like their father, and could take care of themselves." The woman whose wedded experience had taught her this faith in Con, Sally Sullivan, as the neighbours called her, had been a rustic belle; but that was long since, though some traces of poverty-stricken beauty still remained. Yet little opportunity had she for indulgence in the feminine vanities of dress, the general testimony being that her last new gown had been obtained on the occasion of her marriage; and the advent of a cap on a subsequent Easter, formed a kind of historical era in the neighbourhood. A careful and kindly housewife was poor Sally, though the woman's privilege of domestic jurisdiction had never been accorded to her. It was the first article in Con's social creed that "No woman's sinse could do widout overseein'," and he acted up to that profession in all ordinary affairs, but, like other lords of the creation, never failed to consult his helpmate in matters which puzzled himself.

It was Saturday evening, and had been one of those mild breezeless days so frequent in the Irish October; the harvest had been early that season, even in Clones, which, from its situation, generally received more than an average quantity of rain, and was now gathered in to the great satisfaction of its inhabitants before the Michaelmas fair, which took place on the following Monday. The children, all but one fast asleep in the cradle, were out on one of their wonted expeditions, and Con having no more profitable employment, had gone to cut furze for fuel in the rath, while Sally, who rose from her wheel, warned by the deepening twilight, was busy kindling up for supper-service the few feeble embers on their hearth. Thus engaged, she scarcely perceived her husband as he entered, and, laying his borrowed billhook carefully aside, seated himself in the accustomed corner: but Con's air was strangely subdued and absent.

"I don't know what's coming over me, Sally," said he, as the blaze began to brighten, "wud you b'leive it, I fell asleep in the ould rath; not a bit ov me eyes wud stay open."

"It's wid risin' early all week, gettin' in ould Cormick's corn," said Sally.

"Maybe so," said Con; "bit a had a tarrible

Digitized by Google

dhrame. Sally, din ye know the intarpritation of dhramin' on a rath?"

"A nivir heard," said Sally; "me mother's gossip, that knowed iverything, might hive tould me, bit shee's dead, the crayter. Con, avourneen, what did ye dhrame?"

"Well, since ye must know, Sally," said her ingenuous partner, "a dhramed that two men a niver saw before—but a wud know them now in any corner—fell on me, an' the preist, an' his man Roddy, and murthered us both on the ould rath; bit Roddy got off from them. A saw it all as plain as a see you now; and still it wis the preist an' me they were murtherin'."

"Dreams goes by contraries," said Sally, turning deadly pale; but that moment the children's voices were heard outside, and a mutual sign of silence passed between her and her husband. In his son's news and speculations regarding the Monday's fair, Con seemed to forget at once his dream and its terror; but Sally moved about her household duties silent and abstracted, and none of the household observed the change of weather without, which the last few hours had threatened, till the sound of heavy rain surprised them, as they sat down to supper, and a loud knock was heard at the door.

"I'll open it," said Ned, the eldest boy; and as he did so, two well-dressed men, with heavy packs on their shoulders, stepped in before the circle.

"We ask your pardon, good neighbours," said one, who seemed the eldest, though both were in the prime of life, "my brother and I have lost our way, and the night's a perfect water-spout. We have valuable goods in our packs, and if you can give us lodging"—

"No, no," said Con, who had looked at the men as if they had been spectres, "the place is small, there's hardly room for the childre in it."

"Sir," said the other, "you wouldn't turn out Christians in a night like this? Let us stay till the rain ceases, or tell us where we will find a lodging."

"We don't care for room," chimed in the younger of the two, "a bed by the fire will do for us very well, and my brother and I will pay you."

The last words wrought a revolution in Con's mind and tone which only they could accomplish; he gradually softened to their demand, and, with a few similar persuasions, at length consented to accommodate them for the night, in spite of the warning glances and evident reluctance of his wife.

Con's guests belonged to that class known as pedlars, an order of travelling merchants whose importance at the Ulster fairs was in proportion to the scarcity of drapers' shops at that period; and, notwithstanding their primitive mode of carrying on commerce, the pedlar's profits were often large, and the quality of his goods superior. It was doubtless on the latter account that the two strangers, as soon as they obtained permission to stay for the night, deposited their packs in the cleanest and most remote corner of the apartment, and, asking for a light, which one of the boys brought them, in the shape of a blazing brand from the hearth, proceeded to examine the contents, and make sure that the rain had not reached them. Never had the boy seen such a splendour of silks, laces, and ribbons, as that investigation disclosed to him; and he took the first opportunity of conveying the intelligence to his mother, who, unwilling as she had been to admit the pedlars, was now doing her best for their comfort in the cottage: but the tale seemed to bring her little pleasure.

Satisfied with the condition of their packs, the strangers availed themselves of the proffered seats and supper by the fire, and conversed freely with the Sullivans. They were, like most of their class, men of better education than the peasantry, and had such ample scope for collecting news on their travels, that their company would have been welcome in most country circles. In the course of conversation Con learned three fragments of their history, in addition to his previous knowledge regarding the packs. First, that they were Protestants; secondly, that they were total strangers in that district; and, thirdly, that they were bound for the fair of Clones on Monday. That information so far re-assured him, that when he and his family retired to rest in the inner apartment, resigning to them the undisturbed possession of the kitchen fire, by which the pedlars proposed to sleep, on all the straw that could be spared, and their own great coats, he whispered to Sally, as their tired boys dropped asleep, "Don't be fear'd, avourneen, its agin raison that grand marchints like thim wud do the likes for the thrifel a hiv laid by." Con could never be persuaded to divulge the amount more than the locality of his treasure; but Sally seemed engrossed by far different ideas.

"No," said she, "they hiv enuf of their own—Lord give them good ov it; an' Con, darlint, kneel down and say yer prayers wid me this night."

Con and his wife prayed earnestly together according to the forms of their faith; but even after that pious act, the unquiet fear which always accompanies avarice impelled the husband to take another peep at his guests. Sally could'nt let him out of her sight that evening; and taking her station noiselessly by his side at a crevice in the door, which opened opposite the fire, both saw, by its still ruddy light, the pedlars engaged in securing a large pocket-book, apparently filled with bank-notes, and a small canvass bag, in which gold and crown-pieces glittered together, which they deposited where their pillows should be, and, with a short but fervently-uttered prayer, laid themselves down to rest. Con and Sally retired from that scene with a strong sense of security on their minds, though the former averred they "were the very patthern he had seen in his dhrame," and the latter marvelled "how the haratics could pray widout beads." But often through the night did Con start up and listen, when there was not a sound but the heavy breathing of sleepers in the house; and wake when he would, Sally was repeating her prayers. It was a relief to them both when the first grey light at length streamed through their shutterless window. The Sullivans were early astir, and so were their guests; who nevertheless informed

Digitized by Google

Con that they had religious scruples against travelling on Sunday, renewing their promises of liberal remuneration if he accommodated them and their packs till the following day. Con consented with alacrity, having by this time got over all his fears; but Sally's unwillingness was still apparent, though she manifested the same hospitable concern for the strangers' comfort. Never had the good woman been so anxious to take Con and the entire family to chapel with her: even the baby went, wrapped in her shawl, that there might be no apology for its seniors.

All the way to chapel, Con could talk of nothing but the pedlars and their wealth; the pocket-book and the canvass bag haunted his imagination, and the man felt secretly annoyed to find his wife so occupied with pious thoughts that she could not or would not enter on that subject.

"Money never tuk man to heaven, Con dear," said Sally in reply to one of his notes of admiration, "bit plenty the other way, a'll warrant. Min' what the holy Avangelist Pether says, as the young priest frum Darthry tould us in his sarmin agin dear meal, Sunday wis a fortnight. 'The want of muney,' says he, 'is the root of all evil; and its asier for a camle to go through the eye or a needle, nor some men to let a farthin' out of their fingers.'"

"Aye," responded her husband, "it 'ill be long till Father Cassidy praches that docthrine: himsilf knows the valuration of a penny."

The reverend gentleman in whose pecuniary knowledge Con expressed such confidence was the priest of Clones, and the least popular clergyman in the diocese. Whether it was that his form of character was unsuited to his calling, or that his people shrunk instinctively from something repulsive in the man, certain it was that none of that patronising familiarity on the one side, and confidential reverence on the other, which generally characterise the intercourse of the Catholic clergy and their flocks, existed between him and his parishioners. He performed his spiritual duties and exacted his clerical dues with the same cold hard manner, never going a jot beyond the bounds of the former, nor failing to seize any pretext for increasing the latter. Indeed, his avarice was notorious; and one effect of it was presumed to be that he kept no curate, notwithstanding the extent of his parish, except that designation included his servant Roddy, a dark-complexioned, cunning-looking man, who had come a stranger to Clones with his reverence from a southern county in Munster, of which Father Cassidy was a native, and enjoyed a large share of his master's confidence. Fragments of previous history had also followed the priest. It was said he had been the son of a carrier and a poor scholar, that two of his brothers had turned Protestants, and left their family years before, and his own removal from a mild southern parish had taken place in consequence of a Whiteboy transaction, in which he was believed to have been implicated; but at least Catholic Clones was unanimous that the truth of the said rumour was best known to his bishop, and "it wis dangersome to spake ill of the clargy."

If Con had found no chord of sympathy in Sally's breast to his wonder regarding the pedlars, that deficiency was amply supplied by the listeners who crowded round him in the chapel-yard as soon as mass was over, where, seated on a gravestone, he declared to his heart's content and the special edification of Roddy, who stood all the while behind him, his own amazement, together with the wealth and promised munificence of his lodgers. The news was great to the loitering congregation in that place of tombs; groups arranging matters of friendship or business for the coming fair, boys playing leap-frog over the graves, and women praying for departed relatives, paused to hear it; but none seemed so deeply interested in the tale as the priest's servant, judging from the number of his questions, which he concluded by saying he had "wanted a rale silk hankercher these six months, an' wud try the gran' pedlars for it in the fair."

"Set the likes of him up wid a rale silk hankercher!" moralised Con, as he and his family wound slowly through the narrow by-way to their cottage. "It's pride an' spindin' that ruins the worl'."

"Whisht, father," said Ned, at his elbow; "don't you see the preesht?" And, to the whole party's astonishment, Father Cassidy emerged from a field on their left. It was a short way from his own house, which stood at a little distance across the country; but rarely was the priest seen by his parishioners except at chapel or market. Sally started at his appearance, as if she thought of her husband's dream; but the unwonted courtesy of his reverence banished all such ideas from Con, as he complimented the Sullivans generally on the weather, and inquired after Sally's yarn and Con's baskets.

"You have had great strangers, too, I'm told," he continued; "I hope they will pay you well for your trouble."

"They're the boys that's got it, anyway, your rivirince," said Con, seizing the opportunity to repeat his story, for every particular of which his sons were prepared with corroborative evidence.

"Aye," said the priest, with a sort of a smile peculiar to him, "these fellows can make money; no doubt they're for the fair."

"'Deed are they, yer rivirince," said Ned; "for I heerd thim sayin' they wud sthart long afore day, to git their stan'ins up early."

That piece of information, slight as it was, seemed to interest the priest wonderfully: he questioned Ned on the subject till the boy was charmed with his condescension; and, saying he would want a basket in the fair, Father Cassidy left Con still more delighted.

The Sullivans found the pedlars seated by their packs, and the rest of the day passed quietly. The household retired early to rest, and so did their lodgers—having mentioned, according to Ned's statement, that they should move long before the dawn, which comes so slowly in that season of shortening days, in order to complete their arrangements in time for the fair at Clones. It was still dark when their motions awoke Con and Sally; and breakfast being hastily prepared and discussed by the fire light, they placed a sum

Digitized by Google

in Con's hand larger than even he had calculated on, a gay coloured handkerchief, by way of additional acknowledgment, in Sally's, and, shouldering their packs, departed, with many good wishes, for the fair.

Sally murmured a low thanksgiving as he fastened the door behind them; and Con, having counted the money twice, placed it carefully under his head, till daylight or her absence made it convenient to deposit the sum with his other scrapings from the wheel of Fortune, and both were soon once more asleep.

It was not yet light when Sally was roused by a smothered scream from her husband. "The rath—the ould rath!" cried he. "I had that dream agin; but it's nonsense, and the fair will be gatherin'." And, with the last reflection, Con thrust on his garments. The whole household followed his example; and in less than an hour Sally, laden with her yarn, and Con, with his merchandise (of which all their sons carried due proportions), in the rear, took their way to the Michaelmas fair of Clones.

The day was clear, and the wonted stalls were there in goodly number: but, to the Sullivans' unconcealed surprise, their friends the pedlars were nowhere to be seen. As the day wore on, and the varying interest of their own sales allowed, often was the family's wonder expressed at their non-appearance; and as the only conjecture that could be offered regarding it, they at length accepted the suggestion of Roddy, who had come in search of "the rale silk hankercher," that the pedlars might have changed their minds, and gone to Belturbet, where a fair occurred the same day. The Sullivans thought it strange, and their neighbours, whom Con's story had led to expect mercantile wonders, were rather disappointed. But the pedlars were never again seen at fair or market, though many a Saturday evening their host looked out from his cabin door, in hopes of two such lodgers. The taste of gain obtained on that occasion had, if possible, sharpened his relish for it, and Sally's hanks and expenditure were more rigidly reckoned than ever.

Con's ominous dream had faded from his own recollection, and even his helpmate, amid her cares and spinning, had partly forgotten it, when, one frosty day in November, the potatoes being gathered in, and field-labour slack, he again adjourned to the rath for a supply of fuel. Like the other earthen forts of Ireland, the Whin Rath consisted of three terrace-like circles, on the inner of which the furze grew thick and tall, for they were seldom disturbed, being said to cover the entrance of a deep cave, and there was a floating tradition in the parish that dwarfish creatures had been seen to come out of it. The story was growing old and out of credit, even among the peasantry. It did not prevent Con from climbing where he could cut the best faggots; and, to say the truth, there was one part of the tale which chiefly occupied his mind, concerning crocks of gold, a form of treasure-trove which popular faith has long associated with the Danish cave and rath.

Con was thinking of the crocks, and hewing away, when he stumbled over a large square stone embedded among the roots of the furze. "Bad luck till ye!" said the angry man, giving it a vigorous shove out of his way. The stone was too firmly set; but, as it moved with the effort, Con's quick ear caught a metallic chink below. There was one glance cast around him, to see that he was actually alone—the next moment the stone was heaved from its place, and in a hole beneath, deeply covered with withered leaves, what was Con's amazement to find the identical canvass bag and pocket-book of all his talk and wonder, and full as he had seen them last with the pedlars.

Depositing both in the remaining pockets of his coat, Con instinctively replaced the stone, caught up his furze, and returned in haste and silence to the cottage. Sally and the very children marvelled much why Con cut so little, and still more why he never cared for returning to the rath; but they also remarked that the priest's man was seen, and Sally even observed his reverence, day after day walking in that direction.

Sally had, however, other subjects of thought in the wondrous change which from that day passed over her husband. Con became liberal and, as she thought, extravagant: he brought home supplies of provisions such as were never before seen in the cottage, clothes for himself and the family, and Sally was actually discovered in a new gown at chapel. But, unluckily, these were not the only changes. Con's temperance seemed to give way with his penury. He attended all the markets of Clones, and made numerous acquaintances in its public-houses, learned late hours, and got into quarrels in consequence, till neighbours began to say, "The money wis plintier than the sinse wid him," and his wife humbly attempted to warn him that his savings could not last for ever.

It was drawing towards Christmas, and the weather was still dry and frosty, so much that the peasant children went out in companies to play about small fires, which they kindled in every corner where sticks were to be found. There had been another fair in Clones on the previous day, which happened to be the first Thursday in December. Con had been there as usual, with his baskets, but in lieu of his former patience and anxiety to sell, he made such an expenditure of language and temper on his customers, that, in spite of poor Sally's endeavours to restrain his wrath, the day had been passed in a succession of wordy wars, which ultimately came to blows, when Con turned his wares into weapons, to the utter discomfiture of his adversaries, and—as was chronicled for many a year in Clones—cleared almost half the street single-handed, retiring in triumph, till a succeeding attack demolished his stall, and he was lured home by Sally. He had risen late, and that faithful partner of all his joys and sorrows (except in the money line) was engaged in the distillation of tea, by way of remedy for his headache, Con having drunk something stronger before leaving the fair, much surprised in her secret soul why he joined so partially in her grievous lamentations over the baskets, when the cottage door was familiarly opened, and in stepped Roddy.

Digitized by Google

"I come to give ye warnin', good pepil," said he, with a superciliously meaning look, "that Father Cassidy's comin' this way till discoorse yez regardin' some rampagiousnis in the fair."

Con replied by an angry mutter about "both coming to nose out things," which Sally drowned with, "His raverince is welcome as May mornin'" —for little as Father Cassidy was liked in his parish, the awe which his clerical character inspires in the mind of the Catholic peasant was still strong upon his people. Scarce was this welcome uttered when the priest entered; and Con, who had now recovered his self-possession, presented seats to him and his servant with great shew of civility.

"I have had an eye on you for some time, Con Sullivan," said Father Cassidy, in his thick Munster accent, entering at once on the charge, though his look was strangely anxious and uneasy. "You're growing careless and extravagant of late. How can a poor man like you afford to drink at shebeens every market-day, and fight in the fair with your own baskets? Con Sullivan, I tell you begging will be the last of it."

Here the reverend gentleman's homily was interrupted by the boys, who rushed in with a shout, "that their fire had run up the ould rath, to the very mouth of the cave; and there was fine shawls and silks there, all in a blaze."

Sally saw the priest and his servant change colour, and Con blessed himself, but all rushed out. The rath was burning to its summit: a spark from the young Sullivans' fire, which had been kindled near its bounds, alighted among the dry furze, and the greater portion was already blackened roots and ashes. Sally darted up, for she had heard of shawls and silks. Con, and the boys, and Roddy followed her; but Father Cassidy turned back at the second circle. The fire had reached a sort of rudely arched opening in the highest part of the rath, from which the sheltering thicket was now burned away, and two large bales of goods, firmly wedged there, were blazing in the aperture. Shawls and all manner of finery they were; and Sally thought she had seen the remnants of their outer covering before. "It's the pedlars' packs," cried her sons; but the fire had now made its way through them, and a strange stifling smell was mingled with the odours of burning cloth.

By this time the news had spread, and people from surrounding fields and cottages poured up the rath. By their united efforts the burning bales were dragged out, and behind them, in the mouth of the old cave, lay two human bodies, on which decay and fire had now made fearful ravages; but Con and Sally at once recognised the pedlars. Great was their horror at the discovery, but nothing to that of the priest's servant. On the first sight he caught of the scorched and decomposing corpses, Roddy dropped as if struck by lightning, and was carried, in what the peasantry call a dead faint, to the Sullivans' cottage, where Father Cassidy was so occupied about him, that no one could induce his reverence to come up and see that ghastly revelation. But Roddy left the priest's house next day, the neighbours said, looking twenty years older, and told them he was going home to Munster. The nearest magistrate was soon informed, and a coroner's inquest was held, at which all the Sullivans gave evidence; but no investigation could throw light on the affair, except that the pedlar's names were Connal and Patrick Cassidy, that they were believed to be natives of the south; and the jury returned a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. The remains were committed to an unmarked grave in the parish cemetery, and the transaction added a darker shade to the reputation of the Whin Rath: yet, thanks to the general love and scarcity of dress, remnants of shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons were abundant for years after in the chapel. Sally Sullivan could never be persuaded to wear one of them; and though Con had already given up his penurious hank-counting ways, reserve and estrangement rapidly crept in between the pair. Indeed, they had little of each other's company; for Con's domestic habits, which had been lately losing ground, from that day utterly deserted him. His leisure was spent in markets and public houses, and a row rarely took place in the parish in which he had not a prominent part. Yet Father Cassidy never again came to reprove him, nor was Sullivan ever known to seek his spiritual counsel. For almost a twelvemonth their neighbours wondered how the Sullivans could live, for Con was seldom at work, and it was remarked that his days of labour were passed either in deep and absen. thought, or in quarrelling with his employerst Yet there was always a sort of rude plenty about the cottage, under whose influence the boys grew idle and uproarious, though Sally looked more careworn and subdued than ever.

The Michaelmas fair of Clones again came round; Con had spent the previous day restlessly lounging from inn to inn in the town. He had drunk, and boasted, and shared in all the amusements and fights of the fair till late in the evening—when, refusing to go home with Sally and his sons, he dashed into the parlour of the best inn, where the priest and a couple of cattle-dealers sat concluding a business transaction in the rustic fashion of those days.

"Here," cried Con, in the recklessness of intoxication, flinging a large pocket-book on the table, from which he handed a bank note to the waiter. "Bring me half a pint and the shiners for that bit of paper."

"Rascal! where did you get this?" cried the priest, who had also drunk, clutching the pocket-book.

"Where it was hid, maybe, after what you laid by in the ould cave," cried Con, with a fierce defying laugh, and the priest struck him down as soon as the words were uttered. But Con was on his feet in an instant; and, seizing a carving-knife from the table where the party had dined, he rushed on Father Cassidy, and stabbed him to the heart. The priest fell heavily back, and there was wild alarm in the inn; but Sullivan fled, the instant the deed was done, down the half-empty street, and far into the country, while the cry of murder resounded after him. There was a constabulary force of some strength in Clones, as usual at the fairs of that period; and, followed by a crowd (to whom the murder of the priest was more than

Digitized by Google

sacrilege), they pursued the assassin. Winged with fear, the desperate man fled on, over fence and field, still keeping the police at a distance, till he reached the banks of the deep and rapid rivulet, almost within sight of his own cottage. One bound, and Con stood safe on the other side, sending back a triumphant glance and cry to his pursuers, who saw him clearly by the light of the broad harvest moon. That was more than the leader of the party could endure, in times when power and its instruments were so little questioned. As Con repeated his taunting cheer, his musket was raised—there was a flash and a report—and they marched back to Clones with the body of the murderer. There was another inquest, and a second investigation regarding the pocket-book and the story of the Cassidys, but it ended in equal uncertainty; and long years after, when Sally's sons had grown to manhood, and she and her little girl (as she persisted in calling her tall, robust daughter) took in washing at Clones, her old neighbours, as they recalled about their own hearthstones the wonder and mystery of that occurrence, were accustomed to remark that she only knew "the thrue intarpritation, an' miny a thing went by contraries" as well as the Rath Dream.

THE GOBLIN BROOM.

PUPIL.

I.

By the aged wizard Master
Left alone, and nought to stay me,
Let me, I shall learn the faster,
Make his elves and sprites obey me.
Taught in dreary vigil,
Long ago I knew
Spell, and sign, and sigil:
I can conjure too.
Hasten, hasten,
Water, to me,
Service do me
Hither rushing,
Fill the pitcher, bath, and basin,
Like a conduit pure and gushing.

II.

Never household was forlorner,
Jack of all trades is the broomstick.
After idling in the corner,
Labour is to-day your doom, stick!
Broom! become a noddle;
Stake! become a hale
Pair of legs, and toddle
With the water-pail.
Hasten, hasten,
Water, to me,
Service do me
Hither rushing,
Fill the pitcher, bath, and basin,
Like a conduit pure and gushing.

III.

Look, he's down the hill already,
In the stream his bucket dipping.
Back again, as lightning speedy,
Here he comes, all wet and dripping.
Now he brings a second;
Bless me, how he fills,
Quicker than I reckoned,
Jugs, and jars, and gills!
Tarry, tarry,
Broom enchanted.
All I wanted
You've effected.
What's the word?—for I miscarry,
If it be not recollected—

IV.

What's the word—the word to make him
What he was originally?
Here he comes again!—deuce take him,
Really, 'tis no time to dally.
More and more he's bringing,
And he souses me.
All my clothes are wringing
Wet, as they can be.
I must seize him.
Hah! he slips me.
How he trips me—
Makes me boggle!
'Tis alarming, when one sees him
With that wooden jowl and goggle.

V.

Imp of hell, d'ye mean to flood us?
Look, the very chairs are swimming.
Cellar, scullery, and woodhouse,
Long ago were overbrimming.
Broom, a stock created,
As a stock be still;
'Tis a post I've rated,
I may scold my fill.
I must hit you,
Fiendish hopper,
With the chopper—
Crack your rotten
Timber, and in pieces split you,
Broom of very Styx begotten!

VI.

Here he comes, and he shall catch it—
Now's the time my foe to tackle.
Sharp and sure descends the hatchet:
How it makes him creak and crackle!
Now my trouble's ended,
Fairly cut in twain,
As he can't be mended,
I may breathe again.
Sorrow! sorrow!
What a blunder!
Reft asunder,
Both the pieces
Forms of nimble footmen borrow:
Neither for a moment ceases.

VII.

Pailful after pailful pour they,
'Tis a damp and deep damnation.
Help me quickly, Master, or they
Drown me in the inundation!
Master, Heaven be praised, I
Am to see you fain.
Spirits I have raised, I
Cannot lay again.

MASTER.

Quick your corner,
Broom, recover!
All is over.
'Twas the Master
Bade you play, to check a scorner,
Goblin pranks and work disaster.

WOLFGANG.

Digitized by Google

REVOLUTIONARY REVELATIONS.*

> "Oho!" said the Dey,
> "So this is the way
> The French make revolutions."
>
> *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.*

It is an opinion so generally received as to have passed into a proverb, that in family quarrels between the pot and the kettle, any recriminatory expressions relative to absence of cleanliness, &c., come rather ungraciously from either party. And yet there is positive truth in the recrimination. But the truth is not only deficient in grace, with reference to the quarter whence it comes; it is also wholly without value. It does not add one single iota to the stock of useful knowledge belonging to the common domestic circle.

The works that are mentioned at the foot of this page disclose the quarrels between some of the illustrious participators in the French Revolution of 1848, which partake a good deal of the pot and kettle character. Each party seeks to throw the odium of blackness upon the other. The accusation comes with very bad grace from either side; but it is impossible to deny that there is, at least, a great mixture of truth in their mutual recriminations. The truth, however, that is thus elicited is by no means without its value, for many matters which would otherwise, in all probability, remain unknown to the world, are thus brought forward to the light of day. When the Gracchi complain of sedition, it will not be uninstructive, however distasteful it may be, to listen.

The parties to the disagreement in question are Marc Caussidiere and Jules Miot, of the one part; and Adolphe Chenu and Lucien De La Hodde, of the other part. The subject is almost worthy of an invocation; but what muse would dirty her fingers with it? It must be left to plain and sober narrative.

It may be as well, in the first instance, to introduce the antagonists personally to the notice of the reader.

Caussidiere is the best known of the party, as having taken a leading part in the events of February, 1848, and afterwards having filled for some months the office of Prefect of Police in Paris. The Revolution of February may be said to have called him into historical life. He woke one morning, and found himself infamous. Before that period he seems to have been quite unknown, except among the Secret Societies and Revolutionary Clubs, which spread through the metropolis like a network of common-sewers. He appears to have been a sort of plaster-of-Paris Catiline in his way. By profession latterly a bagman, or traveller, he describes himself as "riddled with debts, covered with protested bills, and as absolutely naked as Job among the ashes." According to Chenu, his means of life were of the most disreputable kind. His system of raising money (*de battre monnaie*) is described as follows:—He would go to some accommodating individual whom he knew to be insolvent, obtain his acceptance to a bill, for which he would give a few francs in return, and then get the bill either cashed or exchanged for goods by some honest and more wealthy patriot, upon the assurance that the acceptor might be depended on, or that, at all events, recourse might be had to himself. The consequences and excuses may be easily foreseen. Unexpected demands, in furtherance of the great cause, invariably prevented him from meeting his liabilities. When this ingenious though not very original stratagem was worn threadbare, he betook himself to an agent, and continued to carry on the same process by another hand. It is related that, on one occasion, he went to Ledru Rollin and requested a loan of 25,000 francs. He was refused point blank. But he was not to be thus daunted. He had recourse to a magnificent stratagem. Drawing a pistol from his pocket, he threatened to blow out his brains in the presence of the cruel and hard-hearted man who refused to save a brother patriot at the price of so light a sacrifice. Ledru Rollin was mollified, and gave his signature.

It is stated that he did not even stop at such equivocal proceedings; that he had more than once committed forgery; and that when, in the plenitude of his power, Dupouy, a tailor of Rouen, threatened to expose him if he did not cancel a warrant for his arrest, which as Prefect of Police he had issued, in the presence of many witnesses, Caussidiere, with his own hands, tore up the warrant.

It is said that he was a most energetic swearer, and that even in the tribune of the Assembly he has given utterance to expressions which leave the celebrated oaths of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Thurlow very far in the background. An inveterate love of drink is also attributed to him; and when under the influence of what he termed his "milk-fever," he was either vociferously musical or extravagantly quarrelsome. In the former mood he would bore his friends to death with bellowing the Marseillaise, or his more favourite lay of "The Old Soldier," said to be written by Beranger, but which is not to be found in the published collection of his songs. In his quarrelsome fits he was very pugnacious, and was in the habit of getting into street-rows with the porters of *la Halle*.

Such is a brief outline of Caussidiere's mode of life before the Revolution, according to the testimony of Chenu. It is but justice, however, to the former to state, that, in a letter to the editor of the

* "Mémoires de Caussidière, Ex-Préfet de Police, et Representant du Peuple." Bruxelles, 1849.
"Les Conspirateurs." Par A. Chenu, Ex-Capitaine des Gardes du Citoyen Caussidière. Paris, 1850.
"La Naissance de la Republique, en Février, 1848." Par Lucien De La Hodde. Paris, 1850.
"Réponse aux deux Libelles, Les Conspirateurs, et La Naissance de la Republique." Par le Citoyen Jules Miot, Representant du Peuple. Paris, 1850.
"Les Montagnards de 1848; encore quatre nouveaux chapitres précédés d'une Réponse à Caussidière, &c." Par A. Chenu. Paris, 1850.

Digitized by Google

Debats, published after the appearance of Chenu's first pamphlet, he indignantly repels these and other similar statements as "infamous and absurd calumnies."

In his memoirs, which were published some time previously, and which are certainly written in a very superior style to the vulgar tirades of Chenu, it must be owned there is nothing to corroborate these statements. Perhaps it was not much to be expected there would be. On the contrary, the following opening passage may be cited as an instance of his susceptibility and high tone of sentiment:—

"Like so many others," he says, "I arrived at the Palais-Royal, with my musket on my arm; and after the taking of the Chateau-d'Eau, I entered the Tuileries, stupified at the little resistance offered by the defenders of royalty. Like others also, I stopped on the steps of the throne, and thought of my brother, assassinated at Lyons in 1834. It was upon the steps of the altar of Christ that he fell, struck with three balls, pierced with sixty-four bayonet wounds, and his body, delivered to the fury of an unbridled soldiery, was soon no more than a piece of bloody lace-work.

"I thought also of thee, my poor and worthy father, known for thy proverbial probity, whose life was but one long act of devotion to the holy cause of the people. Thou wert but just dead, without having seen rise the aurora of thy political religion. To-day, I should be tempted to exclaim—It is a blessing, for thou hast died with thy illusions!

"The sight of the people, who had just driven away their masters, inspired me with these grave meditations."

Grave, indeed, if not altogether apposite to the occasion.

One more illustration of this extreme sensibility; it is from one of the introductory chapters, descriptive of the monarchy in 1848. After describing a series of aristocratical crimes and misdemeanours which had taken place about that time, he concludes thus:—

"The Court was in consternation; and whilst the chastisement fell upon it like thunder, whilst the people were dying of hunger, on the 31st of December, the companion of old Philippe, who had often guided him through his long and tortuous life, the King's sister, died at the Tuileries, whence the Orleans family were soon about to be driven for ever.

"It is said that the King wept over her corpse. He had wept also over the death-bed of his friend Talleyrand."

The reader will best judge whether such sentiments could emanate from such a man as described by Chenu.

Caussidiere was named Prefect of Police immediately after the Revolution—while, indeed, it was going on. It is not intended just at present to follow his career during his administration. That will be matter for after-consideration. It will be sufficient to remind the reader that he retained the office till the affair of the 15th of May, soon after which he resigned; that after the disastrous insurrection of June, it appeared from the evidence taken before the Commission of Inquiry that he had been implicated therein; that in the sitting of the 25th of August, leave was applied for to proceed against Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Caussidiere; that the first made an eloquent and successful defence; but that after the two latter had been heard, leave was given by the Assembly to proceed against them, the number of the votes in the case of Caussidiere being 477 to 268; and that almost immediately afterwards he withdrew from Paris and from France, and so escaped the prosecution.

It will be remembered that Caussidiere *read* his defence, which Chenu says had been written for him by an ex-secretary of Guizot's. In his memoirs, he complains bitterly of the fatuity which induced him to adopt such a course, instead of trusting to his own natural *verve*. His own account of the proceeding will not be found uninteresting:—

"It was more than ten o'clock when my turn came to speak. I had asked for an adjournment till the next day; but the Government had taken their measures; they wished to have the affair finished. M. Marrast, the President, insisted upon concluding the work that night. His proposition was carried by the majority.

"I ought simply to have laid down my explanation, with the documentary vouchers, upon the President's desk, and required their insertion in the *Moniteur*, and to have protested energetically against the right of jurisdiction imposed by Royalists upon Republicans, whose greatest fault was having constantly given the first consideration to the interests of the people.

"The continual tension of mind in which I had been living the last few days, and twelve hours of a fatiguing sitting, had produced in me a complete moral prostration. Irritation and disgust by turns mastered my imagination. I had so often mentally gone over the accusations that had been launched against me, that when I ascended the tribune, all the ideas and answers which I had stored up lay dormant in my brain; an invincible want of sleep made me at this moment regard this sad affair with an almost indifferent eye. A prey to a species of hallucination, I seemed to perceive in the Assembly a tribunal of the Inquisition. The demi-obscurity in which the place was plunged, the heavy atmosphere, the weary countenances around, utterly deadened my spirits.

"I began to read mechanically the enormous file of papers, *the compilation of which deserved a more able reader*. It was with difficulty I could see; and I sought in vain to shake off the sort of numbness which overpowered me.

"At present, when my recollections are revived, I remember saying to myself, while I was prosing away in the same sort of sing-song in which a priest reads his breviary:—'Your family, your friends are present—anxious on your account; cast away these papers and resume your own tone. A good extempore speech would be worth more than this wearisome lecture which you are drawling out in so sullen a fashion.' In fact, two or three times I broke off my reading by a few sentences which recalled the attention of my audience; then I fatally entered again upon the reading of the manuscript. That night made me suffer much; when I think of the decided success which my harangues have obtained under different circumstances, I ask myself how it happened that, with so many good things to say, I remained so inferior to the exigencies of my position.

"The opium of fatigue had paralysed my imagination. I had overrated myself too much that day; I was to be punished for my pride."

Who can remain untouched at this exquisite avowal of mingled vanity and mortification?

Jules Miot will not detain us long, for, in truth, we know little of him beyond what is to be seen in the newspapers, of his having pushed himself into some notoriety in the angry discussions that have taken place lately in the Assembly. It is of the less consequence, however, as in the contest before us he does little more than play the part of Philo-Junius to his friend Caussidiere.

The status of Chenu and De la Hodde—the two principal antagonists of Caussidiere and the Revolutionists—comes next under consideration. Caus-

Digitized by Google

sidiere denounces them both as spies and informers under the old Government. Chenu utterly denies the charge. De la Hodde, on the other hand, in the language of the lawyers, "confesses and avoids" the soft impeachment; in what manner will be seen presently. But a few words will not be out of place here as to the system of espionage—a vice, or, perhaps, in the eyes of some, a virtue, which would appear to be inseparable from the institutions of France, whether under an absolute or a constitutional monarchy—under the liberty of a republic, or the licentiousness of a reign of terror.

The fact is—and it is to be hoped, that if any Frenchman should chance to read the passage, he will restrain his anger till he has taken a little time for reflection—the fact is, that the French people have never yet been free. It would almost seem that they had no idea of freedom. They have never settled down into that state which we consider so much a matter of course in this country, where every man, so long as he abstains from positive offences, enjoys a full liberty of speech and of locomotion. They order these things differently in France. They have never, for any time, thoroughly got rid of passports and spies; and the result is, that when they have broken loose from their restraints, like birds long caged, they have become mazed and bewildered with their liberty.

In a country where these essentials of freedom do not exist, or where—perhaps it would be more correct to say, *and* where, for it will follow as a natural consequence—secret meetings and conspiracies are resorted to by the people, it is almost necessary for the safety of the Government that some sort of spy-system should exist. For as the people are debarred from any open expression of discontent, it is otherwise impossible for the Government to know what the public feeling may be upon any subject; and the necessity for such a system is one of the strongest arguments against the policy of this method of Government.

The system in France appears to have been organized to the highest state of perfection. The functions of the *Agent de Police*, which may be said to be the legal title of the individual who, in common parlance, is styled *Mouchard* or *Mouton*, are various and graduated. There is the simple *Agent*, whose duties correspond with those of our *Detective*, or *Plain-clothes-man*, and consist merely in the assumption of a dress which enables him to mix freely, and without suspicion, with the people, so as to be on the watch to prevent or detect crime more readily than an official in uniform would be able to do. The use even of this species of disguise has not been without its opponents in this country. It does certainly run counter to the general national feeling, and is undoubtedly capable of abuse. But when not abused, it seems to be almost indispensable in every large town where malefactors most do congregate. A London pickpocket will abstain from his avocation as long as a policeman in uniform is in sight. And so far, inasmuch as prevention is better than punishment, a good is gained. But the policeman cannot dodge the pickpocket all day. He must go round his beat. The pickpocket knows this, waits till the constable's back is turned, and then plies his trade of depredation. It is then that the detective pounces upon him. If it were not for him the culprit would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, escape scot-free. So in the instance of various minor offences, such as publicans serving at forbidden hours, the offence can rarely be detected by a policeman in uniform. The publican who systematically breaks the law has always a person on the watch, and upon the appearance of a policeman in the vicinity of the house all evidence of the illegal trading is removed. The plain-clothes-man who detects such offences is at least preferable to the common informer, who makes a living out of his occupation. A great deal remains to be said upon this matter, especially with regard to the employment of this method of obtaining information during times of disturbance; but it would lead us too far away from the immediate subject of this paper.

The *Agent de Police* in France, when he takes the political line, seldom confines himself to the functions of merely looking on and reporting: he generally mixes with the disaffected, professes the most perfect sympathy with their views, appears to share in all their projects, and thus succeeds in obtaining their unbounded confidence, which, of course, is immediately betrayed. It is well if he stops even here. As has been before said, under a government where men do not, and dare not, speak openly, such a system may be absolutely necessary to secure the very existence of society. But there is, besides, the *Agent Provocateur*, who not only fraternises with the seditious, but does all he can to goad and instigate them to acts of disorder and violence. We *have had* such examples in this country—vampires of society, who lived upon the blood of unfortunate wretches,

"By treachery stung from poverty to guilt."

Let us hope we may never again have occasion to speak of them but as of the past. In France it would seem they form a regular part of the system of police.

One would fancy that, to any man who even affects honourable or upright principles, such an occupation would be most inconceivably revolting. M. de la Hodde does not appear to think so. And yet he affects to be an honourable man.

Caussidiere has published a letter of his, written in 1838, addressed to the then Prefect of Police, in which he solicited this means of gaining an honest livelihood. He commences with an account of his birth and parentage, remarking that his family are most honourably known in their district. He observes, with considerable finesse, that his father and several of his relatives are electors. It is true, they have latterly abstained from voting; but he believes he has now induced them to appreciate the importance of their electoral rights; and he has no doubt that, "upon the approaching occasion, they will exercise them *in favour of the honourable candidate who is soliciting their suffrages, and who, in so many respects, deserve them.*

Digitized by Google

He states that he has been seeking to gain his living by literature, and that he writes a little for *La Presse;* but his profits from his pen being of the very smallest (*tres minimes*), he is forced to look for other means of subsistence.

"The employment I should prefer," he says—for it is but fair to give his own views in his own words—"The employment I should prefer in your administration, M. le Prefect, would be in the secret police: *that employment would suit my character and the activity of my mind,* and the prejudices which usually attach to it have no weight with me, for I believe *every profession has its morality;* and they whose object is to secure the repose of the country and the people, cannot, I think, be despised by the wise, who only look beyond the means to the end." (*Qui ne regardent que la cause a travers les moyens.* He is not quite up in the Loyoline phraseology, but his meaning is good.)

He proceeds to show his competence to perform the duties of the office, by stating that, having been a victim of political *exaltation,* he had, in 1832, been initiated into the society of "The Rights of Man." Afterwards he entered the army, where he acquired a "sort of celebrity" by representing, at the theatre of Soissons, a piece containing political allusions, which drew upon him a severe punishment from his superiors. He was afterwards tried for a political offence at Laon; but he feels bound to say that he was *not guilty of the offence*—as, indeed, was proved by the verdict of the jury. The sort of reputation which these events had procured him soon placed him in communication with the principal chiefs of the Republican party, and especially with M. Marrast, of *La Tribune.* In 1835 he quitted the army, and took to the study of the law. At this period he was enrolled in the "Society of Families," as to which he says *he can give some important information, if required.* He then returned home, and there began to reflect upon the course of life he had been following. He saw the evil of his ways, and determined to reform; and, in order to prove his sincerity, he offers to betray his former associates.

"The daily contact with the world," he says, "has since destroyed several other illusions of youth; *and it is owing to this rapid decrease of faith in appearances that I have succeeded in divesting, in my own mind, the employment I now solicit from the prejudices that surround it.*"

This letter is not a forgery. Its discovery among the archives of the police led to important consequences to the writer, as will be seen presently. De la Hodde does not disavow it—nay, in the introduction to his pamphlet, he adopts a similar course of justification of his conduct; only here he professes to have been actuated by the purest motives, unmixed with any pecuniary alloy.

After stating he had soon found that the Revolutionary party aimed only at anarchy, and used the working classes but as their tools, he says:

"This appeared to me a revolting iniquity. Another would have retired without saying a word; but as for me, I was beset with an idea which I ended by executing. *I resolved to penetrate to the very depths of the secret societies, to take the management of them,* and then, by means of temporising and isolating tactics, gradually *to enervate and to dissolve them. For this purpose it was necessary I should enter into an understanding with the police.* I did so. This, in two words, is the mystery of my life. *I do not boast of the part I have played; but it has been useful to society.*"

We think we can guess what the reader will say of this man. For ourselves, we shall be content with borrowing an expression which has lately made some stir, and say that he has carried out his end by a course of conduct OF WHICH WE DO NOT APPROVE.

We must anticipate a little of the history of Caussidiere's prefectship—or *edility,* as our neighbours love to call it—in order to finish the sketch of De la Hodde's career.

At the time of the Revolution in February, he still enjoyed the full confidence of the Republican leaders and the secret societies. He had frequent interviews with Caussidiere, who says, however, he had never inspired him with any sympathy. They were a good deal together during the days of February. Caussidiere says that he afterwards remembered De la Hodde had proposed for headquarters of the Revolutionary chiefs a spot which, if they had occupied, they would have been inevitably surrounded and massacred. Another place was ultimately chosen; but the next day Caussidiere and Albert—*Ouvrier,* as he was afterwards always styled—happened to go in company with some other Republicans to the spot in question, where they were assailed by the municipal guard, and escaped with difficulty. No suspicion, however, seems to have fallen upon De la Hodde at this time.

After Caussidiere was nominated Prefect, De la Hodde came to the prefecture, offered his services, and installed himself *sans façon* in an office in the place of the late secretary-general Pinel, who had at that time fled. In this situation, which was one of great confidence, De la Hodde had access to all the papers in the archives, and would have been enabled to destroy as many as he might wish not to meet the eyes of his chief.

In the mean time, a vast file o reports had been found, all bearing the signature of "Pierre," evidently sent in by some person who was most accurately acquainted with the designs of the Republican party. It was clear that he was a principal member of all the secret societies, and on terms of the closest intimacy with all the leaders. Their characters and habits were traced with the most perfidious fidelity. Suspicion somehow fell upon De la Hodde; and while the Prefect was endeavouring to unravel the plot, the letter that has been already mentioned fell into his hands.

Caussidiere consulted one of his friends, and took his measures promptly. He convened a meeting of the chiefs of the Mountain, at 9 o'clock, at the rooms of Albert—*Ouvrier*—in the Luxembourg. He did not wish the culprit to be judged at the Prefecture, lest the Mountaineers should tear him to pieces, and it should be said that the victim had been assassinated for fear of what he might reveal.

The detected spy dined that day, in company with some other secretaries and officials, at the table of Caussidiere. He was not aware of the sword that hung over his head, and so probably made a good dinner. The Prefect announced that

Digitized by Google

there was to be a meeting at Albert's upon important business. They started together. On the road De la Hodde talked of nothing but his capabilities for making a good secretary.

They arrived at Albert's, whither the documentary evidence had been previously forwarded. There were sixteen persons present, including the accused.

It seems that Chenu also had, somehow or other, fallen under the suspicions of the Prefect of Police, at least, they appear to have been on tolerably bad terms. Though the general body of Mountaineers were under the command of Caussidiere, Chenu, it seems, had a particular band at his own disposal. When he was summoned to attend the meeting at the Luxembourg, he apprehended a snare. He was warned, too, that something was going on against him. With the assistance of a relation, "a troop of sixty chosen men" was got together to accompany him to the Luxembourg. They were posted in various places in the neighbourhood of Albert's apartments. It was agreed that if Chenu found himself in danger he was to fire a pistol (he took two pair and a sabre with him); and upon this signal his men were to fly to his rescue.

These preparations had made him a quarter of an hour behind his time. While he was chatting with Albert—*Ouvrier*—in the corridore, Caussidiere came up and apostrophised him thus:—

"*Sacredieu!* when one says ten o'clock, one does not say a quarter past. Come in!"

Caussidiere began by apologising for the absence of Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, who were detained at the Hotel de Ville; of Raspail and Barbes, who were at their clubs; and of Flocon, who had writen word that he was indisposed.

Chenu began to suspect that something of peculiar gravity was about to take place as the prudent Flocon had found a pretext for absence.

"There is a traitor among us," continued the Prefect; "we will form ourselves into a tribunal to judge him."

A president and secretary were appointed, and the court was duly opened. Caussidiere assumed the character of public prosecutor.

"Citizens," he said, "we have for a long time too lightly accused honest patriots; we were far from suspecting the serpent who had glided among us. I have now discovered the real traitor: it is Lucien De la Hodde!"

The latter, who up to this moment had preserved an appearance of perfect indifference, started from his seat at the direct accusation. Caussidiere rushed to the door, and, taking a pistol from his pocket, cried out, "If you stir, I shoot you through the head."

De la Hodde began energetically to protest his innocence. Caussidiere produced the file of reports signed "Pierre," and handed them round to the members of the tribunal. De la Hodde utterly denied all knowledge of them; and appealed to his conduct as a Republican for the last seventeen years.

Chenu says that at least twenty of these reports had reference to himself, wherein he was described as one of the most dangerous conspirators, whom it would be by no means difficult to exalt into a regicide. Perhaps, after all, this is only a pleasantry on the part of Chenu; or probably a blind. One of the reports signed "Pierre" states that the writer had procured his own incarceration in order to regain the confidence of the Republicans, which he had rather lost of late. We may here, by-the-bye, observe, that Chenu, in order to refute the charge of his having been a spy, appeals to the fact that he himself had been frequently imprisoned on account of his Republican doctrines. The fact, as we see, is far from being conclusive. But to proceed:—Caussidiere at length produced the terrible letter signed in De la Hodde's own name, in which he had requested employment as a secret agent of the police.

The miserable man then bowed his head and confessed the charge; he muttered some incoherent words about a terrible fatality having thrown him into the arms of the police, admitted he had sent in reports, but denied that he had ever acted as *agent provocateur*, and declared that he could not reproach himself with the arrest of one Republican.

Caussidiere offered him a pistol, saying it was his last resource. De la Hodde replied that he had rather not kill himself, but they might do what they liked with him. Another obliging friend, Boquet, who seems to have felt for his painful position, seized the pistol and again thrice offered it to him.

"Come," said he, "blow out your own brains, coward and dastard! or I will kill you myself."

Chenu, recollecting the signal agreed upon with his followers, became alarmed. He hastened up to Albert—*Ouvrier*.

"Will you, a member of the Provisional Government, permit an assassination to take place in your own apartments? All the odium of the crime will fall upon you."

"That's very true," said Albert.

At this moment Boquet, at the height of exasperation, was cocking the pistol and about to execute his threat, when Albert seized his hand and said—

"What are you thinking of? A pistol-shot will cause an alarm."

"Very true, indeed," cried Boquet; "we must have some poison."

"Poison!" said Caussidiere, "I have brought some of all kinds."

He took a glass from the sideboard, filled it with water, which he sweetened with sugar, threw in a white powder, and offered it to De la Hodde, who recoiled with indignation.

"You mean, then, to assassinate me?" said he.

"Certainly," answered Boquet, with the zeal of a subaltern conspirator who was desirous of distinguishing himself in the eyes of his superior; "Drink."

De la Hodde was pale as death, and the sweat was pouring down his face. [Well it might, poor devil!] He replied in a sombre tone, "I will not kill myself;" and, flinging himself on the sofa, covered his face with his hands. But Boquet was inflexible, and kept continually offering him the glass.

Digitized by Google

"Come, drink!" said Caussidiere, in a slow and monotonous voice; "it will soon be over."

"No, no—I will not drink," cried the accused; and in the confusion of his ideas, he added, with a terrible gesture, "Oh, I will be revenged for all these tortures!"

"Oh! you will be revenged, will you?" cried Boquet. "No, you shall never quit this room."

The pistol was again levelled. Albert again interfered, and declared he would not suffer *that*. Besides, he said, the man had fought in February, and that was an attenuating circumstance. Chenu and one or two others joined in interceding for him.

"But," said Caussidiere, "we can't let him live after what has passed. You heard him just now vow vengeance. He has the power to compromise us all."

"We must lock him up," said Grandmesnil, the President.

"You are right," replied Caussidiere, "I will take him myself to the Conciergerie, and recommend him in a very especial manner."

Boquet was despatched for two hackney coaches. Meanwhile De la Hodde was compelled to write the following confession:—

"I declare that all the reports signed 'Pierre' are mine.
"DE LA HODDE.

"Paris, 14th March, 1848."

A *procès-verbal* of the transaction was drawn up, and signed by all the parties present; by Chenu last of all, whose signature, says Caussidiere, was almost illegible.

De la Hodde was taken off in one of the hackney coaches by Caussidiere and four others, Boquet mounting guard with a pistol behind. He was taken first to the Prefecture, then committed to the Conciergerie, and kept in solitary confinement for having, after the 24th of February, *engaged in a correspondence with the agents of the fallen powers.*

Such is the general account of their extraordinary *Vehm-gericht*, as related by Chenu, with some slight additions and variations, taken from the narratives of Caussidiere himself and of Miot, who was not, however, present. Perhaps Chenu's account may be somewhat overcharged, particularly as to the part played by Caussidiere, but the main incidents are beyond question true. Miot says it was Pilhes who offered the pistol to De la Hodde, and requested him to blow out his brains. He adds the following sublime reflection: "Of what material can this man's heart have been kneaded that he had not the courage to take one of these last (*suprêmes*) resolutions which remorse suggests to even the most depraved natures?"

Caussidiere speaks of it as a dramatic scene—hypermelodramatic, he might have said. It may be doubted whether Alexandre Dumas could match it. Chenu states, that he afterwards learnt from his followers, that it was their intention, if the pistol signal had been given, to exterminate every one whom they might have suspected of being his enemy. So that Caussidiere and his party would seem to have had a narrow escape.

To finish with De la Hodde, a few days after Caussidiere resigned the office of Prefect, he was liberated, came to London, where, under a feigned name, he started an Anti-Republican journal of the Charivari school, called *Le Bossu*. He afterwards returned to France.

Chenu, the last of the worthies whose history it is sought to illustrate, was by "profession" a shoemaker. Caussidiere says he could scarcely read or write; and intimates, in his turn, that the works which bear Chenu's name are not of his own composition. He says of himself that he is more accustomed to handle the hammer than the pen; and it must be admitted that he uses the latter implement much after the fashion of the former, and hits very hearty knocks with it.

He also had been in the army, which would seem to be a city of refuge for the *esprits forts* of France, when they have no other employment. Caussidiere says, in his memoirs, that he had been sentenced to eight years hard labour for theft and desertion. Chenu admits that he deserted when a very young soldier, but afterwards returned to the army, and was re-admitted, without any sentence being passed upon him. He indignantly denies the theft. He cites, in corroboration of his statement, two certificates, one from the Chef de Bureau de la Justice Militaire, the other from a former minister of war; and they fully bear out his denial.

These were published in his first pamphlet; but the ex-Prefect pays no regard to them. In his subsequent letter to the *Débats* he reiterates the charge, but piles up the infamy of the accusation by asserting that Chenu had been condemned for theft and *assassination*. Miot treats the documents as mere "pretences." But Chenu seems strong upon this point. He threatens an immediate prosecution against the latter for a libel on his character, if he can obtain permission from the Assembly to institute the proceedings. For, as the reader is probably aware, the "privilege of Parliament" is in great force in France. In the mean time, for the satisfaction of the public, he gives another letter from the present minister of war (D'Hautpoul) reiterating what had been stated in the former letter, that no judgment had ever been passed against Chenu during the period he served in the army.

This fact undoubtedly makes the rest of Caussidiere's testimony rather *suspect;* but, nevertheless, we must avail ourselves of it, leaving the reader to judge of its credibility.

According to his account, a few days after the judgment, and all but execution, of De la Hodde, a number of other *mouchards* were pointed out to the Prefect, including Chenu. He called him before him, in the presence of one witness only, and told him he was certain that he had been playing an infamous part in relation to his comrades. He began to deny it.

"I am certain of what I advance," said Caussidiere; "and since you refuse to confess, I shall deliver you to the Mountaineers, who will decide your fate."

He relates that this menace, which appears to be quite in keeping with the cruel French method of putting an accused to the question, had the desired effect. Chenu acknowledged that M. Pinel, the former

Digitized by Google

Prefect, had profited by his position as a deserter to make an *agent provocateur* of him. He promised, if means were given him, to go to Belgium, and there resume his lawful trade. He wept, and went through all the grimaces of repentance that had been exhibited by his colleague De la Hodde. He was sent off to Belgium; but the Prefect in a few days, having heard of his return, and that he was uttering threats against him, felt it his duty to order him to be arrested. He excused himself for having returned without leave, upon the score that he had been unable to gain a living; and begged to be permitted to join the German (or rather Polish) expedition, promising this time that they should never see him again. Caussidiere was advised by a friend to get rid of him.

"He may go to the devil," replied our sentimental Prefect, "so I hear no more of him."

Chenu's own account is very different. He says that, in 1832, he was carried away by the enthusiasm of youth (he was only fifteen) to join the Republican ranks. His astonishment appears to have been extreme at finding that the heroes of his imagination—those whom he had always heard styled "the friends of the people"—absolutely walked and went about like other folks. He became from this time, notwithstanding this little disappointment, sincerely attached to the cause of conspiracy, which he learnt to consider—as M. Caussidiere and his party still, no doubt, consider it—as the cause of the people. He got into an infinite number of scrapes, and declares he was several times *bona fide* sent to gaol. He became notorious for his hatred of all *aristos* and *re-acs* (*aristocrates* and *ré-actionnaires*), and an intimate ally of the democratic-socialists, who are now curtailed, in like manner, into *democs-socs*. He positively avows, it is owing to thorough conviction that he has been induced to leave the ranks of the patriots, and become an honest man. He utterly denies his having ever acted as a spy, and defies the ex-Prefect to produce the slightest item of proof against him.

According to him, the first serious disagreement between Caussidiere and himself arose after the *affaire De la Hodde*, when a jealousy had grown up between Caussidiere and Blanqui, and the former wished, by a *coup-de-main*, to overturn the Moderate party of the Provisional Government, consisting of Marrast, Lamartine, Arago, Garnier Pages, and Pagnerre; in which he wished Chenu to assist. He excused himself, on the score of illness, having but just recovered from the effects of a serious surgical operation.

He dates the resolution to ruin him from that hour. He sought an explanation with Caussidiere, with reference to the coldness he experienced. The latter told him he had become suspected in the eyes of the Mountaineers, and that, for his own safety, it would be better he should retire. The Prefect then proposed to him a mission to assist the Belgian patriots—who, he asserted, were rising in arms to secure the independence of their country. Chenu consented, with, as he says, the firm conviction that it was only a plot to remove him. Caussidiere gave him an official free-ticket for the Northern Railroad, and Chenu started, and took a share in the unsuccessful skirmish at Risquons-Tout.

He returned, rather exasperated at the Prefect of Police, no way seeking to disguise his sentiments. He was arrested, and thrown into prison. He wrote to the Prefect, but received no answer. He wrote a second time, with the same result. He ascertained that his letters had been duly delivered. His patience was exhausted, and he wrote a third time, thus:—

"Swindler! If before five o'clock this afternoon I am not set at liberty, you may read to-morrow in the papers a letter which at present is in a safe place, and which will expose some of your past frauds, as well as the plots you are paving at present. I wish to be free before the evening."

He was liberated that day. The first thing he did was to go home to console his wife. He then went out to meet one of his band, with whom he had appointed a rendezvous. Instead of his own friend, he met with one of Caussidiere's, who was thunder-struck to see him at liberty, as it had been understood that so important a person was to have been kept confined till after the elections. It was resolved to arrest him again, but he managed to evade the myrmidons of the Prefect. He was persuaded by a friend to enrol himself in the Polish legion, to avoid the danger that menaced him. He did so, and went through various dangers in flood and field, which quite remove him from the sphere of our interest.

In order to testify his extreme indignation at the calumnies of Caussidiere, he tells him at the close of the preface to his second pamphlet,—

"I predict that one day you will wear the red bonnet with which you are so captivated, not as a freedman of ancient Rome, but as a galley-slave at Toulon."

(*To be continued.*)

GROSS AND NET.

Who buyth Londe, buyth eke Stones,
Who buyth Fleshe, buyth eke Bones,
Who buyth Egges, buyth eke Shels,
Who buyth good Ale, buyth Nought els.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

TWO DESTINIES.

THREE houses were clustered together on the high road, near Chipping Norton, and formed what, but for adverse circumstances, might, in the course of time, have become a respectable village. On one side of the road was a modern mansion, in the Elizabethan school, inhabited by one Sir Charles Danby, a gentleman of small fortune, who resided apart from the world with an only daughter, not more than fourteen years of age at the time of which we speak, which was at no distant period from the first outburst of the civil wars. On the opposite side of the way were two small houses, the one inhabited by an honest saddler, named Hind, the other by the widow of an officer who had served abroad, and who educated a son, a lad of sixteen, according to her slender means. Hind, too, had a son named James, who, being an only child, he fondly brought up in knowledge and piety; for the saddler was one of that fervent and noble sect of puritans, whom not all the sneers of two centuries have sufficed to degrade in the minds of men who fear God, and admire them who truly and sincerely serve him, and care for no will but His. The widow was more attached to the Church of the State, and educated her son accordingly.

Now, Sir Charles Danby was not only a once gay man, but a proud one; and yet for several years an intercourse had taken place between his tenant's children and his own. Ralph Lilburne, the widow's son, and James Hind, the saddler's boy, had permission to range the small park, relic of a noble one, which appertained to the modern mansion—the old one lay in ruins at no great distance—and had been a kind of playmates for Clara Danby, who seemed equally fond of the lively, racketty James, and the graver Ralph. The one tended her pony, made her bow and arrows fit for use, rowed her in a tiny boat on the river that ran near the house, played at all kinds of romping games, and was her Quixotic knight and champion; while Ralph would read her poetry, and such other slight literary productions as his mother had in her poor home; he would tell her all he knew—and his widowed mother, a woman of superior mind, had well tutored his—and, above all, instil into her a most fervent admiration of God in his works; for thus early was Ralph a warm believer. Clara a little feared him at times, but she treated him with the deep respect we show to an elder brother; while James was, as it were, a child of her own age.

And yet lively Jack, as he was called, though it should have been Jim, and serious Ralph, were both Caussid and proper youths; the former a fair-haired, mplexioned, jovial-looking lad, with a merry twinkle of the eye; the other dark, handsome, and even a little sombre, but with a nobility and fire about him which made him universally liked.

The two young men were warm friends, though so different in temperament. They had been as brothers for several years, and seemed almost to fancy themselves such.

At the time of the opening of our narrative a strange man came to reside at Danby Hall—as the modest relic of a fine castle and estate was called. He was a tall, sombre, fanatical-looking individual, and was said to be a relative of Sir Charles's. It was whispered that he was a monk; but of that none could swear, as they were beginning already to be in bad repute; and he kept his profession to himself, if such it was. But there was something odd in his manner—a softness, and yet a fierceness—a habit of searching the heart in his conversation—a peculiar solemn manner of giving advice, in fact, all the usual traits by which men know the members of the pestilent Jesuitical sect, whose learning, which is so often praised, only served to make them more dangerous and hateful, giving them power to carry out their designs, which would plunge the whole human race into slavery and mental darkness; who are the apparent servants and tools of despotism and superstition—in reality its high-priests and masters.

This man began by talking to the two lads, and tried them on various topics. He found Hind rather careless and thoughtless, but still imbued with respect for his father's puritanism and religious enthusiasm, which slander has painted in such ridiculous aspects; he found Ralph a firm and staunch Protestant, undecided as to any particular sect, but leaning towards the peculiar views of Calvin, whose genius the youth already could admire.

Satisfied by his examination, the stranger sought Sir Charles Danby, and had with him a secret conference. Sir Charles, though proud, was good-natured; and when Father Peter warned him of the danger of leaving two heretics in constant communion with his daughter, he laughed. He was a sort of Roman Catholic himself, very much as Charles II. was a Protestant; but he was vastly indifferent in religious matters, and, but for subsequent events, would have little cared if his daughter had turned to the reformed religion. He little knew that her young head was already full of doubt, and that Ralph Lilburne had proved very nearly a proselyte-maker. Her eyes had been partially opened, sufficiently to make her receive her own tenets with suspicion, and to make her compare the two. Nothing more is needed to make a man or woman a Protestant than to awaken such hesitations, if powerful agencies be not at work on the other side.

Digitized by Google

"Sir Charles," said Father Peter, crossing his hands on his breast with great humility, "to which of these gallants do you mean to wed your daughter?—to the saddler's apprentice or the lansquenet's son?"

"'Sdeath, man, what do you mean?" cried the Baronet hotly.

"That your daughter is approaching womanhood, and seeing no other youths but these, will naturally—"

"Dang it, friend, the very reason she shouldn't! Odd's pittikins, man, nothing is so much against love than opportunity. I never cared for a wench I could see every day. Clary looks on these two lads as humble playmates—foster-brothers."

"You know best, my son," said the priest; "I have done my duty. I wash my hands of the consequences." And he left the room.

Sir Charles began to muse, and grew a little uneasy. That he was poor, made him wish the more for a rich and noble alliance for his daughter. He had lived in retirement precisely to economise sufficiently to appear at court with splendour when his child was sixteen. He spent only a third of his income, while part of the rest was secretly invested in commercial speculations with one Southers, in London—an honest merchant, who dealt largely with Holland, and who paid good interest for the investment. Now if Clara, as she approached womanhood, should have her bosom inflamed by a passion beneath her, though he would never let it end in marriage, it might interfere with his hopes, and cause his daughter pain. Still, Sir Charles did not like to do an act of unkindness to youths he had protected and favoured; and he bethought him of some plan which should conciliate his pride and his good-nature.

That same evening he sent for Mrs. Lilburne and for the saddler, and, premising that the lads were of an age to do something for themselves, asked them both what were their future intentions.

The saddler replied, that his son had expressed a wish to be apprenticed to the chief butcher of Chipping Norton; and though he would have wished to have seen him do something better, yet he would not think of controlling his wishes. He had originally wished to go to the house of James Smith, of Oxford, but that was impossible; the premium being too high.

Mrs. Lilburne said, that her whole income amounted only to a very few pounds per annum, and she had yet been wholly unable to devise any means for her son's future progress in the world. She had tried to give him honesty, honour, and such little knowledge as she possessed herself; but she knew not what to think of as to the future.

"My worthy friends," said the Baronet good-naturedly, "Jack shall go to Oxford, and Ralph shall go to London. I will pay the premium to Smith, and you can repay it when convenient. As to Ralph, I fancy he is little fitted for ordinary trade. He writes well, he ciphers, I am told, and has a general aptitude for pen and paper. Southers, my London agent, will take him as clerk, on my recommendation. Now, od's pittikins! no speeches. I hate thanks. The boys are good boys; and the least I can do is to provide for Clary's play-fellows."

The saddler thanked God fervently as he left the house; and Mrs. Lilburne shed tears of grief and pleasure. She was certain that Ralph only wanted a proper field to succeed; and though a mother's heart grieved at parting, yet she hesitated not a moment.

Next day all was arranged as the Baronet had proposed, except that Ralph made his mother promise, that as soon as she could sell her furniture, and his time was up, she would come up to London, where immediately he began to get on in the world, she would become his housekeeper. Sir Charles made a present to each of the youths before starting, and Clara, with tears in her eyes, gave both a small purse to put it in, bidding them never to forget their little sister. And at the end of a week they had started; and thus went James Hind and Ralph Lilburne forth in the world to seek their fortunes. The priest rejoiced, but events will prove that he overreached himself. The day came when the two lads could claim such a bride as Clara. Had they stayed at home this never could have been.

CHAPTER II.

THE BUTCHER APPRENTICE.

For the present we leave the serious Ralph to follow lively Jack, who, with a stout stick in his hand and a bundle on his shoulder, started on foot for Oxford a few hours after his friend had climbed into a waggon, which, after many days, was to deposit him safely in the streets of London. Jack was light of heart. He was one of those who when in love can eat a shoulder of mutton at a meal, and whom no events in life scarcely serve to render grave and thoughtful. Such characters generally turn out ill in life. A man who never thinks can scarcely be good; and all of us can trace back in life impulses which, if yielded to, would have proved neither right nor just. Except with a selfish man, second thoughts are generally best; and those who act on impulse often do harm, even when the heart is good. The heart has two instincts, one bad, the other good; and a man whose faults are laid to his heart and not his head should feel little complimented. The commentary means, if it signify anything, he is a fool who has a bad heart. No act can be good which the head soundly condemns, except where the head is selfish, and from this vice, when powerful, nothing good can arise. Jack Hind, then, was a compound. He had reason enough to know what was ill, his heart had an instinctive dislike of crime, and yet his head was weak enough to make him admire bold criminals—in this sharing the sentiments of the many, alas, who excuse almost all faults under cover of success, and who pardon, in the great line, what they condemn in the small. And so Jack, with a light heart, a respect for his father's piety, an instinctive love of all that was daring, a mind that was sufficiently impressionable to be guided by the last influence, an admiration for generosity, much softness of sentiment, with ardent fondness for pleasure, stepped along on his way to Oxford. He could

Digitized by Google

scarcely tell why, but he had chosen the butcher's trade in preference to all others; and it was therefore with intense satisfaction that he found himself on the high road to the town where he was to see the fulfilment of his wishes.

He found Mr. James Smith, the great Oxford butcher, to be one of those men who, having made their way in the world from a very low origin, seek in their ignorance and pride to revenge themselves on their early memories, by being coarse, brutal, and despotic, with those who remind them of their own early days. Hind had not been one week his apprentice before he bitterly felt the difference between the house of a stranger and home. There was not an hour in the day when he was not subjected to the brutalities of his master. Tall, bony, and of immense strength, the butcher looked as if he could have felled an ox with his hand. Jack, therefore, had very little chance with him. He was compelled for a time to submit to foul language, kicks and blows, which made his blood boil with indignation. He vowed at the end of the first week, that he would bear all to be revenged another day; and from this inauspicious beginning may be traced much of the subsequent career of Mr. James Hind.

The butcher's wife was a little, active, bustling woman, of whom her husband stood in great awe. She could read and write, she kept his accounts, while to her civility and activity was chiefly owing the success of the business. Mr. Smith often felt inclined to wreak his fury on the quiet little body; but Mrs. Smith, or Dame Smith, had a spirit of her own, and always threatened that her first blow should be her last. "Take care, Jim," would she say, "I am neither an ox nor a 'prentice, and hands off. Be a brute if you like, but not with me. All Oxford shall know of the day you lay your little finger on my arm, and you may find who ye can, Jim, to keep your books and shop."

And Jim Smith cowed before her. She had been his master's pretty daughter, and he their handsome 'prentice. Caught by his good looks, the silly wench married him, and gave him the business her father left her. Though a coarse, passionate man, James Smith had been a pretty fair husband. From sixteen to one and twenty he had spoken to his master's daughter cap in hand, and in humble tones, and when married, he could never get over the customs of his boyhood. Dame Smith was always the daughter of old Praten for him.

Perhaps it was the necessity of nursing his wrath with his wife, that made the butcher overflow so with others. However this may be, he fully made up for his submission in one quarter by his despotism in others. The worst of extremes meet; and a despot has always something before which he is slavish, even if it only be his passions. Jack remained five years with his rough master, learning his trade, and that most excellent virtue, patience. But he learned also something else, which requires some explanation.

The butcher had a daughter, who was not more than seventeen when James Hind became twenty-one. She was good-looking, as most girls are at that age, with the *prestige* of youth upon them, but with much of the tallness and bony qualities of her father. In looks, character, and even manner, she copied her male parent far more than her mother. At first she was rude and impudent to the apprentice; but then she was only thirteen. Now, however, the girl had become a woman, and the boy was entering manhood, and a remarkable change ensued. Martha Smith fell in love with James Hind; and being perfectly aware of what her mother had done before her, gave herself no uneasiness about the matter. Her sudden gentleness, her softened tones, her constant attempt to be in the society of lively Jack, opened the eyes of the 'prentice. He was delighted. Not that he cared one halfpenny for Martha—she was too like her father for that; but then he conceived that he might now torment his master. The boy took council with himself. Should he marry Martha to spite the father, or should he do worse? The demon of revenge spoke unceasingly in his ears, and he seemed inclined to listen to it. He knew well that the ignorant upstart—men of right feeling and heart, who rise from obscurity to noble positions, are not upstarts—would never let his daughter marry a poor apprentice. So intense was the lad's hatred of the father, that he would have been content to take a woman he cared not for to wife, simply to arouse rage and fury in the heart of James Smith. James Hind in after-life did many a generous and praiseworthy act; but his sufferings on this occasion from ill-treatment filled his heart with the worst passions, and doubtless paved the way for much of his future recklessness. To render the fruition of his hopes easy, he did not discourage Martha by a discovery of his own want of love. He spoke kindly to the girl, and while never appearing to understand her conduct in any other light than as extreme condescension, he acted his part with consummate skill for so young a hypocrite.

One evening Dame Smith went out to visit a sick friend, and Mr. James Smith crossed over to the tavern to drink. Martha and Jack Hind were left alone. The girl was standing in the door-way of a little, dark, back room, Jack was putting away the meat still left unpurchased, and generally righting the shop, which was even more comfortless than a butcher's shop of the present day, we being, in England, about a century behind the French in this particular.

"Jack," said Martha in a low tone, "ain't you very tired?"

"No," replied Hind, in a half surly tone, for he was brooding over his ills, "I ain't."

A silence ensued. Martha pouted a little, and looked down at the floor; the 'prentice, looking up at her, remembered his part, and once more played it.

"Jack," exclaimed Martha, suddenly, "don't be a fool, though you are only a 'prentice, did'nt my mother do it before me?"

"What?" said Jack.

"Why, marry, to be sure," responded Martha, all blushes and confusion.

"And you mean that, do you?" asked Jack.

"Why, do you see, Jack, I thought you'd be

Digitized by Google

afeard to speak out, seeing you were only a lad, like, in the shop. But flesh and blood is flesh and blood, and a cat may look at a king, Jack; and if as how you do mean to ask me to have you, why now I've given you courage to speak out. Mind, Jack, if you'd been above me, or my equal, I'd a' never spoke so much as a word; but I've seen you a waiting to do it a long while, and I aint 'feard, not I."

And the girl, who spoke all this in a breath, stood, with downcast eyes, waiting for Jack to speak.

"And so you will marry me?" said Hind, in a steady, clear voice.

"Ay, that I will," replied the girl, hastily.

"You audacious, mean-spirited slut," thundered Smith, entering the shop, almost choked with passion; "and you, you little baronet's by-blow—"

He could say no more; his passion overcame him, he sank on the shop-bench, his eyes starting out of his head, his face purple, and his veins distended to their utmost size. Hind, who had been sharpening a knife when the conversation took the above interesting turn, stood still armed with the terrible weapon. Dame Smith entered at this moment.

"What is the matter?" said she, quietly.

"Father has been abusing us, 'cause Jack asked me to marry him," answered Martha, who, as passionate and determined as her father, was now roused.

"You shall die first!" said Smith, recovering his speech.

"If Martha likes the young fellow, she shall have him. His father is a decent man, which is more than I can say for your's, James. You were a 'prentice taken in out of charity, and Hind paid a goodly premium."

"Do you mean to encourage the scoundrel?" said Smith, still furious; "and you, you baggage, begone!—away to bed with you, out of my sight!"

"Go away, Hind, lad," observed Dame Smith, "go to thy bed also. Smith will close the shop himself. I will talk him to reason."

Martha and Jack exchanged looks; they went different ways, but they met five minutes later in the yard.

"Wil't to London this night and be wed?" said Jack.

"That I will," replied the hot-headed girl.

"Make thy bundle, and join me in a quarter of an hour at the end of the town."

They parted. Jack went to a loft over the stable, where he slept, put on his travelling-clothes, tied the rest in a bundle, and, putting them on the end of a stick, descended his ladder, left the place by the yard door, and striding through the streets of Oxford, lay down in a small copse to wait for Martha. Here he began to think what could be done. He had seventeen shillings, and he supposed Martha had not much more. Now that he had in his fit of passion and revenge enticed the girl from home, his mind was quite made up. She had confided herself wholly unto him, as to a man of honour, and the lad felt that his pride rendered it necessary that he should be as good as his word.

He soon heard the steps of Martha; and in five minutes more they were together.

"Martha," said Jack solemnly, and with a sincerity which could not be mistaken, "we are from this moment husband and wife. It may be some days, nay weeks, ere we can be wed by the church in London; but the first minister I catch shall fix us for ever. Jack Hind is a man of his word."

"I trust in you, Jack," replied the girl, who, when listening to his solemn tones, was reminded of the serious step she had taken. "I am a poor fond girl. Let me not be sorry."

"Sorry you shan't be, Patty," said Jack, giving her a true lover's kiss—and the romantic event of the evening made him, as it would probably any one else, a lover for the while—"and if you really like the name of Hind, it shall be yours before many days. But we must mind our tricks! Old dad will be after us, like a sheep-dog; and we must mind our p's and q's. I've little or no money, and must try and get a few pounds from father."

"Jack, I've nineteen pounds—the twenty, short by one, my aunt Betsy left me last Lammas; so be of good heart."

"You are a brave girl," said Jack; "but let us be moving. Recollect, my name's Pitson; and you're my wife. We're just married; and walking to London to seek for work and fortune.

Patty laughed, and on they went. But Jack didn't follow the high road; striking across the country by paths he well knew, he sought, by travelling to London by another road, to stop all chance of being caught. Here we leave the fugitives, as we have no wish to follow the fortunes of so imprudent a couple. We prefer waiting for Patty to regain some of our good graces, by having the name of Hind.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON.

I HAVE purposely avoided all allusion hitherto to political events, as, unless one has space for full development, the days of the Commonwealth, when made the foundation of a narrative, are likely little to interest. The subject is a worn one, and needs original form and feature to make it palateable. Besides, the adventures of Jack Hind himself would make volumes; and I must tell those of himself and Ralph Lilburne both in a short sketch.* I therefore touch as slightly as possible on the events of the day, and never but when absolutely necessary. But when Jack Hind started for London, an event was about to occur which convulsed the whole country.

King Charles the First—or the man Charles Stuart, as he was called—was on his trial, before the tribunal which the fortunes of war had created, and the star of England's greatest and mightiest hero was in the ascendant. This Jack Hind well knew. Like most of the gay, thoughtless, and pleasure-loving youths of his day, he was a king's man, and hated "old Noll" and "the Rump." He

* Captain James Hind is a notorious historic character, as I need scarcely remark; and his adventures here narrated are facts.

Digitized by Google

treated the Protector as a mere time-serving hypocrite, as to all men of loose notions in religion, piety which acts evidently on the human character, and produces marked results, is hypocrisy. Gallant, bold, and sincere in their devotions as were many of the Cavaliers, the stern sense of duty, the devotion and deep religious feeling of the Puritans, was to them incomprehensible. Incapable of feeling such emotions as were felt by the Roundheads, they necessarily regarded these as affected for a purpose. Jack Hind, whose master had been a bad specimen of a Roundhead, hated them on this account; and so intense was his detestation, that in all England the unfortunate but guilty monarch had not a more devoted servant or subject than James Hind.

Having reached London in safety, and made Martha his wife, Jack, whose resources diminished rapidly before the expenses of marriage and travelling, went out much in search of employment. Fortunately, his 'prentice garb was of sufficiently sober cut to make his being taken for a malignant doubtful. Besides, the rogue was up to all the sayings, looks, and manners of the puritans and their interested imitators, who, of course, exaggerated the thing, and made what was simple, touching, and sincere, odious and disgusting. The gross and fulsome conduct of a hypocrite, imitating a sincere man, to serve a purpose, is always painfully disagreeable; and yet it is by the conduct of such men that all puritans are in general judged.

It was on the night of the king's execution, and all London was yet under the effects of the stupor which this great event had occasioned; James Hind, who had witnessed the scene, came away boiling with indignation. He looked upon the act as a mere murder, forgetting that if Charles I. were the guilty author, by his illegal exercise of his supposed prerogative, of the disasters which ensued in England, he could claim no greater immunity than any other man. But Hind lived in a day when a king was a god, something divine; when people couldn't see that an eating, sleeping, digesting animal, like the rest of us, who was subject to all the ills of humanity—who could have gout and cold in the head—who sneezed, and perhaps took snuff, could be nothing more than one of ourselves. The first magistrate of a great country like England must always be a most important individual, but only respectable, to be admired and loved, when personally deserving. But Jack Hind walked London streets, planning all sorts of horrid deaths for every one of the regicides, and vowing to slay them, one and all. His arms folded, and with a frowning brow, he suddenly halted in a lane in the city, stretched out his legs, and, with a loud imprecation against Cromwell, stood grinding his teeth, and figuring to himself the day when he should win eternal renown by slaying old Noll.

"'Fore God, a Cavalier!" said a voice near him; "no beggarly Roundhead would rap me out such an oath. Come, my pretty gentleman, I see through your drab; come, I say, and treat us to a pint of sack, and let us drink confusion to all Roundheads."

The speaker was a tawdry-looking girl in dirty finery; but Jack Hind saw only a Royalist like himself, and readily accepted her invitation. The girl took his arm familiarly, and led him still farther down the lane to an obscure tavern, frequented only by persons of doubtful morals, and tolerated rather than allowed in those severe days. Entering within its walls, Jack Hind found himself in the society of a set of jolly blades, who were, to a man, of his own political opinions. They cursed Cromwell with the most thorough-paced energy, and one and all vowed vengeance on the slayers of Charles. Hind heartily joined them; and, after drinking a pint of sack, tossed a guinea on the counter to pay for bowls round. As he did so a rumour was heard, the door opened, and a party of the watch entered. A gentleman was with them, who at once pointed out the female associate of Jack as a woman who had robbed him of a purse and five pounds or guineas, after which she ran down that lane. The guinea offered by Jack lay on the counter. One of the watch, who had been peeping through a chink while the rest were fetched, saw him also enter the house with her; and, without more ado, Jack was taken up as the associate of a woman of bad character and a thief. He was conveyed to the Poultry Compter, and thrust into a yard with a number of thieves and others, captured in the crowd, pursuing their avocations near the place of execution.

Jack was horrified. He had stolen away an old man's daughter, it was true; but he had never intended trying any other theft. With a man, however, of weak head and light principles, an accident often decides the whole future career.

On the morning which followed his capture, Jack, who had given every explanation about himself, his trade, his recent marriage, &c., found himself walking in the yard beside a stout man, with a bull neck, red face, and ruffianly scowl, who, however, addressed him in a silvery tone of voice.* He spoke frankly; he was, he said, a highwayman, but luckily taken up by mistake, and should be free again at once. He laughed, and sang, and told capital stories of the pleasures of the road, and delighted Jack by his audacity, wit, and intense hatred of all Cromwellites. His name was Thomas Allen; and he had attained to considerable celebrity as a gentleman of the road. So struck was the ex-apprentice by his adventures, by his artful and high-flown descriptions, that he clasped his hand, vowed eternal friendship, and

* By the aid of certain recondite books of the day, and even from memory, I could give my rascals all the learned thieves' slang of the day; but I prefer the vernacular. I hope my readers will not object to plain English instead of thieves' Latin. A few words here and there are very well, but a conversation requiring pages of notes is about as interesting as Hebrew. I once sent a rather exaggerated comic article, on Indian gormandising, to the late Thomas Hood for his Magazine. I was then just commencing my literary career. The article was returned, with a most kind and flattering letter. Hood spoke of my article in terms of high praise, asked to see some others—his noble heart had ceased to beat two months later—but gave as a reason for declining the one offered, "There are things which, however 'true to natur,' are still disagreeable to the reader." I have, I hope, never since knowingly offended my readers' feelings. I burned that article, and took the editor's advice. I might be very "true to natur" with my thieves' Latin, but hardly pleasant.

Digitized by Google

on the spot determined to follow the fortunes of his new friend, compounding with his conscience by a vow, that he would only war against Commonwealth men.

In the afternoon both were released. Jack's account of himself, on inquiry, proved to be true; and Allen's case turning out to be a mistake, the lucky rogues left the Compter together. Jack found Martha at the door, and with her adjourned to a tavern. The poor girl was in tears and deeply anxious; but Jack explained his arrest in his own way, and introduced his new acquaintance as a Royalist friend. Allen took them to a house where he gave them a dinner, washed down by excellent wine; and there the terms of their union were discussed. To Martha the association was described as political, and connected with the affairs of Charley over the water; and as she, like the majority of women, was loyal, she made no objection.

Early on the following morning, almost before Jack was up, Allen called on him. He brought a pair of pistols and a short sword for his new comrade, who, as soon as breakfast was over, bade adieu to his wife, and started on his first expedition, the forerunner of a large number of others, which made his name celebrated and terrible in every corner of old England. The new friends walked out of London towards Greenwich, and at last reached an obscure and lonely pathway by Shooter's Hill. They gazed around, and caught sight of a decent-looking man, having the air of a tradesman, coming towards them, and a servant behind him.

"That's our man," said Allen; "let us on."

"Let me do this alone," replied Jack, coolly, "I feel myself quite up to the mark."

Tom stood still and looked at him an instant incredulously; but reading in the butcher apprentice's face determination and firmness, he shook him by the hand, and walked away behind a clump of bushes to watch the other's first experiment. In most things, it is the first step which is the difficulty. Many a man, perfectly equal to the test, has failed in life because he dared not affront the threshold. But Hind showed himself fit for better things, had not chance and his own reckless inclinations guided him to crime.

He waited quietly until the traveller came up, and then raising his hat, no longer the cap of an apprentice, apologized for interrupting the other's walk. The citizen, who scarcely knew what he meant, muttered something about no offence, and moved aside as if to pass. Hind played gently with the handle of his sword and the butt of his pistol.

"'Gad, sir, it's unpleasant," he observed, insinuatingly; "but a gentleman's wants are imperative. I would rather offer you a thousand pounds on your honest face, than make the ill-natured request I have to offer; but, confound the times, sir, I must trouble you for your purse."

The citizen looked puzzled, held back, while the serving-man began to clutch his staff.

"'Sdeath, man, I should be sorry to spoil so decent-looking a servitor. By my faith, if you handle your oaken stick in that awkward way, I must take measures to make it useless. But further, sir, no hurry—I can bide your time."

The citizen, who had in one view taken in the other's whole mien, his decided air, his pistols and rapier, pulled out a long leathern purse, and, with a deep sigh, placed it in our hero's hand.

"I am really ashamed," said Hind, "counting the pieces, "and cannot think of letting you proceed on your journey empty-handed. If a Jacobus be of any use to you—"

And Jack held out the proffered gold piece, which the citizen took, protesting that else he could not dine at Greenwich, where he had to meet some friends on business. Jack replied that he was sorry his immediate wants rendered further restitution impossible, and all in such polite, amiable, and hearty tones, that the pillaged merchant went away declaring that he was the honestest thief he had ever met with; and, further, that if he were never hanged but on his evidence, he should live a hundred years.

As soon as the man and his servant were gone, Tom Allen rushed forward, and embraced his new associate.

"Captain Hind," said he, bowing to the ground, "I salute my master. No old professor would have done the thing half so neatly. Keep up the respectability of things always, Jack; that giving him back a gold piece was rich. 'Gad, I thought I should have split with laughing."

Jack received the other's praise with due modesty; and after dividing the spoil, they made for the river, crossed at the ferry, and returned to London.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROTECTOR'S CARRIAGE.

The career of Jack Hind was now a settled thing, and the son of the honest saddler of Chipping Norton was a highwayman. The comrades, after their first essay, removed Martha to a cottage at the further extremity of an obscure village, at a considerable distance—say twenty miles—from London. It was very easy for them to persuade Patty that they were working solely for the cause of royalty. Their night journey, their mysterious absences, their care to be well mounted and well armed, all looked as if their version were correct. They had a stable and a small garden, and sometimes Jack invited a few friends in his own line to sup. Martha, and an old deaf woman they hired, attended, and as the party were all warned of Patty's ignorance, they were cautious in discourse. Besides, on many occasions, Royalist agents and fugitives did visit the highwayman's cot, glad to use any instrument that served their cause or safety.

But both Allen and Hind always forebore robbing men whom they recognised as Royalists. The two rogues compounded with their consciences by making indiscriminate war only on their political opponents. These, when men of note, they treated with every imaginable insolence. Very early in the career of Jack Hind, his evil star induced him to make a rather fatal attempt in this way, before

Digitized by Google

narrating which we may allude to certain adventures of his subsequent to the event, but which the exigencies of our narrative will not allow us again to refer to.

Hind had had some experience in his trade when the insolent rogue met with Hugh Peters at Enfield Chase, and bade him stand and deliver. Hugh Peters, whose coolness and calmness never forsook him, gravely expostulated with the thief on the criminality of his calling, and quoted the commandment to that effect.

"It is written," said he, "'Thou shalt not steal;' and Solomon, the wisest of men, prohibits our robbing the poor."

"If you had observed the precepts of the law," replied the audacious highwayman, who had not wholly forgotten the religious education received from his puritan father, "you would not have made use of the prophet's malediction, 'Ye shall bind your kings in chains and your nobles in fetters of iron.'"

He then upbraided the preacher with being a regicide. Hugh Peters defended himself gravely, denouncing tyrants and despots, and ending by a strong invective against thieves. Hind replied by arguments in favour of his occupation, and for some time the discussion continued, until the robber got tired. He then stripped the old presbyterian of his money and clothes, impudently making some scriptural quotations to justify his crime.

He next robbed Bradshaw, the president of the court which tried and condemned Charles I., and had with him a long discussion, in the course of which he poured forth on the republican judge all the vials of his wrath. Colonel Harrison was the next republican victim whom he had the pleasure of pilfering, but his first bold attempt was of a higher and even dangerous character.

At no great distance from London, on the high road which led from Huntingdon, Hind and Allen were often apt to post themselves in a dense thicket, where, dismounting from their steeds, they amused themselves with conversation or a pack of cards, until the sound of wheels or horses' steps warned them to be on the look-out. One then would peep forth and examine as to the character of the unfortunate passenger or passengers. If it were one man, one sallied forth—if two, both; though sometimes four or five would not terrify them. One evening, about an hour before dusk, and when Hind had not been more than six months upon the road, they occupied this post, when the sound of wheels made them sally to their post of observation. Jack was the observer, and said that it was a carriage with six horses and two outriders. Allen leaped up, and with an oath declared it to be that of the "brewer."

"Old Noll!" cried Hind, with flashing eyes. "Let us rob the rascal. Prime your pistols, Tom, and stand ready. We'll shoot the first horses, and then out upon him. The servants will flinch, and then, if he don't disgorge, I'll rid England of the accursed tyrant."

Both mounted under cover of the trees, and sat motionless on their well-trained beasts. The heavy lumbering carriage which bore the great Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England was proceeding slowly down a short hill, and was within a few yards. In five minutes the first pair of horses were abreast of the copse. Jack fired, and at the same instant darted forward with Allen. The two domestics stood irresolute, but there was one in the carriage whom the rascals little knew, as did none of the party of which they were such unworthy members. A report followed that which killed one of the horses, and Allen staggered.

"Seize the murderous son of Belial!" cried a loud and sonorous voice from the carriage, followed by the click of another pistol.

"Fly!" said Allen, as the gallop of an escort which now appeared in view was heard.

"Come," exclaimed Jack, forgetting all but his friend. With these words, he seized the bridle of the other's horse, and dragged him away. But one of the servants, recovered from his stupor, fired a second time at the wounded man. The shot killed his horse.

"Fly!" again cried Allen. "Live to revenge me."

Jack ground his teeth, waved his hand fiercely towards the Lord Protector, and galloped away, just as an officer of Ironsides came up, and pressing past Cromwell, who had stepped out of the vehicle, darted in pursuit of the fugitive. Hind's horse was good, but that of the soldier was better. Still the robber rode for his life. Before him was a vacant road, clear and without impediment. In ten minutes after his departure, only the officer was in sight behind. Hind had never yet shed blood. But now he got a pistol ready, as he saw his solitary antagonist near him. The highwayman saw a narrow, gloomy, and well-known cross-road before him. By this he was determined to escape.

"Stop! or I slay thee, man of blood!" cried the officer.

The highwayman wheeled round, his pistol at full cock, and faced the Ironside. The other also had a long pistol ready. But both lowered their weapons, though too late to prevent them going off, and the two noble steeds fell victims. The cavaliers disengaged themselves, and then stood gazing wildly at each other.

"Jack Hind!" said the Ironside.

"Ralph Lilburne!" replied the robber.

"Alas," cried the soldier of God, "that my childhood's friend should be a hired assassin, and should have sought to slay the glory of England! But go, Jack! It is not my hand shall give thee to the block. Fly!"

Jack, who heard the mounted soldiers about to turn the corner, darted through the hedge near him, and entering the lane, ran as hard as he could run, until, meeting a haystack, he clambered up, and concealed himself on the summit, drawing a short ladder up after him. Here he lay still about ten minutes, when, distinguishing no sound, he descended, and continued on his way. He had not gone two hundred yards when he found himself at a cross-road. A horse, saddled and bridled, was tied to a post, while a man who had clambered up into a hedge, was cutting the thorns off a handsome

Digitized by Google

knotted stick which had taken his fancy. Hind hesitated not an instant. Leaping boldly on the horse, he galloped off, leaving the unfortunate traveller staring at him, like one demented.

But the highwayman cared nothing for the poor devil thus robbed. He had escaped from the hands of Cromwell, and, under the circumstances, that was escaping certain death.

When, however, some miles were between him and the scene of his foiled hopes, his reflections became bitter enough. His associate, Allen, was in the hands of the Philistines, as they would have said; and the meeting with Ralph Lilburne recalled him to the memory of home, and his young days. He met his schoolfellow an officer in the most glorious regiment ever raised by mortal man, and with a brilliant and noble career before him. He could not but compare his position, as an outlaw and a thief, with the man who could be trusted with the escort of English Fortunes.

But the gay and thoughtless robber soon got the better of the boy's memories, and Jack Hind, despite the fatal results of this day's journey, joined Martha with a smooth brow and a lively song. He added to his wife's delight at his return by saying, that he should rest from his fatigues for a week, and spend that time exclusively in the society of his dear Patty, and to him she was so. As often is the case, thanks to Nature's wise provisions, the young man who, as a lover, had never been very fond, became an attached husband. Jack had let Patty at once see, that she must cease her imitation of her father's ways, and this done, grew daily more attached to her.

CHAPTER V.

OLD FRIENDS.

In a central county of England, and on the edge of a large wood, stood what once had been a baronial hall. There now remained of the grand edifice of ancient days, but ruins and a modern house of moderate dimensions. The *fosse* existed as when the vast castle was circled by its waters, but it now served to inclose not only the residence, but a garden of some dimensions. The house occupied one corner of a square, the ruins were at its back, and the garden the rest. The whole was approached by a permanent way, which had replaced the drawbridge.

The house was of red brick, and tolerably new, with an air of prettiness about it, in marked contrast with the tall ivy-clad ruin which peeped up behind its chimney roof. The garden was neatly kept, and full of those fruit-trees which usually form part of such an English landscape. At one corner, under a tall, dark tree, whose heavy foliage swept over the moat, was a bench, and on this sat two persons. The one was a lovely young woman about two and twenty, while her companion was a handsome young man a couple of years older, whose long hair, peculiar cut of garment, and manner, proclaimed him one not at all suited to the grave character of the times. He was talking with animation to the lady, but what their conversation was we have no time to inquire; for, from a road leading through the wood, there suddenly appeared a troop of a hundred horse, whom both instantly recognised as Ironsides. The lady and gentleman both rose, and ran quickly towards the house, concealed by the trees and hedges of the garden.

The troopers, with a rapidity of motion which did credit to their experience, in an instant had surrounded the whole of the space enclosed between the ditch, and there posted themselves, while their chief, dismounting, and followed by twenty men, crossed the bridge, and made straight towards the house. They were met by a tall, handsome man, in the garb of a country gentleman, and by two servants.

"To what may I attribute the honour of this unexpected visit?" inquired the gentleman, in a sarcastic tone.

"To orders from the Lord Protector," said the young officer, respectfully. "But be assured, Sir Charles Danby, that I shall execute my orders with all due mildness consistent with the public service."

"Command, sir, you are strongest; like your master, you can affect sweetness when it suits you. But, like him, you are strongest. Do as you will; but recollect, young man, might is not always right."

"Sir Charles, you will please to order into the hall every man, woman, and child in the house. My men will then proceed to search the premises for concealed malignants," said the officer mildly, and without the slightest irritation.

"John, you hear," said the baronet; "obey your new master. Bring in my daughter, your wife, everybody. Does your warrant order you, sir, to search these persons? My daughter is well-favoured, and the duty may please your men."

After repressing an angry murmur from the soldiers, the officer mildly replied,—

"My name, Sir Charles, is Ralph Lilburne. To your noble generosity I owe the fact that I am now Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. We are on different sides; but we can never be enemies."

"Ralph!" said Sir Charles, astounded; "and are you the boy, the playmate of my child, that hero, Colonel Lilburne, whose name is the terror of all loyal men?"

"I am Ralph Lilburne; that boy sent by you, sir, to London."

"Obey your orders," continued Sir Charles, moodily; "we have nothing, I see, personally to fear. Daughter, this is your old playmate, Ralph. We are his prisoners."

"You here, sir?" said Ralph, severely addressing Captain Hind, scarcely aware of Miss Danby's presence. "Pardon me, Miss Danby, this is an unexpected pleasure; but I was so surprised."

"Surprised to see your old schoolfellow?" replied the lovely girl, coldly.

"Here I am," coolly put in Jack, "on a visit to old friends."

"Sir," said Colonel Lilburne, "if I were to do my strict duty, I should hang you at the first tree." And then he added, in a whisper, "before Allen died on the gibbet, he told all."

Captain Hind turned rather pale; but instantly

Digitized by Google

recovering himself, and determined not to be lost for want of audacity, spoke aloud:—

"Colonel Lilburne, a gentleman who has had the honour to serve his late Majesty, Charles—may his name be ever blessed!—is not to be hung like a dog."

Colonel Lilburne stood an instant irresolute.

"Sergeant Johns, put sentries at each door, and then proceed to search the house," he said, after a moment's silence.

All the inhabitants of the house, whose presence, at least, was owned to, were now in the hall. Sir Charles Danby sat himself in an arm chair in the corner; his daughter stood near. Two female servants were behind, while three male domestics were also close at hand. As soon as the soldiers were withdrawn, Colonel Lilburne drew Jack into the embrasure of a window.

"I have a warrant in my pocket which commands me to hang you wherever I find you, as a highwayman, a spy, and an attempted assassin; but I cannot forget that we were boys together, and some other hand must strike the blow. Keep your own secret, and I will not betray you."

"Thank you, Ralph," said the other, in a low tone, "but do not misjudge me. Assassin I am not; no human blood was ever shed by these hands, which are whiter than those of your masters. I was against the purses of cuckoldy Roundheads—pardon me, it is our word—but I would not have slain even the old Noll himself."

"You speak of his Highness the Lord Protector in irreverent terms; but let that pass. My troop quarters here for a week. If you take my advice, you will decamp at the earliest opportunity."

"And leave the field clear for you—eh, Ralph?"

The highwayman glanced slily towards Miss Danby, upon whom the young officer's eyes were certainly fixed with great assiduity though she avoided his looks as much as possible.

"I have no account to give of my thoughts," said Colonel Lilburne calmly, though his cheek was slightly suffused with crimson, "but surely you have no pretensions there?"

"I am indeed your rival," replied Jack Hind, proudly. "I hold a captain's commission in my king's service, and that effaces all bygones. Besides, I am a sterling Loyalist."

"No more, sir," said the young Ironside, with considerable disgust. "Well, Johns, what's the news?"

"Verily," said the Puritan soldier, "I have searched high and low, and have found nothing. But the men of Belial are cunning, and patience hath its reward."

"Let eighty troopers camp in the lawn near the edge of the wood," replied the Colonel; "the rest, Sir Charles, I am sorry to say, must be quartered on you for the present."

"I hope not to do discredit to the hospitality of my house. John, see that the soldiers have fit refreshments. Colonel Lilburne, may I request to see you at my poor table?"

The old Royalist spoke with extreme courtesy, and the Republican officer accepted. He then gave orders for sentries to occupy the four corners of the moat, and to allow no egress to any without his permission.

"Colonel," said Miss Danby, proudly, a bitter sarcastic look upon her face, "may I walk in the garden?"

"Miss Danby," replied the young officer, approaching, and taking her hand, "blame me not. I cannot say I am on a disagreeable duty, since it has procured me the pleasure of meeting, may I say, friends to whom I am deeply and respectfully attached. We are on opposite sides in the political camp; but, as a man, I can never forget my good and noble benefactor, nor the charming pupil who once was used to let me read Shakespeare to her in the green garden of Chipping Norton. My orders are imperative and strict, and I must obey; but be assured that I shall seek to conciliate my profound affection and respect for your family with my public duty. You are still mistress here."

And with these words Colonel Lilburne let go her hand, and retired.

"A gallant fellow, truly," said Sir Charles, "'tis pity he's a Roundhead. Gad! the fellow looks a hero, every inch of him."

"He is a servant of Oliver Cromwell," replied Miss Danby, tossing her head, though she turned away to hide a tear brought to her eyes by the memory of the past. "Captain Hind, will you accompany me to the garden?"

The Captain hastened to take her hand, and the haughty beauty went out, leaving the servants to attend to the domestic affairs, and her father to retire to his library.

"They have hitherto failed to discover the holy father," said Miss Danby, as soon as they were in the garden; "but he must fly to-night, or he is lost. Colonel Lilburne has an eagle eye, which will be not so easily deceived as his sergeant's."

"You admire the Colonel?" said Jack Hind, a little quickly.

"I think him the handsomest and noblest soldier I ever saw," replied Miss Danby, a little warmly; "but he is a rebel."

"Luckily," said Jack.

"Why so, Captain Hind?"

"Because, if he were not, I might take my answer to my morning's prayer at once."

"Captain Hind, exclaimed Miss Danby, somewhat stiffly, "I told you this morning that your pretensions were misplaced. Pray let the subject be dropped."

"This morning only you spoke more kindly," said the Captain, much piqued.

"I thought we came out to speak of the reverend father," continued Miss Danby, who, somewhat flattered in the morning by the handsome Cavalier's allusions, and plain declaration of love, was by no means now inclined to receive the same homage.

"I am at your service, madam—"

At this moment they turned into a shaded alley, and found themselves face to face with Colonel Lilburne. The Ironside officer stood with folded arms and downcast eyes, and his whole mien was that of a man wrapped in the deepest meditation. His expression of face was tender, and almost tearful.

Digitized by Google

He started as he heard footsteps, and the three former playfellows stood gazing at each other, each more foolish-looking than his neighbour.

"Who would have thought, seven years ago," said Miss Danby, speaking to make the situation less awkward, "of what has happened since?"

"Those were happy and innocent days, which God blessed because of their innocence," cried the Colonel. "How gladly would I see us all as we were then!"

"You fancy, Ralph, we are not so happy as then, perhaps," said Hind, laughing.

"Nay, not all so spotless and innocent. Miss Danby is the same lovely, good, and pure creature she ever was; but can we say as much?" added the Colonel, a little severely.

"I should never have expected to have seen you imbrue your hands in the blood of your king," said Miss Danby, warmly.

"Let us not dispute," replied Ralph, gravely. "To me he was a tyrant and a criminal; to you he was a god. We cannot agree."

And the Colonel sighed involuntarily. Miss Danby blushed.

"I have had a whole week, Colonel, to tell my history since I left Chipping Norton," said Hind, impertinently; "perhaps you would like an hour to tell yours."

"Captain Hind, an hour would tell all mine, a month would scarcely tell yours. My life has been led, I humbly hope, in the ways of the Lord, while — but let me judge no man."

Hind, who had been an instant uneasy, here turned away and left the alley, before Miss Danby could prevent him, calculating that the Puritanical discourse of the Colonel would soon disgust the Royalist's daughter with the handsome officer.

"Are we of the same faith still?" asked the Colonel, abruptly, as soon as they were alone.

"We are, Ralph," replied Miss Danby, in a low and humble voice, "though no human being but yourself knows it. My father is a zealous Roman Catholic, and I cannot pain him by the confession."

"I cannot blame you," said the young man. "But listen. For seven years have I dreamed of this hour, and it has come at last. I was but sixteen when I left you, Miss Danby; but the boy loved you. Never once from that hour have I swerved from my allegiance. I loved you then, Miss Danby, I love you now; to me there has never been a woman in the world save thee. Oh! why are we enemies?"

"We can never be enemies, Ralph, while we worship the same God!" replied Miss Danby, in a low tone.

"But we may never kneel at God's altar to ask a blessing on our love. I worship thy image far too much, and my heart sighs at my weakness; but thou canst never love me."

"This talk is idle, Ralph; let us go to the house."

"We may never meet again alive. Say, when these cruel days are over — But no, you never loved me — you can never love—"

"Why," said the Royalist's daughter, her eyes fixed on the ground, her whole frame trembling, "am I not still Miss Danby?"

The Puritan soldier forgot all his reserve. In an instant the ardent lover overcame every other feeling, and he clasped the blushing, crying, laughing girl to his heart.

"What are we doing, Ralph?" cried she, after lying very quietly in his arms for about five minutes; it is impossible, unnatural—" And she tore herself away.

"Thou art mine in the sight of my God and thy God," replied Ralph, solemnly; "for thou hast said it. None now can part us."

"My father will never allow such a thought."

"We are in the Lord's hands," continued the Colonel, taking her arm and moving towards the house, which they soon entered, to the surprise of soldiers and servants, in the most friendly manner possible.

"Already!" muttered Hind, who had heard all, and who had retired only to discover their secret.

CHAPTER VI.

A WEDDING PARTY.

Sir Charles Danby, fascinated by the handsome figure, loyalty, activity, and devotion, of Captain James Hind, who really bore a commission signed "Charles II.," and was one of the Pretender's most active agents, destined him for his son-in-law. Nearly all the persons who could have aspired in better days to the hand of the heiress were dispersed or in exile. Sir Charles, whom unexpected infirmities had prevented from taking the field, had hitherto escaped suspicion, and was still an active adherent of the Royalist cause. His house served as a rendezvous for many plotters, and of these Captain Hind was always the most active and zealous. The secret of his profusion of cash none knew but himself; while his name was, in his capacity of an officer, William Osborn, which he took, by the king's permission, from his mother, who was of better family than his father.

Captain Jack Hind, the highwayman, was a man of such notorious celebrity that all had heard of him, and the Royalist officer was often apt to allude to the impudent rascal. He gave this fellow's celebrity as one reason for his change of name, it being unpleasant to be called by the same appellation as a thief, however bold and daring. Sir Charles and all the noble gentlemen who espoused the cause of Charles II.—'tis pity their sympathy fell not on some more worthy person—were totally ignorant of the real character of Captain Osborn. Lilburne, because he saw that his former schoolfellow was his rival, and also out of pity, forbore to use the knowledge acquired from the confession of Allen.

The whole party met at dinner. Sir Charles sat at one end, his daughter at the other, the young men one opposite unto the other. No grace was said aloud, each remaining silent, to say it inwardly, unwilling to shock prejudices. The dinner then commenced. It was ample and well served; and, as no one referred to politics, it proved a very happy meal. Jack was the only one who was dull. There was to him something insolent in the undisguised happiness of the lovers. Though not a word passed between them which could

Digitized by Google

betray the long pent up secret of their hearts, to one who knew as much as Jack Hind their looks were enough. He allowed his rival, therefore, to have all the conversation to himself; and even when Colonel Lilburne entered into a long, passionate, eloquent, and unanswerable defence of his own public conduct, and that of his party, he said nothing. Sir Charles and Miss Danby listened, too, in silence. Their prejudices could not be seriously touched at once, but they were both staggered. When the party rose from table, the Baronet retired to sleep awhile; the Colonel, after seeing to his men, returned to the chamber where Miss Danby sat, and conversed with her until her father made a third. Captain Osborn, *alias* Jack Hind, retired to his room, and about ten o'clock the whole mansion lay in dead silence.

But Hind slept not. His love and his duty both kept him awake. He was passionately attached for the first time in his life to a woman, and the father approved his suit. Respectability, fortune, all were before him. He had determined on wedding Miss Danby, to quit his robber-life for ever, to become a gentleman in earnest, and win pardon for his past errors by exemplary future conduct. But a rival stepped in his way, and a favoured rival too. His worst passions were roused, and he determined that nothing should foil him in his intended wishes. About midnight he remained leaning on the sill of the window, in the same position he had taken at seven in the evening. As a dull clock chimed the hour, he started, took a pair of pistols, a cloak, and then leaping through the window, alighted on a heap of straw. He stood still an instant, and then moved towards the ruins. Twenty minutes later he came forth, leading an aged man by the hand—the same Jesuit who was introduced in our first chapter, and who was an indefatigable Royalist agent. Groping along with extreme caution, the pair made towards the moat. It was half choked up, near the ruins, and they crossed without difficulty. The night was dark and windy, and the sentinels saw nothing.

Next morning, Captain Osborn was missed; and though Colonel Lilburne was glad of his departure, he was still annoyed at the impunity with which he was able to leave, as the person they were in search of might, he feared, have left in the same way. But as his orders were rather to survey the neighbourhood, which was held to be suspicious, than to capture any particular individual, the Ironside officer established his head-quarters in Danby House; thence sending out his scouts, and there receiving all their reports. His daily despatches to Oliver Cromwell were directed there; and, as he received strict directions to keep his eye on the supposed Royalist gatherings of the quarter, his stay was prolonged a considerable time.

About three weeks had passed since the arrival of Colonel Lilburne, when Miss Danby received a request to serve as bridesmaid to a friend of hers who was about to be married. The ceremony was to take place at a town at no great distance. It was agreed that Sir Charles and Miss Danby were to ride over to Peters House, the residence of the fair lady, and thence accompany her friend to the county town, where they would pass the night with a mutual acquaintance, and be present at the marriage in the morning.

Colonel Lilburne declined accompanying them, having received some intelligence which compelled him to ride with most of his men to a house at some distance, reported to contain a Royalist conclave. He wished them a happy journey, and a pleasanter duty than he had to perform, and thus they parted.

Sir Charles and Miss Danby mounted on horseback, and rode across the country to Peters House, about mid-day. They found four ladies ready to accompany them. The huge family-carriage, with four horses, were ready to start, for they had a long journey in view. After a hasty collation, they went on their way; the baronet, Miss Danby, and the bride, occupied the back seat, an aunt and two merry, laughing sisters, the one facing them. On the ground was a casket containing, in solid gold, the fortune of the lady, which her aunt, a staunch Royalist, would never trust in any banker's hands.

Talking, joking, debating on the advantages and disadvantages of married life, teasing the bride a little, and hearing the news from Sir Charles, the time passed rapidly, and the evening had become dark when yet ten miles from the end of their journey.

They were on a wide and naked common, when suddenly a horseman came up behind. He was well dressed, but his features were in part concealed by a heavy slouching hat. He looked curiously into the carriage; and observing it to be full of ladies, bowed gallantly to those on the front seat.

"Pardon," said he, "an errant knight, devoted to the defence of the fair and lovely sex, whom I now behold in all its seductive charms before me. My mistress is hard-hearted, and, I fear, faithless; but riches are all-powerful, and in search of them I travel; every good and generous heart is willing to aid my necessities. I am sure that in the cause of love such lovely damsels will not be found wanting."

"Father," whispered Miss Danby to the Baronet, "listen for your life, and speak not one word; lean back in the coach, and let not yourself be seen. Ask no questions; but oblige your child."

The Baronet made no reply; but the young ladies, who in their present humour were quite ready to be amused, and who took the horseman either for a friend of the bridegroom's or some Don Quixote or Amadis of Gaul, replied,—

"Excellent and courteous knight, the cause of love is sacred with our sex, and we take every interest in your forlorn position; but we cannot aid you. Our riches at present are confined to a deposit, the dowry of this maiden, who bears it to her husband. To-morrow she will be wed."

"Fair, amiable, and lovely beauties," replied the horseman with a smile, "and what may be this deposit?—speak: let me know, that I may take it under my protection, as in duty bound, according to the rules of knight-errantry."

"Three thousand golden pieces are the dowry of my sister," said the girl, laughing.

Digitized by Google

"Present my humble and faithful respects to the knight who has been thought worthy of so lovely a treasure, and deign to tell him that my name is Captain Jack Hind; that but for urgent necessity I should never have touched this wedding-present—far too little, doubtless, for his merits. Tell him him, too, that I will use the sum for the defence of true love; and above all, to prevent the union of a lovely but haughty beauty to a cuckoldy Roundhead."

Dead silence prevailed in the carriage. The name of the daring outlaw made every heart leap. Sir Charles and Miss Danby were now satisfied that Captain Jack Hind, James Hind the saddler's son, and Captain Osborn were one and the same person; but neither dared speak, dreading the exposure both should be put to. The ladies trembled in every limb as they marked how heavily armed was the highwayman. The thoughtless girl who had spoken handed up the heavy casket.

"I regret to touch it," said Captain Hind—and this anecdote is strictly historical—"and nothing but sheer necessity drives me to it. I have a part to play, and money must I have; but I will take but one thousand, and hope that the remaining two may serve to promote the happiness of the new-married couple." And, putting spurs to his horse, the eccentric highwayman rode off.

The poor bride almost fainted with joy. The loss of all would have been such utter ruin, that the robber's generosity—and, for a thief, the act was generous—was more like a miracle than reality; and the girl was loud in her admiration of so much heroism, as she called it.

"Thank God, the rascal is gone," said Sir Charles. "Miss Lascelles, I would have interfered, but rage, astonishment, and fury held my tongue. Besides, I am unarmed. But, mark my words, your thousand guineas are not lost. Be of good cheer, I know the knave; and he shall refund every sixpence."

o o o o o

The instant the wedding was over, Sir Charles and Miss Danby, escorted by some friends, mounted on horseback, and, accompanied by the bride and bridegroom, rode hard towards Danby House. Sir Charles had insisted on this with so much earnestness and warmth, that, without understanding the mystery, all agreed to do so. Well mounted, both ladies and gentlemen reached the ruined castle long before evening.

"Is Colonel Lilburne returned?" asked Sir Charles of the sentry.

"He is in the hall with the malignant Captain Osborn," said the Ironside, continuing his walk.

"Follow me, gentlemen and ladies," said Sir Charles.

The whole party dismounted, and hastily followed the master of the house. They entered the great hall, where dinner was laid. The Colonel was reading, the Captain playing with a greyhound.

"Colonel," exclaimed Sir Charles, hastily, "I have some important intelligence for you; and pray leave to call in Sergeant Johns.—Sergeant! collar that highwayman; and bid your men search his room for a thousand guineas in gold."

Colonel Lilburne stood astounded; Captain Hind, held fast by the gigantic puritan soldier, trembled with rage and despair; the wedding-party looked petrified with astonishment.

"Colonel Lilburne," said the baronet, whose choler nearly choked him, "last night I and my daughter were with these ladies in a carriage, when it was stopped and robbed by this audacious knave. I knew his early name was James Hind; but never supposed that the noted thief, and an officer of his late majesty, could be one and the same. But my eyes are opened. Colonel, this man, to whom I promised my daughter's hand, this man, who was to be the son of my old age, is a gallows-bird, a thief, a highwayman!"

"I suppose Sir Charles prefers a cuckoldy Roundhead," said Captain Jack, recovering all his audacity.

"What mean you, sir knave?" thundered the Baronet.

"Ask your daughter what confession she made the other evening to the crop-eared Colonel."

"Child! Colonel! what means this?" said the old Baronet.

"That your daughter and I intended, the day this man was unmasked, to ask for your blessing."

"Colonel Lilburne," cried the Baronet, suddenly calming himself and speaking solemnly, "you are the servant of a man I can neither love nor serve, but you are an honest and a good man. If it be only to keep her from such knaves as these, take my child.—Ah, ah! the bag of gold untouched! What, said I, Lady Stapleton? Here are your husband's thousand guineas."

"Many thanks, Sir Charles," said Lord Stapleton.

"Now, my lord, and now, Colonel, do as ye list with that rogue, and then let us all to dinner. Come, let every man forget politics and battles, and think only we are Englishmen. We will dance to-night to Lady Stapleton's wedding, and, foregad! ye shall dance to-morrow to Mrs. Colonel Lilburne's."

"Father!" said Miss Danby.

"Father me no father," cried the Baronet. "John, serve what dinner ye can, but give us all the better supper. Prepare rooms for all; and bid Prince ride over for the minister in the morning to buckle this new couple. I shall have no peace until I now see her a wife, and thank God she did not become the wife of a thief."

Captain Hind was thrust into a garret, well tied and bolted in, and the rest sat down to dinner. There was a stiffness at first between the country gentlemen and Colonel Lilburne, but this wore off, especially as Lord Stapleton was himself a moderate Commonwealth man. Ralph, and his astonished and blushing bride, could not but reflect on the fact, that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. A union which yesterday was rather wished and desired than hoped, was now settled.

All enjoyed themselves. The servants and soldiers drank heavy jugs of ale on the occasion together; the guests supped better than they dined, and danced better than all. The Colonel, Miss Danby, and Sir Charles looked on; but the wed-

Digitized by Google

ding-party kept up the festivities to a late hour, and all parted that night, utterly forgetting that some had recently fought in opposite and inimical armies.

An hour after all the rest were in bed, the Colonel was seen moving to the upper part of the house.

In the morning, Jack Hind was again missing.

o o o o o

A happy couple were united the following day, and Sir Charles, thoroughly disgusted with politics, took no farther part in the Royalist intrigues of the time of Oliver Cromwell. He saw, without anger, his daughter a protestant and a friend of the Cromwell family. The virtues of his son-in-law, who proved a noble fellow, and a plentiful family of grand-sons and grand-daughters, made him forget the troubled affairs with which he had been mixed up. The rascality of the pretended royalist officer, turned the worthy but hasty and prejudiced baronet against the whole party. His zeal had been unthinking and habitual, not the effect of reflection, and his change partook of the same characteristics. Sir Charles Danby, a man of impressionable and vivacious character, lived to see the restoration of the Stuarts—with regret.

Hind having one day robbed Colonel Harrison, was chased in every hole and corner, and shot a servant riding post-haste, whom he took for a police-agent. This was his first deed of blood. It and the death of Patty, who was alive when he courted Miss Danby, acted on his mind, and he robbed no more. He abandoned his career of crime, and fought as an officer in the battle of Worcester. After this he lived in London, but was at length betrayed.

On the 27th September, 1652, Colonel Lilburne, his young wife and three children were at breakfast. The Colonel was opening a letter. Suddenly he stopped.

"Poor fellow!" he exclaimed, "poor fellow!"

"What is the matter, Ralph?" asked his wife anxiously.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul," replied the Colonel gravely. "Hind ended his days on the scaffold, on the 24th of this month, at Worcester. He was a ruffian, but there have been worse men. His crimes were many, but he was once our playmate. Let us forget all, save that he has been punished; and let us hope that a merciful God may take into account his ignorance, his benighted mind, and his lamentable death."

The lovely woman to whom these words were addressed made no reply; she took her husband's arm, led him gently away to a private room, and fell on her knees beside him. They prayed fervently for the soul of the guilty one, and then gave humble thanks for the mercies which they had received.

The body of the robber was exposed on the gates of Worcester, according to the sentence. But five days after they were removed, no man ever knew how; some years after, however, a lady and gentleman were observed gravely gazing at a plain stone, in a village churchyard, on which were engraved these words: "*To the memory of James Hind.*"

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.*

There was scarcely a necessity for the author of this truly polemical pamphlet to have put his name to it. It would have been impossible that he should hide his talent. Everybody would have known from what source it came. *Aut Henricus Exoniensis, aut Diabolus.* Between these two one might, perhaps, have been puzzled. From either one might have expected the same hot and fiery zeal, the same tone of discourteous sarcasm towards an opponent, the same want of charity, and, we grieve to add, the same levity of expression with reference to sacred subjects, which are to be found in the work under consideration. It is a most combustible production—a regular bundle of Lucifer matches.

It is not our intention to enter upon the discussion of the very grave question which is now agitating the Church—whether it is the doctrine of the Church of England that the Divine grace of regeneration is conferred in and by the ceremony of baptism, or whether it is consonant to that doctrine to hold that the Divine grace may be given before, and independent of, that ceremony. The question is not, it is to be remembered, which of these doctrines is abstractedly the true one, but which is the doctrine of the Church.

If it can clearly be shown that the Church lays down a specific doctrine upon the subject, and any man conscientiously differ from that doctrine, he is at liberty to do so; but he becomes a seceder from the Church. If, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether the doctrine is distinctly inculcated, any person will be at liberty to form his own views on the subject, and will still remain a member of the Church. This, we apprehend, is a fair statement of the question.

The Bishop of Exeter contends that the doctrine of the Church, as to regeneration being conferred in and by baptism, is clearly and unequivocally settled. Mr. Gorham, supported as he is by the opinion of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury, contends that the doctrine is not so settled, but that it is what may be termed an open question, on which any member of the Church is at liberty to form his own opinion.

The Bishop possibly may be right—his may be the true exposition of the doctrine of the Church; but never, surely, were right and truth put forward in so ungainly a garb as they have been by him upon this occasion. Zeal and earnestness on such a topic are excusable—nay, in this lukewarm

* A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Bishop of Exeter. London: Murray.

Digitized by Google

age, are very desirable; but when zeal degenerates into bigotry, and earnestness into virulence, they become offensive to every taste, except such, perhaps, as may have been formed in the diocese of Exeter or the precincts of Billingsgate.

The manner in which the right reverend prelate insults the primate is absolutely shocking. He charges him with ignorance—with dishonesty in misquoting his authorities, and this too in the most insulting forms of irony—with heresy—with countenancing "mere naked Zuinglianism"—with "rank Popery, and worse than Popery." What that may be, unless the Archbishop were to become a convert to Dr. Philpotts's way of thinking, it is not easy for simple Protestants like ourselves to conjecture.

It is not our intention to sully our pages with extracts from this scurrilous production. We are satisfied that every right-thinking man, who may even concur in the general views of the Bishop, must be shocked at the method he has taken of expressing them; and to those who differ from him, their attack upon an individual whom they will look up to with respect and veneration must be eminently painful. It is only to the enemies of the Church or the enemies of all religion to whom it can offer any attractions. We can hardly suspect a Bishop of an intention to bring the Establishment into contempt; but if he nourished it, he could hardly have taken more effectual means of carrying it into execution.

The Bishop suggests that the judgment of the Privy Council, sanctioned by the Archbishop, is merely a temporising measure, adopted for the purpose of peace. "But," says he, "nothing good ever came from the sacrifice of truth to peace." We will not dispute that proposition, but does the Bishop draw, as a corollary from it, that no truth can be established without going to war about it? Does he believe that every truth must be positively enforced?—that none but knock-down arguments are of any avail?—that wager of battle is the surest method of sifting the accuracy of testimony? We cannot help suspecting that his Lordship is actuated less by a love of truth than by a hatred of peace.

As we have before intimated, we have no quarrel with the Bishop of Exeter for his zeal on behalf of what he believes to be the truth—what we are offended at is his manner of showing that zeal. He says, that "courtesy, modesty, and charity have no place as to the truth of Almighty God." Where did he learn this doctrine? Not surely in the Sermon on the Mount. We wish him to understand, as a Christian teacher, that courtesy and modesty and charity can harm no cause, and, least of all, the cause of truth. He says he has suffered much in this cause—"in warring for the Church." Let him try a little the effect of those qualities which at present he so much despises, and perhaps he will suffer less. At least, he will meet with sympathy and respect, and may succeed in attracting and persuading where he now only disgusts and repels.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary of her Travels in Barbary. 2 vols. Colburn, London.

Who the fair writer of these entertaining volumes is, we know not, but we think that her friends have judged well in recommending her, as she informs us in her preface, to give them to the public. The scenes which she visited, though by no means new, are always interesting; and they are pourtrayed in the pages before us with much power as well as delicacy of touch. The authoress, it is very evident, is no holiday tourist. The beaten tracks of pleasure-seeking travellers have few charms for her adventurous fancy. She delights in the inaccessible and the sublime. The matchless scenery of the Bosphorus, the classic shores of Greece, the rugged solitudes of Northern Europe, seem all to have been visited in turn, before the author of the "Lady's Diary" turned her thoughts to Africa. She was at Marseilles, she informs us, in December, 1847, *en route* for Spain, when, exercising the privilege of her sex, she suddenly changed her mind and embarked for Algiers.

Her description of that ancient seat of piracy, is, upon the whole, far from inviting. As seen from the sea, we are told that it "looks like a heap of stones piled up in the shape of a sugar loaf." A closer acquaintance does not improve the general impression conveyed by the distant aspect of the city. The streets, at least in winter, are abominably dirty, and so are the omnibuses; and so, we may add, are the hotels. The environs of the city, which are of an extremely varied character, and present many striking and picturesque scenes, are the main points of attraction to the tourist.

Constantina was the next place of note visited by our adventurous countrywoman. This "rock-built city," the Cirta of the ancients, it will be recollected was taken by assault by the French after a most rigorous resistance in the autumn of 1837. The peculiar situation of this remarkable city, perched on the summit of an apparently inaccessible rock, seems to excite the admiration of every traveller. "If I had had a hundred eyes," says the author of the "Diary," "I should have employed them all in my eagerness to gaze on this ancient capital of the Numidian Kings. I had heard and read many descriptions of the peculiar situation of Constantina; but the reality exceeded all I could have imagined." In the next page, however, she dwells pathetically on the wretchedness of the accommodation now afforded by the once proud seat of the Numidian monarchs. The

Digitized by Google

rooms of the inn, an old Moorish mansion, contained no fire-places, no bells, and only one waiter, a Jewess, who understood no language except Arabic. There is much fine scenery in the immediate vicinity of Constantina, but the city itself, except from its historical associations, seems to contain little to arrest the attention of the traveller. The present population is estimated at 20,000, of whom about 2,000 are Europeans.

From Constantina our traveller made her way, partly by land, partly by sea, to Tunis. The incidents of the journey, and the hardships attending it, are described with much vivacity and spirit. The fording of flooded rivers, the dangers at times incurred from the too close vicinity of wild beasts and of still wilder tribes, the extortion of innkeepers, and the politeness and hospitality of the French officers at some of the more remote stations, by turns occupy the pages of the "Diary." A pleasant residence of several weeks at Tunis, whence our anonymous author returned to Europe by way of Malta, concludes these peregrinations in a field that deserves to be better known both to the tourist and the general reader.

We have said that the author of the "Diary" is generally successful in describing what she has seen; and, as might be expected from her sex, she dwells with interest on the manners and domestic habits of the inhabitants of Northern Africa. While at Algiers she visited, under the auspices of a French lady, a Moorish family living in the neighbourhood of that city. The honours of the house seem to have been done by two very young ladies, one of fourteen and the other of ten years of age. The elder was named Zuleika, and might in point of beauty, we are told, have passed for Byron's heroine of that name. The elder sister displayed to the visitors her dresses and her jewels, both in ample profusion; the younger, in her turn, claimed their attention for a somewhat novel exhibition, viz., a harem of dolls.

"These dolls were attired in the costumes of Moorish ladies, and little Gumara assured me that the dresses were all her own making. After I had admired them, and complimented Gumara on her taste, she told me, with an air of mystery, that she had yet one thing more to show. So saying she produced a doll with a huge black beard and fierce countenance, and dressed completely in imitation of the Sultan. Whilst I was engaged in admiring it, Sidi Mahmoud entered. He had heard that I could speak Italian, and he came to have a little conversation with me about Italy, a country in which he had travelled much. The father's unexpected appearance dismayed the young ladies, who coloured deeply, whilst they endeavoured to hide the miniature effigy of the Sultan. I afterwards learned that Zuleika and her sister are brought up under such vigorous restraint, that even the possession of a doll in male attire is a thing prohibited."—Vol. i, p. 62.

This fairly beats all the tales which Captain Marryat has told us of American prudery.

Besides thus describing a harem of dolls at Algiers, the "Diary" gives us an elaborate picture of a harem of women at Tunis. The seraglio in question belonged to a certain Sidi Hamda, the presumptive heir to the present Bey of Tunis. It seems to have been a very gorgeous affair; but we have only space for the following extract, describing the interior court-yard, or patio, of the harem:—

"The symmetry and pure Moorish style of the Patio were perfect. All round it were ranges of slender graceful pillars, supporting an upper story gaily painted, almost in the Chinese fashion. The pavement of the Patio, and the cool gushing fountain in its midst, were of dazzling white polished marble. Under all the four colonnades were several openings leading to the inner apartments of the women. I cannot better describe the play of colours in the costume of the inmates of this bright and airy prison, than by comparing it to the variegated plumage of the hundreds of curious birds here assembled. Proud strutting peacocks, cockatoos, parrots of all kinds, and a multitude of other Oriental birds of species wholly unknown to me, screamed, flew, and stalked about, as companions to the poor women whose perpetual imprisonment they were to enliven and adorn. Several negresses were here and there busy in polishing the mirror-like marble steps of the Patio, over which elsewhere were heard pattering the gold and jewel-laden slippers of one of the princesses. Through every door were seen quite fairy glimpses; at every pillar were groups of fantastically-dressed women, the monotony of whose daily life was broken by the visit of the strangers. Gorgeously dressed children were led and carried about by numerous nurses and attendants. Nothing was to be heard but the rustling of silks, and mutterings and whisperings that meant, of course: 'Who comes here to peep into our golden cage?'"

We shall conclude this somewhat lengthened notice with the following story of Moorish life, which, though bearing all the air of romance, is, we are assured, "an ower true tale." The incidents, it appears, were related to the writer by the lady of the English consul at Tunis.

"As the women of this country are rigorously forbidden to hold intercourse of any kind with any man but their husband, they are attended in sickness by medical practitioners of their own sex, as is sometimes the case among our own poorer classes. One night as Naimeh, one of these female physicians, had just lain down to rest after a busy day, she was suddenly roused by some one knocking at the door—an unusual circumstance—for being one of the most eminent of her profession, she was never summoned at night without previous notice. She therefore paid no heed to the call at first; but the knocking was continued with such increasing vehemence that she began to think the case must be an urgent one, and getting out of bed, she looked out through a small opening in the door, and inquired who it was that disturbed her at that unusual hour. 'Make haste, make haste, good sister,' replied an unknown male voice in tones of great anxiety, 'your help is sorely needed. Come at once, or it may soon be too late.' Familiar with human suffering in various forms, old Naimeh's heart was readily susceptible of pity. She hesitated no longer, but hastily putting on her ample garments, she stood beside the stranger in the street before he had time to renew his pressing entreaties. But to her horror and dismay, she found her late suppliant transformed at once into an imperious tyrant. In an instant, she found herself muffled in a thick cloth tied tightly over her eyes and mouth, and grasped by a strong hand that hurried her along in silence through the deserted streets, she knew not whither. 'Three hundred piastres for you (about 10*l.*) if you do my bidding without resistance; if not, you are a dead woman.' These were the only words that fell in a grim whisper on the ear of the terrified woman, as she was dragged through many winding streets. At last, when her limbs could scarcely support her farther, her conductor stopped, gave a signal, and the gate of an almost royal mansion opened to admit the pair. When it closed behind them, the stranger removed the bandage from her face, and led her in silence into the innermost apartments, where everything indicated that she was in one of the most opulent Moorish houses of the town. All around her was pomp and splendour, but not one human sound reached her ear. An awful silence reigned in that abode of luxury; and poor Naimeh, who well knew the barbarous customs of her country in certain respects, had a fearful foreboding of the work which she had been so mysteriously brought to do; perhaps it was not the first time she had been forced to give her aid to such deeds. 'Do your office, and beware of uttering a word about what

Digitized by Google

you see here,' were the very last words whispered in her ear by the stranger (whose features she could not exactly discern in the dim light), as he pushed her into a little chamber, leaving the heavy silken curtain, that served as a door, half undrawn behind her.

"On a sumptuous couch, in that small room, lay a beautiful girl apparently about fourteen years of age. No sound escaped her lips, but her sweet countenance gave token of great physical suffering, and still deeper mental anguish. Naimeh's practised eye quickly perceived that the young creature was about to become a mother; nor was it long before a fine male babe lay in the midwife's arms. Tenderly did the fair young mother gaze on her first-born; but her joy was mingled with some harrowing anticipation, and her large, gazelle eyes, turning full of tears upon the midwife, seemed to say, 'Oh, why have you let me live?' Meanwhile, delighted that her mysterious mission had taken no worse a turn, old Naimeh endeavoured to comfort and encourage her patient, but her words seemed quite lost upon the poor, woe-begone girl.

"The stranger now stalked into the chamber, and ordered Naimeh to withdraw into the larger room. She obeyed, of course; but, moved by curiosity and compassion, she placed herself behind the hanging-door, so as to see all that passed, without herself being seen. The stranger went up to the bed-side, and, raising the girl's faint head with one hand, he whispered to her to drink from a cup which he held in the other. As soon as she was aware of his purpose, she uttered a loud shriek, and, stretching out her white arms to defend herself, sank back exhausted, after a short struggle. The stranger quietly laid down the cup, took the infant in his arms, and showing it to its almost fainting mother, said something to her in a low tone, and with a peculiar smile upon his cold, stern features. Potent words they must have been, though spoken so softly; for the timid girl seemed at once possessed with stedfast resolution. The stranger lays down the child, and again presents the cup to his victim, who, as she takes it from his hand, casts a heart-rending look upon her babe, a look that seemed to say, 'Oh, may happiness attend my boy, for twice I am a mother to him, twice I give him life.' She puts the cup to her lips, and, before she has drained it to the bottom, her young life has departed from its lovely tenement. The cup was poisoned. The murderer looked for a moment on his work without changing a muscle; then, turning to Naimeh as coolly as if he had only killed a partridge, he pointed to the corpse, and ordered her to do what was necessary, and be silent for her life. The old woman obeyed, though fear and horror so shook her frame, that she had scarcely strength enough to prepare the remains of the beautiful victim for their last resting-place.

> "Pallida no, ma più che neve bianca,
> Che senza vento in un bel colle fiocchi
> Parea posar come persona stanca:

So lay the victim of a father's wrath. Nor did one victim suffice; the babe still lived, and with loud cries seemed to bewail its mother's murder; but a powder laid on its lips by the assassin's hand silenced it for ever."

More Verse and Prose. By the Corn-Law Rhymer. Vol. II. London: C. Fox.

This little volume, as the last production of one of the oldest and most valued contributors to Tait's Magazine, demands our early attention; and we propose, in our next number, to discuss at length the writings and the genius of Ebenezer Elliott. Meanwhile we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting our readers with the following magnificent stanzas extracted from it:—

SCOTSMEN TO SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SCOTSMEN OF SHEFFIELD.

Thy Men of Men shall we forget,
Old Scotland? No. Where'er we be,
All lonely, or in exile met,
We think of them and thee.

Mother of Knox! "hast thou a charm"
That gives to all thy name who bear
Thoughts which unnerve the despot's arm,
And Will, to do and dare?
Thou bad'st him build on tyrant's bones
An altar to the Lord of Lords;
Thou gav'st him power to shatter thrones,
And vanquish kings, with words.
Stern Mother of the deathless dead!
Where stands a Scot, a freeman stands,
Self-stayed, if poor—self-clothed, self-fed,
Mind-mighty, in all lands.
No mitred pleader need thy sons,
To save the wretch whom Mercy spurns;
No classic lore thy little ones,
Who find a Bard in Burns.
Their path, though dark, they will not miss;
Secure, they tread on danger's brink;
They say, "This shall be!" and it is;
For, ere they act, they think.
Mother of Burns! thy woe-nursed bard
Not always wisely thought or said;
He err'd, he sinn'd—but, oh, 'tis hard
To ban the voiceless dead!
Mother! thy dorie speech hath power
The heart with passion's thrill to move;
But none could sing, in hall or bower,
Like him, thy Bard of Love.
Who dipp'd his words in lightning? Who
With thunder arm'd his story rhyme?
Who made his music tender, true,
Terse, terrible, sublime?
Who bade thy bard, in thrall, maintain
A freeman's port, where'er he trod?
Who taught the peasant to disdain
Proud Fashion's Minstrels? God.
Who gave the child of toil a lyre,
With living sunbeams wildly strung?
And taught his soul of living fire
Truth's universal tongue?
God. But with torture Faction filled
The cup he drained in gloomy pride:
What marvel, if the poison kill'd?
What marvel, if he died?
Few were his days, his fortunes foul;
Bravely he struggled, though not long;
And with a poet's glowing soul,
Drew near to God in song.
For Conscience to thy poet said,
"Burns! be a martyr!" "For the truth,
I will," he cried—and bow'd his head,
And died, grey-haired in youth.
With little men he might not stay,
But hasted from a world unkind:
Oh, guess the worth he threw away,
By what he left behind!
And what a wreath his fame had worn,
Amid a world's immortal tears,
Had he, like England's Milton, borne
The fruit of sixty years!
But shall it of our sires be told
That they their "brother poor" forsook?
No! for they gave him more than gold;
They bought the brave man's Book!
Scotland! thy sons—and not unearned
This day of pleasing tears returns—
Are met to mourn thy trampled, spurned,
Poor, broken-hearted Burns.
And oft again, the kind, the brave,
Who sorrow's feast, like him, have shar'd,
Will meet, to honour in his grave
Thy glorious rustic bard.
Oh, spare his frailties!—write them not
On mute Misfortune's coffin-lid!—
Ev'n Bacon err'd, and greater Scott
Not always greatly did.
A fearful gift is flame from heaven,
To him who bears it in his breast:
Self-fir'd, and blasted, but forgiv'n,
Let Robert's ashes rest.

Digitized by Google

Modern State Trials. Revised and Illustrated, with Essays and Notes, by WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, M.A., Q.C., Recorder of Macclesfield. In 2 volumes. London: Longman and Co.

IT would be difficult to name any work in our language containing a greater mass of interesting matter than the "State Trials" afford. What a host of brilliant names, from Raleigh to Hastings, are associated with those ponderous tomes! How many mingled scenes of heroism and guilt do they unfold? The details of great crimes have always exercised an irresistible influence on the attention of mankind, and in no publication in existence, not even in the *Causes Celebres* of our French neighbours, abounding though they do in strange eventful incidents, is there to be found so various and so vast a catalogue of guilt as in the voluminous collection of Howell. That collection, however, it will be remembered, reaches no further down than the year 1820, the last trial recorded being that of Arthur Thistlewood and his associates for their insane conspiracy to surprise and murder all the members of the then existing Ministry, at the house of the Earl of Harrowby, in the early part of that year.

Since the period in question many remarkable trials have taken place, and indeed of recent years a continuation of Howell's work has been more than once projected. Mr. Townsend's publication does not aim at this; but it will furnish much useful matter for the future compiler who undertakes the task of bringing down the records of state offences to the present time. We have two faults, however, to find with the selection of trials before us; the first is, that not the faintest attempt has been made to arrange them in chronological order; and the second, that several of the most important of modern times have been omitted.

In order to establish our first point, we have only to state that the first trial reported in the first volume is that of John Frost, for high-treason, in 1840; while the first trial in the second volume is that of the present Lord Dundonald, for conspiracy, in 1814. With regard to our second objection, it may, perhaps, suffice to state, that the trial of Henry Hunt, for the conspicuous part he acted in the lamentable proceedings which occurred at Manchester, in August, 1819, occupies no place in Mr. Townsend's collection.

This trial, of which no duly authorised edition has yet been published, is so important, in more than one point of view, that we cannot suppose it has escaped the attention of Mr. Townsend; and we are driven to the conjecture that he has purposely avoided a still painful and irritating topic of our recent history. But these considerations do not justify the omission. The trial of Hunt, and the inquest which afterwards took place at Oldham, form the only authentic record of the darkest passage in the political annals of the present generation. Thomas Carlyle is right. The triumph achieved on the field of Peterloo, by "your unspeakable yeomanry cavalry," over an unresisting multitude—the prompt and cordial thanks returned by the Prince Regent to the victors—still rankle in the bosom of the nation. But, independent altogether of the historical interest attaching to the justly-named "Manchester massacre," Mr. Townsend must, as a lawyer, be aware that in no recent case was the constitutional law of public meetings more fully discussed than during the trial of Hunt. It was, indeed, the authority chiefly referred to in the last and most memorable prosecution of O'Connell in 1844. Surely a trial, in every point of view so important, was better worthy a place in Mr. Townsend's collection than that of Lord Cardigan, for his bloodless passage of arms at Wimbledon with Captain Tuckett, which we find in the pages before us.

There are other interesting political trials which we should have wished to see chronicled in Mr. Townsend's volumes. Howell's collection does not contain that of the deeply-injured Queen of George the Fourth. Neither does it contain the trials for high treason which took place in Scotland in the year 1820. We may remind our southern readers that in that year two men, named Baird and Hardy, were hanged and beheaded at Stirling with all the grim formalities of law, and that another named Wilson met the same fate at Glasgow, for offences which at the present day would probably not entail even the punishment of transportation. The two former were defended by Jeffrey with great eloquence and spirit against an overwhelming array of counsel for the crown, from both sides of the Tweed; for the law of treason in both countries having been assimilated by the Act of Union, it is competent in such cases, and in such cases only, for the barristers of either country to practise before any British tribunal.

Notwithstanding these omissions, however, the work before us contains much interesting matter. The earliest trial given in the collection is that of Lord Dundonald, of whose perfect innocence of the charge of which he was found guilty Mr. Townsend informs us he entertains not the smallest doubt. The last is that of the hero of the Ballingarry cabbage-garden. There are, moreover, various trials of a non-political character, such as that of Lord Cardigan, to which we have already referred, that of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the evil genius of colonial ministers, for the abduction of Miss Turner, and that of Mr. Stuart, of Duncarn, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell, with the admirable defence of Mr. (now Lord) Cockburn, of which Mr. Townsend justly speaks in the highest terms of praise. The trials of various recent notorious criminals, such as Courvoisier, Oxford, and Macnaghten, are contained in Mr. Townsend's work.

The Rifle Rangers; or, Adventures of an Officer in Southern Mexico. 2 vols. London: Shoberl.

THE author of this work seems to emulate the fame of Colonel Crockett, of Tenessee. The following account of himself, in his first chapter, will, we think, justify the remark:—

"My foot had pressed the summits of the Andes, and climbed the Cordilleras of the Sierra Madre. I had steamed it down the Mississippi, and sculled it up the Orinoco. I had hunted buffaloes with the Pawnees of the Platte, and ostriches upon the Pampas of the Plata. To-day shivering in the hut of an Esquimaux, a month after, taking my siesta in an aery couch under the gossamer frondage of the

Digitized by Google

Corozo palm. I had eaten raw meat with the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, and roast monkey among the Mosquito Indians; and much more, that might weary the reader, and that ought to have made the writer a wiser man; but I fear the spirit of adventure, its thirst is within me, slakeless. I had just returned from a 'scurry' among the Comanches of Western Texas, and the idea of settling down was as far from my mind as ever.

"'What next? What next?' thought I. 'Ha! the war in Mexico.'"

So far, well. And if he had given us a simple and faithful narrative of what he saw there, we should have thanked him for his pains; but the interest of the book is greatly impaired by the introduction of fictitious names and incidents, and by the highly exaggerated tone of the whole work. The adventures related are so numerous and so startling, that truth must indeed be a great deal stranger than fiction if we are to yield implicit faith to all that these volumes contain. No romance, at least that we ever read, affords so rapid a series of stirring incidents. This apparent spirit of exaggeration is to be regretted, as the work abounds in vigorous passages displaying great descriptive power. We look in vain in it, however, for any connected outline of the progress of the Mexican war.

Ceylon and the Cingalese, &c. &c. By HENRY CHARLES SIRR, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. In 2 vols. William Shoberl, London.

WE have heard a great deal about Ceylon of late, thanks to Lord Torrington and his dog-taxes, and we shall probably hear much more before the closing of the present session of Parliament. The work before us is a welcome contribution to our stock of information respecting that valuable dependency. It is written by a person of intelligence and observation, who, from the circumstance of his having filled the office of Deputy Queen's Advocate for the southern division of Ceylon, had ready access to the best sources of information. Besides affording us an apparently unprejudiced narrative of the political disturbances which have lately distracted that island, Mr. Sirr has supplied many interesting details as to its great natural capabilities, as well as to the history, literature, and domestic manners of its inhabitants. The architectural antiquities, too, which in this fabled seat of paradise are numerous and highly interesting, come in for their due share of attention.

If our space allowed us, we should be tempted to extract various passages descriptive of the sublime and gorgeous scenery with which Ceylon abounds. We should also be tempted to transcribe more than one translated specimen of the works of native authors which enrich the volumes before us. But we must be content to confine ourselves to one topic, being that upon which, from his professional experience, the author is best entitled to be heard, viz., the administration of justice in Ceylon. Mr. Sirr shews that in this important department there is ample room for improvement; and he shews, moreover, what Lord Torrington ought to have known before he commenced his shooting of priests and hanging of pretenders, that the punishment of death has no terrors for the true follower of Buddha. His implicit faith in the transmigration of souls enables him to meet his fate with indifference or with defiance. What should we think of hearing a prisoner, after sentence of death had been passed upon him, turning round upon his judge and jury, and telling them that he hoped yet to have the satisfaction of stinging them all as a cobra-capella, into which he knew he would be instantly transformed upon his execution? Another criminal, with less malignity, or with more indolence, will boast that he is to exchange his human form for that of a coffee-bush, when he will have nothing to do but to grow berries, and in return be carefully trimmed, watered, and taken care of. A third, in whom avarice is the ruling passion, will declare that in his next stage of existence he will enter the soul of a rich man and oppress the poor.

With reference to this subject Mr. Sirr says:—

"We must acknowledge our sincere conviction that capital punishment should not be inflicted upon our fellow subjects, who are followers of Buddha, or believers in the transmigration of souls. We have arrived at this conclusion from personal observation, which has satisfied us of the utter recklessness with which the benighted followers of Buddha meet *death* as a *punishment*, and the consequent inefficacy of the example to deter the survivors.

"In illustration of this fact, we select the following instance, from many others, to which our own experience bears testimony, of the circumstances connected with a criminal trial in Ceylon. Appoo Yapa, aged fourteen years, was indicted for the wilful murder of a female, two years his junior. It was proved upon the trial that the mangled body of the deceased had been found in a stream, a short distance from Belligamme, in the neighbourhood of which her parents resided, who were poor but respectable people. That on the day previously to that on which the corpse was discovered the deceased had been sent by her parents to the bazaar to purchase rice, for which purpose she had been given an eight fanam piece, or a shilling of our money.

"Two or three of the witnesses had seen the girl in company with the prisoner, on the day above specified, at some distance from the bazaar, and the information which had been given by them led to the apprehension of Appoo Yapa.

"When the prisoner was arrested, spots of blood were found upon his comboy, which was produced in court, and one witness stated that he could swear to those spots being marks of *human* blood, as he had smelt it soon after the prisoner's arrest. Blood was also visible upon a knife produced in court, which had been found upon the prisoner, and the same witness swore to the fact of that being also the stain of human blood. Money was also proved to have been spent by Appoo Yapa between the period when he was last seen with the deceased, and that of his apprehension.

"The jury found him guilty. Sentence of death was passed, which he listened to with the greatest indifference conceivable, and, at the conclusion, stated that he did not care, as he knew that he would become in his next state of existence a cobra-capella, and in that form he should return and have the satisfaction of stinging the judge, jury, and advocate. This youth made a full confession of his crime: he first knocked his victim on the head, and then cut and maimed her with his knife; he afterwards hid the body amongst some underwood, but, fearing it might too readily be discovered in that situation, he had dragged it a considerable distance, and thrown it into the stream where it was found.

"He also acknowledged the murders of two other children of ages corresponding with her's for whose death he was to suffer, and stated that in each instance he had been actuated by the sole motive to possess himself of some insignificant sum of money, or trinket, possessed by them. Appoo Yapa maintained to the last the same indifference which he evinced at the trial, and his execution produced little effect upon the spectators.

Digitized by Google

"On another occasion, when a prisoner was asked in the usual form, if he had any cause to show why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he replied that he was quite contented to die, and did not wish to avoid it, because he knew that in his next stage he would pass a life of ease and quiet, and have all his wants supplied, as he should become a coffee-bush, and would thus have plenty of good water, bear abundant crops of the berry, and consequently be taken the greatest care of, without any personal trouble, or inconvenience.

"On a recent occasion, two high-caste Cingalese men were condemned to suffer death at Colombo, for murder; each of them confessed the crime, and one of them appeared to be somewhat impressed with the heinousness of his offence. But the other one evinced great hardihood, and said, when the rope was around his neck, that immediately the breath had quitted his body, he would be born again as a demon, and torment the moodliar through whose endeavours he had been apprehended, and kill his wife and children; and, after satiating his vengeance in that form, he would die, and his soul would inhabit the carcase of a rich man, and in that capacity he would oppress the poor and needy, or, as the wretched criminal expressed himself, 'suck the blood of the people.'"

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. By William Mure, of Caldwell. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

Colonel Mure's reputation as a scholar and a traveller entitle the work before us to a much more lengthened notice than we can devote to it during the present month. We shall, however, take an early opportunity of returning to this elaborate treatise, which, both from its style and matter, it is easy to perceive must have absorbed the leisure of many years.

Progressive Lessons in Social Science. By the Author of "Outlines of Social Economy." London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This is, both in form and substance, a school-book for grown-up men. It consists of a number of questions upon all the leading topics of political economy; and in many cases, of course, the query suggests a truth which the catechumen might easily enough overlook, if this or some similar process of eliciting demonstration were not adopted. It is, in fact, the old Socratic method of making the disciple reflect and establish, by his own answers, the verity that he seeks for. The pages before us are designed for the mechanics of the Finsbury Institution; and present us with a fair specimen of food meet for the strong and manly intellect of English artizans.

Letters on Early Education, by Pestalozzi. London: C. Gilpin.

Pestalozzi's letters deserve a reprint, though nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since their first appearance. Any record, however trifling, of the founder of popular education would, of course, demand our respectful attention; but in the writings of Pestalozzi there are intrinsic qualities that well repay perusal. It is from the simplicity and tenderness of his heart that he discovers and enforces truth. Both his precepts and example shew that it is foolish and criminal to despair of better things, though we witness any amount of human degradation. He makes us emphatically better and wiser men.

The Angel World. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." Pickering. 1850.

We have been no less delighted than surprised by this poem. It is gold of great price, without a particle of alloy. For this we were hardly prepared. After having been angered beyond measure by finding the real merits of Festus sadly marred by the admixture of most wilful and unpardonable blemishes, it was natural to approach the little volume before us with considerable trepidation. The poet has, however, now undoubtedly won his spurs. "Festus" showed that he had power; "The Angel World" proves as cogently that he has judgment. We believe in the sanity of true genius. Neither he nor his readers will ever regret that he has listened to friendly monitors. He is as wild and imaginative as ever; but his composition is rigidly artistic. Art, we know, is an awful name; but if we English it as taste or judgment, we shall not be suspected of insinuating that the present is less original than the earlier work. For no poet could we well say more, and Mr. Bailey does not deserve less.

A Career in the Commons. By Wm. Lockey Harle. Longman & Co.

In the form of a series of letters to a young member of Parliament, Mr. Harle gives an admirable *resumé* of the opinions entertained by the Liberal party generally upon all leading topics of the day. The style is flowing and easy, as befits the conversational character of the book; and the matter thus pleasantly conveyed well deserves marked and general attention. No one who advocates Progress can rise from the perusal of these pages without feeling that they have enabled him to give better reasons for the faith that is in him.

God Save the People. The Poetry by Ebenezer Elliott, the Music by W. Thorold Wood. Price 1s. Published by J. Simpson, Regent Street, and Shepherd & Jones, Newgate Street.

We are glad to see that these fine stanzas of the Corn-law Rhymer have at last found fitting "musical utterance." The composer is not unworthy of the poet.

Payne's Book of Art. Parts I. to V. Price 1s. each. London: W. French.

For the very moderate sum of 1s. the lover of art is presented by Mr. Payne with three of the most beautiful line engravings that modern skill can supply. The originals are the productions of the most eminent painters of Germany at the present day. All of them are to be found in the Pinacotheke or Leuchtenberg Gallery at Munich. Those who have seen them there will be glad to have the power of refreshing their memory by means of the admirable copies before us. Those who have not will be able to form something like a fair estimate of modern German art.

India and the Gospel. By the Rev. W. Clarkson. London: John Snow.

Mr. Clarkson gives a clear and well written account of the active struggle now taking place

Digitized by Google

between Christianity and the indigenous superstitions of our oriental empire. He is full of hope, and cheerful, as it becomes one to be who has cast his lot in a field presenting such tremendous obstacles to his exertions as the Brahmin-and-caste-ridden land of India. His book is so varied with incidental narrative and anecdote that it will be found deeply interesting and attractive even to those who do not sympathise with missionary efforts.

Aletheia, or the Doom of Mythology, with other Poems. By WILLIAM CHARLES KENT. Longman & Co.

THERE is very considerable poetic power displayed in this little volume. The writer possesses both taste and feeling; but we think he might have dispensed with the Mythological Glossary at the end of the book, which occupies nearly one hundred pages. The smaller poems are more successful than the more elaborate "Aletheia."

The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony. By the Author of "Sam Slick," &c. New Edition. Colburn, London.

WE are not surprised that a new edition of this entertaining work has been called for. The scenes of colonial life which it pourtrays are sketched with that peculiar mixture of humour and vigorous good sense which characterise all the productions of their author. Judge Haliburton is a close, but, upon the whole, an indulgent observer of mankind. The best chapters in the book before us are, we think, the one entitled "Asking a Governor to Dine," and "The Ball at Government House."

Common Sense versus Common Law. By WILLIAM MASSEY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Longman & Co.

LAW reform has at length become the great question of the day. The abuses and anomalies in the administration of justice have become now so intolerable that their maintenance is no longer possible. The writer of the work before us seems fully sensible of this truth; and he urges his professional brethren to join the law reformers while they may yet do so with a good grace. The advice is both sound and well timed.

Mr. Massey deals only with the Common Law Courts in England; and the remedy he proposes is both sweeping and simple. He desires to abolish altogether the forms of "special pleading" in these courts, and to substitute a simple and intelligible process, by which the real question at issue between the contending parties may be promptly ascertained. He would utterly discard those metaphysical subtleties, relating only to the form, not to the substance of the case.

Narrative of Arctic Discovery, from the earliest period to the present time. By J. J. SHILLINGLAW, London: Wm. Shoberl.

THE title of this book tells its story truly and concisely. It is, in fact, a most useful compendium of all that is, perhaps nearly all that can be, known upon the subject. The author has evidently had access to official sources of information.

The following publications have been received:—

The Bible in Every Land. Part IX. Price 2s. Class III. Indo-European Languages. Divisions F. and G. London: published by Samuel Baxter and Sons.

The Edinburgh Christian Magazine. Price 3d. No. XIII., vol 2. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

A Short Treatise upon the Unequal Imposts upon Port Wine. By Joseph James Forrester. London: Pelham Richardson

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XXXIX. Price 1s. London: Charles Knight.

Marriage: its Origin, Uses, and Duties. By the Rev W. Bruce. Price 6d. Sold by G. Slater, 252, Strand.

Lays of Home. By G. Castleden. Price 9d. London: Partridge and Oakey.

First Class-book of Physical Geography. By W. Rhind. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

Revision of Taxation. Speech of A. Anderson, M.P., delivered in the House of Commons, 19th Feb. 1850. J. Unwin, Bucklersbury.

The Bazaar. Manchester: Love and Barton.

Flowers: their Moral Language and Poetry. By H. G. Adams. London: G. Slater.

Wright's Biographical Gems. Price 1d. each. First series, 1s. Bristol: J. Wright; London: Houlston and Stoneman.

My Old Pupils. By the Author of "My Schooldays." London: Hall and Co.

Pleasant Pastimes, or Drawing Room Drama. London: Hall and Co.

The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us a tale that has oft been said and sung. He can bear adversity like a hero, prosperity overwhelms him. Everybody cries like Edie Ochiltree, "Haill of my ain, and nane of my neighbours," as soon as the slightest inkling is given of an overflowing treasury. The unhappy official has to dispense remission of taxation, and soon finds, like Louis XIV., that they who receive prove ungrateful, and that those who are disappointed reproach him with tenfold bitterness.

It is, however, well enough that there is some good to quarrel for, instead of some evil to be encountered. The quarterly returns of the revenue are of a favourable character. Notwithstanding the cessation of the corn duties and a large reduction of the duty on sugar, the decrease on the Customs is not more than 160,535*l.* In the Excise there is an increase of 38,898*l.* In Stamps there is a small decrease of 10,046*l.* The Assessed Taxes exceed those of the corresponding quarter last year by 29,130*l.* The Income Tax for this quarter is 58,089*l.* more than for the same quarter of last year, 27,968*l.* more than the same quarter of 1848. The Post-office exhibits a decrease of 3,000*l.*; and in the miscellaneous sources of revenue there is also a decrease of 50,832*l.* On comparing the above items of increase and decrease it appears that in the total ordinary revenue of Great Britain in the quarter just ended there is a decrease of

Digitized by Google

99,296*l.* In the comparison of the two years ending respectively April 5, 1849 and 1850, we are presented with the striking fact of a decrease on Customs, and an increase on every other item, to such an amount that the ordinary revenue of the year just ended shows an increase of 152,950*l.* over the previous year. The decrease on Customs is 594,566*l.* while on the Excise of the whole year there is an increase of 142,599*l.*; on the Stamps, 313,078*l.*; on the Assessed Taxes, 14,076*l.*; on the Income Tax, 149,004*l.*; on the Post-office, 14,000*l.*; on the Crown Lands, 60,000*l.*; and on miscellaneous sources, 54,759*l.* These items amount altogether to 747,516*l.* The above figures refer only to the ordinary revenue of Great Britain; but the results are not considerably affected by the extraordinary items. Under the head of imprest and other moneys there is an increase of 97,398*l.* on the quarter, which, with another small item, almost exactly balances the decrease on the ordinary revenue, and makes the difference 1,854*l.* in favour of the quarter just ended. In the comparison of the two years, on the one hand we have had no China money lately, whereas in the former year there was entered 84,284*l.* on this account; but, on the other hand, the latter year has the benefit of 125,588*l.* as increase in the repayment of advances. This raises the actual difference in favour of the year just ended to 185,816*l.*

In addition to this, there is a considerable amount of money saved by reduction of expenditure. The proposed method of distributing the sum in hand was discussed in our pages last month; and every observation we then had occasion to make has since been completely ratified by public opinion. On the question of Stamps the Liberal party have almost without exception expressed their feelings in favour of an *ad valorem* duty. It is emphatically the *only just* course that can be taken; and the objection to it—viz., that instead of a reduction it would virtually occasion an increase of taxation—deserves to be well weighed before it be put forward as an obstacle to so desirable an improvement.

We believe the public is in earnest on the questions of the Window Tax and taxes on knowledge; and we do not believe that it entertains the slightest intention to continue the exemption from taxation which the wealthy have hitherto managed to secure for themselves at the expense of the rest of the community. If, then, from Stamp Duties of all kinds a large sum could be realised from the classes who have hitherto evaded them, there would, at all events, be a step made towards the abolition of anti-health and anti-knowledge taxes. The only defence which has hitherto availed Ministers in behalf of these their darling abominations, has been the necessity of providing resources from some quarter.

In respect of the anti-knowledge taxes, their defence found more favour than we had hoped in the debate on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion on the 19th ult. Never was a case more completely established than that against the Paper Duties. As formerly in glass, so now in paper, the Excise, by its vexatious regulations, keeps skill and industry at a low ebb. Ingenious and profitable processes are literally forbidden; the trade consequently is prevented from attaining its proper development; and our colonies (wisely and rightly, as far as they are concerned) are betaking themselves to the United States and elsewhere for the supplies they require. We may leave Lord John Russell's very illiberal argument out of the question respecting the necessary cost of first-rate newspapers being so high as, in a great measure, to preclude the working classes from subscribing to them. Were this position granted, still there is the strange anomaly, that the Government enhances that price, and, as far as is in the power of taxation, precludes them from access to the best sources of political information; and this too a Government that soon must be compelled to grant the exercise of larger political rights to those very classes. There are, however, other publications besides newspapers that form the mind, and which the poorer classes are entitled to have provided at the cheapest rate that human skill can furnish them—at all events without obstruction from the Legislature. When we mention "Chambers's Journal," the most successful, and the most deservedly successful, of the cheap publications of the day, our readers will fully understand the kind of writings to which we allude. It is idle to talk of this movement as coming merely from publishers and papermakers, as though they sought their individual profit only. We can, of our own knowledge, fearlessly assert that such is the intense competition in the trades in question that the retail customer would immediately derive all, or very nearly all, the benefit of the reductions required.

To the anti-civilisation argument, that if people can buy cheap, they will read bad and immoral publications, it is absolutely sickening to reply in the middle of the nineteenth century. The apprehension is, as far as experience goes, we know absolutely groundless. Were it otherwise, it is about as reasonable as to cut off people's hands to keep them from picking and stealing, or their tongues to preserve them from the sin of lying and slandering.

Unfortunately, however, this apprehension of over-civilising and improving mankind seems to be a bugbear with the Russell Administration. Unless accompanied by religious instruction, the Alphabet is not to be taught to the poor. We would not be understood to express the slightest doubt or hesitation for one moment as to the great truth which we trust will be ever recognised from Land's End to John o'Groats, viz. the infinitely greater importance of religious education, when contrasted with mere secular acquirements. But we do most earnestly protest against the illogical and unreasonable course of denying a less benefit, because it is found in practice impossible to combine it with a greater. It is notorious that the Government has been baffled by the National Society; we will not inquire whether the jealousy of the latter be well or ill founded. But the fact is established. The spiritual and temporal rulers are at odds. The people suffer from their discord;

Digitized by Google

and yet Lord J. Russell declares, that to endeavour to impart mere secular knowledge would interfere with a scheme which is working well.

This, however, is not the only instance in which the Liberal Government has shown sad retrograde tendencies. Young children are not to be taught to read, except under conditions full of difficulties, owing to the variety of religious denominations in the country; adults are not to read (if they can read) cheap publications; but it was proposed by Sir John Pakington, on the 18th ult., and agreed to by Ministers, that two justices, in session, should have ample power *to flog* juvenile offenders. For the credit of the age and country, be it recorded that the House of Commons refused to permit this degrading punishment to be inflicted by the very unsafe tribunal in question.

To descend to smaller matters, we still find Lord John Russell strangely belying his former reputation as an advocate of national progress and a liberal minister. Sir Charles Napier is one of about a dozen individuals who possess knowledge sufficient to detect abuses in our dockyard, and an independent position that enables them to denounce malversations. Hopeless of producing any effect upon Admiralty officials, he appealed to the party most interested in the matter—the public—in the columns of a newspaper. He owed no allegiance to abuses, or to those who either throve upon them or were indifferent to the general weal. He was not answered by those inculpated, but somewhat peevishly censured, and that censure was most unnecessarily and unreasonably adopted by Lord John Russell. We had always supposed that a man who denounced wrong or suggested changes beneficial to the community, was surely at liberty to do so if he pleased. It is a strange doctrine for a Reform Minister to lay down that a man possessing professional knowledge should be silent upon such matters because he holds professional rank.

But in naval matters generally the Russell Administration seems singularly unfortunate. Our martial glory on the sea has been limited to that of capturing a number of unresisting Greek trading vessels, and we are hardly less perplexed than their unfortunate owners as to what is to be done with them now that we have got them. We were also promised, a short time since, that our merchant navy was to be regenerated by an Act of Parliament. The bill has, however, been withdrawn, and we seem to be as far from that desirable consummation as ever. Of the case of the assistant surgeons in the navy we have spoken in another place.

With respect to law reforms there seems to be equally little in prospect, with the exception, indeed, of those which the Solicitor-General brings forward single-handed. That which was most desired by the people has been most vigorously opposed by Ministers; and there is a rumour that, though beaten in the House of Commons, Government intends to burke the Extension of the County Courts Jurisdiction Bill in the Lords, through the agency of the Lord Chancellor.

It is, however, highly probable, at the least, that some changes in the Administration may cause a serious alteration in the course hereafter taken. The country is discontented and impatient. Sins of omission and commission are loudly complained of, and the repeated defeats which the Government has experienced can guide us to no other conclusions but that it is either incompetent to perform the duties it has undertaken, or that it has lost the confidence of the country as represented in Parliament. In either case there must be a change. But there is little chance, whatever may take place, that the fond dreams of the Protectionists will be realised. The cheap loaf is not merely the most recent but the most valued charter that has been ever granted to the people of England, and there is no statesman living who would undertake the responsibility of returning to a policy condemned once and for ever. The Liberal party is strong and unbroken. Tact and organization are only wanted to make it powerful for good. Sir Robert Peel, indeed, it is hardly to be expected will form a portion of any Government that may be immediately framed. Nothing could be more baseless than the recent rumours on the subject. But there exists an imperative demand not merely for *bonâ fide* Liberal principles, but also for more administrative talent than we have recently seen displayed, and doubtless the supply will be forthcoming.

LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES.

Merchant's and Tradesman's Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The annual meeting of the members of this Society was held at the offices, Chatham-place, Blackfriars, on Thursday, the 21st March. John Macgregor, Esq., M.P., in the chair. Mr. Musgrave (the secretary) read the Report, which stated that during the year, from January 31, 1849, to Jan. 31, 1850, 293 policies had been opened for assurances to the amount of 78,620*l.*, the premiums on which were 2,486*l.* 4s. 3d. Since the 31st January, 21 proposals had passed the board for 8,300*l.*, the premiums on which were 285*l.* 12s.; and there were 12 proposals before the Board for assurances to the amount of 2,850*l.* the premiums on which were 88*l.* 7s. 6d.; making the amount of assurances 137,155*l.*, and the annual premiums 4,302*l.* 16s. 5d.: 34 proposals had been submitted to the Directors for assurances, to the amount of 11,375*l.*, which they deemed it prudent to decline. The Report having been adopted, the sum of 500*l.* was unanimously voted to the Directors for their exertions on behalf of the society—they having for the last two years received no remuneration whatever—and the meeting separated.

North of England Fire and Life Insurance Company.—The annual general meeting of this Company was held in the Cutler's Hall, Sheffield, on Thursday, the 4th of April, John Carr, Esq., the deputy-chairman of the Board of Directors, in the chair. The fifth annual Report stated, that in the department of fire-insurance, the new policies issued during the year covered property to the amount of 1,370,000*l.*, thereby augmenting the yearly receipt from premiums in this department by 4,150*l.* The sums paid for loss during the year amounted to 1,982*l.* 7s. 8d. In the life and annuity department considerable progress had also been made, both in respect of the number of policies issued and the amount insured during the past year. The income of the year from premiums in this branch amounted to 13,371*l.* The Report further stated, that the Directors had this year charged the life fund with a per centage on account of expenses incurred in the

Digitized by Google

management, but they had not taken into calculation any proportion of profit to be derived from the policies in this department. It was estimated, from the favourable mortality which had hitherto prevailed, that the profit to be acquired from this source, and ascertained in 1852, could not fail to be considerable. By the Government return of fire duties, it appears that the business of the Company for the past year had exceeded that of the preceding year by 25 per cent. The Report was approved of unanimously.

Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society.—On the 4th of April the annual general meeting of the members of the Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society was held in the Board-room of the Institution, 141, Buchanan-street, Glasgow, the Rev. Dr. Barr, the senior director present, in the chair, when it was announced that in the past year the number of policies completed was 293, and the income from premiums 3,553*l.* 4s. 8d.; and from the 1st of January of the present year 82 policies had been issued, producing an annual revenue in premiums of upwards of 1,000*l.*

Palladium Life Assurance Society.—At the twenty-fifth annual meeting of proprietors and policy-holders in this Association, held April 11, a Report was read showing the society's operations throughout the past year to have been eminently successful, as will appear from the following comparative statement:—In 1845 (the concluding year of the last septennial period), the balance of assets was 272,159*l.* 6s.; in 1849, 312,161*l.* 9s.: in 1845, the gross amount of premiums received was 28,776*l.* 6s. 9d.; in 1849, 38,100*l.* 1s. 11d.: in 1845, the new premiums were 1,960*l.* 1s.; in 1849, 5,722*l.* 10s. 4d.: in 1845, the sum assured by new policies was 52,898*l.*; in 1849, 153,666*l.*: in 1845, the ratio of charges to capital was 1*l.* 8s. per cent.; in 1849, 1*l.* 4s. 6d. This statement cannot but be gratifying to the proprietors and policy-holders. The receipt transactions for the past year amounted to 347,126*l.* 12s. 10d., and the increase in assets on the previous year to 15,728*l.* 19s. 9d. The Report gave great satisfaction.

Equity and Law Life Assurance Society.—A very satisfactory Report was recently presented to the shareholders of the above Society at their annual meeting, at which it was stated that the business transacted from the 1st January to the 31st December, 1849, considerably exceeded that of the preceding year. During the year the Directors received and considered 192 proposals for assurance, 173 of which they accepted. Of these, 149 were completed, assuring 125,483*l.* 8s., and yielding, in annual premiums, 3,505*l.* 3s. 8d.; while in 1848, there were issued 117 policies, assuring 117,180*l.* 17s., and yielding, in annual premiums, 3,118*l.* 2s. 3d. Since the conclusion of the year, 11 of the proposals previously accepted had been completed; assuring 12,100*l.*, and yielding, in annual premiums, 345*l.* 18s. The total number of policies in existence on the 31st of December, 1849, was 542, assuring 515,254*l.*, and yielding an income of 14,959*l.* 3s. 3d.

Independent Assurance Company.—On Friday, March 29, the Master in Chancery, Tinney, appointed Mr. G. Hutton, accountant, Official Manager, to investigate and wind up the affairs of this concern, which, according to the statement of the petitioners presented to the Court, was established in 1848, with the view of extending the benefits of Life Assurance among the poorer classes by granting policies for securing the payment of sums of money and for receiving premiums thereon by weekly, monthly, and other instalments. The proposed capital was 100,000*l.*, and each of the petitioners subscribed 150 shares. The shares taken amounted to 2,070, but no deposit was paid on 543, nor the first call on 692. Having raised a capital of 614*l.* only, and borrowed 1,000*l.* from their bankers, the Company commenced business. Petitioners allege that the affairs were managed in a costly and extravagant manner—that there was an unnecessarily large staff of officers at unnecessarily large salaries, that the Directors had liberal allowances, and that the expenses of the Company far exceeded its means. Policies were granted, and the premiums payable thereon received; but the paid-up capital and money borrowed had been exhausted in carrying on the business. The subscribers declined to pay the deposits and calls, while policies to the amount of 3,000*l.* have become payable, and others to a large amount are daily expected to fall in, and there are no funds or assets wherewith to meet them. The managing Director was dismissed, and others either neglected the business, disqualified, or became absentees. As twenty qualified shareholders could not be got together nothing could be done, and in August last the Company ceased to exist, with creditors threatening, encumbered with a large amount of debts, and with no existing assets.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD died on Sunday, 31st March, at his seat, Ensham-hall, in the 87th year of his age.

COL. WEARE, K.H., died on the 27th March, in Herefordshire, having lately retired from the office of commandant of the provisional battalions at Chatham. He was one of the aides-de-camp to the Queen.

CAPTAIN T. R. EDEN, R.N., commander of the "Amphitrite," died in Valparaiso recently, after a few days' illness, when he was getting ready to return to this country with a freight which would have realised to him about 6,000*l.*

THE VERY REV. J. MEREWETHER, Dean of Hereford, whose name was very conspicuously brought before the public, with reference to the opposition to the appointment of Dr. Hampden, the present Bishop of Hereford, died on Thursday, April 4, at the Vicarage, Madley, held with the deanery. He was about 54 years of age.

REAR-ADMIRAL HILLS died on the 8th ult., at his seat, Asker-hill, Essex, aged 73. He became a lieutenant in 1798, and a post-captain in 1814. The deceased was midshipman of the "Eclair" at the occupation of Toulon, and was lieutenant of the "Amethyst" at the capture of various prizes during the late war.

DR. PROUT, F.R.S., expired at his residence, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, on the 9th ult., at an advanced age. Dr. Prout was deservedly well known to the members of the medical profession and the public generally, by his various contributions to the advancement of medical science.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, canon of Salisbury, and rector of Bremhill, Wilts, died at his residence in the Close, at Salisbury, on the 7th ult., at the age of 89.

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD GALLOWAY, K.C.B., Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, died April 6th, at his residence, 18, Upper Harley-street, aged 74, after a few hours' illness. He transacted business at the India House on the previous Thursday, and presided at the banquet recently given by the directors of the East India Company to Lord Gough. His chairmanship would have expired on the following Wednesday.

CAPTAIN SMITH, R.N., the Admiralty superintendent of packets at Southampton, died on the 13th ult., rather unexpectedly. The death of Captain Smith places at the disposal of the Admiralty a situation of 600*l.* a-year.

LADY CATHERINE BISSET, widow of the late Rev. G. Bisset, and only sister to the Earl of Suffolk, died on the 30th March, at Quimper, in Brittany, where her ladyship had been residing for the last five or six years.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JAMES BATHURST, K.C.B., died at the Kilworth Rectory, in Leicestershire, on the 13th ult., in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The appointment of governor of Berwick, of the annual value of 568*l.*, which he held, will not be filled up.

MADAME TUSSAUD, the well-known exhibiter of wax-figures, died on the 15th ult., in her ninetieth year.

SIR GEORGE DRINKWATER died on the 18th ult., at Liverpool, aged seventy. He was mayor of Liverpool in 1830, and, on the occasion of presenting the congratulatory address from the corporation to William IV. on his Majesty's accession, received the honour of knighthood.

MADAME DULCKEN, the distinguished pianist, died on the 12th ult., at her residence in Harley-street, aged thirty-eight. She was the sister of the celebrated violinist, David.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1850.

THE CAUSES OF CRIME IN THE METROPOLIS.*

There is much matter for reflection in the most ordinary proceedings of a Court of Criminal Justice at Quarter Sessions or Assizes. Much may be ascertained from them as to the present, and more perhaps divined as to the future social prospects of a large and, therefore, an important part of the community. In this, as in many other cases, it may be said that he who runs may read; unfortunately, however, runners are seldom readers. The bar is generally absorbed by professional competition that limits its observation to matters of detail before it. Grand and common juries often seem but meetings of neighbours, to whom local gossip affords the most interesting topics of discussion. The real business of the day comes to be considered a somewhat tedious matter of routine; and though now and then a wild shriek from the mother, wife, or sweetheart of some poor wretch sentenced to transportation will curdle the blood of the hearers for a moment, the prevailing characteristics of the court-house are general lassitude and much indifference to the culprits in the dock. We would not be supposed to insinuate that the individual trials are carelessly conducted, or that the law, as it stands, is wrongly or unfairly administered. It is, however, to be regretted, that detail and routine have so powerful an effect in withdrawing the attention of these periodical assemblies from large and important questions, which might be supposed to suggest themselves when the arraignments of prisoners are taken.

It is very strange, if punishment be supposed to deter from crime, that there should be a steady numerical average of offenders. The fate of their predecessors does not operate as a warning to them; nay, in many cases, the discipline to which previous misconduct has already subjected themselves, seems to have failed to effect a reformation, for they appear again in the dock, to be doomed to the same or a more serious chastisement. But, further, it is remarkable that, while crimes of peculiar atrocity are occasionally committed by persons of every class, there is a distinct body of *ordinary* offenders, who habitually prey upon society; that of this class consists the bulk of the prisoners tried; and that against this, therefore, the magistrate and the law are principally engaged in defending the public. The army of crime seems, notwithstanding, to suffer little from measures taken against it. Its ranks are regularly recruited. Year by year it appears in undiminished force. What is the occasion of this seeming paradox? Is there a moral necessity for its perpetual recurrence? Is the whole penal repression system a sham and a delusion? or can the relations of the class in question, with the rest of the community, be so modified as to lead to other results?

These are questions which suggest themselves hardly ever to the juryman; and perhaps now, when so large a portion of the expenses of prosecution is cast upon the consolidated fund, much less than they did formerly to the county ratepayer.

Indeed, it may be said generally, that the honest have little curiosity to inquire about the criminal part of the population. The subject is, in truth, repulsive enough. When an individual suffers loss or injury at the hands of a malefactor, one of the first reflections is upon the additional loss and annoyance to be incurred if a prosecution must be instituted. A somewhat analogous feeling exists in the public mind when the class of malefactors is forced upon its notice. It is an evil, perhaps a necessary evil; but whether it be so or no, it is thought hardly necessary to devote any large share of attention to it. Upwards of a million pounds sterling is annually put at the disposal of Government for the purpose of repressing it; and Government is accordingly required to effect that object at the expense of the least possible trouble and annoyance to the well disposed.

This is a natural, but certainly not an enlarged or correct view of the matter. Those who are engaged in the active business of life are not likely to have much leisure for abstract reflection, nor can they be expected to look far beyond the concerns of their own somewhat narrow circle. But, on the other hand, in a country like Great Britain, where the Government is to a great extent the reflex of the popular will, and where the minister will rarely venture to introduce any extensive measures till either they have been forced upon him by the people, or, at least, have received their sanction, it becomes a matter of serious importance that cor-

* Reports of the Governors and Chaplains of the Houses of Correction of Coldbath-fields and Westminster, on the causes of crime, pursuant to the resolution of the Court of the 6th December, 1849. Presented 28th February, 1850. (Not published.)

Digitized by Google

rect opinions upon all subjects likely to fall under the cognizance of the legislature should be entertained by the public. It becomes, indeed, under these circumstances, the duty of the latter to make themselves acquainted with all such subjects: but it is a duty of such very imperfect obligation that unless it presents itself in the company of some direct and personal interest it will all but certainly be neglected.

At first sight it would appear very questionable whether this sort of interest could possibly be produced with reference to the condition of the criminal population. The existence of a large mass of hidden evil, seething and fermenting in the very lees of the social cauldron, and the danger that might accrue from its boiling over in any season of disturbance, may be a subject of consideration too abstract or too remote for the generality of mankind; but if it once be made clear that it is a matter which immediately touches their personal safety or financial resources, they will not fail to take a lively interest in it. And, really, taking human nature as it is, it cannot be denied that this is a practical and sensible view of the matter.

Now it is manifest that merely in the matter of police-rates and taxes, it is of great consequence that the amount of crime should be diminished. We would not be supposed to entertain such an ultra-Utopian theory as the supposition that in any attainable state of society the assistance of the constable and the gaoler can be entirely dispensed with; but unless we are prepared to admit that criminality is the normal condition of a certain proportion of the population, there can be no doubt that much may be done to lessen the quantity of crime, and thereby to decrease the expense attendant upon its penal repression.

It is not the object of the present paper to treat of punishment either as a deterring or reforming means of keeping down offences. It is enough to remark, that all the experiments for the last twenty years, in England or in the United States, have proved singularly unsuccessful. The infliction of acute bodily suffering has long since been found incompatible with the moral improvement of those who are subjected to it. Mere restraint, on the other hand, has little efficacy, as a terror, to malefactors. Above all, there is the enormous, perhaps insurmountable difficulty of creating motives for good conduct in a prisoner, which will continue to operate when he is set at liberty. Intercourse with the world, the best and most practical lesson to all men, having already failed to teach an individual his interests and duties, it is almost hopeless to expect that he will learn them better from the discipline of a gaol. All experience upon this point is disheartening in the extreme. Sometimes, indeed, either in prison or when recently liberated from it, a criminal has fallen under the personal influence of some gentle and kindly nature, and become, in consequence, an useful and valuable member of society. These, however, are rare and peculiar cases, traceable, when they do occur, to a person and not to a system; so that, in spite of all that has been said and thought upon the subject, really reformatory convict discipline still remains a puzzle to legislators, and the despair of divines.

It results, then, that to devote our attention to penal measures exclusively, with a view towards the diminution of crime, is to apply ourselves to the most unpromising part of the subject, even if it be not to begin at the wrong end. It is, therefore, high time to consider if there be any possible measures of a preventive character besides those of penal repression. To ascertain this, it will be necessary to trace evil to its source, and, as far as possible, to discover the CAUSES OF CRIME—at least, of those classes of crime which are prevalent in towns and cities. Of these, the metropolis may fairly be considered to exhibit every conceivable specimen. There are many offences peculiar to the rural districts, some of which may be traceable to other sources; the majority of them, however, will probably be found to have their origin in nearly the same causes as those which give rise to crime in cities. It is not intended, in dealing with the question of *crime*, to take into consideration those offences which may be considered as of an exceptional character, and which are often of the deepest dye, and more strictly deserving the appellation of crimes. Our attention will be directed to the more numerous body of offences committed by those who live in a state of habitual warfare with society and the law.

In seeking to investigate the causes which lead to the habits and profanities of this class of persons, the first difficulty that would naturally occur is as to the source to which we should apply, in order to obtain the requisite information. There are no Blue Books on the subject. No committees have sat who have examined criminals as to their previous course of life. Even if there had been, the evidence so obtained would have been of a very doubtful value. In order to insure correct intelligence on such a matter, it would be necessary that the inquirer should possess, to a great extent, the confidence of the criminal, and that the inquiry should be extended over as large a field as possible.

It was, therefore, a happy idea that suggested itself to the magistrates for the metropolitan county of Middlesex to request the governors and chaplains of the Houses of Correction at Clerkenwell and Westminster to report their opinions as to the causes of crime in the county. These gentlemen were eminently calculated for the task. Every person committed to these Houses of Correction, whether for the slightest misdemeanour, punished with a few days' confinement, in lieu of the payment of a fine, small in nominal amount but too large for the means of the offender, or for the most serious offence that incurs a penalty short of transportation, must necessarily pass in review before the governors and chaplains. And the offenders with whom they thus necessarily become acquainted are not confined to these classes; for as it is as true now as it ever has been, that no man becomes utterly depraved at once, it may be taken for granted that almost every metropolitan criminal who leaves the dock under a sentence of transportation has, at some time or other, perhaps frequently,

Digitized by Google

passed a considerable portion of his earlier days in one or other of these prisons. The observations of these gentlemen are, of course, limited to the prisons under their own control, and do not extend to those of the City of London, such as Newgate and Bridewell, or to Horsemonger-lane gaol, which receives the criminals of Surrey. Still, as, with some rare exceptions, the generality of the offences committed in and about the metropolis have very little of a local character about them, the causes that induce them in one division may be taken as equally operative in the whole district.

The value of these reports, there are five in all, is considerably enhanced by the unanimity of opinion that pervades them. Each of the gentlemen states his own views separately; but they ultimately arrive at the same results, though they may be put forward in a somewhat different array.

To sum up, in one word, the causes of crime, they may be said to lie in the *education* of the masses. We do not mean merely the insufficiency of what is ordinarily termed *education*, but we take the word in its largest and properest sense, as implying all those circumstances which surround the human mind in its progress from infancy to manhood, which stamp their impress upon it, and tend to *draw out* its perceptions and faculties. In this sense it appears, beyond a doubt, that a great body of the people are thoroughly, and almost systematically, EDUCATED IN CRIME.

This may at first appear a startling proposition; but when we have laid before the reader the various causes which, in the opinion of those who are so well calculated to form a correct estimate on the subject, conduce to form the character of the habitual law-breaker, we think we shall have his full assent to the doctrine we have put forward.

There is one cause which is particularly insisted on by Lieut. Tracy, the Governor of the Westminster House of Correction, which may be considered as independent of, and antecedent to, those which operate directly upon the mind of the individual. This is—*the increasing and superabundant population:*

"I am led to use the term 'superabundant population' from being one of those who are impressed with the belief that there is not at this period of time a corresponding amount of employment or occupation in this country to enable every one willing and desirous to obtain such to maintain themselves, or, in other words, to produce a sufficiency, however earnest in purpose, or honest the resolve."

We apprehend that there is much truth in this view, although under the present impulse which the action of Free-trade has given to our manufactures, it is probable that this cause is less powerfully in operation just now than it has been for some years back. The investigation of this topic would lead us too far away from our immediate subject; but we cannot refrain from observing in this place, that the main sources of redundancy in the population, viz., illicit connexions between the sexes, or marriages which, less objectionable, indeed, on the score of morality, but most blameable on the ground of improvidence and inconsiderateness, may in great measure be traced to the same causes that are productive of actual crime.

In the following enumeration of the active causes of crime we shall not exactly follow the classification adopted by either of the gentlemen to whom we are mainly indebted for information upon the subject; but we shall endeavour to arrange them upon a somewhat more systematic method, in considering—

First, The prejudicial influences upon children arising from the neglect or misconduct of their parents:

Secondly, Similar influences arising from evil example, or temptation without the domestic circle; and

Thirdly, The formation of bad habits, which is often the immediate result of such influences and the forerunner of actual crime.

In the first class may be counted the following: *Want of religious or moral training, or of any kind of discipline exercised over the young.*

This often arises even when the parents themselves are not viciously inclined, from indifference on their part, or from inability to look after their children, owing to their own poverty, and the constant occupation in which they are themselves involved. This is particularly the case when either a mother has died, and a young family are left upon the hands of the father, or when the mother, from an otherwise praiseworthy motive, endeavours to add to her husband's earnings by some industrial occupation of her own. This is remarkably the case among the weavers in Bethnal-green and Spitalfields. But while the parents are in this manner working hard to obtain an honest and honourable livelihood, they are too apt to neglect the temporal and spiritual welfare of their own offspring. Too poor to pay for even the humblest kind of schooling, they have not leisure to see that the children avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Ragged Schools, or other similar institutions of their neighbourhood. And the children are consequently left to the amusements and companionships of the streets.

This kind of neglect, however, too often proceeds from ignorance and indifference. The parents, themselves untaught, or self-taught, if they have succeeded in escaping from the evil influences of their youth, think, if they ever think at all upon the matter, that as they have managed to get on themselves, so their children must take their chance, and rough it as they have themselves done before them.

Scarcely inferior in importance to religious and moral training, and indeed inseparably interwoven with it, we would mention the exercise of the kindly feelings and affections, which are too often slighted and neglected, even where they are not actually repressed. If the parents are not disposed to be actually harsh or unkind to their children, as is too often the case among these miseducated classes, they see so little of them that natural parental affection becomes dulled and deadened in their hearts.

Thus left to itself, we can scarcely wonder that

Digitized by Google

a child should grow up selfish, without hopes or sympathies, and with fewer generous impulses than even the young savage would possess. The worst phases of uncivilised life would afford better tutorage than such a child is sure to meet with; and in a soil so fitted and manured for the reception of the seeds of evil, who can doubt that the crop will be abundant?

Next to this we would place what may be considered the very opposite of the cause we have just been discussing:—

"*The weak indulgence by parents of the tempers and caprices of children;* whereby they become obstinately self-willed, and ultimately throw off all salutary control."

This extract is from the report of Mr. Chesterton, the Governor of the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields. And he adds, "I deem this to be a *fruitful* source of crime."

The evil example often afforded by the parents themselves; thus spoken of by Mr. Chesterton:—

"The debauched habit of low and profligate parents, stimulating them to indulgence in drink, and in various species of low revelry, whereby they gradually become unfitted for industrious occupations. Thus progressively brutalized, and rendered selfish, they abandon their families, seek their own debasing gratifications, and frequently profit by the crimes of their children."

It is impossible to overrate the evil resulting from this source. It combines all that is most mischievous in the two previously enumerated causes. The child of parents who are habitual drunkards may meet with much occasional and capricious indulgence, is sure to be treated with systematic neglect, and often with revolting harshness. The very well-springs from which should flow the most kindly and invigorating draughts of humanity thus are changed for him into sources of poison and disease.

Upon the same subject we transcribe the following extract from the report of the Rev. Mr. Hine, the chaplain of the Westminster House of Correction:—

"When the father or mother is an inveterate drunkard, the sin falls heavily upon the children; they are generally but too apt to follow the parents' example, and in most cases go on from bad to worse, till the whole family sinks in misery and ruin. Take as an illustration the following case:—G. S., a youth committed to the Westminster House of Correction for stealing a small remnant of cloth, confessed to the chaplain that his ruin was entirely owing to the intemperate habits of his father, who was a carpenter, able to maintain his wife and family in comfort, had he been a steady man. But, unhappily, he took to drinking, and then everything went wrong. At length his mother fell a victim to his father's brutality; she died from ill-usage, received from him in a fit of intoxication, and he then turned the boy out of doors, and refused him any assistance. From that time the unfortunate lad was compelled to seek a precarious living in the streets, where he soon got acquainted with bad characters, who enticed him into thieving, as his only resource against starvation, and in the end he was committed to prison as above stated—his reputation gone and his future prospects entirely blighted by the misconduct of the very being who ought to have been, and but for his sinful propensity for drink, probably *would* have been, his guide and protector. This is only one of the many similar accounts which might be adduced to show the mass of crime engendered by that detestable vice, *drunkenness*, so fatal to the person himself, and all who come within the sphere of his influence."

The wretched accommodation, or rather, the utter want of all accommodation, which exists in the dwellings of the poorer classes.

Mr. Chesterton expresses a very strong opinion upon this subject. He says:—"The crowning cause of crime in the metropolis is, however, in my opinion, to be found in the shocking state of the habitations of the poor, their confined and fœtid localities, and the consequent necessity for consigning children to the streets for requisite air and exercise. These causes combine to produce a state of frightful demoralization. The absence of cleanliness, of decency, and of all decorum; the disregard of any heedful separation between the sexes; the polluting language, and the scenes of profligacy, hourly occurring—all tend to foster idleness and vicious abandonment. The late Mrs. Fry was so sensible of the magnitude of this evil that, in the very last conversation which I held with her on the subject of the reformation of criminals, she implored of me to omit no opportunity to impress upon men in authority with whom I might converse the absolute necessity of bestowing deep attention upon this subject. 'Without an improvement in that direction, vain,' she said, 'would be the attempts in prisons to instruct or to redeem from vice.' Here I beg emphatically to record *my* conviction that this constitutes the *monster mischief*."

The reader will not be sorry to peruse Mr. Hine's observations on the same point.

"It is greatly to be regretted that, while splendid mansions are in constant progress in every part of the metropolis and its suburbs, so little provision has been made in this respect for the humbler classes, and especially for the lowest of all, the very class which is most on the increase, and consequently most in need of enlarged accommodation. Within the last few years, hundreds of houses where the poor found a shelter (though indeed a very wretched one) have been pulled down, to make room for others of a superior description, but altogether beyond their humble means. The inevitable consequence is, that the poor are now huddled together in miserable places, wholly unfit for human habitation—dark, filthy, close, and ill-ventilated. An able writer has lately well observed, that 'the wretched, miserable, and unhealthy hovels, in which, for years back, the poor have been crowded together in this great and rich metropolis, have long been a disgrace to the civilization of the age. A stranger, walking through the more open and spacious thoroughfares,

Digitized by Google

remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of the palace-like mansions on every side, could never have supposed that within a stone's throw of all the pomp and magnificence with which he was surrounded, there were miserably-constructed and ill-ventilated tenements, in which numbers of the poorer-classes were compelled to drag on an unhealthy existence, not from the fact that they were unable to pay, or did not actually pay, a fair and reasonable rent for their domiciles, but from the circumstance that no accommodation of a proper and suitable nature, and within the reach of their limited means, had been provided for them elsewhere.

"This statement is by no means over-coloured; indeed, it is not an easy matter to exaggerate the wretched state in which a large proportion of the metropolitan poor are now living, congregated together in masses frightful to contemplate, and almost beyond belief,—men and women, boys and girls, relations and strangers, mingled together in almost promiscuous intercourse. Two or three families, and in some cases more, with grown-up sons and daughters as well as young children, are found herded together in one common room, in utter disregard of every sense of decency. From such unnatural and demoralizing associations, what can be expected but a large increase of contamination, profligacy, and crime? The scenes which are daily occurring in such over-crowded places, to which poverty has forced so many to resort with their wives and families, with the filth and wretchedness which are inseparably connected with them, cannot fail to break down all self-respect and wholesome moral feeling in the unhappy inmates; and these great barriers being removed, the flood of pollution pours in upon them with irresistible violence, and at length bears them away into the very vortex of degradation and crime. It has been tritely but well said, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness;' and if the near affinity between corporeal and mental purity be well considered, we shall not wonder that so little of the latter is to be found in those ill-conditioned abodes where personal as well as household cleanliness is next to impossible."

We now proceed to consider those evil influences which are brought to bear upon the youthful mind out of the domestic circle, from which the child has been driven or permitted to wander, by the misconduct or neglect of his parents.

The evil example of acquaintances, or, in other words, bad company.

"It is almost incredible," says the Reverend Mr. Hine, "how many well-intentioned boys and girls, even among those who have the advantage of education and good example at home, are continually being led away from the path of rectitude through the influence of profligate companions: indeed, this is a temptation which the young are seldom able to resist. 'I never got into any trouble, till I kept company with a bad boy in our court, who persuaded me to do wrong,' is a constant theme with our young criminals. 'I always bore a good character,' says another, 'till I got acquainted with some bad boys at the factory where I worked, and they would not let me alone till they got me into this scrape.' 'And so did I,' says this girl and that—'Nobody could say anything against me, until my mother let me go out of an evening to take a walk with *so and so*, and she taught me to drink, and put me up to things I never thought of before.' This is their constant language, and there is every reason to believe that they are telling nothing but the truth, and giving only too correct a picture of what is continually passing in every quarter of the town, spreading far and wide the foul stream of immorality and crime."

The temptations to mix in bad company afforded by ill-regulated places of amusement.—Mr. Hine remarks upon this subject:—

"*Low, immoral places of amusement*, such as *penny theatres*, with *concerts* and *dancing-rooms* of the same character, have also largely contributed in corrupting the morals of the young and leading them into criminal practices. This statement few will be disposed to question, when told that these unlicensed places of amusement are the grand rendezvous of juvenile thieves and prostitutes, who are always found there in great abundance; and, generally speaking, their main supporters are loose, immoral characters. Multitudes of young men and women can date their ruin from the hour when they first entered these impure assemblies; indeed, they are usually the very places to which the victims of seduction are allured by their corrupt associates. When any of those pests of society who are constantly prowling about the streets, 'like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' lights upon an imprudent boy or girl, his first step to corrupt their morals and to fit them for his vile purposes, is to entice them into one of these haunts of vice. The unnatural excitement produced by the scenes there exhibited, tells fearfully upon the simplicity of the uninitiated, and quickly overcomes all remaining scruple to evil. The late hours consequent on these amusements, the intoxicating liquors, and dissolute company, combine their pernicious influence, and seldom fail to complete the work of destruction. Much, therefore, is it to be wished by every friend of humanity and good order, and especially by all who are interested in preventing juvenile crime, that some more stringent measures than those already in operation should be devised and adopted for the suppression of these nurseries of profligacy and crime."

The facilities for acquiring evil habits afforded by the ready access to intoxicating liquors, or the temptations to gamble.

This point has been hardly sufficiently dwelt upon in the reports under consideration; indeed, the latter is not mentioned at all. The evil habits themselves of drunkenness and gambling are, it is true, emphatically pointed out as the sources of crime; but the temptations to form these habits are scarcely noticed. The real warmth and meretricious splendour of the flaring gin-palace offer a too seductive contrast to the cold and ill-furnished dwellings of the poor. Raffles, Derby sweeps and lotteries of different kinds often add their at-

Digitized by Google

tractions to those of dram-drinking. For the more youthful there are shops professedly for the sale of sweetmeats and ginger-beer, but where the possessor of a few halfpence is initiated into the exciting uncertainties of gambling, by means of a toy called a "dolly," in which a marble is introduced in the head of a spiral figure, and falling into one of a number of holes marked with a series of figures indicates the amount of money's worth to which the gambler is entitled in exchange for the sum he has staked. Similar games of chance, known to every one who has ever been at a fair or on a race-course, are carried on in other establishments These places, known generically as "dolly-shops," from the toy above described, are literally haunted by the idle boys in the neighbourhood, especially on Sundays, and during the hours of church service, when, it may be, the parents of many of them think they are better employed. They abound most, we are informed, in the eastern extremities of the metropolis. It is quite unnecessary to insist upon the mischievous tendencies of such seminaries for idleness and recklessness. The attention of the police authorities appears to have been but recently called to their existence. Convictions of the owners have frequently taken place of late under the Police Act; and, as they are amenable to the law, it is to be hoped that these nuisances may be considerably abated, if not entirely removed.

The contaminating scenes witnessed, and the criminal associations formed, in low lodging-houses.

Some of these are styled "juvenile lodging-houses;" and are designated by Mr. Hine as "pests of society, places especially fitted for young houseless miscreants of both sexes."

"Here," he continues "the hapless victim is harboured until he is fully initiated in all the arcana of theft and roguery, whence he is sent forth into the streets, to prey upon his fellow-creatures, and allure other simple ones into the same vicious career as he himself has been entangled in by vile companions."

The lodging-houses appropriated for adults, and where children often are necessarily taken by their parents, are, if possible, still more objectionable. The Rev. Mr. Rogers, the assistant chaplain at the Westminster House of Correction, says of these:—

"When we consider what awful scenes are proved to exist, especially in those 'hotbeds of vice,' the lodging-houses of towns, *and of London in particular*, it needs no argument to confirm the correctness of the opinion I have expressed as to the cause of crime now mentioned. To it may be traced much of that disregard for the marriage rite, and that cohabiting of parties, as well as that early prostitution, which so fearfully exist, and which affect more than one generation."

The reader who wishes for further information upon this most important branch of criminal education, would do well to consult the admirable papers contributed by the metropolitan correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, on "Labour and the Poor," which have done more to illustrate the condition of the working classes, and, what is more important, to call general attention to it and excite sympathy on their behalf, than all the Parliamentary or Poor-law reports that have ever been or ever will be published. We must, in passing, express a hope that these papers will some day be collected, and presented to the public in a more permanent shape.

The temptations to steal afforded by the careless way in which shopkeepers leave their property without any protection.

"The reckless and insecure manner," says Mr. Tracy, "in which shopkeepers expose their goods, consisting of articles of life, and clothing of every description, without the windows and entrances of their several shops, and more especially in low and retired neighbourhoods, cannot fail to attract notice, and thus offering to persons borne down by the pressure of hunger and want a temptation they are unable to withstand."

The opportunities of readily disposing of stolen property.

The same gentleman remarks upon this subject:

"The facilities that offer, or rather, I might add, *invite*, parties (however culpable in themselves) to dispose of stolen property, without reference to value or extent, from the existence of those innumerable receptacles misnamed small 'pawn-shops,' and 'marine stores;' the amount of crime and mischief produced by the specious dealers at these iniquitous houses, is much more serious and extensive than is generally believed."

In this class of causes should be mentioned *direct incitements to theft*, held out by older criminals, and not unfrequently by the parents themselves. It is believed that instances of this kind occur more frequently than appear to the public eye. It is, of course, extremely difficult to detect such cases so as to bring the greater offenders to justice. A remarkable instance was mentioned in the *Times* of the 4th of May, as being brought before the notice of the sitting magistrate at Worship-street Police-court. A little girl, who had left her father's house from some unexplained cause, was found wandering in Spitalfields Market by a man and woman; they accosted her, and induced her to go home with them, and then regularly employed her to go out pilfering. Whenever she brought home anything, such as soap, bacon, vegetables, &c., which she would steal from unprotected shops or stalls in the market, she received a halfpenny, which she spent in purchasing pudding; and this was her only means of subsistence. When she could not obtain this, she lived upon rotten apples, which she picked up about the market, and was received by her tutors with threats of being kicked into the street. The only recompense she obtained besides these occasional halfpence, were the shelter of a roof and a bed of straw to lie upon.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more appalling picture than is conveyed by this simple statement.

The third class of causes includes those habits which may be termed vicious rather than criminal, but which, among the working-classes, being invariably associated with idleness and improvidence,

Digitized by Google

almost as invariably lead to crime. At the head of these stand *drunkenness and gambling*. Of the first of these Mr. Chesterton says:—

"It is too widely spread and admitted an evil, and its loathsome consequences are, alas! too publicly manifest. My experience in this prison has taught me that no terms can exaggerate its all-absorbing influence over its votaries. It fetters every faculty of the mind, till all resistance appears to be unavailing. The late excellent magistrate, Mr. Samuel Hoare, speaking from his long experience amongst criminals, declared it to be 'hardly curable in a man, but quite incurable in a woman.' Still, the more you inquire into this vice, the more you will be persuaded that, in the vast majority of cases, it is an effect rather than a cause. It is, indeed, a terrible effect of earlier vices, and, when superadded, sinks the criminal into a condition of apparently irretrievable degradation."

The testimony of Lieut. Tracy is to the same effect.

"The lamentable and increasing vice of drunkenness, in most instances (for rare, indeed, are the exceptions), may be regarded as the forerunner of every crime, each day's experience showing that drunkards of either sex, in order to gratify this direful passion, will dispose of their last available article of furniture, even to their only bed, and, in very many cases within my own knowledge, of the tattered garments of their helpless and greatly to be pitied children."

With reference to the habit of gambling, the Rev. Mr. Hine makes these remarks:—

"This hateful and destructive vice prevails more extensively among the working-classes than is generally imagined; but the extraordinary influence which it acquires over its wretched votaries, whatever rank of society they may occupy, is too well known to need any lengthened comment. When once it gets possession of the mind, its ravages are truly awful; it quickly bears down every virtuous feeling, and predisposes to every enormity: robbery, murder, and suicide, are its close allies. Were it necessary, reference might be made to numerous instances of persons confined in this and other prisons, who have confessed to the chaplains the ruinous effects which gambling has had upon them; how utterly it has prostrated their minds and deadened their best affections. Many have declared that they were quite helpless under its infatuating thraldom, and thought nothing of committing any wrong in order to obtain the means of gratifying their dominant passion. We may, therefore, assume, with ample reason, that one grand cause of crime, among those which have been already mentioned, is *gambling*."

Such appear to be the principal causes which may be set down as contributing to form criminal habits among the poorer classes; and there can be no doubt that it is from among these classes, exposed as they are to the temptations arising from want, that our prisons are chiefly recruited.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper, even if space would permit it, to enter upon the question of preventive or remedial measures. We cannot dismiss the subject, however, without making one or two remarks bearing upon this question.

It is clear that a very great amount of crime is attributable to the improper education of the poor; and the inquiry naturally arises. To whom is this neglect attributable? Immediately, no doubt, the blame lies with the parents; but, ignorant themselves, they are not likely to appreciate the advantages of a good education, or if they did, they have not the means of bestowing it on their children. The ultimate and more serious blame rests with those who have taken upon them the duty of instruction. The clergy of all denominations, as a body, are strongly opposed to mere secular education, upon the ground that, being non-religious, it has a tendency to corrupt rather than to improve. Their dogma is false; for everything that helps to discipline the mind must do it some amount of good. But we are quite willing to concede to them the paramount necessity of a religious education. But again we ask, Whose fault is it that the poor are without it? Whose duty is it to give them this instruction? A physician who by his neglect causes the death of his patient, is deservedly liable to a severe penalty before a human tribunal. Those who are intrusted with the "cure of souls," and by a culpable neglect endanger far more important interests, can surely not be held blameless before God or man.

Nor can the Government escape quite without censure in this matter. We are willing to make allowances for the difficulties which may beset them upon the education question; but there are other evils which fall more directly under their cognisance, and cry aloud for their interference. Penny theatres, and similar places of amusement, and cheap lodging-houses, require to be placed under the supervision or control of the magistrate, quite as much as public-houses and beer-shops; but, above all, immediate measures should be adopted for bettering the dwellings of the poorer classes; or, at least, of preventing that aggregation of families in the same building which so inevitably leads to corruption and profligacy. There would be, of course, much opposition to any such scheme; all the "vested interests" of landlords and house proprietors would rise in arms against it; but they must yield before the higher and more important interests of society. Unless this is done, and done effectually, we are convinced that all other endeavours to improve the condition and morals of the poor will be quite abortive—a mere scattering of good seed among stones and thorny places.

Digitized by Google

THE HISTORY OF OAKLEY COMMON.

CHAPTER I.

GENTLEFOLK, as they are called in our parts, are very kind. A tale of woe stirs their hearts: in words they are gracious, generous in deed, benevolent, active, and industrious; and in their charitable endeavours indefatigable. Yet the story about to be related is true to the letter—the picture is drawn from the life. The moral may possibly suggest itself to some when they read these "*simple* annals of the poor."

On a steep cliff overlooking the beautiful bay of ——, a solitary sentinel of the preventive service was on the look-out, and pacing up and down a short beat—which constant use had rendered plain upon the green sward—which reached to the very edge of the high gravel cliff that went sheer down nearly a hundred feet to the sea. The weather was threatening: the warm south-west wind came in gusts from the sea; the swell fell at times lazily but heavily on the margin of sand that ran for miles along the bottom of the tall cliff upon which the sailor was standing. The clouds were gathering into large, round, and ominous folds, ranging themselves in a continuous and regular array above the horizon, like a host preparing to do battle; and in the intervals of the puffs of wind, and the separate waves of the long-rolling swell, there was a solemn *hush*, broken only by the scream of the sea-gull which floated past, and almost swept with its broad white wing the hat of the watcher on the height.

"We shall have a bad night, Broadwood," said the officer in command to the sentinel.

"Yes, sir," said the man, touching his hat; "and I rather think we shall have something to do."

"Why do you think so?" inquired the officer.

The man smiled significantly, and pointed to a poor cottage a few hundred yards distant. "Do you see there, sir?"

"Yes, I see Betty Seagrim's slatternly cottage, and still more slatternly garden. But what then?"

"Only, sir, she seems to have a wonderful fit of washing and hanging out to dry to-day."

"What the devil do you mean, Broadwood? Why can't you speak out at once, man, and tell me your suspicions? You know I am new to this coast," (and to this work, inwardly thought the young officer,) "and am not up to all the tricks of the people. Tell me in plain words what you suspect."

"Well, sir, I never saw Betty's garden in that trim without a run at night." The information which the seaman then gave his officer may, without following his devious mode of narration, be stated in a few words.

The occurrences we are describing took place in the autumn of the year 1824. We are not pretending to discuss the wisdom of the then existing legislation, but simply to describe the events that took place.

Along the whole coast smuggling, in consequence of the profit, was the business of a large portion of the population. In it were concerned not merely the labouring people, but the small farmers and shopkeepers, and the results were such as we are now to relate.

Betty Seagrim was a widow, with four children. Her husband having been concerned in a smuggling *job*, was, in technical phrase, *wanted*. He was, however, not particularly desirous to gratify the wishes of the constituted authorities in this behalf, and therefore suddenly disappeared; and Betty said she had learned that he was drowned on the coast of Jersey one stormy night, in a vessel laden with French brandy, which vessel was wrecked upon the iron-bound coast of that granite quarry. So Betty came upon the parish with all her children, the eldest of whom was now sixteen, a strapping, saucy, flaunting wench, not unlike a forest colt in appearance, and of about the same degree of civilization. The eldest boy was a year younger, and nominally employed as a ploughboy by Farmer Best. He and his master, however, seemed to be upon peculiar terms of intimacy and confidence. His work was light and unsettled; in fact, he did pretty much as he pleased. The two remaining children, a boy and girl, were amphibious animals, living quite as much in the tideway of the small river that ran past Betty's door to the sea as in their mother's house. That house was the resort of a set of men well known in the neighbourhood as smugglers and poachers, and presented a spectacle of dirt and slovenliness that told but too truly the characters of those by whom it was frequented. Betty called herself a laundress and she did certainly sometimes wash. She said she washed for Farmer Best, and so said Farmer Best himself; and upon occasions, large sheets and counterpanes were to be seen somewhat ostentatiously spread upon the hedge which surrounded the patch of ground which Betty was pleased to call her garden, though what she grew in it was a puzzle to those who thought about the matter. The neighbours grinned when they saw any display of the sort we are describing, though no one for a moment thought of giving any hint to the coast-guard of what was in his thoughts when these large, dripping sheets appeared. It was generally supposed, however, that they were signals to certain vessels in the offing, which had peculiar reasons for wishing to know what was going on on shore before they attempted to approach the land.

The countenance of the lieutenant, Mr. Stuart, showed evident signs of annoyance as he listened to the surmises and statements of the seaman. "It's very unlucky, Broadwood, that the hands and boat are away. These fellows have chosen their time well. The cutter is at Portsmouth, the boat cannot be back before to-morrow morning, and with five

Digitized by Google

hands I cannot meet five hundred, or even fifty, stout, desperate fellows such as Jim Grimes and his gang. However, say nothing, keep a bright look-out, and I will see what can be done."

Stuart walked over to the next magistrate, Sir George Sprose, a good-natured, dull person, very pompous, and a staunch supporter of Church and State. He knew Mr. Stuart as the officer commanding the preventive station, and, because he was an officer, was always gracious and ready to listen to him.

"I have come, Sir George," said the plain-spoken and straightforward sailor, "to ask your advice and obtain your support in a matter concerning the service."

This was quite enough to excite the attention, the respectful attention, of Sir George, who was evidently flattered by the compliment thus paid to his station and himself.

Stuart told his story, and explained how the suspicions of his subordinate, Broadwood, had been aroused. No sooner, however, did he mention the name of Betty Seagrim, and couple it with the illegal proceedings he expected, than Sir George assumed the air of one almost offended.

"Oh, Mr. Stuart, you have, sir, I assure you, been greatly misinformed. Betty Seagrim is a very respectable person—I mean for her station. Lady Sprose always speaks of her as remarkably well-spoken and respectful, and she is a very constant attendant at church."

Mr. Stuart excused himself as a stranger, and said—and said truly—that he only repeated what he had heard; but that he was not prepared to put his information in competition with the knowledge of Sir George, who had lived all his life in the neighbourhood, and had acted as a magistrate in it for more than forty years. Yet, nevertheless, the information given to Mr. Stuart was perfectly correct; and Sir George's estimate of Mistress Betty's character was founded upon most deceptive data. Sir George was a Parliament man; and lived, with his family, at the least nine months out of the twelve absent from Oakley. While Lady Sprose was at Oakley, Betty was a very constant church-goer. The reason of this sessional piety was obvious—there was a dole of bread on Mondays to church-goers. My lady had her eyes sharply employed on the Sunday to discover who were present, who absent (there was a dissenting chapel, and a powerful preacher in the neighbourhood), and she was gratified to behold in Betty a most constant and decorous attendant. Sundry whispers did indeed reach her ladyship's ears, not altogether flattering either to Betty or Betty's daughter. But when her ladyship, with great gravity, questioned Betty upon these sinister reports, she was truly edified, by the well-enacted suppressed indignation, and offended innocence, resignation, and grief of Mistress Betty, at the cruel persecution to which she was thus subjected by evil tongues. She spoke with a certain unction of the dangers of temptation—half hinted at certain mischiefs from which her own pious exhortations had rescued Lucy, her eldest daughter—and enlisted the good lady's kindly sympathies on her behalf by a dexterous thrust, which touched her ladyship herself in a very tender point, young Sprose, her own first-born, being what is sometimes called in cant slang, "a great scamp." "Children, my lady, ye know, will be children; and it's hard for the parents to be made to answer for their children's wrong-doings; not that Lucy, my lady, did go wrong. But if she was a little giddy—if she did require me to speak strongly to her—that is not my fault. Good-for-nothing children, my lady, don't go for to prove that the parents is good for nothing. I have had a hard time of it. I am a lone widow," here she raised her apron to her eyes, "left with four children to take care of; and my boy, my lady, is as good a boy as ever were. Only ask Farmer Best—and he ought to know, for he has had him ever since he was nine year old, and he is now going fifteen. *He* is a steady child, and never gave me, his mother, a pang; and happy's the mother, my lady, who can say that." This settled the question. Lady Sprose winced under the dexterous handling of the supposed simple woman, and believed her to be a very pattern person. And the most curious part of the whole affair was, that Betty herself, though lying with most consummate skill and utter unscrupulousness, began to believe her own story, and really looked upon herself as a very ill-used person.

"Then, Sir George, you really believe that I need take no extra precaution; and you consider that I shall be justified in neglecting what you deem a mistaken warning?"

The pompous magistrate by no means liked this way of putting the question. He, like all weak people, was frightened by responsibility, and hastened, therefore, to place the whole burden upon the shoulders of the young officer who came to him for aid and countenance. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, I cannot judge for you, who are so well acquainted with your profession, and know so well the duties of it. I only tell you that, as regards Betty Seagrim, you are deceived. But further I cannot say, or advise. You will, I am sure, take all proper precaution; and, as a magistrate, I shall be glad to do anything at the proper time, which existing circumstances may require."

"I want assistance, Sir George. I have only five men, and I am told that in these parts a run is sometimes made by gangs of hundreds—stout, desperate fellows, who will fight rather than lose their goods."

To this Sir George had nothing to reply, but that he thought there must be some mistake; that all seemed very quiet; and that *he* saw no symptoms of any such threatened violence.

Young Stuart, feeling he could obtain no useful information or counsel from the pompous old gentleman, took up his hat, and wished Sir George good morning—who was, indeed, vastly relieved when the officer left him. "An hour has been lost," thought Stuart, "with this man; and yet he must know his own neighbourhood. However, I will not trust to that, as he certainly is not peculiarly intelligent, and does appear somewhat timid. I will send over to Shipley, and intreat

Digitized by Google

him to despatch my boat back at once; and to send me some of his own hands, if possible. Perhaps the cutter may be within reach of signals; and there are some hours of daylight yet."

Shipley was the officer commanding the next station, to whom, for some special purpose, the boat attending the Oakley station had been despatched the morning before the day of which we are speaking.

On his return to his quarters, in order to carry his determination into effect, Stuart passed Broadwood, who said to him, as he passed, "Don't stop, sir. I am sure I am right, though old Betty does not suspect that I know. And I really believe, sir, that I saw the sail of a lugger just now on the horizon, when the sun blinked out of a cloud. If you have time, and could go round by-and-bye to the look-out quietly, and watch—your eyes are younger and sharper than mine—mayhap you may see her too." The man touched his hat, and walked on.

Stuart, in order to mask his proceedings, wrote to his brother officer, but sent his letter under cover to his sister, Miss Shipley. He knew that his sending a messenger would be quickly discovered—that the direction of his letter would be seen, and read. When at Sir George Sprose's, he had gathered a pretty bouquet of flowers, which he now put up carefully, and sent with his note. The gossips of the village had long since decided that he was "courting" Miss Shipley; the *cancan* of the neighbourhood thus enabled him the more completely to hide his purpose.

The sun went down in a bank of dark purple clouds, tinged them on their edges with a lurid brightness, and flamed up to the mid-heaven in one long broad pencil of yellow light, which, as it caught the broken wrack that was now drifting along, the precursor of the storm, transformed the floating vapours into sailing islands of bright vermilion. The wind, no longer gusty and uncertain, now blew a steady and increasing gale; and everything showed that an equinoctial storm was at hand. Soon after sun-down the night came on, dark even to blackness. The sea, as it fell upon the beach with a continuous roar, louder than thunder, was crushed into a fine driving mist, so that the sight and the hearing were alike unavailing to those who were upon the look-out above. On the narrow beach, lying between the foot of the cliff and the sea, there was now no possibility of remaining. But at various distances along the coast little rills of water had worked breaches in the cliffs, making ravines, which, in the country dialect, are called bunnies. Into these skilful and daring mariners were able to *run* the goods from a vessel lying a little way out beyond the surf. Tubs of spirit were veered away upon a hawser, and seized by the expectant receivers on the beach, put at once into carts, and upon horseback, and carried into the country, and deposited in the forest which lay only a few miles inland. In a night such as this the adventure was possible, though dangerous; the darkness and the noise shrouded and protected the smugglers, and not seldom their numbers were so great as to set all authority at defiance.

The officer soon after dark went his rounds, but saw nothing. The storm soon blew with a perfect fury; and Stuart began to think that the severity of the gale would render every attempt to smuggle impossible. He was standing in a hollow, somewhat sheltered from the pelting of the wind, the drifting foam, and the rain, when on a sudden he fancied he saw the glimmer of a star to his left; but the star rose, and slowly moved, as he thought: it was, in fact, a lantern attached to the tail of a kite, and used as a signal. Just at this moment he was seized by unseen hands, thrown violently on the ground, and bound. A voice whispered, "Now, stir a foot, or attempt to shout or make a noise, and I will blow your brains out." This threat was accompanied by an oath in terms which need not be repeated. "Hold your tongue, and no harm will happen to you; we don't want to hurt you, as we have nought against you; some of your chaps might fare worse could we catch 'em." The speaker had a bull's-eye lantern fastened round his waist. In the struggle the shade was moved some little on one side, and a long thin ray of pale light streamed forth into the darkness. The quick eye of Stuart scanned rapidly the scene thus discovered. Cool and collected, spite of the sudden assault and overthrow, he endeavoured to discover who these men might be, and to obtain such a knowledge of their countenances as might enable him, at some future time, to recognize and swear to them. To his no small astonishment, two of the persons crowding into the bunny he instantly recognized. The one was Mistress Betty's pattern son; the other was another pattern youth, a great favourite and *protégé* of Lady Sprose. The tall Hercules of a fellow who had bound him he guessed to be Jim Grimes; and one lad yet taller but slimmer than Jim, he fancied was the son of Farmer Best. "Dang it, Jim, what be'st thou doing with that damned gim-crack lantern, man? Shroud 'un—shroud 'un." This was instantly done, and a whispering conversation followed, in which Stuart only heard the words, "No, no, let him alone, a pretty hanging job you would make of it." To which a rough, surly and louder answer was given. "Ah, thou wilt see. If I would make a hanging job on't, thou, with thy infernal blunder, hast made a transporting business of it." "Oh, —— your croaking," was all the reply; and the whole party rushed down to the sea. A long line of horses now trotted past towards the beach; and in a short space of time came toiling up the steep, urged on by sundry people—boys chiefly, as Stuart judged by their voices.

While lying thus bound hand and foot, and wholly unable to move, Stuart's ear, rendered painfully acute by his anxiety and by his position on the ground, detected a sound different from the confused turmoil of the smugglers, or the roaring of the storm. "There goes a blue light," shouted a man close to him; "there's another; and here they come." The fellow dashed down the bunny, and disappeared in the darkness. The quick, steady, regular tread of trained men approached and Stuart shouted at the top of his voice, "Here,

Digitized by Google

my lads." Upon which, he heard a voice swear a terrible oath, and add, "Take that." A bright flash from a pistol followed, and a ball whizzed past, and just grazed his temple. The report, and Stuart's shout, brought the rush of the men towards the spot; and he heard Shipley's voice eagerly crying, "Where are you? Is that you, Stuart?" The ball had stunned him for the moment; but, making an effort, he shouted again; and Shipley, with twenty men, some mounted on horseback, were by his side in a moment, released, and raised him. The cold, and the tightness of the cords, had so stiffened his limbs as to render him, for some time, unable to move. The blood soon returned, however, and he at once addressed himself to his brother officer.

"Shipley, how many men have you?"

"Twenty."

"Are they armed?"

"Yes, to the teeth."

"We shall have work to do; up with the blue light, and let us see where the rascals are, and their numbers."

The light, made for the purpose, threw a wide glare around, and discovered down in the bunny a large crowd of people, horses, and some carts. In the offing, just beyond the surf, lay a long low lugger-rigged vessel, riding at her anchor. The scene was strange and startling; but disappeared like one in a play, so soon as the light died out.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed the two officers simultaneously, "let's have at them!"

The men were armed, resolute, well trained, and athletic. They marched with a steady rapid pace down the ravine, and were quickly upon the smugglers.

"If you resist we shall fire," cried the officers.

No answer was returned; but a rush of horses, carts, and men, was suddenly made up the hill, accompanied with some random shots. The word was given, and the preventive men fired also. The deadly volley checked the main body as it came up the pass; but in the *mêlée* many rushed up and escaped. A large quantity of the goods, however, were left upon the beach; and in the ravine some horses, and all the carts, were seized, and some prisoners were made—not many, however; the men and their officers being alike averse to the consequences that must follow the capture. The random shots fired by the smugglers had done no harm, so that no great anger was excited; and the whole party were better pleased to make a capture of the run goods than of those who brought them there, or of those who were about to smuggle them inland.

"Send up another light, Thompson; and let us see how the land lies."

A confused rabble were seen scampering up the ravine; some were looking over the brink of the cliff, and gave a shout of rage and defiance so soon as the light appeared; but they, too, scampered off upon four or five muskets being discharged at them. In the offing the lugger was seen under weigh, stretching out upon the larboard tack, and poking her nose almost into the wind's eye. The light died out, and all was again dark, and seemed darker than before, from the sudden transition from the glaring light so quickly extinguished.

A groan was now heard, and on a search being made, a wounded man was found lying on the beach. He could speak, however, and, on being asked, gave his name. "Mind, sir," he said to the officer, "I have two loaded pistols in my belt, and they may go off. There is a gun under me, but that went off when I fell."

This last assertion was a falsehood; he had been the first to fire, and was, in fact, the man who had attempted to shoot Stuart. He was a farmer's son, and was now to be taken, either a corpse or a dying man, to that home he had so lately left in high health, and all the buoyant spirits of youth. He died the next day, after having given a long and detailed account of his smuggling career, and a list of his companions in this illegal traffic. The whole neighbourhood was found to be implicated. Gentlemen quietly connived at the trade; the shopkeepers dealt in the contraband goods, and sold them to people of every degree, who were all perfectly cognizant of the circumstances under which they were acquired, yet scrupled not to stimulate the poor around them to crime, for the sordid object of saving a few pounds or shillings a year. And to this day, the lad who was shot on that fatal night is remembered and lamented on Oakley Common. The events of that night are still often talked of; and many an old man has been heard to say, "Aye, I never went a-smuggling after that." And one was accustomed to give a very detailed account of the whole affair, and to describe his own horror when he heard the shots fired, and felt poor James Hathaway fall close by his side.

My own acquaintance with Oakley Common commenced upon this memorable occasion. The daring attack upon the officer—the death of the unhappy young fellow who was shot, made a serious stir in the country, and I became mixed up, no matter why or how, with the inquiries that were made by the authorities in consequence. The character of the population, and the circumstances by which their condition was affected, became for me a subject of study; and my astonishment at first, aroused by what I saw and heard, was allayed so soon as I learned what I may term the natural history of the neighbourhood.

The gentry of the neighbourhood, when I first knew it, were not numerous, and were not of a description to exercise any very useful influence upon any class of the people. Two or three baronets—all of them Members of Parliament—one or two peers, a few retired officers of both services, and one or two landed proprietors, constituted the gentry. The Members of Parliament and the peers really knew nothing of the people. They came down in the autumn to shoot, and enjoy the delicious climate—the finest, I believe, in England. They brought their own society, and saw only, upon rare and formal occasions, the small gentry of the place. The half-pay officers and their families were cramped in their means, exceedingly *touchy* as to their own position and the conduct of the greater people towards them. They kept up a constant strife with fortune, and had their eyes

Digitized by Google

always fixed upon the orbs *above*, which moved in a bright sphere, for which they sighed, and into which they were ever seeking to enter. The small landed proprietors were of a totally different character, and were in as constant danger of falling below their station. Their young people were apt to haunt low society. They loved shooting, fishing, and hunting; and to distinguish them from their gamekeepers was not a matter of easy accomplishment. Just below these small gentry were the farmers, who were all people of small means, illiterate, and, though better fed and better clothed than their labourers, scarcely better instructed. Now, Oakley Common played no small part in all the relations existing between these small farmers and their servants; it therefore deserves a description in this true history.

The common, then, was a large tract of uninclosed land, belonging to a manor that was really in abeyance, though the rights were claimed, and in some degree exercised, by a powerful and wealthy person who had purchased one half of the manor. The want of a well-assured title led to laxity as to the rights connected with the common, and the farmers, to a man, took what they deemed advantage of this state of things. From time to time, a mud cottage was erected on the common by some adventurous labourer, who, having his house rent free, was able to live on lower wages. He was, therefore, countenanced and encouraged by the farmers around, in what, as far as the labourer was concerned, was a distinct encroachment upon the rights of another man. The farmers also shot game themselves without a license; they, therefore, were not very sharp-sighted about their labourers; the consequence was, that labourers and farmers alike were poachers. The smuggler was no unwelcome neighbour to these men. The master was glad to buy, at a cheap rate, brandy and tobacco—so were the men; and they all, as we have seen, joined freely in the traffic. In the lapse of time the squatters on Oakley Common became numerous, the houses were grouped into a small village, in which were planned all the deeds of violence and crime committed within ten miles round. But the mode in which things went on may probably be best learned from a short history of some of the events that occurred a few years subsequent to the smuggling affairs above described.

Betty Seagrim still existed, and her cottage, as heretofore, was the resort of the lawless and the idle. The profits of the smugglers had, however, been grievously diminished by an alteration in the customs-duties; while, at the same time, the efficiency of the coast-guard became every day more marked and complete. Poaching was now a better trade than smuggling—more money was to be gained by it, and the danger run was less. Imprisonment for a few months, in a comfortable gaol, was better than transportation or the hulks. Just now, there were bad times for the farmers; corn was low, and the prices of other things did not fall likewise. The papers talked loudly of agricultural distress; county meetings were held to consider of the means by which that distress could be relieved; and there was great discontent among all classes of persons connected with the land. The farmers about Oakley were but bad farmers after all: a turnip-crop was a raree-show in those parts; and a threshing-machine had only been heard of a few years back. Still, John Bull is John Bull, who, though stubborn and stolid, is by no means a fool, so, at last, some few of the sharper and the richer farmers actually set up threshing-machines. But this being an innovation, was not liked, and was freely talked about, and pretty freely blamed, by their brother farmers and by the men. Oakley Common had its little knot of politicians, who had long been in the habit of drinking smuggled brandy on the sly, and plotting schemes of poaching, and making preparations for the running of goods, in Betty Seagrim's house. In the winter of 1830, the talk among these became fierce and threatening. The leader of these men was our old friend Jim Grimes. Jim could read, and, sooth to tell, Jim could write. How he acquired these accomplishments, no one knew; but there was a whisper that Jim's father had been a farmer, who had gone to decay, and that Jim himself once looked forward to be a master, and not a servant. But these were only guesses, as no one knew where Jim came from: somewhere in the west, he said himself. He had been one of the first to inclose a piece of the common. He was skilful in many ways, but never went into regular service. He sometimes engaged to cut a copse, to saw timber, to dibble beans, to mow, and reap, by the piece; but he never took plough in hand, and lived his own master, in his own house; and a wretched hovel that house was.

The snow was falling, and the wind blew bitterly cold. Betty Seagrim's window-shutter was closed, but the blaze of the fire and candle shone through the joints, and a hum of voices was heard within. Round the rickety table sat Jim Grimes, and three others much of the same stamp as himself. They were engaged in drinking and in talk; the subject was the news, some days old, which Jim was reading from a dirty and crumpled newspaper. The paragraph he had just finished was a description of the fires in Normandy, and the doings of Swing in Sussex. The men held their breath as he read, and the woman Betty came close up to the table to listen.

"Now, that's what I call acting like men," said Jim; "a pretty thing, indeed, that we should be starved just to please them as call themselves gentlefolk. What business have Farmer Edwards with a machine? It's just to take the bread out of our mouths, so that he and his'n may live in clover, have fine clothes, and fine dinners; and his wife and daughters may play, and sing, and dance, and go to church in a shay, and live like lords and ladies. It won't do, and we won't stand it." And he banged the table till every joint of it shook.

"Jim—Jim, I say," said Betty, "don't go for to ruinate my table. Be quiet a bit, man, and speak comfortable, like; I do like to hear thee talk a deal better than our parson. Hast seen any of these matches, Jim?"

"Yes, indeed. I have and not only seen 'em

Digitized by Google

but handled 'em, and here's a box," and he displayed to their wondering eyes a box of lucifer-matches, which they, for the first time in their lives, now beheld.

At this moment, some one knocked at the door, and demanded to be admitted. The match-box disappeared, together with a certain bottle and broken tea-cup, and the men quickly arranged themselves before the fire, leaving the newspaper on the table.

"Betty, Betty Seagrim, let me in, I say." Betty shuffled to the door, opened it, and in walked Farmer Best.

Farmer Best was a loud talker about distress. The falling-off of the smuggling trade did not seem to please him, and he railed at the Government as the cause of the present hard times.

"Well, Jim, so I see thou hast been a-reading the news. What is new?"

"Nothing that I do see, sir. They do say that the folk cast-away don't like them machines."

"I should think not, Jim. I don't like 'un, I tell thee, and the Government ought to make a law to put 'em down. They ain't just; I say they ain't natural; and I don't wonder that the men have broke 'em. Some says they ain't lawful, neither. I'd as soon have a fire on my place as a machine."

"Ah, sir, you be a poor man's friend, and every one as desarves that same name threshes with a *frail*" (*i. e.*, flail).

"They can't call Mr. Edwards a poor man's friend, then," said one of the men; "all this blessed day have I heard whir—whir—with that machine of his'n, and it have done as much this day as I could do in two months, work as hard as I could."

"Thou didst thresh for him, Thomas, once, I think?"

"Always, sir, before this new gimcrack came in place, and now in a week he won't have a rick standing."

"May be not, may be not," said the farmer. "If he were in Sussex, mayhap there would be another reason for that, let alone the machine. Well, I don't wonder at what poor men do when rich men becomes so hardhearted. Have you any tea, missus?" said the farmer, turning to Betty.

"Oh, lord, sir, them times are long gone by; but for you, sir, I think I can find a drop;" and out came the same bottle and tea-cup.

"Pour out a pint of it, Betty, and there's the money; and now, men, it's cold this night, so take a sup."

Having drank a glass himself, and talked some time longer, describing carefully and with much approbation the machine-breaking in other parts of the country, he left the men again by themselves.

The consequence of such language and conduct might easily have been foreseen. In a few days every idle vagabond for miles round congregated on Oakley Common. Every poacher and thief, and lazy do-nothing, now complained of being out of work. They who, when there was work to be done, would never undertake it, now made a poor mouth and declared they were starving, and insisted upon being fed. When the vestry was held on the Monday, these sturdy beggars made their appearance in a body, and loudly demanded instant and large relief. When the farmers remonstrated, the men declared they could get no work. They said that the threshing-machines were the cause of their distress; and the few farmers who had machines, and who employed more hands than any others in the parish, had to stand the abuse of their brother farmers as well as of the men. Very significant hints were given to the men by those of the farmers who disliked paying rates, and possessed no machines. The men, in return, gave as significant warnings of what might be expected if they were not immediately relieved. Mr. Edwards, a bold, resolute man, instantly declared that if his vote could decide the matter they should have nothing; and he asserted, and truly, that they who were most noisy and clamorous were only pretending to desire work, and making the present circumstances of the times a means of extortion—an extortion to which he, for one, would not submit.

"Very well," said one of these worthies, with a swaggering air, "very well, we must be warmed somehow, and mayhap a pretty large fire may serve the purpose."

"Do you threaten to burn my property, you scoundrel?" said Mr. Edwards, rising in indignation.

"I say nought," was the reply, "and I be no more a scoundrel than thou art. But I won't starve either with cold or hunger, so, I say, look to it." He then threw his hat upon his head, crushed it down with a jerk, and stalked out of the vestry-room.

Mr. Edwards, turning to his brother farmers, said, "You see, gentlemen, what we may expect. Your language has, in great part, led to this, and you will be responsible for the result."

Farmer Best, upon this, took up the word, and poured a flood of ignorant indignation upon all those hard-hearted men who, for their own profit, grind the poor, and deny them bread by denying them work. "The oppressors of the poor," he said, "could not expect to prosper."

"You may," said Mr. Edwards, "by your fatal talk and wicked conduct, bring calamity upon me, and thus fulfil your own prophecies; but I warn you, sir, that upon your own head, sooner or later, misfortune will fall. These ignorant men outside, when once aroused, will make no nice distinctions. The blaze of my ricks, if they are to blaze, will shine upon and discover yours. Mine are insured; your's, I know, are not; and perhaps some other causes of sorrow may reach you, and, in the bitter hour of your sorrow, you will not be able to say or to feel that your own evil deeds have had no part in producing the misery which will crush you."

The farmer turned pale at these solemn words; he quailed under the steady gaze of Mr. Edwards, and felt that the secret sorrows of his home were known to the stern monitor who now addressed him.

Mr. Edwards left the vestry for his home. So soon as he arrived there, one of his children brought him a crumpled dirty note, directed in a

Digitized by Google

rude hand to Mr. Farmer Edwards. The contents ran thus:—

"If You Dont drectly Brake your Thrashin Masheen, look out. We gives thee Two Days, an If it beant broke Then, expect to see SWING."

The hand-writing was familiar to Edwards. Going to his room, he took out sundry small accounts for wood-cutting, mowing, &c., and compared them with this precious epistle, selecting two or three which, in his own mind, established the identity of the writing. He again mounted his horse, and rode over to Sir George Sprose. Parliament had been prorogued late in November, and Sir George had come to spend his somewhat gloomy Christmas at his house near Oakley. To him, as a magistrate, and one who had long had connexions with the Government, Mr. Edwards now applied. Mr. Edwards sent in his name, with a message to Sir George, to the effect that he was anxious to see him on a matter of serious importance. Ushered into the presence of the great man (with whom were three other magistrates, apparently sitting in consultation), he said, "Sir George, I apply to you, sir, as a magistrate, on a very serious matter. I have received a threatening letter, and I am ready to swear to the handwriting."

So saying, he put the letter into the hands of Sir George, who, having read it, said, "This is a bad business, Mr. Edwards, a very bad business. What a pity that you ever thought of using a machine!"

"Good God, Sir George!" exclaimed the astonished farmer, "you do not mean to blame me for attempting to render the earth more fertile, and skill available to the production of food?"

"Mr. Edwards, I am no political economist—which I hear you are—I am only a country gentleman, sympathising with my poorer brethren; and grieved am I to see the little regard that seems to be paid to their sufferings."

"You cannot apply that to me, sir. I employ more hands than any man in the parish—I pay them better; and my family attend the sick, giving them advice, medicine, and often food. How, then, can it be said that I neglect the suffering poor?"

"Did you not dismiss Thomas Grey last week? Thomas Grey has five children; and yet he was dismissed without any warning, and in this inclement season."

"Did the person who gave you that information tell you why I dismissed Grey?"

"No, sir; but the person who told me gave me a very good account of the man, and of his wife. In fact, Mr. Prior, your clergyman, told me."

"And did he say nothing more? Now, sir, I kept Grey long after I discovered him to be a worthless fellow, because of his wife and family; and in order to save his wages from the pot-house, I paid his wife, instead of trusting him with his wages. Last Saturday, he forced the money out of his wife's hand, and knocked her down for attempting to retain some portion of it for the food of the children. On the Monday, I detected him robbing my barn, and instantly dismissed him. And now, when I come to you to give me protection against the midnight rick-burner, you do what you have no right to do, question me as to my conduct in a matter over which you have no control, and in which I can alone judge. I pay my rent. I am responsible for the rates of the farm. I am liable for the debts which arise in the working of it. Who is to judge but myself as to the application of my means to this end? If you, sir, will become liable for my responsibilities, I will listen to your advice. But you will not do that; and I must beg that you do not thus interfere in a matter wholly beyond your cognizance."

The pompous baronet was deeply wounded by this plain speaking, and sat silent, growing every moment more and more purple with suppressed rage. One of his brother magistrates, a mellifluous-spoken doctor, put into the commission by the influence of Sir George with the Lord Lieutenant of the county, now came to the rescue of his patron, saying, in a very soft voice, "But, Mr. Edwards, we are not talking of rights—though, as I heard you, Sir George, say, with great truth and eloquence, property has its duties as well as rights—but charity, Mr. Edwards, charity should be remembered. And to show you how I judged in a case somewhat similar to yours, I will tell you what I did this very morning. You know while Lord Greatacre is absent I direct his bailiff in the management of his estate. Well, yesterday I was told of the rioters in various parts of the country; and also learned that they threatened to go to Cliffhill (this was Lord Greatacre's house) in order to break the machine that had lately been erected there. I went there this morning, pulled it to pieces, and actually broke one of the large wheels, to meet the wishes of the people, and allay their discontent."

"Then, sir," said the sturdy farmer, "give me leave to say, you acted most unwisely. I don't wish to use hard words, but I must say that the mob will consider this cowardly proceeding a victory; and we shall have to stand the brunt of the struggle that will inevitably follow. The machine was Lord Greatacre's, and so far I have no business in the matter. It would, however, have looked better if the machine had been your own. I wish your charity in this case, sir, had begun at home."

The Doctor had evidently taken nothing by his motion, and now, in imitation of his patron, drew himself up in offended dignity, and puffed after the same fashion, but in a somewhat subdued style.

"May we then, sir," at length said Sir George, "ask what you wish of us?"

"I want you, sir, and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to preserve the peace, and to support us in our lawful avocations. And further, sir, I want you to issue a warrant against James Grimes, for sending me that threatening letter."

"Well, sir," said Sir George, "we have taken steps for the maintenance of the peace. We understand the poor men want an increase of wages, and we are of opinion that a fair day's work deserves a fair day's wage. And here, sir, is the resolution we have come to, and signed; and you will do well to sign it also, and act upon it."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Edwards, on looking at the paper put into his hand, found, to his utter astonishment, that the magistrates had formally assumed the right to fix the rate of wages; and ordered all the farmers to give every able-bodied labourer two-and-sixpence a day. "This, sir, is illegal. You have no power to do any such thing. And I entreat you, if you have not made this most unwise document public, carefully to suppress it."

"Illegal, sir!" exclaimed Sir George, "who made you a lawyer?" He was, however, evidently in a fright, and began to talk earnestly, in an under tone, to the clerk of the magistrates, who was present.

"I am not a lawyer," said Mr. Edwards, with a slight smile, "but Mr. Gripe, at your elbow, will tell you I am right."

Gripe shuffled, looked uneasy, made a sort of motion as if he were going to speak, but said nothing.

"Are you sure, sir, that this resolution is illegal?" said a quiet, gentlemanly person (one of the magistrates present) to Edwards. "Are you sure that this is illegal? I thought it was so myself, but was over-ruled. I am a soldier, and not conversant with the law, but I cannot find, nor can Mr. Gripe, for I have asked him, any authority in our guide—viz., 'Burn's Justice'—for any such exercise of authority. But it is too late now, for the resolution has been published as the result of our consultations."

Mr. Edwards hereupon said, in a respectful manner, to the last speaker, "I think, General, that the best way would have been to apply to the Home-office for advice. That you had better do, even now. I am confident as to the illegality, as well as the impolicy, of the proceedings, and I see clearly that we shall have rioting, and force to put it down will be required; and you, sir, and the magistrates, your colleagues, ought at once to prepare, and gather force to keep down the rioters. I shall, myself, return home, after my fruitless endeavour to obtain aid from you as authorities, and must depend upon myself and my family for the protection of our property and our lives. Good morning, gentlemen."

He left them in a state of blank dismay, and looking at each other with a shamefaced and ludicrous solemnity of visage, and bestowing side-long looks of vengeance upon their clerk, whose shameful subserviency had prevented him giving the warning which even his knowledge of the law would have enabled him to give. We shall see in the next chapter the natural results of this conduct.

THE SWABIAN PEASANT TO HIS LORD.*

What art thou, who no fear would'st feel
To maim me with thy charger's heel;
Yea—crush me 'neath thy carriage wheel,
Nor warn to stand aloof?
Who, if thy hound—thy friend though lank—
Had fleshed his muzzle in my flank,
Would'st deem it were beneath thy rank
To speak or look reproof?

What art thou, that thy hunting-cry
Should drive me, as a deer, to hie,
With panting breast and troubled eye,
Through forest and through field?
The corn thou tramplest, as an elf
In spite and wantonness; the pelf
Thou squander'st on horse, dog, and self,
I made the furrow yield.

What art thou, Prince? What claimest thou?
Hath sweating harvest smirched thy brow?
Hast aught in mattock, spade, or plough?
Hast toiled to break the clod?
Thou'rt but a man—wert born, liv'st, diest.
God set thee over me, thou criest.
God gives—thou tak'st away. Thou liest!
Thou Tyrant not of God!

---

* It is to be hoped that the recent convulsions of German society have rendered impossible, for the future, such a system as forms the subject of the above lines. Till the popular movements took place the old forest laws subsisted in full force. The result may be conceived. The imaginary peasant speaks far less intensity of bitterness than the actual cultivator felt till within the last few years. At the period spoken of, it is a fact that hundreds of huntsmen in Bavaria were annually killed in the discharge of *their* duty; and it is certain that their victims were at least as numerous, though no record can be found of the death of the latter. Both parties understood the terms on which they met. When poacher and jäger encountered in the woods the rifles were raised, and the quickest (both being unerring shots) was the most successful marksman. If the jäger was slain, he was sought for by his mates; and, when found, some moan was made for him. If the poacher fell dead, or mortally wounded, he was often left on the spot, as some legal investigation was necessary, if his death were reported; and his slayer, though ultimately certain of impunity, would be detained in a town or city till the tedious operations of German jurisprudence sanctioned his acquittal—a delay disagreeable enough in any case, but intolerable to an enthusiastic woodsman, and such is generally the German jäger.

The German roe and red deer, protected at this expense of human life, are sorry food at best. The former lives in the woods, and its flesh is poor and dry; the latter inhabits marshes, and is spongy and insipid. The price of this meat varies in general from five farthings to twopence per pound. Both kinds do infinite mischief to the poor people's crops. From the time that the young corn appears above the surface of the ground till harvest, the peasant and his family are obliged to watch and kindle fires by night to scare these animals away from the cultivated fields.

The sole end and object of preserving the game in question is to have an ample supply ready for the *battue*. Upon these occasions the great man—king or noble—stands in a rustic hut at the end of an avenue, and fires at the deer as they spring across it. The poor animals thus butchered are driven to the appointed spot for days together by a continually narrowing circle of huntsmen and country folk. When they have been thus concentrated in some small wood, they are surrounded by canvas awnings stretched on poles, to prevent their egress. All is then ready. The titled executioners arrive in their carriages from the chateau or the town. Rifles crack and bullets whirr for two or three hours, after which a huge mass of bleeding carcases is collected from different parts of the wood. Several deer are also found dead from fright. The whole operation is most disagreeable to witness or reflect upon. To none is it more so than to the sturdy huntsman. The last time that it was witnessed by the writer of these lines, an old *ausgelernter Jäger*, a zealot in his craft, living an uninsurable life in the forest, and who probably, like William the Conqueror, "loved the red deer as if he were their father," shrugged up his shoulders, while, with a countenance of supreme disgust, he characterized the whole affair as most unsportsmanlike. "*Nicht sauber*"—not clean—was his appropriate phrase.

Digitized by Google

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT GREECE."

(*Continued from page* 225.)

CHAPTER LXIII.

Everybody acquainted with the tricks of travellers must instinctively shudder at the name of Malta; since all who spend twenty-four hours ashore there think themselves privileged to repeat the story of the knights. But let my readers take courage. The moments of our brief intercourse are too precious to be wasted on topics so stale. We will stick to the present—to this bright spot in the regions of eternity which the sun now gilds, and makes beautiful with his beams. I have no inclination to look

"O'er the dark backward and abysme of time"—

to cheat my sight with the pantomime of mocking shadows which loom and look grand and colossal in the dreary distance.

God forgive me if I am wrong, but I am least of all mankind, perhaps, addicted to the worship of great names, dead or living. If one can be said to love the dead, there certainly have been among the people of past generations several, both men and women, whose memory I have taken into my heart of hearts. Chief, perhaps, of these is an old man, short, ugly, pot-bellied, whose external and internal nature suggested to a great writer of antiquity one of the finest similes I remember to have met with. He compared him to certain cases, commonly to be found, it seems, in the houses of those times, which, grotesque or deformed without, displayed, when opened, the beautiful figures of the gods. With this old fellow I have a strange passion to converse; and, thanks to two of his young friends, who, I suppose, took down his rhapsodies in short-hand, I have gossipped with him a thousand and a thousand times. Our great dispute has always been about democracy. He lived in a republic, and loved it, and would not have exchanged it for any other form of government under heaven. But he was sharp-sighted, and could see its defects, and used to prate about them much too freely for my taste. Wise as he was, he could not possibly foresee what bad use would be made of his testimony. He took the liberty, however, we all take with the things we love, and found fault with his country himself, in the hope that he might thus prevent other people from doing so. He was mistaken, dear old fellow; and instead of that has furnished weapons to the malignant, with which, from his own time to ours, they have been stupidly assailing the acropolis of liberty. Let them go on, "obliging creatures," knocking their heads against that rock. It will bear a great deal of bumping, and they will probably find it the harder of the two in the end.

However, this is not at all what I was going to say. I meant to apologise for not writing a dissertation on the Knights of Malta, and to explain my reasons for the omission. I am a sort of leveller in the matter of humanity, and think one man pretty nearly as good as another, provided he be tolerably easy tempered, and has any thing to say. Homer, and Æscalus, and Pheidias, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Raphaeli, and Shakspeare, and Milton, I consider very agreeable people, but have no inclination to make idols of them. It is very different, of course, with Sappho, and Aspasia, and Cornelia, and Helouise, and Madame Roland. These with me are elevated by their sex, their beauty, their virtue, or their genius, into the very heaven of imagination. Nature makes no men too tall, physically or intellectually, for other men, while talking, to look them in the face. Even my pot-bellied friend knew how to bring down his Titanian intellect to the level of humanity, and could laugh, and joke, and talk nonsense with the best of them. If one can feel at home with him, therefore, one can surely do so with any one else.

As to the race of kings, and that sort of people, one knows very well what their grandeur is made of. They owe it entirely to their tailors, and goldsmiths, and lapidaries. Take away their jewels, their glittering chains, their rings, and fine clothes, and they are exactly like Jones or Tomkins—no better and no worse. Least of all, therefore, can one worship them, unless one chooses to resemble the animal on which old Silenus used to trot at the heels of Dionysos over the plains of Asia.

Still what I have said in the last paragraph but one is, I fear, susceptible of misconstruction. Don't let the reader think I have any quarrel with poets and philosophers, or that I hold those cheap who have accomplished much good for mankind. Quite the contrary. I cannot worship because I love them; and perfect love casteth out fear, without which the reader well knows there is no worship. This word touches on too sacred a link in the chain of thought to be much dwelt upon in these humble pages. Our souls were never meant to bow before each other. That act is holy, and belongs to one. All spirits in the universe are bowed by a fearful love before the Father of spirits; and the higher and greater they are, the more cheerfully do they veil their borrowed glory, and bend before Him that made them. There is a line in a French poet which deserves to be introduced here—

"Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et je n'ai point d'autre crainte."

It is this feeling alone that can preserve us from the worship of humanity. We were never meant, I repeat, to be idols to each other; and there must, therefore, be something inexpressibly servile in the man who crooks the hinges of the knee before one of his own species.

Enough, however, of this. Let me endeavour to

Digitized by Google

recall what I enjoyed once on the coming on of evening in the lazaretto. All my companions, including Selina, had retired to their bed-rooms, and were asleep—a very common thing after dinner. Instead of following their example, I piled up my Turkish pipe with fragrant Gebelee, and drawing an ottoman into the vast embrasure of the open window, looked out upon the tranquil bay. The sun, though fast descending, had not yet gone down. It was summer. In the air there was a warmth and a stillness, a brilliance and a glory altogether indescribable. The little waves, that rippled to the unfelt breeze, were crested with purple light; and the orange-trees, streaked by the sun's rays with gold, exhaled their fragrance, like a spiritual balm, into the air. It came wafted to me I know not how, and, mingling with the smoke which rose, like that of incense, from the dusky bowl and amber mouth-piece of the pipe, ended in lapping my soul completely in elysium.

Yet was there a large infusion of melancholy in the pleasures of that moment. I watched eagerly the ebbing day, and asked myself what would be my thoughts supposing it were my last, supposing my soul to be fading away with that light, and sinking behind the horizon of existence. The idea seemed to link me to the dying day. I beheld, with a sort of internal shudder, the waves of darkness rolling rapidly, one after another, towards the west, invading the realm of light, encompassing it, rolling in upon it, reducing it to a speck, and then extinguishing it altogether. The red glory vanished from the clouds, and Night, the imperial sister of Death, sat enthroned in all her majesty in the heavens. I had gradually risen as the struggle between light and darkness was going on, but sunk back when it was over, and hid my face for a moment in the pile of cushions that rose behind me. Presently I resumed my pipe, self-possession had returned, and I looked out cheerfully into the quiet heavens, where the stars, like muezzins, stationed at the summit of that eternal minaret, seemed to be gently calling out in their language, "Arise, ye faithful, and pray!" prayer is better than sleep.

Just as this thought had entered with its soothing power into my mind, Abdallah (the slave of God) came in, bearing upon a tray two brilliant lamps, a pile of frujaus, and a coffee-pot. Little Selina ran tripping at his heels, and, in a few seconds, a circle of merry faces flashed round the table. The Merchant and the Jew were full of their dreams: they had, in fancy, been borne back to Alexandria, where visions of horse-beans and cotton bales had rejoiced their optics. The Indian, if he dreamt at all, had probably been wandering with Vaisunta through the perfumed groves of Ajmeer. I re-lighted my own pipe, or rather Abdallah did it for me, and, all the rest following my example, we were soon, like the dwellers on old Olympos, enveloped in fragrant clouds, through which dreamy voices penetrated at intervals to our ears. This was the way in which we generally ended the evening. We then retired, and were soon, by the hum of innumerable musquitos, lulled to rest.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY.

There are several gentlemen of the Dutch school who, if they had been twenty-one days in the Maltese lazaretto, would have counted the stones in the whole building, and enabled the reader to do so too; described the long shining esplanade, intersected at intervals by high walls furnished with doorways and strong doors, which stretched along its whole front, delineated the hanging eaves, the spacious windows, and the sheet of sunshine which rested upon the walls during the greater part of the day. Their pen, quite magical in its minuteness, would have called up before our fancy the large stone staircases, with heavy balustrades, leading from the bottom of the building to the top. The lofty white rooms, the sounding corridors, the long galleries, with slight iron railings, projecting from the face of the building on a level with every floor, and forming so many pleasant walks for the prisoners—all these I must leave to the reader's imagination, merely observing, by the way, that Selina and I diligently explored every portion of the edifice accessible to us, walked a hundred times on every gallery, peeped out through every window, and counted together all the flagstones on our department of the esplanade. The steps, too, leading down to the water, I see them at this moment in my mind's eye. The lower ones wet, and green with fine sea-weed, where a lady, whose husband was in Persia, used to sit in her boat every evening to converse with our next-door neighbours. She had a baby on her lap, which, though older, and of the wrong gender, reminded me strongly of another baby on the banks of the Leman Lake. We did not know that person, and, of course, therefore never spoke with her; but the situation in which she was placed imparted to her a sort of interest in our eyes. Indeed, a mother with a child on her lap can seldom be looked upon with perfect indifference.

I wish my parents had made a stoic of me, for then I should have gone through the world like a machine moved by clockwork, and kept ticking regularly to the end of the chapter. This, unfortunately, was not the case, for which reason I grow mortally tired of monotony, and have no sooner had time to get used to a place than I long to be out of it. To keep myself in countenance, however, I must say that my companions were a thousand times more tired of the lazaretto than I, and, with all my democratic propensities, longed more ardently for liberation. As I said before, I had my journal to bring up, and made a companion of my pen during a large portion of the day. However, weariness came at last, and another week of imprisonment would probably have given me a fit of nostalgia.

Howard, I believe, the Don Quixote of our northern latitudes—a comparison by which, I trust, I shall offend no man's prejudices, for even our philanthropist could not be a kinder or a better gentleman than the Knight of La Mancha—Howard,*

* See his life by Hepworth Dixon, an interesting and excellent work, which fully deserves the popularity it has obtained.

Digitized by Google

I believe, anathematizes lazarettos in his work on the subject. But these health-prisons, though often badly managed, may, after all, be necessary, so long as the plague retains its ordinary characteristics. Should this disease die out, as it probably will, the lazaretto system may die with it. Indeed, from various indications, we are warranted in assuming that the plague has gradually, for some ages, been growing milder and milder, and that it will at length sink into the category of common marsh fevers.

"It is a long lane that has no turning," says the old proverb. At last the day of release arrived, and, freed from all suspicion of plague or pestilence, we stepped into the boat, doffed our hats to the yellow flag, and then, quietly turning our backs upon it, rowed merrily away towards the wholesome portion of Valetta. If the reader has ever been a prisoner, as I trust he has, he will exactly understand my sensations as I stepped ashore. All my connexion with Isis and Osiris was now at an end. I was really at home in Europe, since Malta forms as much a part of Great Britain as Kent or Middlesex. It is not, indeed, united to the jolly old island by a visible isthmus, but they are joined, nevertheless, by the subtle links of power which, while our countrymen remain true to themselves, nothing on earth can break. I felt, as I stepped ashore, as free as thought, and walked up the streets of Valetta with much the same sort of air that one walks up Pall Mall or Piccadilly after a seven years' ramble on the Continent. Instead of breaking up and dispersing several ways, our little party, formed by accident, now kept together by choice. We took lodgings at the same hotel where our next-door neighbours, liberated a few days before us, had already pitched their tents, all but the hypochondriacal doctor, who, too happy to escape from his musical companions, had taken refuge in the remotest corner of the city. I pitied the man very much. "Alice Grey" had persecuted him nearly to death, so that I know not whether he more dreaded our society or the plague. To escape us, he sacrificed much that was worth seeing in Malta, and hastened to take his passage in a ship bound for Naples, leaving Sicily unvisited, rather than be persecuted by the accursed "Alice Grey" during the whole of that luckless journey. It was fortunate that he did so, as his presence would certainly have spoiled some of our wildest and most agreeable adventures.

If the reader be at all partial to a good dinner, he will pardon me for devoting a word or two to the one we enjoyed on the day of our liberation from captivity. We were resolved for once to be extravagant; and so he who was most learned among us in the language of cookery, ordered heaven knows how many dishes to be got ready with the greatest possible speed. We appeared to have brought a month's hunger with us out of prison; and, when we sat down, imagined ourselves able to devour all the provisions in Valetta. Alas, I now experience the miseries of ignorance, since I know not the names of any of those good things, except beef and champagne. With these Olympian delicacies, others equal in taste and costliness loaded our table, so that we feasted like so many grandees of Sybaris; after which came the coffee and the pipes. The ladies, I know, will forgive me if I add, that I finished off the repast with delicious tea and cream, a luxury I had not enjoyed for months.

In the evening we went to take a stroll on the ramparts — one of the noblest promenades in Christendom. Mohammed's observation on Damascus—which I have often repeated already again came into my mind, and I involuntarily murmured to myself, This is too delicious! A faint perfume from the orange-flowers impregnated the breeze, which was at once warm and invigorating. Our mirth knew no bounds — we talked, joked, and laughed, so as, I fear, to inspire the sober Maltese with very doubtful ideas of our sanity; but time and the hours wear through the smoothest as well as through the roughest day. Towards midnight we went to bed, intending to set out early the next morning for the Citta Vecchia.

Our life at best, however, is but a mingled yarn. As I stood in a little ante-room, sipping a glass of lemonade, I heard close at hand the moaning of a child, and the soft and soothing tones of a woman, who was endeavouring to put it asleep. "It is a poor lady," said the chambermaid, who, with a candle in her hand, was waiting to light me to my room; "she is the widow of an officer who died about a month ago, and, I verily believe, is kept alive only by the necessity of attending on that poor child; but it will never recover—no, never," cried the girl, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. I pity the poor lady, indeed I do, sir; all her friends are in England, and of her husband's companions, if he had any, not one has ever dropped in to ask how she does."

Much saddened by this account, I went to bed in a humour very different from what I had expected. For some hours I could not sleep; the moans of the child were still audible, and every now and then I could hear the mother moving about to get it what it wanted. At last, however, every sound ceased, and I myself passed into the land of dreams.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE CITY OF DREAMS.

Should the reader happen to be fond of dust, he would have much liked to accompany us to the Citta Vecchia. For my own part, when I emerged from Valetta, mounted on a good stout mule, I imagined myself once more in the Lybian desert. There was nothing to be seen on all sides but white dust, a foot deep, at least, in the road, and of unknown depth on the fields and rocks around; while an active breeze whirled up clouds of it into the blue atmosphere, in the whole vast concave of which there was not a speck of vapour. People may prate as they like of the northern skies, give me the blue dome towering into the empyrean, with nothing visible in it but the blazing sun, to bask in whose fiery rays is to live —I had almost said, to live the life of a seraph. As we rose higher and higher on the mountains,

Digitized by Google

moving forward between low grey stone walls, Malta appeared before us like a panting Semele, scorched and calcined in the embraces of the god. Floods of glittering light went glancing down rocks and ravines to the sea, which stretched away on all sides to the verge of the horizon like a flood of molten lapiz-lazuli or turquoise. The imagination, inundated as it were with animal spirits, discovered nothing but beauty in this extraordinary scene, composed of rocks, dust—a blue sea and a bluer sky.

When we had ridden about two miles and a half, our guide inquired if we would like to see a garden. This sounded like a joke; and I looked into his face to discover whether he was in jest or earnest. He was as grave as a crocodile; so we bade him lead the way to the paradise of dust, being fully persuaded that there existed nothing else in Malta. For some time we went on descending, winding, twisting, and hobbling, as mules are used to do when going down a rough flight of steps. Patience at length brought us to a high wall, where we dismounted, and were conducted by our Maltese Hermes into a sort of elysium. The reader, of course, remembers the gardens of Irem, which, in the "Tales of the Ramadhan," I have endeavoured to describe in the story of the Phantom Camel. We now beheld the same thing in miniature. A slight inclosure of grey stones separated the white desert without from the green paradise within. Trees, shrubs, flowers, planted in delightful terraces, conducted the eye to the bottom of a deep ravine, where there was a long sweep of delicious shade. The traveller in the Sahara will remember with what delight he has seated himself beneath the shelter of some vast rock in the thirsty wilderness, screened from the blazing sun, and fanned by breezes of inexpressible softness. Though almost as fond as a salamander of heat, I confess I experienced the most delicious sensations in strolling through the odoriferous shrubs down towards the bottom of the valley. All sorts of sweet-scented flowers seemed to fling up their fragrance around us as we passed. Among others there were the stock, gilliflower, the pink and the carnation, redolent of England, of home, and of boyish hours. However case-hardened a man's heart may be by travel and intercourse with the world—if these things in truth do ever harden a heart that was once soft—I hold it to be impossible to resist, in a distant country, the reminiscences of home; and to an Englishman pinks and carnations are the most familiar of familiar things. In all likelihood, he has pulled them and inhaled their perfume, while walking through shady alleys, trimmed with box, in his mother's hand. Blessed days those, when the heart knew nothing but love—when eyes, the tenderest in the world, lighted up our path—when God seemed to speak to us through a woman's voice—when the whole world was to us made up of flowers and sunshine. Thank heaven! I had not yet lost the relish of existence; and as flowers have always been to me a sort of mute friends, I inhale with ecstacy their familiar scents. At the bottom of the garden there was a beautiful fountain, over which a part of the rock arched like a grotto. The water gushed forth from a dark fissure, and fell splashing into a long artificial basin, which supplied the refreshing moisture that had converted loose dust into a fertile soil, covered the rocks around with plants and trees, and created a spot of unfading verdure in the midst of barrenness and desolation.

Among the holiest and purest of human feelings is the love of nature, when linked, as it always ought to be, with that of humanity; and perhaps our universal mother never speaks more soothingly to the heart than in gardens. Here, according to our earliest traditions, God first placed the parents of our race; and it is perhaps some reminiscence of this primitive truth that links our fancy so closely to flowers, and green alleys, and bowers, and fruits of a thousand hues. Language, in many cases, is extremely flexible and accommodating, and enables us to paint the thoughts and emotions of our heart for the pleasure or pain of others; but sensations very often defy the power of words. Tastes and smells are almost infinite in number, yet how poor is the vocabulary by which we seek to express them! Besides, we are never exclusively under the influence of any one sense or thought; all the elements around combine to affect our imaginations at once. Hope and memory, ideas of the absent, the lost, the changed, the dead, mingle with all we feel, and rejoice or sadden, elevate or depress us, as they sweep in alternate gusts over our souls.

In a short time we were on the road again, following the noses of our mules towards the Citta Vecchia. If sadness had crept over me in the garden, it soon yielded like a cloud to the wonted influence of the sunshine and the breeze. On we went, laughing and chatting, and puffing our cigars, till we at length reached the old city of the knights, perched on the apex of the island, and commanding a view of its entire circumference, and of much of the blue Mediterranean beyond.

Byron, as the reader will remember, exclaims somewhere in a tone of great earnestness,—

"Oh that I could wreak my thoughts upon expression!"

Now it is not any modification of thought that perplexes me in the present case. I have the Citta Vecchia before me, distinct and lifelike, in my mind's eye, but when divested of the colours of imagination, and translated into the cold region of language, it will, I fear, lose very much of its beauty. It does not, as I recollect it, at all resemble the habitual habitation of mere creatures of clay. It is a city of sunshine, a cluster of dreamy roofs and towers invested with golden light, and resting, as it were, against a sky of inexpressible blue. At the moment of our arrival I suppose all the inhabitants were taking their siesta. Not a sound was heard in the streets. No man, woman, or child appeared to greet us. Here and there, on a window-sill, or at an open door, a few dreamy cats, with half closed eyes, sat purring in the sun, while innumerable grey lizards glanced up and down like diminutive shadows over the greyer walls. Standing on a breezy eminence,

Digitized by Google

there is generally at Citta Vecchia some movement in the atmosphere, whose invisible currents, as they float round church towers and ruined palaces, shook the dilapidated casements, and made one imagine oneself in a ruined city. As far as the eye could at first perceive, all human life had, in fact, been drained out of it; but when we entered the yard of what must, I suppose, by courtesy, be called an inn, the clatter of our mules' hoofs upon the stones, with a loud shout thrice repeated from our Valetta guide, roused a number of lazy stable-boys, who rolled out of a quantity of straw at the bottom of the yard, like so many fat maggots out of a cheese. Two of them undertook the care of the mules, while a third conducted us into the house. There, at a parlour window commanding a view down the steep brow of a hill all the way to the sea, we sat in cool indolence, while our nondescript meal, neither dinner nor breakfast, was getting ready. All my companions had been accustomed to the ways of the East, and loved to take a nap in the middle of the day. Scarcely, therefore, had they seated themselves before they were fast asleep, gently, perhaps, yielding to the genius of the place, which appeared to invite one to enter upon a state of everlasting repose. When they had all joined the dreamers of Citta Vecchia, I went out into the garden, and there, on a stone bench, beneath a spreading tree, which stretched like a roof over me, I, with the aid of flint and steel, lighted my cigar, and gazed through its tiny clouds on the curious landscape before me. I could dwell through a folio volume on the sort of delicious ecstacy into which the climate often throws one in those latitudes. One is too happy to think, one remembers or hopes, one indulges longing, and yearns for sympathy. All sorts of bright ideas and agreeable images float through the mind, scarcely leaving behind them a trace of their passage. But there is no strenuous mental exertion, no fierce excitement, no impetuous desire to struggle with mankind or the elements. Nature rocks, coaxes, and, as it were, pats one on the cheek, and bids one recline in peace on her bosom. In this state of existence one often becomes metaphysical, and speculates on all things possible and impossible. But I feel, as I recal those sunny moments, the languor of the melting South creep over me—its monotony infuses itself into my language, and the reader and I would soon, I fear, be fast asleep together were I not to change the topic.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A MOTHER'S SORROW.

Upon what in the Citta Vecchia should I dwell? It contains churches, inns, and private houses, with a sprinkling of small formal gardens, like most other cities. But it is not in any of these that you are to seek for its characteristics. It looks like a nest of grasshoppers that have forgotten how to chirp. It almost seems in my memory as if we had never heard a sound there, save what we uttered ourselves, as we expressed our astonishment at its silence. Yet I remember there was an old priest, a fat impersonation of ease and indolence, who contrived to gossip a little, in a slumberous way, about the history and antiquities of the place, to which, poor man, he attached some importance. What he said resembled the annals of the Lotophagy. People there will hardly give themselves the trouble to come into the world, or, when they have been admitted involuntarily and by chance, to go out of it. It is a place in which we might doze on for ever—

> "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Yet if there are any pretty women in Malta, it is in Citta Vecchia. Nowhere in the East could you find larger, darker, or more loving eyes. To say they were impassioned would be to give a wrong idea of them; they are calm, placid, and serene, like an Egyptian night. There is an intense composure in the countenance, as if no emotion had ever stirred it. I should say they have a world of happiness in themselves; and that, mild, gentle, affectionate, with manners as primitive and simple as those of the golden age, they know how to communicate their measured happiness to others. I may be mistaken, as I only saw them like pictures; but this is the impression I carried away with me, and as I never afterwards had an opportunity of correcting it if wrong, it will most likely continue to be my impression for ever.

Towards evening we remounted our mules, and returned towards Valetta. The Indian, in a strange mood, talkative and taciturn by fits, kept close to me nearly all the way. I saw he had something on his mind which he was trying to communicate, but could not. His conversation vaulted at a bound from India to England, and back again. He talked of the past and the future, but sedulously avoided the present. The truth was, he meant to disappear next morning, but did not like to say so, as I learned from the note he left behind for me at the hotel.

When I reached my apartments I felt inexpressibly sad and lonely. There was a struggle going on in my mind, which, unless the reader has experienced something similar, he or she will not understand. I had now been nearly a year from home, between me and which there still lay many a weary league of sea and land. This, by the force of imagination, I now sought to annihilate. Indescribable longings came over me. I stretched myself on my sofa and endeavoured to call up around me distant figures, to mould the air into the features of those I loved, to invest ideas and recollections with flesh and blood, to hear the voice of children, to behold the presiding presence of home. In vain; my room continued empty, and all my efforts only rendered the sense of loneliness more painful. The wind, which had arisen as night set in, howled about the house, and entered with a sepulchral sound through the Venetian blinds. At times this noise is pleasant, at least to me, and I have for whole hours listened to it, or to the pattering of rain against the window as the heavy showers sweep over the earth. It was different now; all that is melancholy in nature seemed to have infused itself into the wind, which could not have been more sad had it come to me through a

Digitized by Google

whole forest of hearse-plumes. What would I not then have given for the sight of one friendly face, for the sound of one familiar word? Never did I more keenly experience the misery of being a stranger in a strange land. I no longer felt the connexion of Malta with England; no longer perceived that localities are things indifferent; no longer put faith in the fantastic theory that one may be happy anywhere. The circle of our happiness is wonderfully narrow, circumscribed by the domestic hearth and the ties that hallow it. Amusement may be found all over the world. Strangers may give it, friends abound with it; but the whole world, with all its gorgeous sights and shows, cannot fill the heart, which yet is too small by far to contain the flood of delight inspired by one word of love.

I was in this temper of mind when the chambermaid, rushing into the room, exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, follow me!" I arose instantly and did so, into an adjoining bedroom, where, half doubled up on the carpet, I saw the figure of a lady in black. Placing the candlestick on a table, the girl now assisted me in lifting her up. She had fainted, and it was with some difficulty that we brought her to herself. As soon as consciousness returned, and she caught a glimpse of my swarthy countenance and beard, she shrank timidly back, and appeared much alarmed; observing which, the maid said—

"This, madam, is an English gentleman, who lodges in the next apartment, and when you fainted I ran in to beg his assistance."

Somewhat reassured by this account, the lady now thanked me, and I replied by inquiring whether her child was better. She said she feared not; after which, as I could be of no farther use, I bowed and retired.

Presently the girl who waited on us both came into my room, and inquired if I should want anything that evening; upon which I desired her to bring me some coffee, and, lighting a cigar, sat down to smoke. Presently the girl, whose name was Maria, returned, bringing the coffee apparatus, with two cups, which made me fancy that she intended to invite herself to take coffee with me. Her intention was very different. She took up the coffee-pot, held it doubtfully in her hand, looked first at it, then at me, as if debating some important matter in her mind. At length she said, in a gentle, deprecating tone, "Sir, I wish you would let me take a cup of this coffee to the lady in the next room;" then lowering her voice almost to a whisper, she added, "She is very poor."

"Take the coffee, Maria," said I, "and something to eat along with it."

"Perhaps," replied the girl, "I had better proceed cautiously. I have often, of my own accord, made a small addition to her breakfasts and suppers, but I have never yet ventured to take anything into her room that has not been ordered. However, I mean to try now, as I know she is faint and ill. Nearly all she has is expended on her poor child, who, I am sure, sir, can never recover."

"You may, perhaps, be mistaken, Maria," said I. "Can't you bring it in to me? I should much like to see it."

The girl replied, it was too ill to be removed; and then pouring out a foaming cup of coffee for my neighbour, lightly tripped out of the room with it. By what force of eloquence she prevailed I know not, but the lady drank the coffee, and presently Maria returned with a triumphant countenance, observing that she had succeeded, and was now going down stairs to make something for the child.

"You are a good girl, Maria," said I, "and God will bless you for your charitable feelings. Let both child and mother have whatever they require, and put it down to me. They are in some sort relations of mine, being descended from Eve as I am."

Maria left the room with a smile, and ever after appeared to wait on me with double pleasure. When I got up in the morning, my first inquiry was about the sick baby. Maria replied, with a shake of the head and in a half whisper, that it was much worse, and would not live long to trouble anybody. I replied that, sick or well, a child could never be thought troublesome.

"You must have children of your own, sir, I am sure," said she.

"Seven of them, Maria," I replied; "if it please God they are all as I left them."

"Hark," said she, "the lady calls me; wait awhile, I will be back presently."

When she did return it was to invite me into the next room to see the baby. The mother, whom I found sitting by the bedside, thanked me for the interest which Maria had told her I took in her child. Her whole face had just been washed with tears, but she had carefully wiped it, and seemed desirous to look composed, if not cheerful. The baby was then in that kind of disturbed slumber during which the lips mechanically close, and in the act of breathing are opened again with an effort. The cheeks were flushed, the little hands hot and dry, yet an inexpressible beauty hovered over the face. It was a little boy, moulded like a seraph, with lofty forehead, around which the curling ringlets hung in thick clusters. There is in childhood, of whatever sex, much that is feminine, or, I might perhaps say, much that is angelical. In that first stage of our existence, ere the world has as yet breathed its corrupting breath upon us, we seem to be denizens of heaven, transported into another sphere. Next to being a child is, in my apprehension, to love children. The heart, as we look at them, lays aside its worldliness, and yearns for whatever is pure and holy. In its utmost depths, it murmurs in the language of the Blessed One: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Above all this is the case when sickness has laid its heavy hand on them, when their souls are about to be intercepted in the very gates, as it were, of life, and sent back, pure and unpolluted, to the source of all existence.

Maria's eyes, as she gazed, were filled with tears, and it would, perhaps, be wrong in me to pretend that my own were wholly dry. The mother looked anxiously in both our faces, as though she would read in them her baby's destiny. I fear our looks were not encouraging; for, hiding her face in the

Digitized by Google

bedclothes, she began to sob as though her very heart would burst. When she had become a little calmer, I inquired whether any physician had been to see the child? She replied in the affirmative, but added that now she could not afford it, and no one came. I looked at Maria, who understood me and left the room, and presently returned, bringing in a physician with her.

If the reader be a man of the world, let him pardon my simplicity when I say I have great faith in the goodness of human nature. I have stood more than once with a physician beside a sick bed, and have never witnessed that callousness or indifference which some attribute to the profession. It is not in general, I think, the result of science to harden the heart. It certainly was not in the present case; for as the old man took the baby's hand in his he seemed to me like a father watching over his own offspring.

"Is there," exclaimed the mother in a tone of deep agony, "Is there any hope for my child?"

"Life, madam," replied he in a soothing tone, "is in the hands of God."

He then bent his eyes upon the ground, and appearing as though he saw nothing, walked out of the room. Presently his servant came, bringing medicine, for which he was instructed to receive no payment. The children of Esculapius often love their profession for its own sake, and bless God that it enables them to minister to the sick and the afflicted, without permitting one sordid idea of profit to mingle with their benevolence.

There is a sort of freemasonry in sorrow which opens the heart even to strangers. All men, in seasons of deep grief, seem made to be relied on; and whoever remembers that he himself had a mother, will endeavour to respect and comfort a mother under such circumstances. I felt that the angel of death stood beside me in the room, that, with a pencil fetched from the farthest realms of eternity, he was painting the baby's face with celestial white, that he was preparing to wrap its little soul in his wings, and bear it to everlasting rest in the bosom of God. The mother likewise felt all this, and deep and poignant was the anguish she experienced. For herself she seemed not to have a thought to spare. No account of herself was mingled with her bursts of sorrow. Life in her appeared to be but a subsidiary thing, meant to support life in her child. It was still metaphysically in her bosom as much as it had been materially a few months before. It was not, however, as part of herself that she loved it; to have preserved its life she would have sacrificed her own not only with thankfulness but with joy. If it may be said without impiety, I would say that God never created anything purer than a mother's love.

What I could say I said to mitigate the grief of this lonely woman. I then returned to my own apartment, where, in the course of the afternoon, as I was entering some notes into my journal, Maria came to me and whispered that the child was dead. No wild paroxysm of grief accompanied the departure of his soul. His mother hung over him in silence, and watched the ebbing breath till all breathing had ceased, and the unutterable calm of eternity rested on its baby features. She then sunk senseless beside its little form upon the bed, and remained there till she was carried by Maria and another girl into an adjoining chamber.

The remainder of her little story may be soon told. With the master of the house, a right good fellow, I accompanied the remains of the child to the grave, from which the mother was removed with difficulty. In a few days, bowed down and heart-stricken, she took her departure in a vessel for England, where, I trust, the kindness of friends and perhaps the sympathy of a mother (for she was young enough to have one) in time reconciled her to her loss—so far, I mean, as the heart can ever be reconciled to the loss of what it loves.

CHAPTER LXVII.

STORY OF THE LADY ELEANOR.

If you have ever sat during the first dawn of summer on a rock overlooking the sea, and felt the chill diffused through the atmosphere by the passage of a long continent of clouds over the sun, you will be able to sympathise with what, during a few days, I experienced at Malta. But sunshine in such cases is sure to succeed. Nature is full of variety, and over the surface of our whole life sprinkles abundantly both smiles and tears.

In front of the old palace of the Knights, now the Government House, there is a large open space, whither, on the coming on of evening, I used constantly to repair to smoke and meditate. Sometimes I had the whole place to myself, the rest of the population being better or worse employed. All day I had something else to do, visiting churches, examining the rock granaries, in which the bread of years is securely housed for the garrison and inhabitants of Valetta, or viewing the arms and armour bequeathed to the admiration of the present age by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. On all these things your professional travellers complacently dilate. I might perhaps exclaim with Correggio, "Anch'io, sono, pittore," for it would be still possible to infuse freshness into a picture of what is beheld at Malta; but the reader has doubtless already had enough, and more than enough, of descriptions—besides, I longed to be in motion, and nothing, therefore, was so welcome to me as the announcement, one evening, that the speronara was ready to take us on board at ten o'clock to make the passage between Valetta and Girgenti.

On this occasion I experienced a loss not easy to be supplied. I had brought along with me from Egypt half a dozen bottles, not of champagne, claret, or Madeira, but of pure Nile water, which I meant to carry along with me to England. Of these, in my hurry, I left five behind on my sitting-room table at the hotel. I hope Maria considered them as a present, and drank their contents herself. The sixth bottle is now in a closet over my head, sweet and pure as ether, as, if kept hermetically sealed, it will continue a thousand years. The Ptolemies, as the reader knows, used to send to their sisters and daughters married to foreign princes a supply of Nile water as the noblest present they could bestow on them. It is certainly the sweetest water in the world; and if the Pasha were my friend,

Digitized by Google

he could scarcely oblige me more than by following the example of the Ptolemies.

About ten o'clock at night, as I have said, we descended, with bag and baggage, a long flight of steps, cut in the rock, to where, in a dusky creek, we found the speronara heaving and tossing on the waves. A dim lantern, held by a Sicilian sailor of most uncouth appearance, lighted the plank by which we passed from the rock to the boat. I had little Selina wide awake in my arms, quite excited to be at sea again. Like me she had got tired of Malta, and longed to be climbing the mountains of Sicily, which her father and I had so often described to her. A speronara is a boat open for three-fourths of its length, but with a small cabin at the stern, into which one may retire during rain and blowing weather. My companions did so at once, for the purpose of supping and composing themselves to sleep. As I am never indifferent to the good things of this life, I joined them at supper, which was one of the most delicious I ever tasted, consisting of delicate fish freshly caught, and cooked according to the finest principles of the art—that is to say, I know not how. Part of the secret, perhaps, was, that we had brought with us a good appetite on board; for hunger, as the old proverb says, is the best sauce. After supper my friends, as I said, lay down to sleep, while I went out to smoke and chat with the sailors, and enjoy the appearance of the sea and sky. It was a delicious night. The breeze was just strong enough to send the speronara, with her ample sail, spinning along the waves, which, with her sharp prow, she cut into foam and dashed on either side her like snow. The rocks descending from the cliffs of Malta go down to an unknown depth in the Mediterranean, whose bed in this part of the Sicilian sea is often disturbed by earthquakes. We soon, in the darkness, lost sight of land, and within the limits of our bounded horizon could see nothing but sea and sky. Most persons, I suppose, are fond of the night, especially when the everlasting vault glitters with its infinite lamps, suspended there by the finger of God. For myself, I partake something of the old Sabean idolatry, and almost worship the stars, which have rained their brilliance into the most beautiful eyes that ever adorned our earth, and, from Eve downwards, have inspired pensive thoughts in the minds of women.

The Sicilian sailors appeared to share this sentiment; and one of them, older than the rest, related, as we swept along before the wind, a short story, connected more or less with the stars. "There was formerly," he said, "on the southern coast of Sicily an immense castle, inhabited by a prince of Norman descent, proud of the honour of his family, and resolved to transmit it with undiminished splendour to posterity. He had three sons, and a daughter, who had scarcely entered upon the period of youth ere the old man died. By his daughter he was sincerely lamented, by his sons not at all, since they rejoiced at becoming their own masters, and hoped to enjoy inexhaustible pleasures in spending the great wealth their father and forefathers had amassed. Close to the neighbourhood lived a gentleman of moderate fortune, who had an only son, devoted to study and retirement, who spent many of the hours of night in watching the stars and constellations, which appeared to infuse into his mind a portion of their own grandeur and purity. Long before her father's death, he had seen and loved Eleanor, the young Norman lady, and was not without hopes of ultimately calling her his bride; but the brothers, addicted to strife and war, despised his peaceful habits, and used frequently, in their sister's presence, to refer contemptuously to the ballad-singer, as they denominated Gulielmo San Gennaio, because he was a poet. They were all three fond of the sea, and of a roving life; and when they put forth in their galley, and swept along the coast of Africa, were often supposed to bring home more wealth than they had honestly earned.

"Gulielmo, during these voyages of theirs, used sometimes to see Eleanor, who spoke to him from her latticed window, and at length promised to fulfil what, she believed, had been her father's intention, and to become his wife. These interviews, however, having been discovered, and betrayed to the three brothers, were interrupted by their setting a guard over their sister as often as they went to sea.

"Gulielmo now suddenly disappeared, and was not heard of for many months. Eleanor went to her latticed window, and looked down into the ravine, where often, at early dawn, she had beheld his form among the trees. Month after month passed away, and no news came of Gulielmo, whom her brothers sneered at as a coward, because he had been scared away, as they said, by their half jocular menaces. However, as he had now proved himself wanting in manhood, they threatened, should he again appear, to treat him with the utmost scorn, or even to hurl him over the black cliffs into the sea below. They had numerous retainers, who were ready to follow them by sea or land, and to perpetrate all manner of crime and violence at their bidding. They were always suspected of committing robbery on the high seas, though no one was able to bring the charge home to them; and the Government itself subsisting by injustice, winked at their proceedings, which brought much supposed wealth into Sicily.

"Nearly opposite the castle of the brothers, at the distance of some miles in the sea, was a black rock, several hundred feet high, which was believed never to have been climbed by man. At night, strange noises issued from the caverns by which it was perforated on all sides, barkings and howlings like those of tortured spirits. The Normans in their galley always steered clear of the rock, held generally in superstitious terror by the inhabitants of the coast. One day, however, towards the middle of summer, the figure of a man was beheld on the summit of the black rock, engaged in attentively watching the movements of the Norman galley, then steering gallantly towards the south. All day the figure maintained one position, so that it might have been mistaken for an image of stone. Towards night, the same spot on the rock was occupied by a bright flame, which, having blazed up brilliantly twice or thrice, collapsed, and was

Digitized by Google

extinguished. About an hour afterwards a large ship, dark and portentous-looking, came bounding along the waves from the east, and, pausing for a moment before the black rock, passed onwards towards the Norman castle. There, in the entrance of a small creek, it cast anchor, and remained motionless till dawn.

"Shortly after the day had broken, the galley of the Norman chiefs was seen to approach from the south. Its deck was crowded with men, its sails swelled gallantly to the breeze, and as it approached near, the sounds of revelry and rejoicing were distinctly heard. On the black ship in the creek no sign of life appeared. Its sails flapped idly to the mast, its yards slanted obliquely, as if they had forgotten their office, its oars, raised above the water, rested uselessly in their port-holes. It seemed to have been deserted by its crew. No sooner, however, had it been beheld by the principal among the Norman chiefs than a sudden paleness invaded his face. He gave immediate orders to tack; and the galley swept round, as though with the intention of putting back towards Africa. No such idea, however, was entertained. The brothers only wished, before coming to action, to consult a moment together, review their followers, and urge them to display, in the coming encounter, the hereditary courage of their race. The black ship was a Greek pirate, well known on the waters of the Mediterranean, though it had seldom carried its depredations so far westward before. Suddenly, as if by an effort of voluntary motion, the black mast detached itself from the rocks, swung round, and advanced seawards to the encounter of the Normans. Its deck now swarmed with swarthy faces, and resounded with the clash of arms. There was a terrible panic on board the Norman galley; and though no idea of flight ever suggested itself to the brothers, they experienced some emotions of terror as they advanced to meet the attack of the redoubtable foe. There were no guns in those days, but spears, and swords, and battle-axes, which now on both decks flashed and gleamed in the sun. The pirates from the east seemed to be animated by unusual ferocity; and as the prows of the galleys met, leaped on board the adversary in throngs, bore down everything before them, killing and flinging the Normans overboard, as though they had been so many bales of merchandise. Two of the brothers had already disappeared; and the third, retreating before the piratical captain, who waved back his followers with his hand, at length made his last stand near the rudder. Presently the two chiefs were engaged in hand-to-hand encounter. They fought long and desperately. Again and again did their swords seem on the point of entering each other's breasts; but, by degrees, the strength of the Norman failed, and he sank on the deck, beneath the resistless vigour of his antagonist, who, bending down towards him, and clutching him fiercely by the throat, muttered in a low voice, 'Am I a coward now?'

"'Gulielmo,' exclaimed the prince, 'do not spare me; I am justly punished.'

"'I am glad you acknowledge it,' replied the victor; 'but my triumph terminates not here. Both your brothers are living—not one of my followers would have harmed them for his head; and you shall all three witness this day, in your own castle, my union with Eleanor. After this you will behold me no more. I shall return with her into the far Ægean; and she who, had you been less haughty and insolent, might have passed her days peacefully with me in my father's halls, must now be a pirate's bride, whose name for ages will be pronounced throughout the East with terror.'

"The battle was now at an end, the black galley steered towards the castle, dragging the other after it as a captive. Gulielmo, accompanied by three brothers, ascended the rock, and, in the chapel of the castle of their ancestors, made Eleanor his wife in the presence of all their retainers, who cowered submissively before the pirates of Greece. Towards evening, Gulielmo returned to his galley, which, to the sound of martial music, put forth to sea, plunged into the darkness of the night, and was never more seen on the Sicilian shores, though the names of Gulielmo and Eleanor are still fresh among the traditions of the Mediterranean. She gave birth, it is said, to a race of pirate chiefs, whose valour knew no decline till their glory was extinguished by advancing civilization."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ARRIVAL IN SICILY.

When the sailor had concluded his narrative, I took out my cigar-case, and, passing it round, every man was soon supplied with the instruments of fumigation. We then began the magical process, and conversed between the whiffs about a variety of things connected with the sea over which we were sailing. No doubt the reader has already made the discovery that I am no naturalist, and will therefore feel little surprise if I often describe what I saw without attempting an explanation. If he be a philosopher, he can explain everything for himself; and, if not, he must rest content with his ignorance, as I do. The sea, it would seem, in those parts, is thickly sprinkled with the substance, whatever it be, which produces phosphorescence at night. At the conclusion of Lady Eleanor's story, we entered upon one of these bright lakes or patches, in traversing which the speronara seemed to be ploughing an ocean of molten diamonds. The spray, as it curled upwards around the boat's prow, was converted into sprigs of light and jets of brilliance, which looked like the contrivance of sea-gods to light their goddesses along the waves. Here and there, at short distances, diminutive centres of fire floated like halcyon's nests upon the waters. The fancy struck me that some bold jinnch of the East had brought down a number of seed stars from the firmament, and strewed them wantonly over the Mediterranean. During perhaps half an hour we proceeded through this mimic sky, after which we entered again into the dark waters, and beheld the brilliant isle of light drifting away from our stern, till, glimmering faintly and more faintly, it was at length lost in the distance.

Being in a state of strong excitement, I felt, for many hours, no inclination to sleep, though at

Digitized by Google

length drowsiness came over me, upon which I crept into the cabin and joined the slumberers.

When I awoke, the sun had already risen, and we were approaching close to Sicily, whose bold coast, luminous with the morning's rays, threw out innumerable rocks and promontories into the waves. I love, in this way, to approach an island in the morning, especially in the warm South, where everything around you is bright and glowing as the sky. Presently our speronara dashed in between the piers, and, in a few minutes afterwards, I was ashore.

On my way out, I travelled like a philosopher, with one carpet-bag, and nothing else whatever. I had now, by the purchase of curiosities and antiquities, multiplied my encumbrances to five, and had, consequently, five times as much annoyance as before. However, I thought it would be much better to lose one or two of them than to make myself unhappy, so I trusted to the honour of the Sicilians, and desired two or three ragged urchins I saw about the pier to take possession of my property, and carry it after me. A very fine young woman, of about eighteen, took up one of the heaviest of the packages, and was bearing it along, when, not thinking this a proper occupation for her sex, I said she had better give it to one of the young men, who stood there in great numbers, lounging about. She replied, with great simplicity, that she could carry it as well as any one of them. "Look at my arms," said she, baring them almost to the shoulder. "Do you think I have no strength? or is it that you object to paying money to a woman?"

I smiled, and replied that I had no such objection, and that, if she thought proper, she might carry the whole of my packages, either all together or one after the other, just as she pleased. Her answer was, that she had no desire for monopoly, and wanted nothing but fair play; after which, barefoot and barelegged, with a green box on her shoulder, filled with shells, Oriental agates, and carnelian from the Lybian desert. At parting, I made her share double that of the youths and boys; but that not according with her ideas of justice, she immediately divided the surplus between them, keeping only a fair proportion for herself. "If the King of the Two Sicilies," said I to her, "were half as just as you are, your country would be prosperous and happy."

"Signor," replied she, "he would be just if he lived among us, and knew how much pleasure it gives one." She then smiled, repeated her thanks, and bounded away with her companions, to chat, and laugh, and lounge about the pier, till some fresh employment offered itself.

The chief authority of Girgente, I forget his designation, happened just then to be sick of a fever, which, according to the good folks of the place, had been caused by the malaria then prevalent all along the coast. I should have felt extremely surprized had it been otherwise; for in no quarter of Cairo or Alexandria, even where a dozen dead camels lay decomposing in the sun, did I ever inhale a more fœtid atmosphere than in this wretched little town. To express their high appreciation of the powers of stink, the ancients fabled that the mephitic vapours of Avernuss struck down the very birds which attempted to fly over it. The standing pools, kennels, dung-hills, and other varieties of filth that lay steaming and sweltering in the sun throughout the precincts of Girgente, scarcely, perhaps, possessed this miraculous force; but I sincerely believe that any stranger who should attempt to exist in the lower town during many days in the month of June would soon be hurried to his eternal account, with all his imperfections on his head. Coming from the East, the proper domicile of plague and pestilence, we fancied ourselves perfectly case-hardened, and marched towards the house of the sick functionary with as little ceremony as you would have entered the rose-gardens of Er Rashid; but we had not properly calculated our powers of nose. My friend, the merchant, turned sick, and retreated to a patch of shadow in the court-yard. One among the more hardy of my companions entered the house with me, but stopped short on the first landing-place; while I, in the hope of getting our passports put in order, penetrated, at the heels of a servant, into a sick room, where the poor man, who appeared to be dying, directed me to repair to his deputy, saying kindly, he was much too ill to attend to business. Here the fetid vapour was almost as strong as in the Grotto del Cane at Naples. In the course of a few seconds my brain began to reel, and had I not retreated very speedily I must have dropped on the floor. The windows were kept close shut; and if the poor man really died, as I suspect, he may be truly said to have been stifled to death. If, however, there was much to smell, there was nothing to see in the lower town of Girgente; so as soon as we could procure mules we left it to mount towards the upper city, where the great colonists of old Greece reared their dwellings, erected mighty structures in honour of the gods, and earned for themselves a degree of glory which must be co-lasting with the annals of the human race.

With little Selina on the saddle before me, I turned my mule's nose in the right direction, and began to ascend the hill; how my friend the half-horse felt, is more than I can say; but at every step upwards my breast seemed to dilate as I inhaled the pure air from the mountains, breathing around us as if it contained health enough for all the world. At every little platform on the way I paused, and turned round to enjoy the prospect behind, much to Selina's discomfort, since, being ferociously hungry, she would have thought it lost time to look after the finest landscape in the world. Perhaps she was right. To a person in her condition—and my own, I suspect, was pretty nearly the same — there is no landscape like a cheerful breakfast-table, on which the loaves represent mountains, delicious slices of roast fowl and ham the fat and smiling plains, and the milked coffee those refreshing fountains which delight the traveller in the desert.

The readers of Plato's Book of Laws will remember that exquisite passage in which, with unrivalled art and eloquence, the philosopher de-

Digitized by Google

scribes the old Athenian and his Cretan friend ascending the acclivity of Olympus. Here and there in the road the taste of classical Crete had erected marble summer-houses, adorned with numerous statues of rural gods, furnished with pleasant seats, overarched above with antique trees, and commanding magnificent prospects over hills, dales, forests, and valleys, down to the sandy beach and blue Mediterranean. Here the glorious old Athenian, as he discussed with profoundest wisdom the institutions of society, rested himself at various heights while ascending towards the temple of Zeus, perched high on the bosom of the heaven-kissing hill. Scarcely did those two lawgivers, now gathered for nearly three thousand years to their fathers, behold a more exquisite scene than that which unrolled itself before me and my mule. On the left was a delightful plain—for the malaria was invisible, and so, likewise, at this distance, were its effects—bordered along its whole extent by blue waves, which appeared to terminate in a pearl-white fringe. On the right, the hills sank with precipitous termination into the water, while out to the edge of the horizon the sea spread in one sheet of indescribable blue, over-canopied by golden light, and breathing health and freshness from all its waves. Here and there on the road-side arose thickets of the aloes-plant, thirty feet in height, from which the colossal snowy blossoms had but recently fallen.

While the ascent was steep we toiled up slowly and with difficulty; but arriving presently at a sort of platform, the mules seemed determined to put their best foot foremost, and went clattering away like the very devil towards the modern Acragas, which the lumbering genius of the Romans converted into Agrigentum. The Sicilians, innkeepers, and all, display a fine taste: I beg to except the gentlemen who have located themselves among the stagnant pools at the foot of the hill. The inn to which we betook ourselves was exquisitely situated upon a narrow platform, with a woody ravine on both sides, and a lofty precipitous point; along the summit of this tongue of land extended the garden, filled with odoriferous shrubs, turned into arbours and bowers furnished with soft seats, where, if one had nothing better to do, one might chat and smoke to all eternity. Selina and I took our station beneath some sweet-smelling trees on the very edge of the precipice while breakfast was getting ready. I was already tolerably tired of all my companions but her and her father, who just at that moment was deeply engaged in directing the cooking operations. Soon a pretty waiting-maid came tripping down the gravel path, with the welcome intelligence that breakfast was on the table; upon which Selina, seizing her by the hand, bounded away joyously with her towards the house. We now, like the devils in Milton, determined to repose our wearied virtue for a few hours, and to regale ourselves with coffee, fresh bread and butter, eggs, fruit, and Sicilian wine of the most delicious flavour. Wiser people might have immediately run out to see the temples, and visit the virtuosi; but we had our own way of enjoying ourselves, and preferred a little wine and smoke, just then, to all the temples in Sicily.

Don't let the reader who has a respect for antiquity imagine that I am myself indifferent on the subject, quite the contrary. I have a strong partiality for those guys the Greeks; but there is a time, as Solomon expresses it, for everything under the sun: a time to review ruins, and a time to remain at home; a time to eat breakfast, and a time to smoke; understanding which thoroughly, we determined *carpere diem*, as the Romans used to phrase it, or, in other words, to enjoy our cigar while we could.

I have said that the waiting-maid was pretty. After breakfast, as I was again walking in the garden, she came to me and said there was a gentleman in the town, indeed, he was her father, who had a collection of antiquities, which he would be very happy to show me. It would not be at all necessary for me to buy, if I did not want anything; but he loved to oblige strangers by exhibiting to them his treasures. She then undid a ribbon from her waist, and, showing me at the end of it a cameo of rare beauty, said, "My father gave me this on my last birthday. Is it not pretty? He has many more of the same sort, and I am sure you would like to examine them. Come, Signor," said she, "I will conduct you to his house, and let us take that sweet little girl along with us, my father will be so delighted to see her. She is quite a little Turk, isn't she?"

Selina, who was close at hand, seemed to comprehend by the girl's looks and gestures that she was speaking of her. "She wants," said I, "to show us something pretty. Shall we go with her?"

"Oh, yes, do," exclaimed Selina. "I am not hungry now; and you can smoke, you know, as we go along."

We then proceeded with our conductor towards the house of the virtuoso. But the reader, perhaps, hates vases and gems, and would like to take a little breath before he encounters them; so we will put off what we have to say on the subject till the next chapter.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MAY EXHIBITION.

Our feelings on entering the Academy this year are mournful. A mighty spirit is departed. We shall never again see upon those walls the warm living flesh that glowed on the canvass of Etty. One picture lingers still to remind us of many glorious predecessors. Mr. Etty's career affords a noble and encouraging example to artists. At the moment we are writing, the contents of his portfolios are being sold. They bear ample evidence that it was by the most assiduous study, the most indefatigable labour, that he won his high place. He lived to reap the reward of a life of labour. The exhibition of his collected works at the Society of Arts, last year, was hailed with one universal burst of admiration. The stop-watch critics, who used to put on their spectacles, and point out a blur here, and a smear there; the prudes who peeped through the sticks of their fans, and declared that Mr. Etty was an odious man, and his pictures quite shocking, were silenced, once and, we trust, for ever. The pictures which we have looked at on the walls of the Academy once in the last five-and-twenty years, never to be forgotten, came back from all parts of the kingdom to swell the triumph of the veteran. It was hardly over when the eye of the master grew dim, and his hand lost its cunning.

We also miss from the walls of the Academy this year Mr. Mulready, who enjoyed his triumph as completely as Mr. Etty did in the previous year. We trust, however, we shall meet him again next year; and though we are greatly disappointed at his absence, we shall proceed to discuss the rich feast which is nevertheless spread before us.

The two pictures which will attract the largest share of public attention this year are, the "Cromwell" of M. Paul Delaroche (369), and Mr. Edwin Landseer's "Dialogue at Waterloo" (189), both pictures with great excellence, and, as it appears to us, both with great defects. The French artist has selected the subjects of many of his most celebrated pictures from the pages of English history. That now exhibited has been made familiar to most of our readers by the engraving. Cromwell is represented meditating over the body of Charles the First, which lies before him in a coffin. The lid is supported by the right hand of the Protector. The interest is concentrated upon the single figure of Cromwell. There are no adventitious circumstances. There stands the regicide, communing with his own soul on the most portentous act of his history. The picture is sombre, and toned down in accordance with the subject. The accessories, few and simple, are finely painted, the handling is admirable; but when we look for the soul of Cromwell, it is not there. The studio of the artist is not the place in which to fight the battles of politics or history. Mr. Delaroche is a royalist. We have no quarrel with him on that ground. The story he would tell is of ruthless cruelty, successful and unscrupulous ambition. Had he told that story, we should have paid our tribute of admiration to his genius. But in our opinion he has not. His Cromwell is a drunken tapster. No trace is to be found on that vulgar face of the genius which turned the fortunes of a war, which evoked order from elements the most discordant, which, springing at a bound from the common cares of middle life to despotic sway, made the name of England feared and respected wherever it was heard, or of the great and gentle heart which broke over his daughter's death-bed. All this is wanting. We have, instead, the coarse features, the red nose, the hard wrinkled face, all accurately set down, as if one of Butler's lampoons had been transformed to the painter's easel. We have no more.

Mr. Landseer's picture also belongs to the class of historical portrait. The subject is wonderfully suggestive. The Duke, attended by the young wife of his son, revisits the field of his last victory. Bold indeed is the attempt to tell this story on canvass!

The union of history with portrait is always a perilous venture. Many of our great painters have failed in the attempt. Most of all is it difficult when the original of the principal figure is familiar to every eye that looks upon the picture. Either the portrait is idealized till the likeness is gone, or the history is narrowed and depressed by its material adjuncts. We approach too close to the hero, the subtle and divine essence evaporates, and we gaze on mere humanity.

Mr. Landseer has preferred the latter alternative. With the exception of being altogether too bulky, and of the lakey tint which is the defect of all Mr. Landseer's flesh, and which is peculiarly misplaced on the cheek of the Duke, the portrait is wonderfully faithful. The head of the Marchioness of Douro is beautifully painted. She listens, however, not to the tale of battle, but to the agreeable conversation of Mr. Edwin Landseer as he sits at his easel. No flash of the eye, no quiver of the lip, bears witness to the interest which such a tale, from such a narrator, might be supposed to create in the bosom of the fair listener. If Mr. Landseer felt himself tied down to stern realities in the figure of the Duke, here he might have given a freer scope to his imagination, and reflected the feelings which rise in the heart of every one who gazes on the picture. "This was looked for at his hands, and this was baulked." It is enough to say of the accessories and details of the picture that they are Mr. Landseer's; but so strongly do we reprobate the prominence given to them that, beautiful as they are, we look upon them reluctantly. The picture might be cut in two down the middle with advantage.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Landseer paints horses with less success than attends him in representing any other animal. We presume these horses are portraits, and they may be faithful, though the bay is one horse before the saddle and another behind. This same bay *horse* has, besides, more than one of the characteristics of a brood *mare*. We suspect that Mr. Landseer sits, instead of standing, whilst he paints his horses, so that the line of the eye is lower than usual. This, we presume, accounts for the disappearance of the quarters of the grey, and yet, if it be so, it is difficult to account for the height of the crest and neck of the same horse, which, by the way, are thick and coarse, and for the seat of his fair rider. In the drawing of his horses Mr. Landseer might look with advantage at those painted by an artist of much more humble pretensions, Mr. Fernely, of Melton, who has two pictures in this exhibition, 310 and 536. Mr. Fernely has probably painted a greater number of good horses than any living artist, and he has profited by this large opportunity for study. No one paints the horse with such fidelity and anatomical correctness.

Before we quit this picture, we have two protests to enter. Let Mr. Landseer paint what he will to the contrary, the Duke never did mount his groom on a cameleopard; and it *was* a famous victory in spite of all the twaddle of the Peace Society. What business have puling Peterkins in that august presence? We wish Mr. Landseer would select his mottoes with more discretion.

281. Mr. Landseer is gone to the dogs, and we exult. If we take our eyes off that Collie for a moment, he will plunge down, head first, in the drift, and we shall see nothing of him but his hind legs. It was only just as we turned away from the Duke, that he came wriggling and struggling, tail first, out of it—eyes, nose, and mouth all full of snow, three parts stifled; how his heart beats! How he sneezes and clears his nostrils! With what intentness his more staid companion watches the pole which the old shepherd thrusts into the snow! "There's a gimmer aneath yet, maister; a wee to the richt, and ye have her."

533. "Good Doggie," very good doggie, pious withal, but with two very bright eyes to the good things of the world. We should like to know what his opinion of the Gorham case is, it would be better worth hearing than a great many that have been volunteered.

"The Gross of Green Spectacles" (56). Most cordially do we welcome Mr. Maclise back to the humble parsonage. This picture is worth all his allegories; it is full of the truest feeling. How fine the head of the Vicar! He holds the green spectacles in his hand, but his thoughts are in the future. What will become of this poor lad when he goes out into the world? Moses is not yet undeceived. Olivia looks round reproachfully at him; she is thinking of her own vexation and disappointment. Sophia's annoyance is, that her brother has been made a dupe of. She will be the first to console him. How finely the characters of the two sisters are discriminated! How beautiful the fair figure of Olivia, with the exception of the right hand, which is ill drawn, and carelessly finished. The light is too universally bright; and the accessories are finished with a minuteness which is somewhat hard and unpleasing. We were sorry to see amongst them some "blue books;" we had hoped that the poor Vicar, amongst his many troubles, was at least free from that plague.

This picture naturally leads us to the painter of genteel comedy. Mr. Leslie has no picture this year which will add to his fame. "Scene from Henry the Eighth" (136) is a decided failure. It is a painful representation of the last stages of physical weakness and decay. The poetry of the scene is above his reach. The sick room is a subject discordant to his bright and cheerful genius. On the other hand, he has done enough in "Tom Jones showing Sophia Western to herself, as her best security for his good behaviour" (125), to prove, that when his subject suits him his powers have suffered no diminution. The modest, simple, womanly beauty of Sophia, "blushing at the praise of her own loveliness," is the impersonation of all that we have been in love with since we first read "Tom Jones," more years since than we now care to count. Tom is too much of the fine gentleman, and too little of the young squire; a dash more of robustness would have improved him in the eyes of Lady Bellaston, without at all injuring him in those of Sophia.

Following in the track of Mr. Leslie, we have a scene from Don Quixote, by Mr. Frith (332). We miss the fine appreciation of the character of the Don, which made Mr. Leslie's picture of last year one of the most delightful he has painted; but to make amends, the priest has more character, and less caricature. The dark Spanish girl behind the Duke's chair is delightful. The Duchess is pretty, but wants a strain more breeding. Perhaps the painter intended that she should have been raised by her marriage from a humbler rank. The disparity of age between herself and the Duke, who is fifteen or twenty years her senior, rather favours this supposition. If so, however, Mr. Frith's conception is, of course, not so completely in historical keeping as Mr. Leslie's.

Mr. Elmore's "Griselde" (312), and Mr. Egg's "Peter the Great" (292), will maintain, but not much increase, the reputation of those artists. Mr. Poole's "Job hearing of the slaughter of his servants by the Sabeans" (389), is spoiled by mannerism. It has the stiff, constrained, unnatural look of a *tableau vivant*.

We now come to a class of painters who have attracted much attention, and who assert for themselves a high and exclusive place in art. The fault of the mediævalists certainly is not a want of confidence in their own peculiar belief. They are the enthusiasts of retrogression, and, like other enthusiasts, they glory in martyrdom. They study the early artists, and read their lessons backwards. The Genius was once in the bottle; therefore, to attain greatness, compress him into the bottle again, into a pint rather than a quart—a homœopathic phial better than either. A child's foot is beautiful; therefore, says the Chinaman, crush the

Digitized by Google

woman's foot into the child's shoe. A hornpipe may be danced in fetters; therefore iron is a better material for fleshings than silk. Burns likened the early throes of his genius to the blinded Cyclops groping in his cave: a magnificent image. The great forefathers of art felt the same; their degenerate sons see that they were strong, and would shut out the light of heaven for which they panted. The "Virgin" of Murillo is a Spanish peasant girl in her ordinary garb; but what a light of divinity irradiates that face! Love, tenderness, veneration, beams from it, till, Protestants as we are, we look on the worshipping mother as but little lower than the worshipped Son. Mr. Millais gropes in lanes and alleys till he finds a whining, sickly woman, with a red-haired, ricketty bantling, transfers them with disgusting fidelity to his canvass, and tells us that is the representation of all that awakens our holiest, purest, and most reverential sympathies. Mr. Millais may take his choice between fine and imprisonment, and a dark room and a keeper. His picture (518) is conclusive evidence against him, either on an indictment for blasphemy, or a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.* Little less offensive is 504, "Ferdinand lured by Ariel." Green bats, with red and blue eyes, are well enough as illustrations of a German goblin story. They come under the malicious trespass act when they set their obscene little claws on the enchanted island. If Mr. Millais would turn over the leaves of Mr. Maclise's edition of Moore's melodies he would see how form may be given to such creations as Ariel.

There is a still lower depth of absurdity in 553 (Mr. W. H. Hunt), a British family, armed with Malay krisses, in an Indian hut, squeezing grapes to refresh a Christian missionary, persecuted by Druids! What had Mr. Hunt eaten for his supper when these incongruities came into his head? The British grapes have had their effect on both the missionaries, who seem to have suffered quite as much from this mistaken hospitality as from the Druids. We hope they had something better than British brandy to counteract the effect. We thought the force of folly could no further go, but Mr. Collins is determined to prove we were mistaken, and has given us "Berengaria's alarm for her husband" (535). This is mere midsummer madness. The palm of folly must be awarded to Mr. Collins, who seems conscious of his title to it, and, with pardonable egotism, has introduced the portrait of a large black donkey into the apartment of the Queen.

We have lingered too long over this frantic trash. We go back to the men of real genius, upon whom these excesses will, we hope, operate as the example of the Helot. Mr. Dyce has one picture only, "The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel" (92). Hard, cold, and flat as it is, there is a redeeming ardour in the face of Jacob. Three of Mr. Cope's pictures are excellent; we mean the two small studies for the frescoes in the House of Lords, and especially "Lear and Cordelia" (39). The head of Lear tells the story of the whole play. How finely that worn, haggard, maddened face contrasts with "the fresh garments put on in the heaviness of sleep!"—how intent the physician!—how rich the tone of colour! We do not like the Cordelia. It is in her only that we trace the trammels of the school which is not worthy to number Mr. Cope amongst its disciples..

(257.) "Miss Virginia Pattle." Here we have a portrait by Mr. Watts—another mediævalist. What has Miss Virginia Pattle done that she should be canonized before her time? What right has Mr. Watts to crop that modest little flower, dry it between the leaves of a missal, and exhibit it in his *hortus siccus?*

"Fie upon it, it is affectations."

Mr. Eastlake has two pictures. One, a repetition of his "Escape of Francesco di Carrara," which everybody knows; and the other (72), "The Good Samaritan." Mr. Eastlake is the apostle of mediocrity. He is "content to dwell in decencies for ever." He belongs to the most fatal school in art as in morals, whose motto is, Dread evil more than you love good—who risk nothing, hope for nothing, and achieve nothing. He shrinks from caricature. Expression fades into inanity beneath his brush. He dreads a strained or exaggerated attitude; his hand paralyses every limb that it touches. Startling effects of colour, and contrasts of light and shade, offend him. His canvass is as flat, where he has covered it with faint tints, laboriously stippled in, as when it was first spread upon the stretcher. Happily, he has few imitators; though we trace his evil example in Mr. Dobson's platitudes. The most fantastic freaks of genius are less fatal than this Dead sea of dull respectability.

We turn with delight to the vigorous picture of Mr. F. R. Pickersgill (16), "Samson Betrayed." Samson is asleep on the knees of his mistress. The short crisp lock is between the shears. The traitress doubts the result; she has been deceived before. She draws back out of the way, lest her victim should rise again in his wrath and strength. Her women share her feeling. They are ready for a start. Hatred and fear mingle in the face of the swarthy attendant who is shearing off the lock. This subject, often as it has been repeated, has never been treated with truer or more poetical feeling than by Mr. Pickersgill. "The Rape of Proserpine" (264), by the same artist, is less ambitious, but equally successful. The figures to the right are exquisitely grouped; nothing can be more graceful than those undulating forms. The countenances, however, are deficient in expression and variety, and the figure of Proserpine is somewhat snakey. As sometimes happens at mortal weddings, conducted a little more deliberately and decorously, there are two or three of the bridesmaids whom we should prefer to the bride.

Whilst we are amongst the classical subjects, we must notice Mr. Frost's very beautiful picture of "The Disarming of Cupid" (15). The small group in the distance is a gem of the first water. It reminds us of some of the most graceful productions of Stoddart. In the dark-haired nymph to the left, who looks round at her companion, we recognise our old favourite, Miss Fluke. We congratulate her heartily on her escape from Miss Capsicum,

Digitized by Google

and are glad to find her in such congenial company. We have a warning, however, to give to Mr. Frost. There are dangerous indications of feebleness in his treatment of the Cupid, and the nymph hanging over him. Let him take warning by the example of the late Mr. Howard, and shun elaborate common-place. We must remonstrate, too, against his conventional draperies. If, from consideration of decency, or any other motive, he thinks it necessary to dress his figures at all, he really should give the young ladies something that will keep on. If any of these "nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep," did really "come tripping by," the consequence would be inevitable. We do not say that we should regret it, but he should consider the feelings of Miss Capsicum. Braces would obviate the danger here, though they would be a useless superfluity to poor Susannah, who has been peeped at so long and so often by those two wicked old men, that we wonder she is not become a great deal more brazen about it than Mr. Patten has represented her. Amongst these subjects is Mr. Gambardella's Venus (507), who is quite independent of crinoline, and certainly no trifling weight round the neck of Adonis. "Bacchus discovering the use of the Grape" (446), is a warmer and more vigorous production of Mr. Patten's pencil, and altogether superior to Susannah. Near it hangs "L'Allegro" (438), a clever painting, by Mr. W. D. Kennedy. It has, however, the mannerism of the artist: the colouring of the figures is laid on in flat patches, as if they were cut out of different coloured pieces of paper, and, for want of shade and relief amongst them, the background comes forward into the front of the picture. Notwithstanding these defects, it is a picture which shows great ability, and which would engrave well.

Mr. F. Goodall's "Woodman's Home" (443), is a pleasing production, but will not sustain his reputation; it is inferior both to his "Post-office," exhibited at the Institution this spring, and to his "Hunt the Slipper," of last year, though he has avoided the red tone which detracted from the merit of that very beautiful picture.

415. "Blind Man's Buff," by Mr. W. H. Knight. The boisterous enjoyment of the children, and the good-natured expression of the old man, are well given; but the most successful figure in the picture is the woman who leans upon the chair, and points out to the children that they have left the old man a peep-hole. This brings us back to Mr. Webster's pictures, of which the best is "A Cherry Seller" (98). The old woman and the boy buying the cherries are elaborately and beautifully painted; but the gem of the picture is the little girl looking wistfully at the face of the purchaser. Mr. Webster has, however, nothing this year at all comparable to his "Slide" and "See-saw," which were in the last year's exhibition.

Mr. E. M. Ward's pictures offend us by telling their story too plainly. They leave nothing to the imagination. They are indicative, not suggestive. Every figure presses forward to be seen and heard. These are faults which Hogarth never committed. He trusted that the finest touch would awaken sympathy in the chord he wished to rouse. Mr. Ward does not touch, he raps. We are the more annoyed at these defects, because Mr. Ward has genius enough to be above them. The subject of his picture this year is, "James the Second receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange" (350).

What shall we say of Mr. Turner? Criticism shrinks appalled from the task. We encounter a wizard knight. He wields magic weapons, he assumes supernatural forms. He is the Michael Scott of painting—

> "Can make a nutshell seem a barge;
> A sheeling seem a palace large;
> The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
> Seem tapestry in lordly hall."

Take any one of his pictures exhibited this year, place yourself as far as possible from it, fix your eye upon it, and walk slowly up to it. Gorgeous palaces and majestic towers rise before you, you gaze down colonnades of jasper and agate. Stately mountains open, and display vales which grow richer as they fade in distance. Rivers meander through meadow and woodland till they lose themselves in oceans rich with gilded argosies. There lies all this boundless wealth before you—the more stedfastly you gaze the more certain you are of its reality. You turn away for a moment. The fairy gold is changed into slates. Black cats, red cabbages, broken bottles, and a plentiful allowance of "the mustard without the beef" lie before you, and you almost hear the malicious laugh of the wizard at the success of his hoax. This is the only solution of the Turner controversy. Smellfungus sees nothing but cats and cabbages. Mr. Ruskin is bound fast by the spell, his eyes are sealed by the glamour, and he would go to the death that they are pearls and diamonds. Of the two we sympathise most with the latter. Paganini used to begin with something very like a catawaul, which rose into the most divine melody; and the later sounds are those which we treasure in our memory. So it will be with Mr. Turner. His pictures are great and lasting works of art, and will outlive all the petty criticisms that have been pelted at them.

We now come to the landscape-painters, and here our task is easy and pleasant, for it is one of almost unqualified commendation.

Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Creswick contend for the prize. "Scene on the Naas, near Dort" (131), by the former artist, is a delightful production. The tide rises in silvery ripples, which break on the beach. The vessels heave lazily on the water; all is peaceful and calm, and we are glad to miss the somewhat theatrical effect which is the besetting sin of Mr. Stanfield. If we are to hint a fault in so perfect a picture, we should say that the shadow over the middle distance is too dark. Mr. Creswick has left his rushing streams and slatey rocks, and has given us, with prodigal generosity, five of the most exquisite landscapes we ever gazed upon. We doubt whether we most delight to wander with him over the wet sand from which the tide has just retreated, and watch the clouds driving towards the Welsh hills, with which his pencil is

Digitized by Google

so familiar, or to lie under the trees in the glades of our English forests, in the warmer atmosphere which he has lately seemed to prefer. Admirable in whatever style of landscape he has selected, we doubt whether Mr. Creswick is not most perfect in that which, this year, he seems to have abandoned. The dark-rushing stream, silently and smoothly spreading its way to the rocks, over which it leaps to be dashed into a thousand sparkling atoms of spray—the grey rocks and rugged brushwooded valleys of Wales, were the scenes of his early studies and his early triumphs. We would strongly advise him, if he feels that his genius requires the stimulus of change, to visit the north and west coasts of Ireland—to trace the windings of the numberless sea-lochs which he will find in Donegal, Mayo, and Galway. He will find himself amply repaid by the rich spoils which he will bear away. An English eye knows not the varied treasures of colour which the moist climate of Ireland showers down on her glens and mountains.

Mr. Lee has inherited Mr. Creswick's estate in the rushing streams, and is a worthy heir. The matrimonial alliance, too, which his genius has formed with that of Mr. Sidney Cooper, is a most auspicious union. The "*idem velle idem nolle*" seems to be perfectly attained.

Mr. Cooper is, however, exposed to a danger which we most seriously exhort him to avoid. It is the danger of self-repetition. He has painted pictures of which Cuyp and Paul Potter might have been justly proud; but he must not be content with painting short-horned cows with a strong touch of the old Holstein breed, chewing the cud in lowland meadows, or standing mid-leg in the lazy streams of the south of England. Let him visit the West Highlander in his native fastnesses: let him see him shake his shaggy foretop on the mountains of Argyle; let him study all the varieties of this most beautiful and picturesque breed, from the puny, dwarfish native of Uist or Benbecula, to the magnificent animal that rears his stately horns amongst the pastures and homesteads of Colonsay; he will obtain materials for cattle pictures more beautiful than any that have yet stood on an easel.

Mr. Linnell is not so successful as usual. The distinct elaborate distance in (395), "Crossing the Brook," presses painfully on the eye, and the universal sandy colour, unrelieved by shade, is disagreeable. These faults are more offensive in (474) "Christ and the Woman of Samaria." Mr. Linton has two good pictures (484) "Venice," and (218) "The Temple of Minerva Medica." Mr. E. A. Goodall and Mr. G. Stanfield also contribute some pleasing productions; and there are many others which we have not space to notice.

Amongst the portraits we have graceful pictures by Mr. Grant, and vigorous ones by Mr. Watson Gordon. Mr. Grant never was against good taste; he is eminently the painter of ladies. His female portraits are emphatically ladylike. The best of them this year is (126) "Miss Grant." The easy unaffected attitude, the calm unconscious look, the absence of all effort of the look of sitting to be painted, make it a most charming portrait. There is a decided advance also in the pictures of Viscount Hardinge (188), and Earl Strafford (333), by the same artist. But though Mr. Grant has, no doubt, profited by his great popularity as a portrait-painter, art has suffered by his exclusive attention to that one branch. There is one class of pictures which Mr. Grant paints with pre-eminent skill—pictures essentially English—to a large class of spectators highly interesting, and as faithful representations of one phase of the manners and tastes of the age, of great value. What would we now give for a representation of the country sports of our ancestors in the reigns of the Tudors or the Stuarts, as faithful, as lifelike, as Mr. Grant's "Meet at Melton," or "Meet of the Queen's Hounds?" In treating these subjects, Mr. Grant is full as much of a sportsman as an artist; he loves the scene he paints; his studio is the cover side. Like the Grecian sculptor, his models are not hired by the hour, but are the very victors in the game. The groups arrange themselves spontaneously in his mind in their natural and picturesque forms. When we come to the individual figures we find the same pervading familiarity with the scene, resulting in the same correct delineation. We recognise the seat, the manner, the bearing—all those minute particles which combine to stamp individual identity upon a figure, as surely on the canvass of Mr. Grant as across a piece of old turf in Leicestershire. Every horse is instinct with life and motion. Mr. Grant knows (no man better) that no adventitious aid can add to the picturesque beauty of the scene he represents, and he gives it to us as it is. We wish he would give us some more of these pictures.

Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are manly, and full of character; but, unlike Mr. Grant, he succeeds best in his portraits of men. "A Lady and Child" (137), is hard and unpleasing. He is more at home in the portrait of Mr. Vere (175) and of the Lord Justice General (193); both these are pictures of great truth and vigour. Mr. Hollins has a clever and very faithful portrait of Mr. Welsby (22). Mr. Westcott's portrait of Mr. Brotherton is a successful picture, but with defects that Mr. Westcott will, we trust, get over with more practice. The member for Salford has "got himself up" for the occasion. We would rather have seen him, "in his habit as he lives," in the lobby of the House a little before twelve o'clock at night, than with that "shining morning face" and holiday attire. Mr. Brotherton and Mr. Westcott have substantial qualities which should render them both independent of glossy broadcloths.

The most decided advance in portrait-painting this year has been made by Mr. H. W. Phillips. 307 (Major Rawlinson), and 351 (Mrs. Phillips), show great thought, originality, and good taste. We do not like the portrait of Mons. Scheffer (519), so well, and Madame Viardot (570), least of all.

Mrs. Carpenter has a delightful picture (568) of a lady sketching (we presume a portrait), very natural and unpretending. In the Miniature Room

Digitized by Google

we recognise Mr. Macaulay in a remarkably faithful chalk sketch by Mr. Eddis. The miniatures of Mr. Thorburn are admirable productions, but this year they have what we never noticed before, the set, painful look of daguerreotypes; this is peculiarly the case in the figure of the boy in 745, leaning on his father's chair, and in the very pretty picture of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner (767).

Among the crowd of paintings by other artists more or less to "fame unknown," we may call attention to "The Golden Age" (242), by J. R. Powell, which, shockingly hung as it is, is worthy of notice. There is a richness and depth of colouring in the draperies, and a warmth and glossiness in the flesh-tints, that remind one of some of the old Italian masters or the earlier productions of Etty. The listless attitude of the principal figure, as she is dreamily throwing one leg across the other, is admirably managed.

A gay, graceful sketch by Mr. Chalon (1042) catches our eye as we quit the room and turn away from the Academy, leaving countless beauties unnoticed, in obedience to the injunction to rise, hungry from a feast.

PHANTASIES OF WALPURGIS NIGHT.

(From the German of Zschokke.)

THE TEMPTER.

It was at Prague, a considerable distance from home, that I was once detained during April by business of importance. I might, perhaps, have found plenty of entertainment there if I had been disposed to enter into the amusements of the place. All my thoughts, however, were centred upon my distant home.

From my earliest years I have ever been fondly attached to my native town. It had become doubly dear to me from the time my wife had inhabited it. She was there at the time I speak of, and our separation had then lasted for a longer period than upon any other occasion since our marriage.

To be sure, we corresponded regularly; but my Fanny's letters, overflowing with tenderness and affection, served but to increase my impatience at our separation, till I wished Prague and St. Nepomuk were many miles to the N.E. of me.

The reader can conceive how heartily I thanked Heaven when my business was at last settled. I paid farewell visits to the few friends and acquaintance I had in Prague, and bade my host be ready with his bill, as I intended to start next day by the mail.

On the following morning, accordingly, he waited upon me very deferentially with an account of most portentous length. As I had not change about me enough to meet his charges, I felt for my pocket-book, with the intention of cashing a note. To my horror the book was gone! I searched high and low, in every pocket, hole and corner. It was all to no purpose. My anxiety may be conceived when I mention that the missing pocket-book, besides Fanny's letters, contained no less than two thousand dollars in notes, a sum which I could ill afford to lose.

It was no use to turn the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book had disappeared.

Was it stolen or lost? I had it in my hands the day before. I generally carried it in the breast-pocket of my coat. I couldn't help thinking that I had felt it safe as I undressed to go to bed on the previous night. How to recover my precious papers was the question. If they had fallen into bad hands, they might be converted into silver or gold at a moment's notice. In the extremity of my distress, I could not help swearing—a most unusual thing with me. Oh, thought I, would that the devil prowled about as in the good old days of yore; I'd make a bargain with him on the spot. As I thought this, my mind involuntarily reverted to a figure I had met with in a billiard-room, some days before, in a closely-buttoned, tightly-fitting red surtout, and which I set down at the time as belonging to some potentate of hell, who had for some mysterious purposes assumed a human form for the time being. A cold shudder thrilled through me; and yet, in the extremity of my despair, I thought—and what if he were? he should be welcome, if he would but restore my pocket-book.

A knock at the door interrupted my semi-invocation. Aha, thought I, does the tempter mean to turn jest into earnest? I ran to the door, my head so full of the red surtout, that I verily expected to see its bearer walk in. And behold, wonderful to relate, as I opened the door, who should enter, with a slight inclination of the head, but the tempter in person, on whom my thoughts had been dwelling.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

I must now explain how, and under what circumstances, I became acquainted with the apparition in question. At one of the tables in a coffee-house, where I happened to be one evening, were two persons deeply absorbed in a game of chess. Some young men, seated at the window, were engaged in animated discussion on the theory of spirits and the human soul. An elderly man of diminutive stature, clad in a scarlet surtout, was pacing up and down the room, with his hands crossed behind his back. I called for some refreshment and took up a paper.

There was something about the mysterious man, as he strode to and fro, which irresistibly attracted my attention, to the exclusion of politics and all other current topics. Singular as was his choice of attire, his whole appearance was more striking and singular still. His features were repulsive and

Digitized by Google

yet most remarkable; although below the common height, his shoulders were broad and his frame well knit. He appeared to be from fifty to sixty years of age, and had the stooping gait characteristic of that time of life. His hair was coal black and bristly. There was something *uncanny* and repulsive in his sallow face, his high cheek bones, and hooked nose; and, whilst every feature was cold, imperturbable, his large bright eye gleamed with a strange fire that it was difficult to attribute to any ordinary human thought or passion. He may be, thought I, an hereditary headsman, a grand inquisitor, a brigand chief, or king of the gypsies. From sheer caprice and wantonness, that man would fire a whole town, and impale infants on his lance. Right sorry should I be to meet him in a wood. Of a surety he never smiled in all his life.

There I was wrong. The man stopped to listen to the conversation alluded to, and laughed several times as it proceeded. But, gracious heavens, what a laugh it was! It fairly made me shudder. His features appeared animated with a fiendish glee. Well, thought I, if that being in the red coat be not the devil himself, he is next of kin to him. I involuntarily cast my eyes upon his feet, expecting to find them cloven; and though one certainly was made much as those of ordinary mortals, the other was clubbed, and confined in a lace-up boot. But he was not lame; on the contrary, he stepped as gingerly as though the floor were paved with egg-shells.

As he of the flame-coloured garment passed the table where the players sat at chess, one of them triumphantly observed to his adversary, "You are lost beyond all hope."

Redcoat paused as he spoke, cast an eagle glance on the chess-board, and said to the self-complacent speaker, "Wrong; three moves more, and you are mate."

The victor smiled blandly; his hard-pressed adversary shook his head, and moved; the third move, and his exulting foe was defeated.

Whilst the players were disposing themselves to renew the strife, one of the young men at the window observed somewhat warmly to Redcoat, "I infer, from your smile, that you entertain contrary opinions with regard to the nature of the world and the Godhead. Have you read Schelling?"

"Certainly," said Redcoat.

"And what means your smile? Your Schelling is one of your subtle poets, who look upon the phantasies of their brain as facts, because there is none to contradict them. It's the old story; the blind are discussing colours, and the deaf criticise sounds."

So said Redcoat. His words provoked discussion; but, without mingling further in the argument, he took up his hat, and glided from the room.

Since then I had not seen him, although I never forgot his remarkable figure, with his fiendish features, and was in constant dread of their haunting my dreams. And now, when least expected, I found myself closeted in the same room with him.

TEMPTATION.

"Pardon my intrusion; have I the honour to address Mr. ——?"

"The same," was my reply.

"What proofs have you of your identity?"

A singular question, thought I; the man is, no doubt, a spy of the police. An open letter lay before me. I took it up, and pointed to the address on the envelope.

"So far, so good; but yours is a very common name. I want more conclusive testimony. I may have to do business with you."

"Excuse me, sir, I am on the point of setting out on a journey; besides, you are mistaken in your man. I am neither merchant nor government official."

He looked at me for some time with evident surprise, and seemed as though about to take his departure; at length he observed, "Business, however, has detained you at Prague. Is not your brother on the verge of bankruptcy?"

The blood rushed to my face; for this, I had imagined, was a secret known to myself and my brother only. "You are again mistaken, sir. True, I have a brother, and more than one; but none of them are in the predicament to which you allude."

"Indeed?" muttered the tempter, incredulously.

"Sir," I returned with some warmth, for I was distressed to think that any one in Prague should be aware of my brother's circumstances, "you have hit upon the wrong person. Excuse me if I beg you to explain your business at once. I have not a moment to lose."

"A minute's patience, I beseech you. I have an object in speaking with you. You appear ill at ease; has anything unpleasant occurred? I am not a native of Prague, and have not visited it for twelve years. Are you in want of money?"

As he spoke, the same smile, or rather grin, of fiendish malignity passed over his features. I mistrusted him more and more. My eyes fell by chance on his club foot, and I own to having worked myself up to a most uncomfortable pitch of superstition. I replied, however, that I was in no need of money; but that, as he appeared so friendly towards me, I should like to know his name.

"It will avail you but little to hear it; however, I am a Mandevil."

At this moment the door opened, and the landlord handed me a letter.

"Read your letter before we resume our conversation; no doubt it is from your dear Fanny."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Well, have you any further doubts as to who I am, and the nature of my business with you?"

I felt half inclined to say—"Sir, I have not the slightest particle of doubt as to your personal identity with Satan himself, and anxious, accordingly, to make a bid for my unhappy soul;" but I resisted the impulse, and was silent.

"Moreover," he continued, "you are starting for Eger. My route takes me thither. Will you accept a seat in my carriage?"

I thanked him for his offer, but told him I had already ordered horses for myself.

Digitized by Google

This seemed to disconcert him, for he said—"How difficult it is to deal with you! I have set my heart upon making the acquaintance of your Fanny and children. Cannot you guess who I am? Do speak, in the Devil's name. Sir, I am really most anxious to oblige you."

"Well, then," quoth I, "if you be a sorcerer, my pocket-book is all safe; tell me how to recover it."

"Pooh! never mind your pocket-book; is there nothing else?"

"But I do mind my pocket-book; it was full of valuable and important papers. Tell me what I am to do if it be lost, or what steps to take supposing it to be stolen."

"What sort of pocket-book was it?"

I described it.

"Well, we'll see what is to be done. What return will you make me if I cause it to be restored to you?"

And he fixed his eye upon me as though to extort the words—"My soul shall be yours;" but as I stood silent and bewildered, he put his hand in his pocket and produced the missing book.

"How on earth did you come by it?" I exclaimed, as I ascertained that the contents were untouched.

"I found it at four o'clock yesterday upon the bridge." [I now remembered to have taken it out at that very time and place.] "I examined the contents in order to ascertain to whom it belonged. I thus discovered your name and address, and I called on you last night to restore it."

I could almost have hugged my Mandevil in the plenitude of my joy. He would not listen to my thanks, but coolly said, as he closed the door behind him, "My compliments to the fair Fanny, and a happy journey to you. We shall meet again."

HOME.

During the whole of my journey I could not prevent my thoughts from reverting to the mysterious stranger. I recalled his demoniac laugh, his deformed foot, his swarthy hair clustering about his temples as though to conceal the horn that would have revealed his secret to the sons of men, and I firmly convinced myself of his identity with the Evil One. He had certainly behaved very handsomely in the matter of the pocket-book, but might not that have been, after all, but a snare to entrap my soul?

I bewildered myself in thinking of possible temptations. I thought of ambition, of wealth, of woman's beauty. But pooh! what had I to do with beauties? Was not my own sweet Fanny all in all to me? As the reader may conjecture, I was endowed with a tolerable degree of imagination, and I may as well admit at once that at an earlier period of my life, ere I knew my Fanny, I fancied myself most desperately enamoured of a certain Julia. Her parents, however, would not consent to our union, and she subsequently became the bride of a wealthy Polish noble. Of course we cried, kissed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and, as generally happens in such cases, both got married forthwith.

Amidst all these fancies and reflections I entered my native town as the church clock was striking one. All was hushed in slumber. Unwilling to disturb my family at so late an hour, I resolved to pass the night at the inn, but I could not resist the temptation of strolling out to contemplate by moonlight that beloved home where, wrapped in sleep, lay all that was dear to me.

THE FATAL MEETING.

Not a soul was stirring. Fortunately, the summer-house was open. I entered; and saw by sundry little indications that Fanny and the children had but recently occupied it. I threw myself at length upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I was aroused by a noise at the door of the summer-house. I sat up; and imagine my astonishment at beholding my friend of the red coat!

"Whence come you, in Heaven's name?" I asked.

"From Prague. I leave this within the hour. Hearing you had but just arrived, I thought, of course, that you would be still astir, and that I would pay you and your Fanny a passing visit. You must not sleep here, the damp will injure your health."

As I quitted the garden with him, I could not help saying, "You have scared me as though I had beheld an apparition; I tremble in every limb. What induced you to seek me in the summer-house? You seem to know everything."

Fiendish was his smile as he murmured, "Know you me now, and what I would of you?"

"No better than I did at Prague; but I must tell you the impression you then made upon me. I trust you will not take offence; but I fancied either that you held communion with spirits or were the Devil himself."

Again that sardonic smile. "Now, merely for the sake of the joke, assuming me to be the latter, are you disposed to do a little business with me?"

"You must bid high if you hope to win me, for really, Sir Devil—pardon my jest in so terming you—nothing can augment the happiness of my present lot."

"Ho! ho!" laughed he; "that was all well enough in the olden times, when folks still had some faith in the Devil's existence, and so kept wary watch over their silly souls; then one was fain to come to terms with them. Cheap enough are they now-a-days; the sons of clay, little reck they of the Devil, their sole reliance is on pure reason."

"I hold myself at a higher rate; and albeit, I regard Beelzebub as an old wife's story; still better worth is a grain of reason than the strongest conviction of the powers of hell."

"Spoken with all the pride of sorry mortals; suffer me to use the language of the personage I represent. Your arrogant self-reliance brings more recruits to the gates of hell than would a swarm of fiends despatched to tempt you. The best among your scurvy crew is he who has met but the fewest opportunities to sin."

Digitized by Google

"Spoken right fiendlike!" I exclaimed.

"Of a verity," answered he of the flame-coloured doublet, smiling his horrid smile; "but it is the truth I speak, though all your faith in truth be gone. You are, in truth, already mine. Grant me but a single hair, and your head is no more your own; but the air is chilly—my carriage waits—I must hence."

I accompanied him to the inn, at the door of which stood his carriage; he begged me to enter the house, and partake of some punch he had ordered. I willingly complied, as the night air had rendered such beverage highly acceptable.

TEMPTATION.

The punch sent forth its grateful odour as we entered the room. We soon applied ourselves to it, and discussed a variety of topics over our glasses. At length my companion departed; and as I felt no inclination to return to the summer-house, ordered a bed at the inn. On my return to the coffee-room I perceived a lady. As she turned towards me I almost lost possession of my senses. It was Julia, my first love, who, as I afterwards learned, was there with her husband, on their way to Italy.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, "is it you, Robert?"

I could but stammer "Julia!" in reply.

"We have much to say to each other, Robert. Follow me to my room."

Once there, and my heart, my soul, were all hers again. She was not happy, she said, her husband was harsh and stern with her. Did I remember our former vows, our last farewell, our parting kiss? Forgive me, my Fanny; how frail and weak is man. Julia's lips met mine once more. The door was flung suddenly open, and a tall, gaunt stranger entered abruptly, exclaiming, "Whom have you with you at this hour, Julia?"

We started up. Before us stood her husband, his face livid as a corpse, and unable to articulate a word. With three strides he was at Julia's side. He caught her by her long auburn hair, and dashed her to the ground, exclaiming, "False, worthless woman!"

I sprung to her assistance. He struck me so violent a blow as I advanced that I staggered back and fell. As I rose he still continued his frantic treatment of his wife, and yelled, as he turned towards me, "You will I strangle with my own hands!"

In the agony of the moment I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into his body if he stirred; but he rushed upon me, and seized me by the neck with so vice-like a grasp that I felt I was losing consciousness. With the instinct of self-preservation, I thrust at him with the knife; he fell. He was stabbed to the heart.

Julia was moaning over the body of her slaughtered lord, whilst I stood motionless and thunderstruck. Oh, thought I, would it were all a dream, and that I were once more on my sofa in the summer-house. Accursed be the red coat; accursed the pocket-book! My children, my own dear injured Fanny, I am a murderer! Meanwhile the alarm had been given, and I heard the sound of approaching steps and voices. Flight was my sole resource. I snatched up a light, and rushed from the house.

THE CROWNING HORRORS.

I felt that I was pursued, and, hopeless of reaching the street, I dashed across the yard, and made for a barn, behind which were fields, on the outskirts of the town. My pursuers gained on me apace, and as I neared the barn I felt myself seized by the coat. Nerved by despair, I dashed aside the hand that clutched me, and thrust the light I bore into the stack of straw before me. High rose the flames; and in the confusion that followed I effected my escape into the fields. Onwards, ever onwards, I hurried desperately, over height and hollow, over brake and bush. Was it a dream? Alas, my bloody hands bore witness too truly to the frightful reality. My strength forsook me; panting and exhausted I sank at the foot of a tree. What means that glare? why peal those bells? I looked around; the town was in flames—mine was the hand that had fired it.

Forsworn a murderer and an incendiary, and all within one short hour! Thou said'st well, fiend, the best among us is he who has met with fewest inducements to sin. Louder and louder pealed the bells, and I was about to resume my flight, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the 1st of May, and my Fanny's birth-day. Well had I ushered it in, forsooth! Moreover, it was Walpurgis Night, when demons are said to hold their revels upon earth.

CAIN.

I paused for breath, and took hurried counsel with myself. I raised my hand to my brow, it was still bedaubed with blood. Away with these polluted garments, thought I, as I discarded coat and vest, and concealed them in the wood. None but the maniac or murderer travels in this guise. I must do battle with some peasant for his jerkin—lie hid by day, and journey by night; food, too, I require, and money. And I now recollected that my pocket-book was in the coat I had deposited in the wood. What was to be done? Not for worlds would I have looked again on the blood of the murdered man, or behold, through the opening trees, the red glare on the horizon. Suddenly, there approached, at a sober pace, a handsome travelling-carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man, who, with a quantity of luggage, was its only occupant. As he was about to pass me, the traveller drew up, alighted from his carriage, inspected it most minutely on every side, and then quitted the road and walked a little distance into the wood.

Were mine yon carriage, it were well with me, thought I. Means of escape—money—clothes, all within my grasp; I may yet be saved.

'Twas done as quick as thought. One spring, and I was in the seat. I seized the reins, and was turning the horses' heads in the opposite direction, when their rightful owner issued from the wood

Digitized by Google

and attempted to arrest their progress. I lashed them furiously, they reared and started at full speed forwards, freeing themselves from their master's hold, who fell at their feet. The carriage passed over his body. He shouted for help. His voice pierced to my very marrow; it was the voice of one I well knew and loved. Could I believe my ears? I pulled up and stretched forth my neck to catch a glimpse of his face. It was my brother's!

I threw myself upon his body, life was not yet extinct. I raised him; I called on him; but he heard me not, he recognised me not; his head drooped, all was over. Again were my hands imbrued in blood.

REMORSE.

As I pressed my lips to my brother's lifeless brow, I heard voices in the wood. Ere I was aware of what I meditated, I found myself in the thickest of the wood, having abandoned corpse and carriage to their fate. The sun was high in the heavens, the fatal Walpurgis Night was over. Morning beheld me bereft of home and hope. The curse of Cain was upon me. Visions of the headsman and his axe, the gibbet and the wheel, flitted before me. Was an existence such as mine worth the struggle to save? Should my own hand?—but no, I would deliver myself into the hands of justice.

Now, that I had settled upon the course to adopt, I became somewhat more calm. I rose and prosecuted my route. I had lost all traces of the track I was to follow; no matter—sooner or later, my object would be attained.

THE TEMPTER.

I held my course, until a turning in the road disclosed to me an overturned carriage lying along it, and at its side, who, to my horror or my delight, but—the well-known redcoat.

On perceiving me he grinned after his wont, saying, "Welcome; I thought we should meet again. Here have I remained the whole night. I despatched my postilion to the town in search of assistance, and he has not yet returned."

"They need assistance more than you here," was my reply, "the whole town is in flames."

"I guessed as much, from the appearance of the sky. But what brings you here in the wood, why are you not lending a helping hand yonder?"

"Save me. I am steeped to the neck in crime. Since we last met, three short hours have sufficed to render me a perjured husband, a cut-throat and an incendiary, a highway robber, aye, and a fratricide; and yet, believe me if you will, I am at heart an upright man."

The redcoat stamped furiously with his misshapen limb as I spoke. "Know you me now," he cried, in a terrible voice, "and what I would with you?" he at length exclaimed.

"My soul, you would my soul; for now do I begin to believe you are in very earnest he whom I deemed you in Prague during my happier hours."

"Whom deemed you me then?"

"The Evil One."

"Bow down, then, and worship me," burst he forth in tones that curdled my very blood.

I knelt before him in an agony of despair, with clasped hands I besought him to save me, and my innocent wife and babes.

As I thus besought him, his outstretched foot (*that* foot!) spurned me, as I lay grovelling in the dust before him. I rose, and renewed my entreaties. His voice withered my soul, as he exclaimed: "Behold the mortal, in all the power and pride of his reason! Lest his measure of iniquity should not be full, lo, he crowns it all by falling at the feet of Satan!"

"I know thee now, Satan, and thy wiles," I cried, "and I defy thee; for I feel that my soul can yet be saved: penitence and prayer may yet avail."

Harsh and contemptuous was his stern reply: "No, sir, I am no evil spirit: but a man like yourself. From a criminal, you have become a madman—no uncommon phase in the chapter of crime. I despise you, nor, were it in my power, would I stretch forth my hand to help you. What care I for your soul? it is already ripe for hell. Satan would hold it dear at the meanest coin?"

HOPE.

Speechless and shame-stricken stood I before him; at length, I mustered sufficient courage to address him once more.

"Would you were he for whom I took you. If you save me not, I am lost. Save me! But for you, and all this had never been. Who broke in upon my slumbers? Who made me wander forth in the night?"

"Aye, aye, 'tis always so; man ever seeks to shift his burden upon another, even though that burden be his brother's blood. True, I awoke you; but say, was it I who awoke within you your slumbering lust for guilt? As well may the midnight assassin impute his crimes to him who forged his sword."

"But why enact the fiend? why tell me that, once to yield a hair, was to peril one's head?"

"Was I mistaken? Who better knows it than myself? I craved no hair, of your own free will you tendered it. Had you resisted the first impulse, had you called reflection and religion to your aid, all had been well. Forget not that the first light and idle thought to which we give way is the one single hair within the clutches of the fiend. You exulted in your imagined virtue, you gloried in your hitherto unblemished career, but the germs of vice were quickening within you; they awaited but the first opportunity to become matured."

"I see and own it all; but save me, save me, the moments are precious; save me, and I sin no more."

"I hope to save you, but you must aid me to do so. *Know you me now, and what I would of you?*"

"You are my preserver, my guardian angel!"

"Not in vain was my appearance in your garden, or the warning I gave you; but be of good cheer, he who has faith has all."

I AM SAVED.

As he uttered the last words, I sank fainting upon the ground. It was long ere I returned to con-

Digitized by Google

sciousness; as I re-opened my eyes, bewildered by the glare of the noon-day sun, I saw the old man bending over me; the harsh expression of his countenance was gone. Benevolence seemed painted on every feature. I looked wildly and vaguely on him. There was a confused din in my ears, as of the distant peal of bells, the rustling of the wind among the trees, or the far-off roar of some mountain torrent. I had lost all power of volition, and again I relapsed into a state of insensibility. At length I rallied sufficiently to inquire where I was, and what had happened. The old man was still bending over me: there was pity, hope, encouragement, in those eyes I had erst judged so ill.

"Thou art saved," he whispered in soft and soothing tones. "Fear not; weak wert thou, and infirm of purpose. Demean thyself, henceforth, as a man—but, remember, human being never save I twice."

Again I sank down in a kind of stupor, and was aroused by feeling the pressure of some invisible lips upon mine.

THE NEW WORLD.

That kiss restored me to earth, and now I discovered that my eyes still remained closed. I started from the hard cold couch whereon I lay, and beheld my own Fanny bending over me. Her kiss it was that had dispelled that fearful trance; my children clung about me, whilst Fanny rebuked me gently for having passed the night in that chilly summer-house. Had it not been for the arrival of my servant, she assured me that no one would have suspected my return.

"And has Christopher but just returned from the inn?" I inquired; "did he pass the night there?"

"Why, you strange man, of course he did, and said that such were your orders. But why on earth pass the night on this dreary sofa? why not wake us up?"

How relieved I felt! "And so you passed an undisturbed, quiet night?"

"Only too quiet, since I little dreamt that you were so near me. Don't you know that it was Walpurgis Night, when evil spirits and goblins are abroad?"

"Too well I know it!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes, and overjoyed to find, as I clasped my Fanny to my heart, that our roof was still standing, and our little town as peaceful as ever. I told my dream to Fanny. She laughed heartily.

TEMPTATION AMD THE TEMPTER.

It seemed as though my Walpurgis eve adventures were not yet terminated. As I have before said, it was my wife's birthday, and some friends had been invited in honour of the occasion.

As we were placing ourselves at table, the servant informed me that a strange gentleman, a Baron Mandevil, desired to speak with me. Fanny observed me start as the name was announced. "Never mind the *tempter*," said she, "as long as the *temptation* is absent; and never mind the *temptation* as long as I am present."

I repaired to the summer-house, where I had passed the preceding night, and there, upon the very identical sofa that I had occupied, sat the redcoat of Prague himself. He rose and greeted me as though we were old friends, saying, "I am as good as my word, you see. Do not be jealous; I am determined to make your charming Fanny's acquaintance; moreover, I bring two guests with me, my brother and his wife. I believe you have met my sister-in-law before."

I was expressing my satisfaction at his visit, when in came a stout, burly gentleman, upon whose arm was leaning a lady in a travelling-dress. Imagine my surprise—it was Julia! I of course conducted my guests into the drawing-room.

The Baron made my wife the most flattering speeches as I introduced him to her.

"I lost my heart to you at Prague," he said, "upon reading all those pretty little secrets in your letter."

"I know all about it," retorted Fanny. "However, we have fourteen hundred dollars to set against your knowledge of our secrets; but you are a very bad man nevertheless, for you have made my husband pass a most wretched night."

"It is not over yet," said I, advancing towards Fanny, and introducing Julia to her. I could perceive that Fanny was somewhat taken aback; however, the wit that never deserts womankind soon came to her assistance, and she gave Julia a most hearty welcome. Ten minutes afterwards, and you might have sworn that they had been friends from infancy.

I learned from Julia, as we walked in the garden after dinner, that she was very happy, and much attached to her worthy husband. She felt all a daughter's affection for her brother-in-law, who, as she told me, after having been a great traveller, had now settled down at Posen, where he possessed a small estate, and passed his time between agriculture and literary pursuits. She spoke of him with the greatest enthusiasm, and maintained that he had not his equal upon earth. I mentally resolved to reform my physiognomical theory.

"But why did you address that mysterious phrase to me at Prague, 'Do you know me now, and what I would with you?'" I inquired of the worthy redcoat; "it took the deepest hold on me, and influenced my dreams in the most unaccountable manner."

"Why, of course, I wanted to give you a hint that I had found your pocket-book. I did not say so at once, as I waited to learn from you such particulars as would have convinced me that you were its lawful owner. But you looked at me so suspiciously, and demeaned yourself so strangely, that I began to have my doubts."

I now related my story to him. "Walpurgis Night for ever!" cried he. "Your story is as good as a moral, philosophical, and psychological essay. I am glad, however, that I turned out to be an angel of light after all, or the story would have told sadly against me."

I never slept from home again on Walpurgis Night.

Digitized by Google

BANKING.

SCOTCH BANKING IN LONDON.—THE GOVERNMENT NEW SAVINGS BANKS BILL.

Earning and spending are matters so different that, as an old Scotch proverb holds, a fool may earn, but a wise man is required to spend money well. The management of money is a comparatively modern science, in which experience makes gradual but slow improvements. All banking operations come necessarily under its sphere, and form, indeed, the means by which money is exchanged between those who have more than is sufficient for their individual demands and those who have less. Banking is, therefore, one of the most important departments of business, and yet one which the English people, with all their active habits and desires to become rich, have comparatively neglected. Several recent official investigations, which we need not particularise, have shown that, in some instances, private provincial bankers have transacted business with less real capital than a third-rate tradesman requires in the proper management of his affairs. This system is purely a delusion, a deception, and a snare. A private banker, who by losses has been reduced to a margin scarcely sufficient to constitute solvency, may continue his business in the hope of reconstructing a good balance, and because he cannot easily turn into another branch of trade; although we doubt that he is justified even in these circumstances; but nothing can excuse the conduct of any man who commences the banking business with no capital whatever—as what is nearly the same thing in that kind of trade, with a few thousand pounds. Some of these cases have disclosed such recklessness, that two parties, who acted as private bankers, and were trusted in that capacity, have been refused certificates on any terms. Private bankers in England are merely capacious money-safes, and if they be not safe, they must be fraudulent, with an exception always in favour of those who may suffer heavy trading calamities, originating in something different from their own speculations, or want of care. Private bankers, following the rule of the Bank of England, allow no interest on deposits; and where the balance is small, they even charge a commission for the transaction of business. They are more useful, therefore, than ordinary traders, who would borrow and use money only because they are supposed to be rich and not speculative. These conditions of trust are generally fulfilled; but in too many instances private bankers have turned out to be both extremely poor, and extremely speculative, at the same time. Their conduct was fraudulent. They accepted deposits without interest, on an understanding which was not observed in either of its particulars; and one of the two they could not observe. The depositors would have been in better circumstances if they had lent their money to the baker, the brewer, or the butcher, who would have paid interest, and been ble to make some dividend, if they could not pay the principal. Goldsmiths and jewellers appear to have been the bankers of early times in this country. In some learned works on banking, we are told that the profession originated in the Italian States during those middle ages that formed the period of their commercial prosperity. If the writers had been in the habit of reading their Bibles, they would have seen that the Jews, at least, practised banking on the Scotch system, of giving interest for deposits, before the Christan era. Interest for capitals deposited with money-changers was so common as to be proverbial at that date; and it is far from beyond the bounds of probability to suppose that the Scotch may be indebted for the idea of their banking system to the general prevalence of the Scriptures amongst them, at the period when their stupendous chartered banks were originally formed. When money was deposited with goldsmiths and jewellers, we believe that safe custody, and not any fructification of capital, was the object in view. That class of tradesmen were compelled to adopt extraordinary precautions to protect their own stock, and a small commission would repay their expenses in taking care of other peoples' funds. The substitution of bankers, as a profession unconnected with the goldsmith's craft, the jeweller's art or the lapidary's skill, was effected in England without much alteration of the rules respecting deposits and their interest. In Scotland, the case was widely different. The days of George Heriot were immediately succeeded by those of the Bank of Scotland. One of the first uses made of the calm which succeeded the revolution settlement was the establishment of a great banking company. The stock of that bank is of equal value with the stock of the Bank of England. Both banks issue notes—the Scotch bank of 1*l.* and upwards—the English bank of 5*l.* and upwards; but the English bank has a complete monopoly of the metropolis, while the Scotch bank has to contend with a number of equally rich competitors. The Scotch bank pays interest on deposits, while the English bank pays none. The English bank enjoys a large and valuable public account, while the Scotch bank has no similarly profitable job. The Scotch bank accommodates its customers with cash accounts; but the English bank declines that description of business. The English bank is stingy in its discounts; and the Scotch bank is liberal. With all these points of agreement and difference, which should tell in favour of the shareholders in the Bank of England, their stock, their dividends, and the credit of their institution, are not better than those of the Bank of Scotland. Some superiority must, therefore, exist in the nature of the Scotch over the English system of banking, which it would be interesting to examine. It does not arise in a more rigorous application of the screw to customers, for the northerns are more liberal in this respect than their English friends; and it is notorious that, in weak seasons at the money market, large parcels of English bills

Digitized by Google

have been discounted in Scotland. It does not originate in the extraction of greater profits from their respective customers, in proportion to the benefits returned; for Scotland and Ulster, where the same system prevails, are more prosperous than other and similarly situated districts. The traffic in banking is, moreover, far greater in Scotland than in England, in proportion to the business done; exactly as the apparent circulation is less. We have used the term "apparent circulation," because that of England is not real, but stagnant. Notes that are locked up for months in safes, or rest for weeks in pocket-books, cannot be properly said to circulate; but are, for the time, stagnant. In all countries, and under any system, a proportion of the nominal circulation will really be in a state of stagnation; but there can be no doubt that the proportion of notes which do not progress is much larger in England than in Scotland. The reason is obvious, small English traders of any description have no temptation to open deposit accounts; but they keep money in their own possession to meet payments. All Scotch traders, on the other hand, are induced to deposit their receipts daily or weekly, with their banker, although the amount may be small.

The deposits with Scotch banks are absolutely larger than those in the English banks. One Scotch unchartered banking company presented, at the close of 1847, when a severe pressure in business reduced the balances of all traders, a debit, under the head deposits, of five millions. When we remember the number of banking companies, the extent of these deposits will appear astonishing. One of the best authorities on banking in London once told us, that he could not understand the vast extent of Scottish deposits. He could not, in some measure, because he would not; but it follows, from our previous remarks, that a large portion of the money which appears as circulation in England comes under the head of deposits in Scotland.

The capital employed in banking, and the income derived from the profession in Scotland, are larger than in England; and at a period when some difficulty exists in placing money advantageously, this fact presents an important consideration to capitalists.

Attempts have been made to introduce the Scotch system into English practice, at several dates; but mere joint stock companies, for the management of banking business, are neither English nor Scotch, but were common to both countries. With the present state of the law an accurate and close imitation of the Scotch system is, we believe, impracticable in England; and the joint stock banking companies formed in the latter country within the last twenty years had little in common with the Scotch companies, except the concession of interest on large deposits. Many of these companies were badly managed, and the end of some of them was terrific. This circumstance was put up and used as a bugbear against joint stock banking by parties who, inhabiting glass houses, did not feel that they should abstain from throwing stones. Other companies have gone on usefully to their customers and their shareholders, and are now established institutions. The capital of all of them is, however, inadequate to make a serious impression on English trade, or a close approach to Scotch business. The closest approach to the Scotch system hitherto made in England occurs in the regulations of the Royal British Bank, which agree thoroughly with those of Scotch banks, except in differences of detail, rendered necessary, we fear, by the present state of the law, and which would be at once modified, we have no doubt, on the repeal of legislative restrictions affecting English banking. How far that measure would be generally advantageous, and also how far these restrictions are alien from, and hostile to, the letter and spirit of Free-trading principles, on which we are supposed to act, form questions which we pass over at present. One inevitable result of certain laws does not by itself constitute them bad; but one consequence of the English banking laws is undoubtedly that the Scotch banking system cannot be closely copied in this country.

The plan of granting cash credits to customers was not practised in England previous to the establishment of the Royal British Bank, some months since, although that company promises to familiarise London tradesmen with this convenient mode of transacting business. A cash credit is granted by Scotch banks, in favour of their customers, for almost any amount. The first act in the process is the production of approved security. It seems generally supposed that there must always be at least two or three securities in addition to the party in whose favour the credit is opened. This opinion is erroneous; for we know that such credits are opened upon one security, if that be deemed perfectly valid. We refer, of course, to personal security. It seems also to be supposed in England that a uniform mode of taking this security by bond exists. This opinion is equally erroneous; and as such bonds cost, for stamps and otherwise, a few pounds each, the expense would be heavy upon small credits. Bills at one day's date, which it is agreed will not be sought without a long, although a varying notice, according to arrangement; or bills at long dates, which are renewed or left over while they remain good, are commonly employed instead of regular bonds. The banker charges interest, not upon the sum in the bond, but on that which his customer really uses. The latter has the advantage of a large capital, while he pays only for the sums that he really requires. The disadvantage to the banker is, that he must keep the means of making good the full amount of the credit, whenever it may be sought, without any notice; and where he can issue notes of his own for this purpose, the process is not immediately onerous, although in Scotland these notes are rapidly returned. The Royal British Bank, not being allowed to issue notes, charges a commission of one per cent. to the public, and one half per cent. to shareholders annually upon the gross amount of the cash credit, in addition to, and separate from, the interest upon the actual net balance advanced. This commission must be

Digitized by Google

equal or more than equivalent to the loss sustained by the company from their incapacity to issue notes; and constitutes a tax directly paid by its customers for the monopoly of issue enjoyed in the metropolis by the Bank of England.

From these remarks the simplicity of the cash credit arrangements will be observed, and their efficiency in practice has never been doubted. They form the most general mode in Scotland of employing the deposits of one class of customers in meeting the wants of another body. The difference between the interest paid to the one, and received from the other class, constitutes the profit of the banking company from which the risk has to be met. The operation under this head resembles bill-discounting. A cash credit is, in point of fact, a deposit of a bill, and the party who deposits it is allowed to operate within its amount as his purposes render necessary. The introduction of the plan into London will be gradually useful to young tradesmen; if, as the Scotch traders believe, its consequences have been favourable to their country. Cash credits are given at different rates of interest in Scotland. We can hardly suppose that a very large account will be charged the same rate of interest that may be fairly levied from a small account. Details of this kind are necessarily matters of arrangement, and cannot be the subject of general rule. This fact will become more apparent when the system to which we refer is better known and more practised in England than at present.

We infer that it will become better known because it is the most economical mode of borrowing capital. A party entering on business calculates that he will require a certain sum of money above his own capital. If he can borrow that sum at once, it is obvious that he does not require to spend it in one day. He may continue to lay out capital for months before he receives returns; but it is not necessary that he should be in possession of all the requisite money at once. He must pay interest from the moment that it comes into his hands; and it is better for him only to commence these payments when they can be no longer delayed—that is, when the money is absolutely needed—not in one large sum, but in divisions proportioned to his payments. It is equally advantageous for his interests that he should be able to restore it in similar sums, as payments are made from his business; and that he should have the advantage of interest accruing on his receipts. A cash credit permits these operations, which are altogether incompatible to the nature of a transaction with a large capitalist who merely has money to lend.

Interest on deposit accounts forms another striking feature in the management of money in Scotland, and now in the arrangements of several English banks. We understand why a banker gives less for money than he charges. The difference is requisite to meet his risks, and make his profits; but we cannot comprehend how a trader should charge anything for an article when he sells, which he deems worth nothing when he buys. Discounts are bankers' sales, and deposits are bankers' purchases; and as nothing whatever is done to the raw material of banking business in their process, if it be worth anything when used in discounts, it must be worth something when accepted in deposits. We use the term "discounts" in its technical meaning. A business man says that he obtains discounts, when, in reality, he pays them. They are the difference between the gross and the net value of the documents which he offers in the money market. A stricter mode of expressing our view is, that if bankers deem the money advanced by them worth something, then the money that they accept in advances cannot be entirely valueless, and the depositors are entitled to its true price. They will gradually make this discovery, to their own and to their country's benefit; for, in the first place, they will receive an income which now they miss, and, in the second, they will leave off dealing in securities for temporary investment, a traffic which should be in the hands of money-dealers; while, in the third, the currency will be economised. We do not now inquire into the expediency of those compressing or contracting powers and restrictions by which the paper currency has been, by law, beset. They exist, and their consequences are aggravated by the want of economy in using the common and legal currency which forms a large part of the material in which bankers deal. Any scheme that would make the currency circulate faster, get through more work, and accomplish more transactions, in a given period, would ease the pressure of a panic, or altogether prevent its existence. Interest on the deposits of multitudes of small accounts draws the currency out of every hole into which the eddies of trade fling it, back again into the central parts of the commercial stream in Scotland; and the same practice might have rendered unnecessary the suspension of a great legislative act by the Executive Government of England in 1847.

This practice is, therefore, fair in principle and judicious in operation, by teaching thrift to individuals and to the State. But, to be beneficial, it must be extended to small sums—to balances and deposits of ten pounds instead of hundreds; for a multitude of small traders, and not a few large dealers, absorb and lock up the circulation. This extension is essential even in large transactions. Bank accounts exist where the balance oscillates in a single month from side to side, although the transactions amount to many thousand pounds. Parties who have accounts of this extent will look gradually for all the advantages that can be reaped from their transactions; and if banking companies concede even a smaller interest on balances, their customers will leave all their receipts with them, attend exclusively to their own departments of business, avoid speculation in stock, or exchequer bills, and allow dealers in money to follow their trade, through all its divisions, alone, like dealers in any other wares. This system of banking forms, therefore, a great movement towards the correct division of labour; and we do not doubt that England will yet derive many benefits from its adoption, and acknowledge obligations to joint-stock

Digitized by Google

companies, and to the new bank which has taken a long step in advance of its contemporaries.

NEW SAVINGS BANKS BILL.

It will not be deemed incongruous, before we quit this subject, to make some few remarks upon the Bill brought in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the regulation of savings banks. These institutions have, in truth, a very close affinity, in principle, to those which we have hitherto discussed. Remove the charitable element, and there remains nothing more or less than a somewhat feeble imitation of a part of the Scotch system—enough, however, to indicate that the advantages attending the latter obtain ample recognition from the Legislature and the people when they appear in the peculiar phase in question.

In our last number* we gave a short sketch of the past history and present constitution of Savings Banks, pointing out, at the same time, what were the principal defects of the present system, and suggesting certain remedies for their removal. Since that article was written, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought forward a Bill to amend the law relating to these institutions. As a brief abstract of the proposed measure will not be unacceptable to our readers, we now proceed to mention such of the provisions of the new Bill as are intended to alter the existing savings bank law; and to make one or two observations upon the probable effect of these alterations.

The Bill in question extends to Great Britain and Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey, and the Isle of Man. It is entirely of a prospective character. If passed, its provisions are intended to come into operation in November next. These are to the following effect:—1st. To make Government, to a great extent, responsible for the solvency of savings banks. 2nd. To reimpose upon the trustees and managers of savings banks that responsibility which the Act of 1844 (7 and 8 Vic. c. 83) had repealed. 3rd. Still further to limit the amount of an individual depositor's account with a savings bank. 4th. To lower the rates of interest paid by the National Debt Commissioners to savings banks, and by savings banks to their depositors. And 5th. To increase the facilities for the purchase of Government stock and annuities through the medium of savings banks.

The security which, under the present law, is afforded by Government to the funds of savings bank depositors extends only over that period during which these funds are in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners. Until they are there lodged, and after they are thence withdrawn, Government takes no charge of them, and is under no liability for their safety. Practically speaking, therefore, it is clear that the Government obligation is one undertaken towards savings bank trustees, and not towards savings bank depositors, and that the latter have no direct claim upon the Government at all. To remove this anomalous and fatal defect, the present Bill proposes the appointment, by Government, of a treasurer to every savings bank, whose attestation of the receipt of money, by way of deposit, or for the purchase of an annuity, or otherwise, shall be binding upon Government. This officer is to find security to the satisfaction of the Comptroller-General of the National Debt Commissioners. He is to receive a salary; and his appointment is to be notified in the *London* or *Dublin Gazette*, as the case may be, and also in some newspaper published in the city, town, or county, in which the savings bank for which such treasurer shall be appointed is situate. He is to attend regularly at the bank on business days, for the purpose of receiving and returning deposits; negotiating, for those desiring them, the purchase of Government Annuities; and paying to those entitled thereto the dividends accruing upon Government Stock purchased by them through the medium of savings banks. He is to affix his signature to every investment and withdrawal in the book of the depositor; and on the day following each one on which the bank is open, he is to transmit to the National Debt Commissioners an account of all receipts and payments, countersigned by a trustee or manager, or by the secretary or clerk of the savings bank. The personal performance, however, of his duties, is not obligatory upon the treasurer. He may, by writing deposited with the trustees or managers, appoint a clerk or agent to act for him, for whose conduct he shall be responsible. Every such appointment the treasurer is bound to intimate to the National Debt Commissioners; and on each day on which the savings bank is open, the name of the clerk or agent so acting shall be entered in the minutes of that day's proceedings. Neither the Government treasurer nor his clerk can hold any other office, or act in any other capacity, in a savings bank. All deposits, payments towards the purchase of annuities, &c., are to be made at the bank during business hours, and to the Government treasurer or his clerk. For sums otherwise lodged, the depositor shall have no claim upon the bank; and any officer, other than the treasurer or his clerk, who shall receive money by way of deposit, purchase of an annuity, or otherwise, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. On the withdrawal of money from the bank a receipt shall be given, which shall be a sufficient discharge to the treasurer for the sum therein expressed. With the view of checking the accuracy of the reports and returns regularly made by the treasurer, power is granted to the National Debt Commissioners to appoint paid Government inspectors to examine, as often as the former see fit, any book or books of any savings bank.

By the sixth section of the 7 and 8 Vic., c. 83, it is enacted that no trustee or manager of a savings bank shall be liable for any deficiency which may arise in its funds, unless he shall have, by writing under his hand, declared his willingness so to be liable, or unless he have personally received savings bank money, and paid it away, or disposed of it in a manner not authorised by the rules of these institutions. The present Bill re-enacts the ninth section of 9 Geo. IV. c. 92, which imposes upon savings bank trustees and managers

* TAIT'S MAGAZINE, May, 1850. Article—Savings Banks.

Digitized by Google

personal liability for their own individual acts or deeds in matters done by them in virtue of their office, and in execution of the act, and general liability in cases of wilful neglect or default. Besides the nomination of secretaries, and other ordinary clerks, which, as at present, is to rest with savings banks trustees and managers, the present Act imposes upon these individuals the duty of appointing auditors to examine the books of the bank as well as those of the depositors. Notice of the appointment of these officers, so soon as made, is, along with their signatures, names, and addresses, to be forwarded by the trustees to the National Debt Commissioners. An annual statement of the affairs of the institution, compiled from the two above-mentioned sources, is, each year, to be laid before the Commissioners, signed as well by the auditor, or auditors (as the case may be), as by the trustees and managers; in addition to which a separate certificate of the result of such examination, from the auditor or auditors, is also to be transmitted. Power is granted to the trustees of two or more savings banks to appoint a common auditor, or auditors; two days in each year, ending 20th November, are to be fixed upon for the production, at the bank, of depositors' books, for the purpose of inspection; and in order to enforce compliance with this order, it is enacted that it shall be *competent* to two or more trustees to close the account of any depositor so failing to lodge his book. The effect of this power, when exercised, will be to deprive the defaulting depositor of all interest on his account from the 20th of November preceding the day on which his book ought to have been lodged. A return, containing an account of notices of withdrawal given by depositors, certified by a trustee, or manager, and a secretary, or clerk, is to be forwarded to the National Debt Commissioners on each day following that on which the bank is open.

The present Bill reduces the maximum limit of a private depositor's account—at present 200*l.*—to 100*l.*, and fixes the annual limit at 30*l.* Friendly and charitable societies are allowed to subscribe the whole or any part of their funds into a savings bank, provided only they do not invest in one year more than the sum of 500*l.* When a private depositor's account reaches the sum of 100*l.*, no more interest is to run upon it. This enactment, however, does not apply to accounts of or above that amount on November 20, 1850; but no further additions are to be received to such accounts so long as they continue at or above the legal limit. When a private depositor has at his credit in the books of a savings bank the sum of 100*l.*, this sum may, at his request, be converted into 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. annuities, transferable at the Bank of England, at the then average price of stock held by the National Debt Commissioners. At the end of every quarter, ending 5th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 10th October, the commissioners shall cause such price to be published in the *London* and *Dublin Gazettes*, and any depositor may, during the succeeding quarter, convert his deposits into annuities at the price so published. This liberty to convert sums of 100*l.* and upwards lodged in a savings bank, and belonging to a friendly or charitable society, is granted to two or more trustees of such societies. The dividends accruing upon such stock are payable by the Government treasurer at the savings bank where the purchasers of such stock are depositors. If, either at the conversion of his deposits into stock, or at any subsequent period, the depositor be desirous to sell or assign the stock standing at his credit in the books of the National Debt Commissioners, or the dividends thence accruing, the said commissioners shall transfer into the name of the purchaser or assignee the amount of stock to which he is entitled, and the power of attorney for the sale of such stock shall be free from stamp duty.

From and after the 20th November, 1850, the rate of interest payable by the National Debt Commissioners to the trustees of savings banks is to be 3*l.* per cent. per annum, and that payable by savings banks to their depositors is *not to exceed* 2*l.* 15*s.* per cent. per annum.

No person is allowed to lodge at a savings bank any sum, either by way of deposit, or toward the purchase of an annuity, as trustee for another, except only in the case of idiots, lunatics, or persons of unsound mind. All deposits made by, or annuities granted to, any such trustee shall be entered in the bank's books in the joint name of the trustee, and of the party for whom he is acting, and the receipt of such trustee, or his representatives' shall be a sufficient discharge to the Government treasurer. Money invested in a savings bank by, or on behalf of an infant shall not be payable to such party until he or she have reached the age of fourteen years. In the event of such party leaving the country, payment of the sum due to him may be made to his parents or guardians. Minors, when they have reached the age of fourteen years, may execute powers of attorney in reference to sums belonging to them lodged in a savings bank. Each depositor's pass book shall contain a copy of the rules of his savings bank, and a duplicate of this copy, together with a duplicate of every annual account required by, and furnished to the National Debt Commissioners, shall be exhibited at the office of the bank, during the time it is open for business, under a penalty upon the secretary of 1*l.* for each day that he fails to comply with this rule.

The sixth section of 7 and 8 Vict. c. 83, which fixes 4*l.* as the minimum sum for which an annuity may be granted, is repealed, and the present bill declares the minimum limit of an annuity to be 1*l.* All admission fees formerly payable on the purchase of annuities are abolished. By the statute last cited, parties are enabled to purchase annuities from the value of 4*l.* up to that of 30*l.*, and it is declared that if from pecuniary embarrassment, &c., a party fails to continue to pass the periodical premia required, or if his death happen before the annuity becomes payable, that he himself, in the former case, or his representatives in the latter, are entitled to receive back, without interest, the paid up premia. The present bill makes no alteration upon the law relating to this class of annuities, but it requires that, in contracting for such as are under 4*l.*, the purchase-money shall be

Digitized by Google

paid in one sum, and shall not be returnable to the purchaser's representatives in the event of his death before the annuity becomes payable.

Such is a brief abstract of the principal provisions of the proposed measure. Besides those enactments regarding the purchase of annuities which we have mentioned, there are others referred to in the 25th, 26th, 27th, 32nd, and 33rd clauses of the Bill, which we have omitted. This we have purposely done, because our limited space confined us to a sketch of the more important features only of the Act, and these we consider to be such as have reference to the banking rather than the life assuring department of savings banks. We now submit, in conclusion, one or two remarks upon the character and probable tendency of the present measure.

From the wording of section 2nd, it would seem that Sir Charles Wood intends to render obligatory the appointment of a separate Government treasurer to each savings bank throughout the country, and the whole scope of the Act implies that there shall be connected with every such establishment, however small, a comparatively large staff of officials. This may be found necessary to the efficient working of savings banks in large towns, where there are a number of depositors and a considerable amount of business; but we much question the propriety of such an arrangement in country districts: and such, it is needless to remark, form a very large portion indeed of the field for the operation of these charitable institutions. The appointment of a Government treasurer to each separate bank in such localities seems likely to impose upon the public a great amount of needless expense.

In answer to a question lately put in the House of Commons to Sir Charles Wood, in reference to the present Bill, he stated that Government would be liable for all moneys paid to treasurers or their clerks. This we would have inferred from the 5th and 7th clauses of the Act, but we think it would be an improvement were the point more clearly and categorically stated. What we further desiderate in the Bill is a precise statement of the liability of savings bank trustees and managers. This liability, it is declared, is to be the same as that imposed upon them by the act of 1828; but their duties under the present bill are, to a great extent, different from those under that act, and hence it seems to us that their responsibilities are not clearly defined by a reference to that statute. They are not now, as formerly, to have anything to do, either directly or through the officers they appoint, with the receipt or payment of depositors' funds; and since Government is to be responsible for the repayment of all sums lodged with the treasurer or his clerk, how is the liability of one or more trustees, in any case, arising either from neglect or mistake, to be fixed? Under any circumstances it would seem that the determination of such a matter is of importance only to the Government. The interests of depositors are not protected by the existence of such liability—seeing that the treasurer's receipt is to them a sufficient guarantee for the safety of the sums they have lodged, and, therefore, the neglect or default of trustees will not, so far as we can see, at all affect depositors.

By fixing 100*l.* as the maximum sum which a private party is allowed to have at his credit in a savings bank, the present Bill recognises the correctness of the limit which, in our last article, we suggested as a proper one for depositors' accounts; and, by reducing the rate of interest, there is, to the extent of that reduction, viz. 5*l.* per cent., a less inducement to overstep this prescribed limit. We will, however, continue to think that a *fixed* rate of interest, even when comparatively low, is bad; and this just because it is, in principle, unsound. When *higher* than the market-rate, the fixed rate will act prejudicially upon the bank; and, when *lower*, it will impose an unnecessary hardship upon the depositor. The proper rate is that which, while it affords no inducements to parties to invest in savings banks for the sake of profit, does yet afford, to those depositing for the sake of security, as large a return as is consistent with the efficient management of these institutions. This fluctuating is the proper rate of interest, not merely because it is the alone just one, at once to the bank and to the depositor, but also because it is the only correct discriminating test that can be adopted, to ascertain what ought to be the limit of the depositors' account. Self-interest is the proper judge of this; and, unless we greatly err, it will be found that if the proposed limit of 100*l.* be not overstepped, as the present one of 200*l.* notoriously is, this will result, not from any enactments in the new Bill to the contrary, but from the lowering of the rate of interest.

Had space allowed of it, we would have added a few remarks upon the proposed Government allowance of one-quarter per cent. to savings banks, as well as upon other provisions of the Bill; but we must, upon these subjects, for the present at least, refrain from trespassing upon the reader's patience.

EPIGRAPH,

For the Statue of Mercury, by John of Bologna.

CHILD of Maia and Zeus, fair offspring of Power and Splendor,
Happy on whose hearth, thou, Angel of Good, dost alight!
Where hast thou been? On what errand bound, the severe or the tender?
Now that thou leavest the earth, heavenward winging thy flight.

Digitized by Google

ANGLING AND PEDESTRIANIZING IN SCOTLAND.

"O blaw, ye *westlin'* winds, blaw saft!" a prayer often sent forth from longing anglers with as much fervency as it came from the poet-lover, has this present spring (for to call May, or even June, summer is but a fond fancy of the poets and almanac-makers) been uttered more frequently and unavailingly than the oldest angler chooses to remember. The east, parching, cold, and bright, has had almost all the season its own way, keeping far from us "the big clouds with vernal showers distent," which, by a wise and wonderful provision, make alike the fishes and the fishers to rejoice. We have had, indeed, a glorious seed-time; but what is life to the farmer is literally no sport to the angler. "I tax you not, you elements, with unkindness;" but if you had bestowed your beneficence in the reverse way, the recipients would have given gratitude instead of grumbling—for angling distress is by no means so bitter and irremediable as agricultural. But away with complaining. The *time* at least of the singing of birds and the leaping of fish has come, to be enjoyed thankfully by the multitudes to whom the river's bank in the spring-time of the year is longingly waited for as the appointed and refreshing retreat from the stifling shop, the dingy counting-room, or the buzzing Court. "How delightful in the early spring," exclaims Sir Humphry Davy, "after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf, below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and, on the surface of the water, to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below." Yes; but sweeter still to the mind and body fevered and fagged in the bustle of resort to leave even verdant meadows and bursting trees behind, and set off for—

> "The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
> Disport to different seas,"

—where nought breaks the silence save the bleat of sheep, or wail of "whaup," or "bugle of the forest bee," and no sign of man mars the solitude, save the peat-reek floating from the shieling where a welcome waits! To soul as to body such a time and scene bring health. The nerves are soothed and the brow cooled, but the heart also is purified. No landscape of smiling mead and waving field carries good and grave thoughts and teachings so straight and persuasively to the heart, as a wide-spread scene of mountain and moor, displaying less of man and more of God, and in expanse and changelessness emblematic and suggestive of eternity.

> "The moors—all hail! Ye changeless, ye sublime,
> That seldom hear a voice save that of Heaven!
> Scorners of chance, and fate, and death, and time,
> But not of Him, whose viewless hand hath riv'n
> The chasm through which the mountain stream is driv'n!
> How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
> But listening to his beating heart—ye lie!
> With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep;
> Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky!"

Many a scene of hill and moor, and of things there learned or enjoyed, these fine lines of Ebenezer Elliott will bring sweetly back to many memories. We speak not so much of the great "sights" of the Highlands as of the less stupendous and overawing, and therefore (to us, at least) more loveable, moorland scenery of the counties south of Forth, where almost every hill and glen has a name classic in history and song—such scenes as those where Daer steals glittering into day from beneath the feet of frowning Queensberry;

> "Where mineral springs Glengonar fill,
> Which joins sweet-flowing Clyde;"

where Fasney, from the highest recesses of the sombre Lammermoors, sends his blackened waters to the fertile Merse; where "wildered Ettrick" wanders through his green and treeless "forest;" where Talla, cast headlong from the hill, still sends forth the same low, sullen thunder that blended with the Covenanters' psalm; where "roars the torrent from Loch Skene;" and where, best beloved of all, "by the green margent of the silent lake," placid and smiling amid its firs, stands "Tibby Shiels's," twined with the names of Wilson and Hogg, and pleasant in the memory of all who ever sought its kindly roof.

But—for twaddle bears a charmed life—some one cries, "Why speak of scenery and its influences in connexion with a thing so *cruel* as angling?" A word on this maudlin heresy, born of ignorance and affectation. We begin by denying that any sect or condition of people, in this country, are in a position to bring that charge, except the vegetarians—and not even they, for in munching their blades they destroy myriads of creeping things, existing or prospective: "you take their life when you do take the means whereby they live." Come now, Miss Fineairs, you who are shocked at the cruelty of angling, tell us on what you have been dining?—and dining so plentifully too, that it is in the hope of assisting digestion that you have selected for your post-prandial reading this entertaining article, with which you have already got into controversy. Is it not *lamb*, the flesh of the animal which all the poets, over whose pathos you so delight in sighing, have chosen as the very emblem of innocence and helplessness? "Yes, but *I* did not kill it. I sought no pleasure in the poor thing's death." We join issue with you here, and shall make it plain, that wherever there is any difference between you, the lamb-eater, and us, the trout-killer, it is all in our favour. To get that joint of lamb you *hired* a

Digitized by Google

coarse and greasy butcher, who, with "unkind clutches" in its fleece, roughly seized the little bleater, tied its feet with cruel cords—those feet, you know, that gambolled on the hill and frisked over the mead, and so forth—dashed it roughly on a stool, and thrust a jagged knife through its innocent throat. "Shocking!" very; and all your doing, ma'am; that is, though you pretend not to know the history of a leg of lamb, done for your delectation, and in fulfilment of your orders—"Here comes the body of Cæsar, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying."

In virtue of the prerogative given men over the fish of the flood—in obedience to that instinct to hunt and slay, implanted in all the sons of Adam; and, as the chaplain in "Jonathan Wild" justly remarked of punch, "nowhere spoken against in Scripture"—we quit the easy chair in which you are lolling, while your lamb is writhing in the shambles, traverse hill and dale, plunge into the stream, and set our instinct against the instinct of the intended prey—our ingenuity against his cunning—our patience against his shyness—in short, give him fair play, letting him set all his powers of escape against our powers of capture. And we select for our purposes those fish that are most scarce and most difficult to snare, unlike you, who select the kinds of animals that cover a thousand hills, and that nature has left helpless.

Again; while your lamb, when seized, was harmlessly and helplessly "cropping the flowery food," what was our trout doing when snared? Seeking to compass the death of a pretty and innocent insect; and doing so, there is reason to believe, from a motive very similar to that which led us to compass *his* death—more for sport than for victuals. He was caught in the act. As much right as he had to come into our element in cruel pursuit of our fellow earth-born, had we to go into his. A brother of the trade has only done for him what he has done for myriads. It is a trade established by nature, doubtless for wise, nay, obviously for necessary purposes. The small are fed on by the great, and those again by the greater still, in unbroken succession and perfect harmony through all creation, "the diapason closing full in man;" except, indeed, in those exceptional and objectionable cases where a lion or tiger mars the harmony by adding another note.

But then "the *mode* is *so* cruel!" Denied, whether as compared with the usual modes of killing animals, or with the wholesale or *trade* modes of capturing most kinds of fish. Keep in mind that all animals do not feel as men feel, nor all animals alike, and that fish are pretty nearly at the bottom of the scale; in brief, that Shakspeare's dogma about the equal corporal sufferance of giants and beetles, and all such fine sayings, may be sentimentally pretty, but are scientifically nonsensical. On the other hand, take the case of *fish* killed in the way of trade and not of sport. Miss Fineairs never thinks of bringing against the *fishermen* of Newhaven, Cullercotes, or Cowes, the charges of cruelty she so savagely levels against her own brothers, or a "nearer, dearer name," who are *fishers;* but the cod or haddock on which she regaled, before beginning the lamb (we lay out of sight, for the moment, the possibility of her having swallowed a few live oysters), suffered more than ever did trout or salmon snared by angler, having probably been caught on the fisherman's set line at twilight, and been kept hanging there till morning. But (and now we come to the last and lowest of Miss Fineair's refuges) why not kill your trout and salmon by net? Partly, because that mode would be more destructive and merciless than the hook and line, and partly for the same reason that the sea fisherman does not take his cod and haddock by net: because it cannot be done. Let us be logical. Either the fish killed by anglers could be killed by net, or they could not. In some cases they could; but in such cases the use of the net would kill in greater numbers—would, in fact, extirpate, cutting off every fish in early youth. Would that be more humane? Is the death of a few, by a somewhat less painful process, not more kind than the destruction of a great multitude or of all—more in accordance with the great principle which reason and philosophy sanction, and this Journal has steadily maintained, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." In some cases, perhaps the majority, the fish caught by angling are *not* to be caught by net—the so-called more humane mode. (And here let it be noted, parenthetically, that killing by net is *not*, generally speaking, more humane than hook and line. Even with the sweep-net, a fish, in a moderate sized river, is as long in being brought ashore as a moderate sized fish usually is with good angling tackle; while in all the other kinds of net he undergoes, literally, the process of being hanged by the neck during several hours.) But, passing from that, we have proved, first, that this fish was made to be killed; second, that ours is the only mode of killing him. So there is an end of the whole question; and Miss Fineairs, overwhelmed with the force of our argumentation, and with amazement at her own blindness in regarding anglers unkindly, is so subdued and abashed, that we have scarcely heart to add to her confusion by another piece of evidence by way of clincher.

Which is this. Angling has been the delight, peculiarly, of gentle and loving natures; and has been vilified (we speak of mere vilifiers) only by the ignorant, the mouthers, or the corrupted. We might quote instances by the score; but to what purpose? It is superfluous to eulogise Hercules; it is waste of time to expose Thersites.

Having blown off the fervour which the subject and the season naturally inspire, it falls to be mentioned, that our intention is, or rather was, to give an account of two little books of the season. "The Book of the Salmon," by Ephemera and Andrew Young;* and "The Pedestrian Tourist's Friend," by the Rev. Thomas Grierson, of Kirkbean.† It

* "The Book of the Salmon." By Ephemera, assisted by Andrew Young, of Invershin, manager of the Duke of Sutherland's Salmon Fisheries. London: Longman.

† "Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains;" or the "Pedestrian Tourist's Friend." By the Rev. Thomas Grierson, A.M., Minister of Kirkbean. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

Digitized by Google

may seem incongruous to class together the book of "a sporting character" and a minister of the Kirk; but, though different, they are not very much unlike, the minister himself, in a becomingly moderated spirit, being something of a sportsman, while his subject, pedestrianism, is closely connected with, or rather forms a part of, angling. There are no anglers that are not pedestrians, and few pedestrians that are not anglers. It is, indeed, one of the chief benefits of, and arguments for, angling, that it induces or compels men to pedestrianism, leading them abroad oftener and farther than they could have been brought by the duty of exercise or the love of scenery. And never were such incentives of more value than now, when the pursuits and necessities, especially of our middle-classes, are tending so alarmingly to the increase of intellectual restlessness and physical inaction.

The second, and certainly second best, part of Ephemera's book, is that wherein, acting as the colleague and penman of Mr. Young, of Invershin, he discusses the natural history of the salmon, and sweepingly impugns the results of the great authority and discoverer in that department—Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig. There is no subject on which it is easier to dogmatise than the natural history of fish, of which so little is ascertained or ascertainable, that questions discussed by Aristotle are unsettled yet; but of all parts of the subject, that relating to the salmon is pretty nearly the last which should now be dealt with dogmatically, and of all men Mr. Shaw requires to be answered by something else than assertions. Yet so it is, that the man who has expended more time, care, and cost on the subject, than all his opponents put together, is perpetually being assailed with mere sweeping denials, nay, even with abuse, as if he had committed, not merely a presumption, but a crime. The fact is, that our dear brothers of the angle, especially the elder brethren, though the best of men, are rather addicted to stiffness in opinion as to things connected with the art. Almost every man had, till within these few years, his own theory as to the salmon and the parr, which stood well enough, in so far as it was no more unnatural and irrational than any of the half-dozen theories of the half-dozen neighbours with whom he had debated, and which he probably clung to all the closer that it was purely and strictly his *own*, having no source in search, experiment, or even what could be fairly called observation. Amidst all these self-satisfied, and only self-satisfied theorists, Mr. Shaw appeared with his measurements, his plates, and his dates, the result of careful and repeated experiments, and almost instantly the whole tribe turned on him as a common enemy. As the question as to the parentage, youth, and migration of the salmon, is one of the most curious in natural history, we shall, avoiding details, state in a few words what Mr. Shaw claims to have proved, and where the controversy now stands.

As the result of several years' experiment and observation, Mr. Shaw gives the following as the chief events and features in the history of the salmon, from its birth till its seaward migration. Bursting from the ova, in early spring, it remains in the river, rarely visible till July, partly from minuteness, partly from shyness, and is, in fact, rarely captured, or in any way visible, during the first year of its existence. In May and June of the next year, that is, when entered on its second year, and on all through its second summer, it feeds boldly, and is familiar to all anglers as the much-disputed *parr*, samlet, or fingerling. In May next, again, that is, when it has just entered its *third* year, it assumes silver scales, and descends to the sea as the salmon-smolt. To this Mr. Shaw adds, that, in its second winter, being then in its eighteenth or twentieth month, the *male* parr (alone) arrives at sexual maturity, and does, or can, impregnate *the ova* of the adult female salmon.

It will be seen, at once, that there are two points here almost inviting attack, that as to the young of the salmon remaining *two* years before migration, and that, just-mentioned, as to the precocious and anomalous development of the young male. But because there is in both cases an *apparent* anomaly, are we bound to conclude that there is an actual error? On the contrary, we are bound to give Mr. Shaw's statements and reasonings the more respectful consideration when we find that he has, as it were, endangered the main part of what his discovery settles—that the parr is the young of the salmon—by adding two startling statements on other points, simply because they were evolved in the course of his inquiries. It shows, at least, that he entered on his experiments, not to maintain a theory, but to discover the truth.

As regards, however, the period during which the parr remains in the river before migration, the charge of anomaly can no longer be brought. Formerly, a pretty prevalent creed was, that the parr migrated in its *first* year; but that is now quite exploded. All the writers against Mr. Shaw that have fallen in our way for some years maintain, that the migration takes place at the commencement of the *second* year; that is, that being hatched in March or April, the parr descends to the sea in May *twelvemonth*. It is thus admitted that it does not avail itself of the *first season of migration* occurring after it has been left to its own resources and instincts. Now, we submit that *this* is as much of what we, in our ignorance of the natural history of fish, regard as an anomaly, as is the staying over a *second* season of migration. The question, then, must be considered without any regard to apparent anomalies, and decided only on the evidence of experiment and observation.

On this principle Mr. Shaw, formerly unsuspecting the results brought out, proceeded, by means of artificial ponds and streams, in which, year after year, he watched the entire process: the deposition of the ova, the hatching of the *parr*, and the assumption of the migratory dress and instincts at the commencement of the *third* year. Against the results of the experiments we maintain that nothing has been brought, as yet, save obstinate unbelief and reckless assertion. Taking the case before us, look at the ludicrously loose fashion in which Ephemera formed his opinion and then entered on his inquiry. Although protesting (too much) against

Digitized by Google

the idea of "self-conceit," he seems not improbably to regard the following passage as of similar value to that which records the gravitation of the apple on Newton's head. "Whilst angling for trout," says he, "in some of the tributaries of Irish salmon rivers, I caught a great many salmon fry, marked with transverse bars ('parrs,' Mr. Shaw and others erroneously call them) [what Mr. Shaw and others call parrs, are the fish themselves, not the mottles on their sides], and also a great many smelts or salmon-fry, in their silver-hued migratory costume. This took place between the middle of April and the middle of May. I examined these little fish, and it struck me, *I cannot fully explain why* (! !) that Mr. Shaw had exaggerated their ages. *I could not believe* that any of the fry marked with transverse bars exceeded in age twelvemonths, nor could I reconcile with my own observation [how made?] that the smolts I caught were two years old, or thereabouts. I doubted, THEREFORE, the accuracy of Mr. Shaw's observations." Hear you this Triton among the "bars!" mark you his most royal *therefore!* Therefore, indeed! When you ask, wherefore? his only answer is, "I cannot explain why!" I do not like thee, Mr. Shaw, the reason why I cannot tell. So he writes to Mr. Young, in Sutherlandshire, to ask him to explain it for him. Mr. Young replies, that he is sorry to say that Mr. Shaw's experiments are wrong, and Ephemera's belief correct, and here we join issue.

For this decision, Mr. Young offers only one piece of evidence, and on a very slight examination even that seems quite to vanish, or, at least, to become incomprehensible. He says, that he, too, has made experiments by artificial breeding-ponds, and been brought to the conclusion, that the fry migrate a year earlier than Mr. Shaw maintains. Two things go to render this statement almost, or altogether, worthless. Mr. Young gives us none of the details of his experiment: the construction of the ponds, the care taken to prevent the mixing of breeds, the constancy of the watch kept over the growth; in short, he omits everything that renders Mr. Shaw's contributions to the question valuable and interesting. Even at the best, therefore, we have on one side the evidence of an experimenter who tells us minutely all he has done; and on the other, the evidence of an experimenter who declines to tell us anything, but that he has made experiments. Besides, Mr. Young lets slip (p. 159), that he was "fully convinced" (by what means he cannot explain, any more than his friend Ephemera), years before his experiments began. But we have something more, and stronger, to bring against Mr. Young's evidence on this point. Mr. Shaw's experiments, began in 1833, and were all before the world previous to 1840; Mr. Young's "full conviction" was formed somewhere about 1835, and his experimental ponds in 1841; and in 1843, —many months, be it marked, after he had made his experiments, and several years after he had made up his mind, and after Mr. Shaw's theory had been expounded—he sent a paper to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which (we quote the official proceedings) "Mr. Young took up the subject of the salmon's growth where it was left off by Mr. Shaw [*i. e.* the growth after descending to the sea]; *so far as the earliest, or fresh-water state of the fish is concerned*, HE ENTIRELY AGREED with the observer just named!"

Now, we will trouble Mr. Young to give plain answers to the following plain questions:—Why did he form his convictions before he made his experiments? and why, *after* his experiments, did he give the Royal Society, in 1843, an opinion so entirely different from what he now tells us was his opinion in 1835, before he made his experiments, and has remained his opinion ever since?

Ephemera, in his own easy, audacious way, seeks to get rid of Mr. Shaw's experiments by ascribing the two years fresh-water residence of the fry to the "difference of temperature between the waters of the Nith, from which the ova were taken, and the waters of the ponds in which they were hatched and reared." But pray, Mr. Ephemera, how do you know what the difference in temperature was, or that there was any at all? On inspecting Mr. Shaw's "Observations," for information on this point, we can only find that the temperature of the ponds, as compared with that of the river, was on one occasion three degrees below, and on another six degrees above. So whatever difference there was seems to have been all *against* Ephemera's notion. But suppose it were otherwise, what then? We know that a lower temperature might retard the hatching of the fry by a week or two, or their growth by half an inch or half an ounce; but we have no ground for supposing that it would retard for a whole year such a change as that of assuming the migratory dress—taking place, as that does, at a fixed period throughout the whole species—especially as the fact of that change not being dependent on size, development, or condition, is evidenced by the great difference in all these respects observable among the descending smolts.

The same loose style of argument and inference is pursued by all the other writers who have tried to attack Mr. Shaw's experiments at this point; and one of them at least rushes on so blindly as to thrust forward a fact which, though he does not see it, establishes Mr. Shaw, and upsets himself. We allude to Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart, a good poet, an excellent angler, and a delightful angling writer, but with no very clear perceptions of the distinction between fact and fancy, confirmation and refutation. Like Mr. Young, he puts his conclusions before his premises: "It is most unquestionable"—"there can be no doubt of the fact," and so on, and then states nothing whatever in justification of his confidence, save what tells directly the other way. He says ("Angler's Companion," p. 208) that, "The remaining of Mr. Shaw's parrs two years in the fresh water may be explained by the circumstance, that the subjects under test were kept in a state of comparative confinement, their growth stinted, and their instincts overruled;" and, to prove that, in such exceptional circumstances, parr will remain two years in the river, he mentions that, at a spot on the Teviot, some years ago, numbers arrested in their descent

Digitized by Google

by want of water to convey them over the cauld-dykes remained till the season following. Now, mark, Mr. Stoddart knows nothing whatever of the age or previous history of the fish which he meets at Sunlaws mill in their descent, whether they are one-year-olds, as he *thinks*, or two-year-olds, as Mr. Shaw's experiments seem to demonstrate: on that point his word is not worth a straw, except as shewing how rashly he rushes to conclusions. But *there* are the descending fish, placed, says Mr. Stoddart, in the same circumstances as Mr. Shaw's. And what was their condition? "The greater portion of the *smolts* in question were *orange-fins*, or sea-trout fry; still a considerable number were the true salmon, or parr *smolts having the pectoral fins tinged with black*." In other words, they had assumed the migratory garb. What Mr. Stoddart, with his views, intended by bringing forward such a fact, no man can guess; but it is plain that nothing can be educed from it save that placing parr in the circumstances in which Mr. Stoddart had them at Sunlaws, and Mr. Shaw at Queensberry, (it is Mr. Stoddart himself that states the circumstances of the two cases as practically identical) *does not come in the way of their assuming the hue of the smolt*. Now, Mr. Shaw's parrs never did so till the end of the *second* year. What inference, then, could be more irresistible than that the parrs in Teviot, which were confessedly in similar exceptional circumstances, were two years old also? and that Thomas Tod Stoddart's interesting fact has doubly confirmed the Drumlanrig experiments, and capsized himself, "head and creel," over Sunlaws cauld-dyke.

Ephemera and Mr. Young, in trying to illustrate their reasoning by plates, resort to a device utterly and ludicrously destructive of the trustworthiness of both of them in such a question. Of the nine illustrative plates we pronounce at least *five* to be, as far as possible, in all respects, exact copies of the plates given by Mr. Shaw. Whether the other four are copies from some other work, or the embodiments of Ephemera's imagination, or are taken from real specimens, and, if so, whether those were secured from the river Shin, or from Mr. Young's artificial ponds, we are left to guess. What is most reprehensible and ridiculous here is not the mere plagiarism, but the manifest delusion attempted in giving plates procured from such various and apocryphal sources as illustrating anything save the incompetency of those who so employ them. Not a single word need be wasted in shewing the folly of illustrating a question of such nicety by specimens, one half taken from one river, and one half from another—rivers hundreds of miles apart, and differing, we know not how much, in the nature of their bed, and the quality and temperature of their water, and with fish differing, as the fish of all rivers do, more or less, in breed and habits as to season. But if anything were wanting to render complete the evidence against the mode in which this part of the subject has been dealt with, we have it in the most laughable proposal made by Mr. Young, in answer to a request by Mr. Shaw, to send a certain specimen for the artist: "The parr you want cannot be got at this season in consequence of the flooded state of the waters; but, *from the description I will give, the artist can easily engrave it!*" The tailors in Laputa could make a man a whole suit of clothes if they got the measurement of his little finger; and Burns makes mention of a similar and even more amusing skill possessed by Dr. Hornbook. But Mr. Young's idea of the miraculous powers possessed by London artists goes far beyond all this; he thinks that by writing them a "description" from Invershin, they can produce a portrait as like as life in a case where the whole question may depend on the line of a curve, or the tinge of a fin

On the second apparent anomaly brought out by Mr. Shaw's experiments, the impregnation of *the ova* of the female adult salmon by the milt of the male parr, we refrain from entering minutely, for several reasons. Mr. Shaw's statement is, in substance, that the salmon-roe over which, by pressure, he shed the milt of a male parr, generated, while that which was left as it came from the female salmon remained barren. This is attacked on various and conflicting grounds, as might be expected when the whole question as to how and when impregnation takes place among fish remains in dispute. Sir Humphry Davy states that the milt is shed over the ova when deposited in the gravel, and Mr. Young holds the same doctrine; which, of course, is so far a corroboration of Mr. Shaw's. John Younger, of St. Boswell's, a well-known practical fisher, and quoted by some writers as an authority on such points as this, is of opinion that the ova is impregnated before deposition, but at what time or by what means he cannot tell. Mr. Stoddart (with more care as to facts and more of an approach as to accuracy of reasoning than he displays in any similar case,) insists that the male parr impregnates the female parr before she descends to the sea. It will be seen that the only point on which Mr. Shaw may be said to stand alone, or rather where he is the discoverer and leader, is as to the capability of the milt of the parr to impregnate the ova of the adult salmon. Some admit that it is the deposited ova, not the female fish, on which the impregnation is effected; and Mr. Stoddart at last admits that the male parr comes to sexual maturity while in the parr state; but neither of these schools admit that, as Mr. Shaw holds, *both* are right, that each has *half* of the truth. Both of them, in what they *deny* of Mr. Shaw's doctrine, proceed only on probable conjecture or apparent analogy; but they cannot succeed in so getting quit of Mr. Shaw's actual experiments. The roe in his pond suffused with parr-milt did generate; that left as it came from the female did *not*. The result *may* have been accidental, but is, at all events, a hundred times more worthy of reliance than assumptions or reasonings from apocryphal analogies. That which is apparently the greatest anomaly of all—the male parr's arriving at maturity while the female does not—is fully admitted by Mr. Stoddart, the chief reasoner from analogies and anomalies; as, indeed, it must be by every practical angler who keeps his eyes and reason open to conviction. That being admitted, we cannot resist the conclusion that it is *less* of an

Digitized by Google

anomaly—less, at least, out of accordance with the generally-received opinions as to the habits of fish—that this precocious maturity should be employed in impregnating ova than in impregnating females in whom no ova is to be found at the time. Moreover, Mr. Shaw declares he has seen the male parr in the river impregnating the deposited ova; neither Mr. Stoddart nor any one else says he ever saw the male and female parr connubially engaged. And, further still, and once more, the less feasible theory has the support only of conjectures; the more feasible has the corroboration of Mr. Shaw's careful experiments.

Following the order, or want of order, preserved by Ephemera and Mr. Young, we have now to mention that what should have formed the root and beginning of their argument, is brought in in quite a supplementary and incidental way. In a by-the-by tone, at the tail of the argument, the assertion is let drop—"The parr is a distinct adult fish of the river trout species!" Why did not you tell us this at first? Why did you not tell it, instead of the opposite, to the Royal Society in 1843? And, more emphatically, why—on what grounds—do you tell it now? We had thought that if there was one thing proved about the natural history of fish at all, it was that the parr is not found in any river not affording passage to and from the sea; in other words, that salmon and parrs are never found separately. We defy any man to find a parr in a river to which salmon have not access, or a salmon in a river where there are no parrs; and we could, of our own knowledge, name a score of waters where parrs abound up to some obstruction, natural or artificial, impassable by salmon, and are quite unknown above it; and also several where parrs used to be plentiful, but where, since the construction of insurmountable dams, they have disappeared. All this is notorious; was known as a popular and established fact even to Izaak Walton, who knew nothing experimentally about salmon, but knew that he had never met with parrs save in salmon-rivers; and has not till now, at least for many years, been denied: nor, indeed, is it denied now, except in so far as Mr. Young sets up a doctrine with which it is irreconcileable. The fact at least proves, that in some way a communication with the sea is necessary to the existence of the parr; and, if it is a distinct species, how comes it that no one ever saw, or ever said he saw, parrs, as parrs, emigrating or immigrating? But Mr. Young seems to attempt to stifle this difficulty by speaking of the parr as a "river trout," meaning, we presume, a trout that has no connexion with the sea; although, by a universal "coincidence," it does not live anywhere without that connexion. Even here, however, another difficulty greater than ever rises before him. Did he ever see a parr spawning? Did he ever see a female parr with a developed roe? He never did, and never will. Nor does he make any pretence in the matter. He finds it easier to leap over all reason, and appearances, and impossibilities, by his simple *ipse dixit*—an expedient which, as it has saved a world of trouble to himself, is likely to serve the same end as regards those who might otherwise have felt that they were expected to furnish a reply.

Although holding that Mr. Young has, with the insidious aid of his London friend Ephemera, exhibited himself as quite incompetent for the investigation of the question on which he so confidently pronounces, we would not be thought as bringing against him any charge save errors of judgment. We believe him, though facile, quite honest and well-meaning; and hope that the Duke of Sutherland has not forgotten the promise set forth in his letter to Ephemera, of doing something for his advantage. Indeed, so unconscious are we of any unkindness of act or intention towards him that, should we happen to come within walk of Invershin, we would not consider it any great breach of modesty to ask a day's fishing.

Of the portion of Ephemera's book not devoted to natural, or rather unnatural, history, it is more pleasant to speak. His elaborate instructions about casting and striking may be of use to beginners, and even to more advanced practitioners; but, on the whole, these things can be learned only at the water-side. In playing, he advocates a bold policy:—

"At first, I would not bear heavily on a fish, unless he were making for dangerous quarters, and, in such event, I would stop him if I could. If he be in fair water, I would at first, and until his strength began to fail, play him with a long, tightish line, for the more of it he carries and drags after him, the sooner will he display symptoms of weakness. As soon as he does, bear upon him gently, winding up slowly at the same time, and bringing him towards you in the direction of some safe place. If he sink towards the bottom, wind up your line and prevent him from descending entirely, keeping him clear from anything he can work his head or body against. Whilst he so remains, butt him—that is, present the butt end of the rod against him, which will cause him to feel the power of the strongest parts of the rod, and the more he 'jiggers' or shakes himself to and fro, by working his head and tail this way and that, from side to side, in the water, the sooner will his strength and courage fail him. If he remains too long stationary and sulky, you must divine some means to make him take another race, for running with a restraining-bit in his mouth soon ends in a fatal career."

But what is to be done if you can find *no* means of "making him take another race?" If Ephemera could have given an answer to that question, it would have been worth more than all the rest of his book. There are few salmon-anglers who have not been in positions where they found the point perplexing. For instance, a friend angling, not long ago, at the head of some rapids, hooked a salmon of considerable size and determined character, which first set off seawards at a furious pace, and then, after trying the effect of a summersault in the air, dived, and took resolutely to the ground. Every sort of pull, long, strong, steady, and sharp, was tried in vain, till the angler was as sick of the fish as the fish could possibly have been of him. In fact, the fish was caught only in the way in which the Irish soldier took the prisoner:—"I have taken a prisoner, Captain."—"Then bring him along."—"But he won't come."—"Then come yourself."—"But he won't let me."—The angler had caught the fish, but he could neither get him ashore nor get himself out of the water, except by leaving his tackle behind. For two mortal hours

Digitized by Google

did he stand, gazed at, perhaps laughed at, by a considerable body of spectators, including some English ladies, attracted from a gentleman's seat close by, "to see a salmon killed." A desperate attempt at rescue was made by some Irish labourers at work on a bridge, who resorted to volleys of stones, accompanied by execrations which disturbed the ladies much more than the fish. When this, too, had failed, a young man suddenly rushed through the trees, stripping off his upper garments as he neared the torrent. "Hold back that man! he's drunk! he'll be drowned!" shouted the angler; and was answered only by mirth, the apparent Bacchanal proving to be a young gentleman inspired with nothing more deleterious than the spirit of gallantry, which incites to great deeds in ladies' eyes. Ultimately, and at no small risk of being carried to Berwick, and having his fate pronounced by a Northumberland coroner's jury (according to the then established formula), as "death by *drowning*," he reached the rock in the middle, beneath which lay the fish, and put all concerned out of pain, by breaking the line. The only consolation received by the angler was a remark by the fairest of the spectators, that though she had failed to see a salmon killed, she had been much amused by the spectacle of one getting away; an enjoyment in which the angler, having nothing else left (except to satisfy a demand of half-a-crown from the Irishmen, for their zeal in cursing), hypocritically professed to have participated.

Such catastrophes as this generally happen with fish very recently hooked; those more slightly held expose the angler to the opposite danger of repeated springs into the air, for the coping with which peril Ephemera gives very solemn and sound directions. He omits to mention, however, that sometimes by skill, and sometimes by accident, these summersaults are fatal to the performer. Once, having hooked a large yellow trout beyond some weeds, through which it seemed impossible to drag him, he began to amuse himself and alarm us by taking high leaps; when, in desperation, we tried a pretty strong though not violent lateral pull when he was in the air, and were as much astonished as he was, when, flying like a bird over the weeds, he came *smack* at our feet. We have resorted to the device often since, and generally with success: on one occasion, at the Union Bridge, on Tweed, accomplishing it seven times in succession, to the admiration of the fishermen of the station. It is easier than it seems, the one thing necessary being instantaneousness, in order to get the benefit of the ascent, wanting which is almost certain breakage. Sometimes, also—the thing is rare, but not fabulous—the summersaulter, through his own mistaken activity, alights on the wrong element. At a competition of the St. Ronan's Club, the Ettrick shepherd gained the prize by means of a salmon which leaped ashore when on his hook. As the marvel was heightened by this happening to be the only salmon caught that day, and as no one had chanced to be by at the lucky moment, the shepherd was somewhat joked on the subject, most unjustly, as we now infer, from having actually witnessed the same thing, or a thing more wonderful still, though in our instance the result was different. One day, in early spring, on the lower part of the Whitadder, we made up to a pensioner from Berwick, just a few minutes before he hooked a large salmon, which, after some less astonishing displays of agility, threw itself up high and dry on the *opposite* side! Before there was time to determine what should be done under such novel circumstances, a woman engaged in some employment close by where the landing had been effected, stepped forward, saying, in the kindest tone, "Hae, man! I'll throw yer fish back t'ye!" and, before remonstrance could reach her, chucked it into the river, where, from the slacking of the line, it escaped. From the terms in which our military friend expressed his obligations, we were led to infer that he had served with "our army in Flanders."

Leaving Ephemera's volume, with the remark that it is adorned by some admirably drawn and coloured representations of salmon flies, of different seasons and countries, in which it is curious to mark how the national characteristics are preserved in the flashiness of the Irish and the sombreness of the Scotch—the former with a strong tinge of the Scarlet Woman, the latter grim as the General Assembly—we may add that, deficient and rash as the work may be, it is so only as compared with the better of our more recent works on that subject. If we had taken a comparison with several other recent angling works, or with almost any of a former generation, we should have been able to speak in a somewhat different tone than we have had to adopt in trying Ephemera by the test which he has himself imprudently chosen. Any one will be astonished and amused at the chaos out of which we have emerged to our present position as regards the history of the king of river fish, and will form some perception of the difficulties of the question, if he will examine what is said by any of the older angling writers, even those who were practical men. Izaak Walton, for instance: everything that the dear old coxcomb says in his "Observations of the Salmon, with Directions how to fish for Him," is not only wrong, but the reverse of right. He tells us that salmon "cast their spawn in the month of August," and "then haste to the sea before winter," except a few sickly ones, who "pine and die the second year," after having bred parrs or sluggers, whose feeble parentage is the reason "they never thrive to any considerable bigness." "It is also observed," quoth Izaak, "that the further they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better," a fact not generally admitted by those who have killed salmon at Kelso and at Peebles. The only point on which Izaak is not egregiously wrong, is as to the growth of the fish after reaching the sea, regarding which, it is worth remark, he speaks of experiments having been resorted to by marking the smelts, similar in means and result to those lately practised by the Duke of Athol on the Tay. As regards "how to fish for him," Walton goes on to tell that salmon very rarely rise to a fly, and then adds a couple of sentences which curiously indicate the clumsiness of all the angling machinery of our ancestors.

Digitized by Google

"Note also, that many use to fish for a salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful when he is hooked. And to that end *some* use a wheel about *the middle of their rod*, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them than by a large demonstration of words." The malignant poet who prayed that strength might be given the fish "to pull old Izaak in," would have been pretty certain to have had his wish fatally realised, had the patriarch, with no wheel, or one "about the middle of his rod," tried conclusions with a twenty-pounder at, let us suppose, such a place as Makerston Trows.

We turn briefly, far more briefly than his merits and our inclination demand, to the Rev. Mr. Grierson's pleasant little account of his pedestrianizing exploits; all the more pleasant to us from those hearty and unaffected manifestations of the writer's satisfaction with himself and all the world on which captious critics will fasten. When, for instance, the minister begins: "In the autumn of 1811, *the year of the great comet*, I left Glasgow, and breakfasted at Dumbarton,"—some people will try to get up a joke at the connexion and similarity which the Rev. Thomas Grierson, they will say, perceives between himself and the most stupendous wonders of the universe; but such small quibbling, we are convinced, will be attempted only by persons whose stomachs and dispositions have been soured from want of the manly love of effort, and sense of delight, which Mr. Grierson teaches, by a pleasantly-expressed precept, and still more by a recorded practice, almost putting to shame the best Scotch practitioners we know of—and we know a few, and have done a little. Mr. Grierson has a right to be proud of his exploits, and he does well in telling them to the world, both for his own credit and the public good. He gives a list of the mountains on whose summits he has stood, which fills us with envy and despair, thereby showing that he has little left to overcome in the way of climbing, except that acclivity he now attempts—

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

—in comparison with which he will find the loftiest and roughest ben he ever surmounted easy walking. But besides intending his work "for he amusement of the public at large," he aims at wholesome practical conclusions, according to professional practice, though he does not (why should he?) employ professional phrase:—

"I would warn pedestrian tourists against a free use of whisky, or any such deceitful means of excitement and support. No doubt a prudent and temperate use of spirits may fit a man for occasional extraordinary exertion; but if that exertion is to be long sustained, he is much better without it. Such stimulants, frequently resorted to, always produce languor, enervate the frame, and thus do more harm than good.

"Another caution worthy of attention is, not to indulge too much in drinking rich milk, a beverage most tempting to a hungering and thirsty pedestrian, and which is often pressed upon him by the kindly mountain dames. Oftener than once have I suffered in this way, more especially on my return from Ben-a-Hallader, at the source of the Orchy, after crossing and re-crossing the horrible moor of Rannoch. The day was one of the hottest, and, for want of better, I had partaken largely of moss-water, having scarcely tasted food since an early breakfast. The consequence was, that I verily believe the dose I got from a good woman at a shieling near the east end of Loch Lydoch would have finished me, had I not soon after fallen into the hands of kind and judicious friends."

The judicious reader will not hesitate to conclude, from what we have said, that Mr. Grierson is pleasant company on paper, as doubtless he is also in person. We know nothing of him personally, although inferring from his exploits (being himself fond of very bad puns, he will pardon us) that he does *not* come of the famous Grierson of *Lag;* but, nevertheless, we would undertake, from his book alone, to guarantee his "excellence in all the relations of life." The man with the merry heart that goes all the day is seldom other than a good man, and worthy of a kindly welcome when, for his own delight and ours, he makes a record of what he has endured and enjoyed in those toils and pleasures "that after no repentance draw."

Neither is it anything against the reverend tourist that, as already hinted, he professes himself something of a sportsman—within clerical limits, He indicates his love of curling, as indeed his fame in that respect, and as the laureate of the Grand Caledonian Club, is more than local. As to angling he is, as might be inferred of so enthusiastic a lover of nature, a deep proficient—seldom describing a river that he does not make its capabilities for angling a large element in the question of its picturesqueness. Indeed, he seems to regard rivers as made for angling, just as Brindley believed them made for navigation. Nay, he even throws out a pretty broad hint that the Crinan Canal would be better employed as a reservoir for fish than a means of traffic. And we will be bound that, for all this, he is none the worse parish minister; but, on the contrary (as, indeed, we happen to have learned otherwise than by inference from his book) he dwells specially beloved "among his own people." In his quiet sphere, and with his occasional "minister's week" (*i. e.* from the Monday to the Saturday *se'nnight*) for the gratification of his manly and simple tastes, he would not, he tells us, change places with the Archbishop of Canterbury; and we commend his decision.

Instead of citing any of the adventures of a more cheerful character drawn by Mr. Grierson from his pedestrian experiences, we shall, mainly in the hope of convincing youthful effeminates that all is not barren, even in the most barren scenes, mention an incident within our own recent experience which our clerical friend would probably have thought proper to say nothing about, had he enjoyed our luck. Along with a friend, we were crossing the hills between Ettrick and Yarrow, on a dismal drenching day, and therefore in a somewhat mournful mood. Suddenly there appeared, within a few yards, passing along the ridge of the steep up which we were wearily toiling, a country lass, arrayed in her "best braws," but with these disposed in a manner which we have scarcely boldness to mention. However, here goes: the garments which should have shrouded her "decent limbs" were, every stitch of them, elevated to save her Sunday bonnet. There indeed was "a glimpse

Digitized by Google

that made us less forlorn!" There was a mutual dilemma.

> "Ye prudes in virtue, say,
> Say, ye severest, what would you have done?"

What but that which we did—stand gazing and amazed, "thinkin' our very e'en enriched," as Lady Morgan once very aptly quoted, and was very prudishly, nay, pruriently, abused for doing; gazing, we say, respectfully and silently, till happening, by no intention of ours, to catch the eye of the mountain Musidora, she first stood for a minute, as if struck to stone—"so stands the statue that enchants the world!"—and then squatted down, like a moorhen, among the heather, and all again was cold and gloom.

Unhappily, it is impossible at this time to make mention of the subjects we have been loosely talking about without a regretful and condemnatory allusion to the churlish spirit of late displayed by some of the Scotch proprietors, and still more, perhaps, by the English tenants of their mansions and sporting privileges, from dukes to London tradesmen. In Tweeddale, indeed, with one or two odious exceptions, the proprietors of the land enforce no right of property in the trouts of the rivers; and never may that freedom be abrogated or abused. But in the Highlands there is scarcely a burn or loch, however remote, in which an angler can cast a line (we are not here speaking of salmon-fishing), without the fear that in a few minutes he will be ordered off by a keeper. But even as to mere walking—as to the Right of Way through the glens and over the mountains—a rapacious and encroaching spirit is abroad, demanding the resistance of every lover of country and nature. If things go on as they have been doing, the finest scenes in the Highlands will soon be invisible, or seen only as a show, and for admission-money. Taking the case of only one offender, and one district, we have the Duke of Athol desperately maintaining, before the law courts, his right to debar human foot from a country thirty miles long, through which a road was made at the public expense, and making merchandise of those more compact beauties of nature which can be exhibited for cash. Everybody knows Burns's fine verses, "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the noble Duke of Athol," praying his grace—

> "My banks to shade with towering trees,
> And bonny spreading bushes."

and predicting how, in future days, the "loving pair" and "musing bard" would haunt the shelter. The poet's prayer was granted—the banks are now clothed and blooming. But, alas, a duke has arisen that knew not Robert, and cares not a straw for lovers, or poets, or people at large. We have now the Falls of Bruar surrounded not only with trees, but with a wall, and a gate, and a "Pay here!"

> "A greedy glower the *coronet* throws,
> And ye maun draw your tippence!"

You can see the Duke of Atholl's Bruar just on the same terms as you can see Mr. Banvard's Mississippi. His grace will let you hear the mountain torrent, "wild roaring oe'r the linn," just as Mr. Lumley will let you hear Jenny Lind pouring forth "Ah, non giunge." Out upon it! Let it be reformed altogether, for the honour of Scotland, for the safety of the institutions of property and rank, to which one duke may do more injury than a hundred demagogues. If ever the acrid spirit of communism and levelling can be made to stain the healthy current of public opinion and discussion in Britain, it will be by the powers (we do not say the rights) of property being turned to the perpetration of such outrages as these on the natural sense of justice and freedom. Let the Haves beware of seeking to wrest from the Have-nots those inducements to content and consolation which the poet of Scotland described, and her people will struggle to retain:

> "What though, like commoners of air,
> We wander out we know not where,
> But either house or hall,
> Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
> The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
> Are free alike to all."

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.*

When Rabelais shall lecture Swift,
And Catiline Cethegus,
And Toby Filpot cry unthrift
At thimblefuls of negus—

When pickpockets at thieving preach,
When Niobes scold snivellers,
Then Devilsdung may safely teach
Stump Orators are drivellers.

(Herr Teufelsdrock of Weissnichtwo,
Who wrote the "Unsewn Sewer,"
In English means, as all men know,
Sir Devilsdung of Nowhere.)

Nay, hold! for not on Devilsdung
Should such a heavy charge lie,
Though he's incontinent of tongue
And paper spoils so largely.

No wonder tongues and books appear
To him all bounds exceeding,
His talking leaves no time to hear,
His writing none for reading.

* As the author of these singular papers has ventured to impugn the privilege of talking and writing nonsense so justly prized by all her Majesty's subjects within the four seas, it was natural that some indignation should make itself felt. Every question has two sides; and as it is but fair to listen to what may be said on either, we do not hesitate to insert the above effusion from some knight of the goosequill who feels himself aggrieved.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

PETER AGAINST PAUL.

A-PIG ROW AT MALTA.

In some of our Indian cities, where the residence of a mixed population of Mahometans and Hindoos preserves the sectarian instincts from rusting, the advantages of a religious grievance as the best of materials for civil disturbance have long been understood and acted on. It is customary for disaffected Hindoos to express their discontent with the Government by throwing a dead pig within the inclosure of the mosque, in the well-founded expectation that their more turbulent and warlike neighbours will at once take arms to avenge the pollution of their sanctuary. The Mahometans, on such occasions, swelling their numbers by the adhesion of the real authors of the outrage and of the excitable part of the general population, give vent to their feelings by attacking the collector's residence, or the nearest post of sepoys: and it sometimes requires a considerable expenditure of powder to convince them that the carcase of the unclean beast was not thrust upon them by official sanction. This conventional and well-understood species of insurrection is known in the simple and unaffected phraseology which characterises the Anglo-Indian dialect, as a pig-row. It is much to be wished that our insular language supplied a title as concise and descriptive for the religious disturbances which, ruffling everywhere the surface of opinion, so strongly resemble pig-rows in their groundlessness and noisiness, while they exceed them in insincerity. The agitations which, from time to time, spread through England, from Exeter or some other local centre, may appear to those who receive and propagate the impulse to indicate a deep-seated uneasiness in society, or, perhaps, even an approaching religious disruption. But the age of genuine theological hatred has passed. Sectarian divisions no longer correspond with political parties, nor do the advocates of any shade of religious opinion seriously hope for a final and complete triumph over their opponents. In the intervals of political contests, or in the increasing suspicion that they also are tending to become unreal and obsolete, ecclesiastical questions afford a welcome opportunity to the zeal and pugnacity which seek to dissipate the ennui of "a calm world and a long peace." Many of the combatants warm and excite themselves in the tournament, but retire from it in succession as graver interests, public or private, attract their attention. Assisted by a few zealots, the professional gladiators keep up the conflict as it flags, or prudently suspend hostilities till a general craving for excitement once more points out the favourable moment for throwing another dead pig into the mosque of the enemy.

There are, however, nooks and corners of the world, and even of the British empire, in which the genuine bigotry of former times still presents itself as a living specimen to the contemplation of curious observers. In Malta, especially, Catholicism has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and in the midst of constitutional forms imported from England, under the shade of the English flag, it has recently attempted encroachments which have somewhat surprised and greatly scandalised the English inhabitants of the island. It is true that the ancient Lady who now once more sits on her seven hills never withdraws a claim nor confesses an error; but her usurpations have, in former times, been conducted with a tact and judgment which have suggested to her a vigorous pressure upon the weak, and the exercise of generosity and self-denial in favour of the independent and strong. Her followers in Malta, the most faithful of all the subjects of Rome, have deviated in their zeal from the ancient spirit of her policy, when they assumed to tolerate, and barely to tolerate, the religion which prevails in England.

It must be admitted, that the very aspect of Malta would suggest to an adept in religious disturbances the facilities which it affords for the species of agitation which we have ventured to call a pig-row. The red-coated, upright, clean-shaven soldiery, the fair-complexioned ladies, and the handsome spire of the new Protestant church where it is evident that each of them will be ready on the Sunday, with her gilt-edged prayer-book, strike the mind with a kind of familiar strangeness, when they are first seen in the bright lights of the burnt-up Southern rock; but all English associations are soon overborne by sights and sounds more in accordance with the latitude. A hundred bells are jangling in honour of the saint in waiting for the day; penitents in an absurd livery are rattling alms-boxes; labourers, as they throng the dusty roads, returning homeward, intone long prayers in unison, that their spiritual as well as temporal day's work may be got over by supper-time; and above all, innumerable priests in full dignity of canonicals and broad-brimmed hats, loiter about the streets, or travel over the country in the national calesse, a vehicle resembling a broken-down post-chaise which has lost its fore wheels, and is on its way to be repaired, with half its weight mean time supported on the back of a mule. As the Church in its domination over the island, which it boasts to have maintained uninterrupted from the time of St. Paul's shipwreck to the present day, has not thought it necessary to teach its flock to read, or even to provide the native dialect of Arabic with a written alphabet, we may suppose that the intellectual and spiritual progress of the inhabitants is worthy of their advanced condition in respect of locomotion. It is certain that men may get to heaven without reading—experience teaches us that they may go from Valetta to Citta Notabile in a calesse; and the priests and calesse-drivers are entirely opposed to any newfangled contrivance for effecting either object.

The English Government in its forty years

Digitized by Google

occupation of the island, has, on the whole, shown a fair amount of consideration for the feelings of its subjects; hack cabs are not yet introduced, and the Maltese alphabet has only been invented within two or three years; but the comparatively small number of religious complaints which have been made against England must be attributed rather to a judicious abstinence from meddling than to skill in dealing with the subject. Whenever the Government has interfered, either to countenance Protestantism or to reassure alarmed orthodoxy, it has generally displayed the curious infelicity which attends our well-meaning lay officials in most of their dealings with the thin-skinned susceptibilities of religious persuasions. One of the first difficulties which arose, concerned the patronage of the Episcopal see, which entitles its possessor to the dignities of Archbishop of Rhodes, and to an income double or treble that of any other Maltese subject, and to the universal reverence of the native population. While the priests jog uneasily in their calesses, the Archbishop appears only in a London built chariot, with a pair of heavy English horses in front, and a pair of footmen behind, of dimensions worthy of Regent-street. The English Government, as representing the Grand Master of St. John, were legally entitled to the nomination, and exercised it, we believe, on the first vacancy without dispute. The Pope, however, as might have been foreseen, made a counter-claim to the presentation, and some years ago commenced his attempt to establish it by appointing a Maltese priest of his own choice, Monsignor Sant, to the titular dignities of bishop *in partibus infidelium*, that he might appear on the decease of the actual Archbishop to have a natural claim to the succession. The Governor instantly protested against the threatened usurpation, and announced that the candidate so clearly designated by Rome would be specially excluded from all claim to the Episcopal succession. But the quickly changing occupants of Downing-street, and of the Palace at Valetta, have little chance of success in a contest with the crafts and determination of the Vatican. When the desired vacancy occurred, Bishop Sant found a Catholic Governor in power, and Mr. O'Ferrall, in ignorance, perhaps, of the pretensions which he was sanctioning, complied with the wishes of the Holy See by promoting the titular prelate to the solid dignity of Bishop of Malta.

Dr. Sant appears to be a harmless old man in his mundane relations, but his spiritual career has been distinguished by a singularly revolutionary proceeding. The chief act of his Episcopacy amounts to no less an injustice than the deposition of St. Paul from his tutelary supremacy over the island, a local rank which rested on a sounder historical foundation than even that of St. Peter at Rome itself. In a proclamation, such as Protestant eyes gaze on with astonishment, the worthy Archbishop, with a string of titles attached to his name which might suffice "the Turk, who two and fifty kingdoms hath," announces to his faithful flock the change in their spiritual allegiance. From the moment, he tells us, that he was elected by the supreme hierarch (the lay governor is of course passed over) to the See of Malta, he has devoted his mind to securing a patron in heaven (*presso l'altissimo Iddio tal protettore*) who had more influence than all (*quanti ve n'ha in Paradiso*). The result of the inquiry could not be doubtful. His heart bore him at once to the feet of "*quella grande Signora*," who is "never prayed to and never prays in vain." The "Universal Shepherd," on due application, had given the necessary official sanction, and, by proper letters patent, appointed the "Queen of the Angels," "under the title of the Assumed (*Assunta*)," principal patroness of the island. The heart of the Archbishop leaps up with delight (*esultammo di gioja*); but it is evident that a scruple disturbs his mind, which we consider only too well founded. What will the ex-protector think of his unceremonious dismissal? The author of the indignity puts the best face on the proceeding by heaping compliments on Saint Paul, which sound on such an occasion somewhat hollow. His glory, he assures the people, will be in no way obscured. He will always be our apostle "per eccelenza," our excellent protector, our patron, our support. But can S. Paolo deny that the new patroness is better than himself? Is she not Queen of the Apostles as of the other saints? "Moreover," he adroitly adds, using Mr. Shandy's favourite argument *ad hominem*, "will he, *il grande amante di Maria*, he who probably looks face to face upon her, will *the tender, the generous* S. Paolo be capable of taking offence (*restare offeso*) at seeing her preferred to himself? Oh, certainly not (*Ah, certo che no*)!" We doubt whether the Archbishop feels the confidence which he expresses; and which, in our opinion, he has little right to entertain; but we do not grudge him the pleasure which he evidently feels in accomplishing the great measure of his Episcopal life. A bishop might be employed in many ways more mischievous to his neighbours and less amusing to disinterested observers.

If the local government erred on the side of amiable weakness in the promotion of Bishop Sant, the authorities at home inflicted a gratuitous blow on the religious peace of the island by giving him a Protestant rival. In the sudden passion for episcopacy which, a few years ago, overrun the fashionable classes of English society, it was determined to establish a Mediterranean diocese, for the benefit of the Anglican residents of its coasts and islands. Malta was naturally included in the see of Gibraltar; and the two or three respectable clergymen who had officiated there for years, to the general satisfaction of their congregations, found themselves suddenly blest with diocesan superintendence. The carcase of the unclean beast in a mosque would be more welcome than a heretic bishop in so orthodox a stronghold of catholicism; nor was the shock to the feelings of the Maltese priesthood alleviated by the rise of an Anglican church, built by Queen Adelaide, and decorated by a spire, which became one of the most conspicuous objects in Valetta. It was true that the native faith could boast of many temples of larger extent and of richer decoration: but the melancholy fact remained, that the intruding schism

Digitized by Google

at one point projected itself above its rival to the height of the only spire in the island: nor were other causes of irritation wanting. Sometimes a subaltern would refuse to salute the host, or a pious English lady would attempt to lend an Exeter Hall tract to an unlettered native. Sir Robert Inglis on one occasion declared in Parliament, that it was the duty of the Crown to make its own religion the established faith of Malta; and the distant provincials might be excused for not understanding how little was meant by the speaker, or understood as intended by the audience whom he addressed. With or without provocation, the priests began to look more coldly on the English; emissaries from Rome preached against the encroachments of Protestantism; and the Catholic Church in general began to combine the advantages of perfect security with the excitement and interest of proclaiming itself in danger. The appointment, in 1847, of a Catholic governor, was naturally considered a triumph over the enemy; and although we entirely acquit him of any disposition to encourage or promote sectarian quarrels, his policy has incidentally supplied the priesthood with abundant opportunities of giving public utterance to their grievances and antipathies.

Few, perhaps, of our readers are aware that an elective constitution has recently been introduced into Malta by Lord Grey and Mr. More O'Ferrall. The Council, which previously consisted of the higher English and native officials, has been enlarged by the admission of a minority of representatives of constituencies, formed by the institution of a low property qualification. The people, in happy ignorance of politics, as well as of all branches of knowledge, except such as may have been orally communicated to them in their insular tongue, naturally exercised their new functions under the guidance of their habitual leaders; and the new elective body consisted almost wholly of priests and of nominees of the priesthood. On the first convocation of the Council, in the spring of the present year, an opportunity was soon offered for the display of the motives and objects which ordinarily influence the conduct of sacerdotal politicians. For the purpose, it may be supposed, of educating his inexperienced advisers in the duties for which they were least prepared, the Governor commenced their labours by laying before them the draft of a new criminal code for Malta and its dependencies, to supersede the present heterogeneous mass of penal laws and customs which has accumulated since the time of the Norman kings of Sicily, and which includes many barbarous mediæval provisions, as well as obsolete censorial regulations, established by the Knights of St. John. The new scheme was compiled some years ago by a commission of Maltese lawyers and judges, on the model of the French and Neapolitan codes. It was revised and modified by an eminent Scotch lawyer, under the instructions of the Colonial-office; and finally it was adopted, in its amended state, by the existing council of officials. Mr. O'Ferrall, however, determined on reserving it for farther discussion, as an experimental test of the working of his new constitution. The inconvenience resulting to the community which he governs will probably be limited to a delay of two or three years in the acquisition of a better system of laws, and to some tampering with the details of the code. The Governor will, perhaps, suffer more annoyance from a deluge of religious virulence, which has suddenly burst on the deliberations of his little senate, and which he may be excused for not having anticipated, at least to its actual extent.

After much discussion, the Council had arrived at the article which related to offences against public worship, when the priestly pretensions burst forth in their full force. The project contained provisions against the disturbance or profanation of the sacred functions "of the Roman Catholic religion, of the Anglican Church, or of the established Church of Scotland," which are, we believe, the only sects numerous enough to exercise public worship at present in the island. Similar protection was given to any other religious society, lawfully assembled; and penalties were attached to the public ridicule or profanation of names and tenets generally held sacred by Christians, especially to the act of any one who should "bestemmiasse ossia empiamente esecrasse il nome di Dio o di qualcuna delle persone della SS. Trinita," as well as to the more probable offence of violating the respect due to the religious furniture (*oggetti di culto*) of the Roman Catholic religion, or to objects held sacred by the members of any other Church.

When this chapter was brought forward, the Canon Amato, one of the priestly members of the Council, proposed to introduce, at the beginning of it, the modest assertion, that "the Roman Catholic religion is dominant in Malta and its dependencies. Any other worship legally introduced into these islands is either protected or tolerated." The compiler of the project, he complained, in the course of a lengthened declamation, had made Malta, eminently Catholic as it was, into another Geneva, or something worse, in which all kinds of worship would enjoy an equal rank. The Rabbi, the Mufti, the Brahmin, might benefit by the obnoxious provision; perhaps we might add, that these would all have been less objectionable to the good canon than the Anglican clergyman. Catholicism, he urged, was dominant in fact. Why not declare it dominant in law? England had guaranteed its supremacy by implication, when the islanders were promised protection for their religion as it existed, and therefore for a dominant religion. Nay, Sir Thomas Maitland had actually said, in some letter or dispatch, that Catholicism was predominant in Malta—a proposition which may, indeed, be admitted as undeniable. It might be objected that the assertion of dominancy was somewhat out of place in a criminal code; but Malta, having no Magna Charta, must find room for general principles wherever they can conveniently be thrust in. And what principle so general or so important as that the true Church is dominant, and that other sects, which cannot conveniently be extirpated, must be content with protection and toleration? The canon admitted that

Digitized by Google

they might be legally introduced, till he was reminded that he had carried concession too far by his more thoroughgoing brother, Monsignor Fiteni, a dignitary who appears to be gifted with the naive and candid character of an augur, who would not laugh when he met his colleague in the street. This worthy divine altogether denied the legality of any foreign sect, and complained in impassioned language of the outrage on Maltese feelings, inflicted not only by the intrusive bishop, but by the equally intrusive, and more obtrusive, spire of the church. Eventually the preposterous position selected for the proposed article caused its rejection, although, as afterwards appeared, the preposterous doctrine which it affirmed was highly to the taste of the Council.

Immediately after the question of abstract dominancy had been decided in the negative, a third priest arose to introduce the same phrase into the article of the code which provides protection for public worship. Monsignor Casolani is designated on the part of Rome as successor to the see of Malta, by the rank which he holds of Bishop of Mauro Castro, *in partibus*. It remains to be seen hereafter whether the English Government will have the weakness to yield to the encroachments of the papacy by gratifying his ambition. As an accomplished priest, not devoid of general ability, he may meddle, if the opportunity is afforded him, with matters more interesting to the Colonial-office than the dignity and rights of St. Paul. In his parliamentary capacity he has shown both the will and power to be troublesome. In language as insolent and overbearing as that of his priestly colleagues, he brought forward a series of amendments to the articles of the project which we have quoted, imposing higher penalties on offences committed against the Roman Catholic Church "dominant in these islands" than on those which might affect any "dissenting worship"—*culto dissentiente da quello della chiesa dominante.* The Roman Pantheon, including the persons *della beata Vergine e dei Santi*, were also provided with security against insult or ridicule, by word or action; but we regret that the Archbishop's proclamation, in contempt of St. Paul, would not fall within any retrospective operation of the clause.

It was in vain that the English and Protestant members of the Council assured the angry priests that they in no way disputed the predominance of Catholicism in point of fact, nor its right to security and maintenance. Mr. Lushington, the Chief Secretary to Government, even went so far as to offer the substitution of the epithet "established" (*stabilita*) for that of "dominant," in the description of the Church of the majority. All compromise was rejected, and the amendments were carried by the support of all the elected members, and of all the native officials, except the Crown-Advocate, whose lawyer-like sense of justice procured him an angry rebuke from the prelate whom he ventured to oppose. It is difficult to convey to our readers an impression of the tone adopted by the advocates of Catholic domination. Monsignor Casolani threatened Protestants with Lynch law if his proposal was not adopted, and worthy Mr. Fiteni argued, that as the Maltese were more attached to their religion than others, they were entitled to a higher degree of protection. Dissenting sects were haughtily assured by the bishop, that as they had found their way into the island they should be protected and tolerated. "Protected," as the Chief Secretary inquired, "by what power, and tolerated by whom? It was the power of England which protected, and would continue to protect them, as it also protected the Roman Catholic religion."

Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of sacerdotal logic was afforded by the introduction of the word "dominant" into the first clause of the amendments, and the subsequent deduction of superior rights and privileges as necessarily belonging to a religion once admitted to be *dominante in queste isole.* Shortly afterwards a farther inference from this favourite phrase developed itself in a vote of the Council, which extended the penalties inflicted on persons who obstructed public officers in the exercise of their functions to those who interfered with ecclesiastical authorities. As the project of law stands at present, we are not certain that a refusal by a parent to admit a confessor to his daughter might not be subjected to legal penalties. We are not aware whether the consequences of "dominance" have been hitherto carried any farther; but it would not be difficult to extend and apply the principle in many directions. That any of these absurd and insulting provisions will be sanctioned by the Crown we should not for a moment suppose, even if Mr. Hawes had not assured the House of Commons that the consent of his office would be withheld; but bad local effects may be produced by a public discussion of points on which the English and Maltese population are so irreconcileably divided, and by the display of the encroaching spirit of the Romish priesthood.

It was scarcely to be expected that the susceptibilities of Protestantism should not feel the provocation offered by its opponents. Greatly, however, to the credit of the English Members of Council, they abstained from every expression of disrespect to the faith of the majority, and from every claim to supremacy on the part of the Anglican Church. Mr. Bourchier, collector of customs, in proposing the removal of the offensive inequality advocated by Monsignor Casolani, disclaimed any wish to infringe "on the immunities of that Church which, he admitted, was the Church of the Maltese; he would say the dominant Church, if he only knew what the word 'dominant' meant." Mr. Lushington, in one of a series of speeches which deserved a larger audience and a worthier adversary, declared "his total want of sympathy, not only with the spirit of direct insult and persecution, but with that more common tone of mind which could recklessly thrust its own convictions on the minds of others, careless what it may be disturbing thereby; how much of what was dearest and most sacred it might be destroying without replacing; how much even of truths held in common it might be shaking; how much irreparable evil, in short, it might be risking for the sake of gaining a nominal adherent

Digitized by Google

to its own class of opinions. He disclaimed this line of conduct totally in principle, and, if put in action here, he should disclaim it, more especially, as unworthy of the position held by the English Government towards the Maltese, of the duties involved in that position, and of the promises of which it was virtually a violation." The Anglo-Maltese newspapers, also, to which we are chiefly indebted for our information on these matters, remonstrated against the obnoxious votes of the Council with a degree of moderation and temper creditable to their conductors, and abstained from any attempt to retaliate upon the ultra-Catholic party by claims of Protestant supremacy. The priests seemed to be in the position of the traditional Irishman who could find no one to strike his coat as he dragged it through the fair; but at last they were fortunate in finding an antagonist as pugnacious and irrational as themselves.

"George, by Divine permission, Bishop of Gibraltar," which, translated out of ecclesiastical euphuism into the vernacular, means, Dr. Tomlinson, "being ordinarily resident in the said island," which, in the vulgar, implies that he was spending a few weeks in Malta, on his way from Gibraltar to Naples, thought it necessary to help out the quarrel by a formal protest, headed with the pompous irreverence usual in such cases, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, amen." The first article of the protest fairly outbids the Amatos and the Casolanis in extravagant pretension. The bishop protests against the vote of the Council, "Because, whatever may be the privileges granted to the Maltese, the supremacy of the English Crown carries with it, of necessity, the supremacy of the religion of the Queen and of the people of England, and establishes it by the law of the land in every colony and dependency of the empire, Malta included. Because this proceeding of the majority of the Council in attempting to make the Church of Rome dominant in Malta, and to declare the religion of the said Church to be exclusively the Catholic religion, is an attack on the supremacy of the Crown and the fundamental laws of the empire, and an invasion of the rights and privileges of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England."

That a belligerent bishop should attach even the smallest meaning to such phrases as "the fundamental laws of the empire," or that he should use the phrase "supremacy of the Crown" in its true legal sense, it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect; but we should have thought that a colonial bishop might have heard of Lower Canada, where "the religion of the Queen, &c.," is not established, and where the Roman Catholic establishment is guaranteed by treaty and by law; nor would it have shown any extraordinary knowledge in an English clergyman if he had remembered that a religion is established in Scotland which is not professed by the Queen, and which calls itself neither Anglican, nor Catholic, nor Apostolic. The fact that no Maltese is now a Protestant, or likely hereafter to desert his native Church, would probably not appear to the bishop a material element in the question of Protestant supremacy. We can easily believe that in theory he would make Malta into a little Ireland, though it includes no little Ulster on which Protestantism could set the sole of its foot. Yet Dr. Tomlinson is probably a benevolent and amiable man; possibly even tolerant and considerate in practice. But the habit of using words at random, for the purpose of talking up to their supposed character, is likely to beset ecclesiastical dignitaries as long as the laity display a morbid appetite for cant on the part of their spiritual advisers. In the present instance, the stilted conventionalities of the episcopal protest rekindled, as was intended, the smouldering conflict. A Protestant address to Lord Grey was numerously signed by the English. The Catholics, on the other hand, prepared a counter protest; and it is satisfactory to know that their Archbishop has strengthened their cause by recommending it to the protection of the Patroness on whose good offices he has so strong a claim. Finally, Sir Robert Inglis, in bringing the question before Parliament, declared, with that habitual levity of partizanship which makes it difficult to believe that he is ever in earnest, that the Bishop of Gibraltar ought to have been called Bishop of Malta, a designation which, as he is no doubt aware, would have been a mere wanton offence to the feelings of the Maltese, whose diocesan has enjoyed the title, as well as the actual office, from time immemorial.

It would be well if the Maltese and other provincials of various creeds understood how little the language of such speakers as Sir Robert Inglis represents the feelings of England, or even the practical policy of the very persons who, for their own purposes, think proper to use it. Many a phrase which, at a distance, sounds as an insult and a threat, is in reality addressed only to the sympathetic violence and insincerity of Exeter Hall. Religious orators almost always lose the sense of reality, and use language with a levity and carelessness which would be repudiated in secular transactions. With all its habitual love of verbal cant, and with its occasional propensity to theological squabbles, England, though religious and tenacious of "dogmas," is neither a priest-ridden nor an intolerant nation. If controversial actors are encouraged to paint and dress for their part, and to rant up to the conventional pitch of the stage, the dramatic illusion is but on the surface, and the audience, after enjoying the excitement which it came to seek, retires with an undisturbed consciousness of the difference between fiction and reality. Those of our dependencies which are more or less orthodox than ourselves may be well assured that their religious convictions will never be seriously interfered with by England. Sir Robert Inglis will begin to Protestantise Malta when Mr. Ferrand has successfully completed his crusade against cotton shirts and stockings.

That the advocates of Catholic domination are more earnest and logical in their bigotry we can readily believe. It is fortunate that, in Malta at least, they have neither real grievances on which to rest their claims, nor political power to enforce them. With ordinary firmness and good temper, it will not be difficult to avoid either encouraging their pretensions or irritating their harmless pre-

Digitized by Google

judices. When the priests find that they will neither be allowed to persecute nor to be persecuted, they will be content with the uncontrolled guidance of the ignorant and credulous, but not unhappy, population. Let them amuse their flock with processions and illuminations, and themselves by distributing promotion and readjusting precedence among the heavenly hierarchy. St. Paul has long been regarded as a questionable Catholic, on account of his logical and inquiring turn of mind; and we scarcely blame the more orthodox Maltese for the stigma which their spiritual chief has inflicted upon him. In renouncing the ambition of their brethren on the Continent, they will avoid the dangers which beset them—their impending fall with "the pride that goeth before a fall." When Mr. O'Ferrall refused to admit the impious fugitives whom Heaven, by its minister Oudinot, had punished for disputing the possession of Rome with its vicegerent, he was not ashamed to receive an address of thanks from the Archbishop for preserving the eminently Catholic island from the contamination of heresy. We are, fortunately, not called upon to try the temper of our readers by criticising the conduct of the Governor; but the good bishop was, no doubt, wise in his generation, although on this, as on other occasions, his imaginative assertions somewhat outrun the credulity of the Protestant mind. We can scarcely believe his statement, that the offensive language of the sacrilegious refugees, as it was heard from their floating prison—*bestemmiando*, we suppose, which, under the circumstances, might be pardonable, *ossia empiamente esecrando*—made the neighbourhood of the vast and noisy harbour of Marsa Muscietto unapproachable and unendurable to the pious Maltese.

However this may be, the bishop and the priesthood of Malta will probably have more and more reason to rejoice in the isolation of their diocese in character, position, and language. The audacious aggressions of Catholicism throughout Europe, unaccompanied as they are by any real increase of strength or vitality, seem to forebode an early and destructive reaction. We do not anticipate the immediate extinction of a flame which, though dying, may yet flicker and flare up many times before its final disappearance; but, at the present moment, the Church of the middle ages appears to be altogether *fey*. Happily forced to abandon the hypocritical paradox of a reforming Pope, and openly allied with all that is weakest and worst in the general conflict of interests and opinions, the representatives of Catholicism proclaim aloud the incompatibility of their system with whatever is true, with whatever is of good report. Struggling in Sardinia to crush Italian independence in its cradle, sharing and directing the crimes and follies of the mean tyrant of Naples, pushing the oscillating government of Austria from its equilibrium, endeavouring at Cologne to impede by fresh divisions the remote accomplishment of German unity, priestcraft is blustering and crowing for an opponent:—

"Alternaque jactat
Brachia protendens et verberat ictibus auras."

Whether it will be crushed by the awakened indignation of the enlightened classes, or left by their alienation and indifference to a hopeless conflict with democratic ferocity, will be a subject of reasonable curiosity. When the day of retribution arrives, and the would-be-agitators of Malta see the champion of their cause carried from the lists *genua ægra trahentem*, they will have reason to thank the imperial control which compressed their ambition within safer limits, and allowed the religious disturbances of the island at the farthest to assume the dimensions and extend to the duration of an Indian pig-row.

THE SQUIRE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Don Pedro. "Will you have me, lady?"
Beatrice. "No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day."
Much Ado about Nothing.—Act II. Sc. I.

Whither away,
Pretty Maid of the mill?
Oh! tarry.
Tell me, I pray,
What they call thee?

SHE.

I will.
'Tis Mary.

HE.

Then whither away,
With rake in hand?

SHE.

To make the hay
On my father's land.

HE.

And goest thou alone?

SHE.

The meadows are mown.
For half the day
I must help to make hay;
And at noon, must cherries pull
For the market, ripe and full.

HE.

In the garden is there not
Some shady bower, some sheltered spot?

SHE.

Oh, yes! we have two;
At each end there is one,
That no wind can come through,
Nor rain, nor sun.

HE.

Oh! priceless the boon,
In one of those bowers,
To find thee at noon
O'ershadowed with flowers.

SHE.

Find me! Nay, nay;
For folks would say ——

HE.

But an hour alone with thee!

SHE.

Cannot be.
Should'st thou kiss the miller's maid,
On the spot thou wert betrayed.
It were pity, by my troth,
To dust with flour that glossy cloth.
Early have I heard and late,
Equals should with equals mate.
And—I love a miller lad;
Nor could I live without him.
He is to my fancy clad,
There's nought to spoil about him.

WOLFGANG.

Digitized by Google

NOTES FROM PARIS.—No. 1.

THE ABOLITION OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE.

BY R. M. M.

The electoral law which has for the last month agitated the minds of French politicians is well worth the consideration of all persons interested in the destinies of France. The Republic once adopted as the form of government in that country, universal suffrage was regarded as an inevitable accompaniment. It seemed to be assumed that the ultimate authority wrested from the hand of monarchy should be vested in the whole mass of French citizens. The broadness of the base almost supplied any imperfections in the edifice; and, although the Constitution was regarded in many points as defective, yet it was never even rumoured that the first attempt at reorganization would be a subtraction of the votes of a large number of citizens. An unaristocratic Republic, such as France at present either enjoys or endures, is hardly compatible with any other mode of election. The first object of every political state, viz., respect for the law, can hardly be preserved by any other means. The ultimate authority must rest somewhere under such conditions, that no citizen can assume to himself the right of withdrawing himself from its obligations. The great revolution annihilated this authority as it rested in the King; the revolution of 1830 as it rested in a tripartite Constitution; the revolution of 1848 as it rested in a Chamber elected by a limited suffrage. In each and all of these cases the revolution might have been prevented by timely concession, but when each had once occurred, the same principle came into action, not of choice, but of necessity.

In the last event universal suffrage did not come upon the nation without some warning and expectation. A large portion of the Legitimist press had for some time advocated it as the only means of finally stemming the spirit of subversion. Give every Frenchman a place in the constitution, and restore at the head of it the principle of hereditary right, and you will have combined every security of which society is capable. But the revolution of 1848 being an accidental popular movement, assented to, rather than accepted by, the nation, required no theory to vindicate an appeal to the entire people. Universal suffrage became, in fact, the only possible institution; any limited suffrage, however ingeniously distributed, or philosophically arranged, would necessarily leave behind it a considerable number of individuals, who, being bound by no other authority, would be left without a sense of moral obligation to the government of society. In the name of universal suffrage the Republic could enact and enforce laws however stringent, and coerce passions however violent. Under the ægis of universal suffrage the State could reign even despotically, if necessary, and resistance to its authority became treason. Whether liberty might gain or lose was very disputable; but that authority was strengthened by universal suffrage was undeniable.

What, then, has induced the Conservative majority of the French Assembly to introduce a law which, as far as its operations can be ascertained, will disfranchise something between a third and a fourth of the whole constituency of France? The elections have hitherto proceeded with a facility and tranquillity of which English or American political habits offer few examples. In no one instance has the day of election been a day of tumult. The chief magistrate of France was chosen with less apparent excitement than an English mayor; and the total result of the system, as regarded political opinion, was the return to the Assembly of a considerable majority of men heartily opposed to the spirit of revolution and to theories of disturbance; and, though otherwise divided, united on all great questions concerning the public peace, the national honour and Christian morality.

It is hardly intelligible to Englishmen that the motive of this disturbance of the one foundation of order and submission to authority left in France, is the success of the opposition candidates in the Paris elections by inconsiderable majorities. This is assumed to indicate such a progress in Jacobin and Socialist principles as inevitably to endanger the very existence of society in France in 1852. Surely a most unauthorised conclusion. It is assumed, that the majority which returned these opposition members is altogether destructive—that similar political opinions will prevail in Paris for the next two years—that from Paris they will extend not only to other great towns, but to those country districts which are able, by their votes, to balance all the towns in France—that the majority thus returned will, in 1852, hold the same doctrines as those now attributed to certain Socialist theorists; and upon these most vague and uncertain assumptions is founded an alteration of the whole electoral foundation of the constitution. The dangers of this policy are but little understood, and, in fact, absolutely courted, by the majority. The incalculable utility of political action as the safe discharge of political excitement, is almost unknown to French politicians, while it is the interest, both of certain political parties no less than of individual ambitious men, to promote disorder and general confusion. A revolt of the masses in Paris disfranchised by this law, is part of the calculation of those who support it. The military force occupying the town and vicinage is no less than 120,000 men; the preparations at Vincennes, for bombarding the refractory portion of the city are enormous and complete; while at the head of this array i the General Changarnier, eager to

Digitized by Google

give the people *un rattelet historique* (a historical threshing), and to use the hour of victory for his own purposes and designs. In the meantime the President looks on: the Royalists on both sides have all but sealed the compact which shall reimpose the Bourbons on France. Louis Philippe is passing away: his end will probably be the signal of a new restoration; the king for one party, the dauphin for another; and the round of revolutions will begin again. Time alone will resolve the problem of the government of this people, democratic in their habits, monarchical in their tastes, wishing to unite the pomp and vanities of the old European world with the substantial liberties and clear knowledge of the new—the vain-glories of Louis XIV. and Napoleon with the liberty of England and the equality of America.

LITERATURE.

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. By WILLIAM MURE, of Caldwell. Longman & Co.

IT is a pleasant proof of the undying interest which attaches to the noble literature of Greece when we meet with three goodly volumes devoted to its history, which only bring it down to the age of Solon, and yet abound in matter and interest. In the remainder of the work Colonel Mure has left for himself occupation and interest which might occupy the longest life. He has before him all the marvellous poets, with the one great exception of Homer, all the philosophers, historians, and orators, who have formed in all ages, and will ever form, the highest standard of human genius. Pindar and Æschylus, Thales and Heraclitus, Hellanicus and the great historian of Halicarnassus, will but open the procession of mighty names which illustrate the golden age of Greece; and even the stragglers who close it, such as Theocritus and his contemporaries, will offer models, hitherto unapproached, of the departments of literary art which they cultivated. The pastoral poets belong, according to Colonel Mure's classification, to the "fourth or Alexandrian period, which ends with the fall of the Græco-Egyptian empire." The fifth period, extending to the foundation of Constantinople, will still supply the author with classical writings such as those of Plutarch, Lucian, and some of the later historians; but we greatly admire his courage in meditating an incursion into the corrupt and tedious drivellings of Byzantine divines and chroniclers, in which, as in an ignoble morass, the great stream of Grecian inspiration was finally diffused and lost.

Yet we wish the author all success and vigour to accomplish even a portion of his task. In a field more barren than those which he will next have to traverse, his hearty sympathy and enthusiasm have enabled him, on more than one occasion, to make the dry bones live which laborious scholars have collected, *effossis sepulcris*, among the anecdote-mongers and lexicographers of a later age, in the mosaic pages of Athenæus, or in the erudite compilations of Hesychius and Suidas. It is amusing to any student who may be familiar with the dry, scientific scepticism of German commentators, to find a writer well acquainted with the progress of English and continental phraseology, who yet sympathises with the capricious but cruelly-treated bride of Archilochus, and who, after discussing the personal character of Sappho with a somewhat favourable candour, inclines to the belief that she ended, or at least marked her career, by the world-celebrated Leucadian leap. Possibly, in the discussion of doubtful questions of history, the author may be found to lean too often to the credulous, or at least the positive side; but his work will be only the more acceptable to the general reader, and not less welcome to the scholar, who will always find the grounds of the more sceptical conclusion fairly stated, as well as ingeniously combated. The easy and somewhat fluent style of the work is also well calculated to attract readers who might be repelled by the cold logic of Thirlwall or the impenetrable as well as inexhaustible learning of Niebuhr. Those who are unacquainted with the researches of professional scholarship will find with astonishment how vast a treasure of early literature has perished, and how laboriously the few remains have been collected and arranged by the living labours of a long succession of ages.

Of the portion of Colonel Mure's work which is contained in the volumes before us, nearly one half is devoted to the inexhaustible subject of the history and character of the two great epic poems of antiquity. Most of our readers are aware of the controversy which has never ceased from the time of Wolf, as to the personal existence of Homer, and the unity or multifariousness of his works. From the old orthodox faith which held Homer to be as real a person as Shakspeare, and the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" to be as closely connected by parentage as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," to the heretical absurdity of discovering some fifteen dwarf ballad-epics in the "Iliad," and of attributing their juxtaposition to Pisistratus or Solon, nearly every possible proposition has in turn been adopted. Of late years a reaction has been distinctly visible. Dr. Thirlwall, though still disinclined to identify the author of the two epics, assigns to each a single writer, and even conjectures that the first introduction of writing as a literary instrument into Greece may have been contemporary with the composition of the "Iliad." Mr. Grote, after an elaborate criticism of all the theories which have hitherto been formed on the subject, rejects the

Digitized by Google

hypothesis of the poems having been committed to writing on their first appearance, believing that the trained memory of the professional rhapsodists was capable of retaining even so great a number of verses, and that their artistic declamation was essential to the effect contemplated by the poet. We have little difficulty in giving faith to feats of memory more wonderful than that of reciting the "Iliad" from end to end, nor do we doubt that it was addressed to hearers rather than readers; but the objection of Dr. Thirlwall to the theory of exclusive oral tradition, derived from the unity of plan which distinguishes the "Iliad," and still more remarkably the "Odyssey," continues to be almost unanswerable. It is difficult to imagine how a poet could carry out such a plan without the aid of writing, for an audience who would have no opportunity of appreciating the harmony of the plan.

Those German critics, indeed, who can find in the "Iliad" nothing beyond a string of independent ballads, are by no means bound to admit that the component units of the casual compilation which we possess were recorded in any permanent form. Mr. Grote holds a sounder faith. In the "Iliad" he thinks that he discovers two parts, an Achilleid, consisting of the first book, of the eighth, and of those from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive. The war of the Greeks in the absence of Achilles, and the portion of the poem which follows the death of Hector, he supposes to have had an independent origin. In the "Odyssey," which he considers equal to the "Iliad" in antiquity, but to which he assigns a different author, Mr. Grote justly recognises a preconceived plan, of which the unity consists in the reference of every event and episode to the central personality of Ulysses.

The most interesting portion of Colonel Mure's volumes consists in his labours to restore the undivided authorship of both epics to their traditional parent. We doubt whether he has accomplished his task so far as to prove that the poet of the "Iliad" also created the "Odyssey;" but he has pointed out many curious coincidences of character and language which, at least, deserve to be considered in forming a decision. He is, we think, more successful in showing the close and intimate connexion between the portions of the "Iliad," where Achilles is present, and those where he leaves the field open to inferior heroes; but the great merit of his dissertation consists in the thorough interest which he feels and inspires in the plot of the epic, and in the characters who fill it. His criticism is justified by the coincidence which, we believe, will be found between his point of view and that of the poet and his original audience. Colonel Mure never falls into the popular error of taking the Trojan side in the quarrel. He identifies himself with the Greeks as earnestly as Dr. Johnson took up the side of Plymouth against the Dock, when he visited Devonshire. Hector is, as Colonel Mure well points out, only a foil to the Achæan heroes, who often profess terror at his name, but seldom fail to beat him in the field.

"Homer, partly, it would seem, in order to maintain a fair show of impartiality, partly to enhance the glory of the Greek warriors, by whom the Trojan champion is successively worsted, magnifies his prowess in general terms as of the most transcendant order. But these eulogies are confined alone, or chiefly, to words. In actual achievement, Hector is greatly surpassed by the leading Greek heroes. He rarely enters the lists on equal terms with an enemy of equal rank, but he is beaten; his whole series of triumphs is, artfully, so described, as to appear owing less to his own valour than to supernatural interference."

We hesitate, indeed, to admit the inference that the favour of the gods was considered less honourable than personal merit. It may be doubted how far the modern preference of valour to fortune is consistent with the story of the crowning combat, where Achilles, with all his infinite inferiority to Hector in strength and courage, kills him by the unfair aid of Athene, as his final and supreme triumph. But that Homer was on the side of the Greeks, and that modern readers ought to sympathise with the brass-coated Achæans against the horse-taming Trojans, is a proposition in which we thoroughly concur with Colonel Mure.

His careful examination of the use of the apparently common-place epithet which we have quoted, 'horse-taming,' will afford a suitable example of his careful and minute criticism:—

"On a superficial view, this title may seem to be, and has accordingly been, classed by critics of high authority, as a mere military common-place, similar in value to the modern term 'chivalrous,' and equally applicable to all heroes distinguished by courage and activity in battle. This, however, is a complete misapprehension. There is, perhaps, no epithet of more precise literal import, or partaking less of a conventional character. It is, throughout both poems, appropriated exclusively to individuals, families, or tribes, celebrated not so much, perhaps, for equestrian skill as for the pleasure they took in rearing horses, or the excellence of the breed which they possessed. This will appear at once, by a reference to the passages in which it occurs; they are, in all, forty-five in the 'Iliad,' three in the 'Odyssey.' In no less than twenty-four cases in the former poem the phrase is the national distinction of the Trojans, whose claims to it are distinctly enforced in numerous passages. It is also given once to their neighbours, the Phrygians. The Greeks, collectively, never receive it. The number of living heroes to whom it is assigned is but six; of these, as was to be expected, the larger portion are Trojans: Hector, Antenor, Hyperenor, and Hippasus. Among Greek warriors, it is confined to Diomed and to Thrasymedes, son of Nestor. Diomed receives it seven times. His claims rest on his constant use of the chariot in battle, on his victory in the Hippodrome in the twenty-third books and on his often-expressed fondness for the animal. As it is also given to his father, Tydeus, it may be presumed to have been a family distinction. The same inference is justified in the case of Thrasymedes, by his father's habitual title of 'horseman,' and by various other incidental notices of the equestrian zeal of the Neleid family. The only other persons styled 'horse-tamer,' in the 'Iliad,' are Atreus, lord of the horse-breeding Argos, and Castor, the tutelary hero of the equestrian art."

Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh. By James Grant. W. Blackwood & Sons.

This volume forms an appropriate companion to Mr. Grant's interesting memoirs of Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange. But the history of Edinburgh Castle abounds with stirring incidents both before and after the days of that gallant but ill-fated champion of Queen Mary, and the most prominent of these are chronicled in the pages before us with much accuracy and spirit. From the very

Digitized by Google

defective state of the early Scottish records, we know little, if anything, of this ancient fortress before the reign of Malcolm Canmore, the successor of Macbeth. There can be little doubt, indeed, that, from its singularly commanding position, "the castled crag" of Edinburgh was long before that period the scene of many a fierce struggle between Scot and Pict, and Dane and Saxon. But it is in vain that the antiquarian has attempted to separate fact from fable in the legendary fragments of Scottish history which exist previous to the tenth century of our era.

The first eminent character who attracts our nterest in connexion with these memorials is Margaret, the Saxon Queen of Malcolm Canmore. We need not remind our readers how this fair princess fled with her brother, Edgar Atheling, to Scotland, after the Norman usurpation; how her beauty and misfortunes won the heart of the semi-barbarous Malcolm, who, being unable either to read or write himself, admired these accomplishments the more in the Southern stranger; how her piety and benevolence endeared her to her Scottish subjects, who canonized her as St. Margaret upon her death. Nor need we remind them that Queen Victoria, as the lineal descendant of this excellent princess, is the hereditary representative of the ancient Saxon line of English kings, as well as of their Norman conquerors. We can learn little, however, of the good Queen Margaret, but that little has been turned to good account by Mr. Grant, who furnishes us with ample proofs of the royal yet womanly virtues of the fair Saxon. She died in Edinburgh Castle, her favourite residence, in the forty-seventh year of her age, her end having been hastened by the unexpected tidings of the loss of her husband and her eldest son, both of whom were killed at the siege of Alnwick, in the year 1093, through the perfidious contrivance, it is said, of the first Percy.

Our space will not allow us to dwell upon the various scenes of blood which stain the records of Edinburgh Castle during the reigns of the early Stuarts. The following incident, however, which occurred at a comparatively recent date, may afford some of our Southern readers an insight into the practice of criminal jurisprudence in Scotland as administered at the period of the Reformation:—

"Alexander Innes, twentieth baron of that ilk, a brave man, but of a proud spirit and ungovernable temper, having come to Edinburgh in 1576 concerning a lawsuit with his clansman, Innes of Pethknock, chanced to meet him one day at the Cross, which was then the grand promenade of the inhabitants. The laird sternly asked his vassal how he dared to summon him before a court of law? and on receiving a haughty reply, struck him dead with his dagger. Instead of attempting to escape, he continued to lounge to and fro near the dead body, and looked around him with the utmost *sang-froid*.

"He was soon arrested by Morton's guards, and conveyed to the Castle, where he was condemned to lose his head, but procured from the corrupt Regent *a remission* at the price of the Barony of Killmallemknock, which extended to 24,000 merks yearly.

"In the evening after this comfortable agreement had been made, the Laird of Innes gave an entertainment to his friends, and made merry 'anent the deirness of the ransome.'

"'If I had my foot once loose,' said he, vauntingly, 'I would fain see if the Earl of Morton will dare to take possession of my land.'

"This was repeated to Morton, who resolved to make sure game with him. Though what Innes said was merely in jest, he retained the bond for the barony, but ordered him to be immediately executed, and accordingly his head was struck off within the Castle."—P. 120.

Such were the manners and customs of Scotland in 1576; nay, even less than a century ago, although the tribunals of justice were somewhat more pure, the habits of the people do not seem to have much improved, as we may gather from the following brief narrative of an exploit of which the youngest son of the "bold Rob Roy" was the hero. This is, perhaps, the youth for whom his father indignantly rejected the offer of a desk in Baillie Nicol Jarvie's counting-house. The young outlaw had espied a shorter path to fortune in the person of a rich lowland heiress, whom he determined to carry off with the aid of his clansmen. The affair, which took place in 1752, is thus narrated by Mr. Grant:—

"Young Robin Oig, with a band of Macgregors, armed with pistol, target, and claymore, descended suddenly from his fastnesses in the wilds of Arroquhar, and, penetrating into Stirlingshire, surrounded, in the night, the house of Edenbellie, the residence of Mrs. Jean Kay, a wealthy but eccentric widow of nineteen, whose jointure of eighteen thousand merks the fair-haired Robert had resolved to appropriate in the old Highland fashion. By their brandished swords and levelled pistols, having terrified the male inmates from making the least resistance, they muffled the unfortunate Jean in a plaid, and bore her off to the mountains. In a boat she was borne up Loch Lomond, to Rowardennan, among the heath-clad hills that overlook Glenfruin and the Gaviloch, where, by a Catholic priest, she was married to Robin Oig, who kept her in the fastnesses of the Macgregors for three months, baffling all the efforts made by her exasperated relatives and several parties of troops to relieve her."—P. 249.

For this offence the young Highlander was very properly hanged at Edinburgh, but not until two years had elapsed from the time of its commission.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Grant furnishes us with the true history of *Mons Meg*, that gigantic piece of ancient ordnance, which no one who has visited Edinburgh Castle is likely to forget. Mr. Grant very properly asserts the Scottish origin of this strange engine of war, of which, indeed, we believe, no doubt now exists. It is, in truth, a striking memorial of the overgrown power of the house of Douglas, for it was constructed for the express purpose of besieging the chief stronghold of that aspiring race. In the year 1455, the then Earl of Douglas, who was also sixth Duke of Touraine, in France, had become an object of general dread from his rapacity and tyranny. The deliberate murder of Maclellan of Bombie, at his castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, at length induced the king—James the Second—to take the field against his daring vassal in person. Thrieve Castle, strongly built on a rocky islet in the river Dee, was, however, successfully defended against the royal forces by Douglas and his adherents, until a blacksmith, who, with three stalwart sons, resided in the neighbourhood, waited upon the king, and proposed to construct a piece of artillery which would speedily level the thickest walls. The monarch gladly acceded to the proposal, and Mons Meg was the

Digitized by Google

fruit of this alliance of royalty with democracy. It is not a solitary instance, in British history, of a union between the people and the sovereign directed against the abused power of the nobility. In the present instance it was entirely successful. The huge balls of Galloway granite which were vomited from the mouth of Meg, each of which, tradition says, was of the weight of a cow, proved too hard even for the walls of Thrieve; and on the surrender of its owner, the founder of the Brobdignag gun was rewarded by the king with the forfeited lands of *Mollance*, in the neighbourhood of the castle. From this place, and not, as has been erroneously supposed, from Mons, in Flanders, did Meg derive her name.

Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California in 1848-9. By WILLIAM REDMOND RYAN. 2 vols. London: William Shoberl.

THE author of these volumes is an artist who, while residing at New York, was suddenly smitten with the love of adventure, and embarked as a volunteer for the Mexican war. Peace having been concluded shortly after his arrival in Lower California, he was irresistibly attracted to the newly-discovered "diggings" in the northern district of that extensive region. The Governor of the newly-conquered province, General Mason, with all his staff, had preceded him. Our author, however, appears to entertain no very pleasing reminiscences of his trip to the gold region. He found the journey both toilsome and dangerous, the work at the diggings exceedingly hard, and the remuneration by no means abundant. After a short sojourn among the gold-diggers, he accordingly made the best of his way to San Francisco, where, turning to the readiest account his professional skill, he sought and obtained employment as a house-painter. He earned high wages while following this humble branch of his art, but the exorbitant expense of living proved so serious a drain upon his gains as to leave him no inducement to take up his permanent residence in the new El Dorado. He returned to New York accordingly, *viâ* Panama and Chagres, after an absence of about eighteen months.

From what we have stated our readers may conclude that Mr. Ryan did not find California exactly what his fancy had painted it. In fact, a tone of disappointment pervades a great portion of the book, and he boldly predicts that the valley of the Sacramento will very shortly be totally stripped of its golden treasures, an opinion in which he differs widely from very competent authorities. We believe, moreover, that his strictures upon the climate are somewhat severe, while he is disposed to underrate the great natural capabilities of California, considered without reference to its mineral wealth. The work, however, is valuable, as being the result of actual experience, and the truthful spirit in which it seems to be written soon gains the confidence of the reader, who is apt to regard with suspicion the tales of travellers, and more especially transatlantic travellers, in regions so little known.

Mr. Ryan, as we have already hinted, found gold-digging by no means a profitable employment; nay, the humblest occupations in California seem generally to be more remunerative. We select the following anecdote as illustrative of this fact. It is not Mr. Ryan, but one who warned him against going to the diggings who speaks:—

"I know a person whose wife made a very handsome sum by washing linen while her husband was away at the mines. Think of twelve dollars a dozen—eh? Her husband remained absent somewhere about four weeks, and though he came back with a pretty good 'find,' she, good woman, laughed outright at his gold-washing, for her shirt-washing had realized during the same period nearly double the value in dollars of the ore he had found."—Vol. 2, p. 30.

The striking aspect and the magnificent scenery of the bay of San Francisco has excited the admiration of all travellers. Approaching from the sea the first entrance to the bay consists of a narrow strait, about a mile in width, hemmed in on either side by lofty and precipitous mountains. On passing through this great natural barrier, the scene immediately changes; but we will allow Mr. Ryan to describe it in his own words:—

"Having passed through this gap, or I might more properly call it a gate, we found the strait to extend quite five miles from the sea to the bay itself, which then opens right and left, extending in each direction about thirty-six miles, its total length being more than seventy miles, with a coast-line of about 275. The land on each side of the strait is irregular and picturesque, resembling, on account of its continuity, an immense bank, which forms an admirable natural protection against the fierce winds that frequently sweep the coast with unmitigated fury.

"Proceeding up the strait, we found the real or second entrance to the bay barred by an enormous rock, which offers a capital site for a fort. To the left of it, in an embrasure of the land, lay the flag-ship *Ohio*, which, seen from this distance, appeared like a miniature man-of-war, several others of lesser dimensions, but of the same character, being dotted about here and there at convenient anchorages. I learned that these vessels had taken up their position at this spot—although inconveniently distant from the town—with a view to render desertion on the part of the men more difficult; for the mines, it seems, possessed such powerful attractions, that many of the boats' crews had abandoned their vessels to go gold-hunting; and it had been found extremely difficult to restrain even the officers, a considerable number of whom had yielded to the temptation.

"Having passed this huge rock, which rises sheer out of the water to a considerable height, and may be some 60 or 100 feet in breadth, the Bay of San Francisco burst upon us in all its beauty; and, excited as my imagination had been by the numerous descriptions I had heard of it, I was unprepared for the magnificent scene which presented itself to my view, as our crazy vessel glided sluggishly over its placid waters.

"Its first aspect is that of a long lake, lying embosomed between parallel ranges of mountains, in the midst of a country of Alpine character; but the eye, soon accustoming itself to dissect the beautiful landscape, perceives that the monotony of its glassy surface is broken and varied, and rendered eminently picturesque, by the several islands with which it is studded, and which rise to the height of from 300 to 400 feet; preserving in the main the bold and rugged character of their parent shores: some being mere masses of rock, whilst others are luxuriantly clad with a mantle of the very richest verdure, bespotted with flowers of the gaudiest hues.

"Immediately opposite the entrance to the bay, and forming a background of unsurpassed majesty of appearance, rises, at a few miles distant from the shore, a chain of mountains, which shoot aloft to an elevation of 2000 feet above the level of the water, and whose summits are crowned by a splendid forest-growth of ancient cypress, distinctly visible from the Pacific, and presenting a conspi-

Digitized by Google

cuous landmark for vessels entering the bay. Towering behind these, again, like the master-sentinel of the golden regions which it overlooks, is the rugged peak of Mount Diablo, rearing its antediluvian granite head, hoar with unmelted snows, to the height of 3,770 feet above the level of the sea."

For the first breakfast our author ate in San Francisco he paid the sum of two dollars and a half, one dollar being the price charged for the couple of eggs which he had innocently ordered as portion of his morning's repast. The expense of living at the hotels in the town is enormous, thirty-five dollars a week being generally paid for board alone. Mr. Ryan likewise complains loudly of the reckless spirit of gambling which seems to pervade all classes of the inhabitants, and of the want of an efficient police. Upon the whole, he gives us no flattering picture of this new land of promise, and we fear that the publication of these amusing volumes will deter many a restless spirit from seeking fortune and adventure in those distant regions which they so well describe.

Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family. By Bayle St. John. Chapman & Hall.

This work will be noticed at length in our next number.

The following publications have been received:—

Westminster: Memorials of the City, St. Peter's College, &c. By the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A. Joseph Masters, 78, New Bond-street.

Health, Disease, and Remedy. By George Moore, M.D. London: Longman and Co.

Excursion to Paris, &c. By J. B., Esq. Longman and Co.

The Crucifixion and other Poems. By James Weymouth, C.A. Bartlett, Paternoster-row.

Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains. By the Rev. Thomas Grierson. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

Nineveh and Persepolis. By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Phases of Faith. By Francis William Newman. London: John Chapman.

God in Christ. By Horace Bushnell. John Chapman.

On Preaching and on Popular Education. By Thomas J. Graham, M.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Clarendon: a tale in three vols. By William Dodsworth. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Silwood: a novel in two vols. Richard Bentley.

A Visit to Sherwood Forest, &c. Longman and Co.

Fame: an original Play. By Henry Osborn. James Gilbert, Paternoster-row.

Jane Eyre: an Autobiography. By Currer Bell. Fourth Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland. Part XXXVIII. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

The National Cyclopædia. Part XL. Charles Knight.

LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES.

Metropolitan and General Life Assurance Society.—The second anniversary of this Society took place at the Office, 27, Regent-street, on Wednesday, the 8th ult. It appeared from the report presented, that the policies granted in the year ending 30th of April, 1849, were 212, representing a sum of 67,804*l.* assured by the Society; and those granted in the year ending 30th of April, 1850, had increased to 512, representing 176,557. Satisfaction was generally expressed by the meeting at the progress and prospects of the Company. The retiring Directors and the Auditors were reappointed, and the meeting separated after voting thanks to the officers of the Company, and especially to Mr. Camroux, the Manager.

Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society.—The 19th General Annual Meeting of this Society took place on Tuesday the 14th ult., Thomas Scott Anderson, Esq., in the chair. The Report showed 482 policies issued by the Society in the year ending 1st of March, 1850, representing 251,350*l.* insured; and policies lapsed by death to the amount 42,568*l.*; the former being an increase of forty-five policies over the preceding year, the latter being a decrease of 2,819*l.* The gross funds of the Society being 1,713,686*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* and the gross liabilities 1,585,097*l.* 18*s.*, the principal business of the meeting was to dispose of the surplus. It may be mentioned that the calculations of life being made according to the Northampton tables, which show a larger mortality than actually takes place, the surplus of the Society is understated in the Report. The following passage from that document will explain how two-thirds of the sum in question is distributed amongst the insured:—"Policies effected during the first eleven years of the Society, and which at the investigation at 1st March, 1847, had vested additions made to them varying according to their standing, will now obtain a further addition of six per cent. on not only the sums actually stated in the policies, but also (if the previous bonuses have not been surrendered) on the former vested additions, being at the rate of two per cent. for each of the last three years on the whole sums declared, as at the 1st March, 1847, to be payable on the policies. Policies effected during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years of the Society, and which were not entitled to vested additions at the last investigation in 1847, will now obtain the following vested additions, viz.:—Those effected during the twelfth year, an addition of sixteen per cent., being at the rate of two per cent. for each of the eight years which have elapsed since they were issued; those effected during the thirteenth year, an addition of fourteen per cent., being at the rate of two per cent. for each of the seven years which have elapsed since they were issued, and those effected during the fourteenth year an addition of twelve per cent., being at the rate of two per cent. for each of the six years which have elapsed since they were issued, all these additions being at the rate stated on the sums actually contained in the policies. Vested additions shall be made according to the above scheme; and further, prospective additions, at the rate of two per cent. per annum, shall also be made on all policies which may become claims between 1st March last and the next triennial investigation on 1st March, 1853, and which, at the time they become so, shall be of full five years' standing."

Railway Passengers' Assurance Company.—The Report of this Company shows a steady increase of business. Several cases of compensation have been already adjusted; but the Company has so far been fortunate that no deaths from accident have taken place among persons insured. A system of Railway Insurance is about to be adopted in France and America, in imitation of that originating with this Company. Arrangements for periodical insurance of officers of railway companies who travel have been recently settled; and it is anticipated that many of that class will avail themselves of them. It is also proposed to apply to Parliament for enlarged powers, to enable the Company to insure goods and cattle—a point which had been pressed upon the attention of the Directors by the railway authorities. The Company being in its infancy, the Directors declined to receive, at present, any remuneration for their services. Appended to the Report are various instances of claims made, and settled to the satisfaction of the insured; and some cases are mentioned, in which the precautions put at the disposal of the public by the Company would have been of the greatest advantage if the sufferers had availed themselves of them.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1850.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And Death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop, and disappear?"

It is now nearly fifteen years since these stanzas were written in expression of the natural feelings of Wordsworth on the rapid sequence of deaths which, within two or three years, had created so great a void in the circle of his own immediate acquaintance, as well as among the distinguished poetical spirits of the age. The same question has been asked and answered many times since then; at last the Bard of Rydal Mount has himself dropped into the past, at the venerable age of fourscore. The second half of the nineteenth century will have no personal knowledge of William Wordsworth. The cockney tourists and Manchester mechanics will no longer surround his house with innocent ambushes, or seize upon its honoured owner as cicerone to his own haunts, and interpreter of his own originalities. Happily, his likeness has been preserved by the hand of Chantrey; but his voice, habits, and social peculiarities must soon fade from personal memories into vague traditions or uninteresting details. There may be many to write memoirs of him, but the mountains and the lakes will know him no more; and there is no Cumberland Moschus who could sing to them the dirge of the northern Bion.

It is, of course, impossible to lament his death as unexpected or untimely; and equally impossible, except for the very few survivors of his most intimate circle of acquaintance, to feel an actual shock or void created in feeling or association by his having ceased to exist. But we may venture to say, that there are few or none among the readers of English poetry who have heard of his death without a kindly sympathy for those whom he has left behind; few or none who mention his name without gratitude for aid given in the arousing, recognition, and analysis, of many moods and shades of feeling, and for many simple and beautiful pictures now stereotyped in their memory. Not only throughout England, but in her many colonies which the last half century has spread beyond the western, eastern, and southern seas, will the name of William Wordsworth be PERENNIS ET FRAGRANS.

We have been accustomed of late, by the force of circumstances, to judge our English poets, not entirely by what they have said or done, but by what they have left half unsaid: to give them the benefit of extenuating circumstances and charitable possibilities: to consider them, in fact, in the conditional pluperfect or future tense, and rate them according to what they would, should, or might have written, if the abhorred shears had not previously put an end to their thin-spun lives. We look upon Chatterton simply as a marvellous boy; we cannot but think of Shelley as he might have been if he had not sailed in a small and crank boat over the treacherous Gulf of Leghorn; and we put down many an incompleteness to the account of the mingled causes which undermined the feeble frame, and wore out the fiery spirit, of Keats. In these cases we feel that it is the duty of posterity to compensate the poet for the injustice time has done him; we are willing to accept all his creations without the application of so critical a test as we should have subjected them to if room had been given for a full developement of all his powers: we gather up admiringly the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost, and set them forth for the public in editorial baskets of various shapes. But where we have seen morning, mid-day, and evening, it is not in our power to suggest that a fuller

Digitized by Google

light would improve our understanding of the landscape. Whatever lies in a man to be worked out for the good of the world, must be worked out within eighty years, or not at all. Wordsworth was not prevented by envious time, nor by adverse circumstances, from saying all that he had to say. He was, indeed, for a considerable portion of his life, very poor, but never in such difficulties as to shake his usual equanimity or cause him to repine at the hard fate which is now generally accused of throwing unfair impediments in the path of literature. The destinies had spun his thread evenly, if not round and full. He must be judged, therefore, by us, as posterity will judge him, simply and entirely from what he has written. Having the "Excursion" before us, and knowing that the "Recluse" is somewhere a *fait accompli*, we cannot (as in the case of Keats' unfinished "Hyperion") create out of the unwritten works of Wordsworth anything like *un grand peut-être*.

Men have, indeed, appeared, among the exceptional phenomena of mankind, in whom the successive phases of intellectual and moral developement have been defined so strictly and forcibly, as to have given them a perpetually changing position from which to view the world both without and within themselves. Such men (as, for instance, Goethe) might have almost continued to write for ever without any appearance of returning on their own track, and equally without affording their readers any power of predicting the direction of their future course. Goethe's writings were frequently not so much the expression of his actual feelings, as a calm review or dramatic history of a past or waning phase. Wordsworth was a simpler, more one-sided, and, withal, honester man: endowed with a more limited imagination, and more durable feelings, he could not have conceived or described, without experience, the symptoms of a state of Wertherism, nor could he (if he had experienced such a state) have deliberately written himself out of it. Goethe wrote to purge his bosom of perilous stuff, as the Calabrian bandit confesses his murders, to be absolved and begin a new score; Wordsworth wrote in faith, and what he had written he all the more believed. With the German poet, the vividness of imagination conjured up the distinctness of reality; with the English bard, the acute sensibility of actual impressions had to act in lieu of imagination.

For the review of such a writer, whose character as a poet and a man are to so great an extent identical, there is more than ordinary assistance to be derived from the prefaces and appendices accompanying his several volumes. We are far from wishing every poet to act as his own commentator; such a practice is diametrically opposite to our notions of the dignity and self-reliance of art; but in this particular instance it affords at once a history and an illustration of the anatomical conformation of Wordsworth's whole poetical theory. After an attentive perusal of the prose it can be predicated, constructively, in what conditions of art the poems will fail. It will appear that the reaction in Wordsworth's mind from the false and laboured diction of the poets of the last century drove him into a confusion of the true limits of poetry and prose; that he was aware of the conveniences, but not always alive to the inherent beauties, nor (we must add) always sensible of the responsibilities, of a metrical form: that because he felt how purity and intelligibility had been too frequently sacrificed for artificial antithesis and epigrammatical compression, he assumed the artistic propriety of the most unrestrained expansion of language, provided the sentiments were just and the words were intelligible and pure; that he confounded simplicity and severe beauty. As George Fox testified against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world by sewing himself a suit of leather, as the expressionist school of modern painters rebuke the richness of the colourists by the conventional ideality of their Byzantine Madonnas, so did William Wordsworth, to shame the *purpurei panni* of the artificial school of the eighteenth century, positively luxuriate in Quaker-like simplicity.

Now, though we cannot refuse to recognise a certain amount of heroic truth in the enthusiasm of George Fox, we cannot shut our eyes to the unmitigated emptiness, as a symbol, of the daily costume of his followers; we must admit that in all arts, from the tailor's upwards, the absolute negation of ornament may be carried too far; and that an excellent habit of thought, speech, or action, may be converted into an exclusive and pernicious fixed idea. Agreeing as we do with most of the first principles laid down by Wordsworth, in the preface to his "Lyrical Ballads," and recognising the general consistency of his poetical theory, we are not prepared to accept unreservedly all the deductions contained in the same preface, or the practical application of them visible in his poems. We must submit that the philosophical habit of mind, superinduced on an originally poetical nature by regular self-contemplation and meditation on repeated experiences and feelings, is not, as he would infer, the single or infallible condition, besides a general worthiness of purpose, requisite for the production of pure poetry, and that the expression of these placid inspirations requires the correction of unsparing self-criticism as much as the more fervid and imaginative utterance of younger poets. "All good poetry," he says, "is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are, indeed, the representatives of all our past feelings; and as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other we discover what is really important to men, so by the repetition and continuance of this act our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, *that by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits* we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a

Digitized by Google

nature, and in such connexion with each other, that the understanding of the reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified." This is admirable, as far as it goes, but it may be (and was by him) carried too far, and to the exclusion of other equally necessary rules. In this habit of substituting an almost unreasoning obedience to educated impulses and associations for a more actively scholarlike objective criticism of the composition itself, lie the germs of most of the faults in Wordsworth's poetry. The struggle of mind and matter is an old phrase, but not too much worn to bear repetition here. There is a point in the pursuit of any art, painting, sculpture, music, or poetry, to which the study of the artist will, sooner or later, bring him; the point at which the use of the materials has become so familiar and easy, that what was once a mental is now merely a mechanical triumph. But it does not follow that the artist fulfils his vocation if he stops here. There is a melancholy aptness in human nature to be practically content with this elevation. The consciousness of having gained as high a step on the ladder of art as can be appreciated by the multitude below, the facility of maintaining that position with no trouble except simple reproduction, unite with many other causes to make us at this point too credulous of the flattering imagination, that our mind has trampled on and thoroughly subdued the material of our art. At this precise point the dullness of matter assumes the subtlety of the serpent. The more apparently plastic it is, the more imperceptibly will it lead the unconscious workman. Where study ends mannerism begins; and the limited routine of our own conceptions hems us in more closely, in proportion as we accept more contentedly our unstudied and necessarily imperfect expression of them. "Work, work, work," should be the motto of all who seek for artistic perfection, from the sempstress to the sculptor. No one can say that Wordsworth did not work heartily and conscientiously. All that can be laid to his charge is, that he did not always work at his art as an art. He had no very great natural command over his materials; his musical ear was not originally perfect, nor was his faculty of expression always safer or more accurate than his ear. He was never subjected to that admirable auricular training in the use of words which teaches the young gentlemen of Eton to spin sense or nonsense indifferently into the best possible hexameters. He did not attach sufficient importance to the great result of all that weary education in the mechanism of numbers; the feeling that, while there are many ways of saying a thing, there is but one best way. In other words, he would have been a greater poet if he had been a more thorough scholar. Few of his poems are distinguished by particular harmony of movement or rhythm; his blank verse is occasionally loose or cumbrous; no new metre, or fresh application of an old metre, will take a permanent stand in English literature under his patronage or parentage; he was too indifferent to the grace of form, and too content to flow in the old channels. He neglected the means, in too fixed a contemplation of the end. He laboured in his vocation, not like a poet, from the vanity of song, but like a philosopher, from a call to preach. Looking on poetry as the handmaid of philosophy, he endowed her with the artificial humility of a servant, who harps on the assertion that she knows her place. If the Muse must be didactic, it is all the more necessary that she should be "musical as is Apollo's lute;" it is neither becoming nor useful that divine philosophy should hang about her neck like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. The emphasis of the schoolmaster is far from coinciding with the touch of the artist; where the one fixes a thought with a single stroke the other too often is obliged to have recourse to a dogmatic repetition; and didactic poetry is unfortunately liable to the error of being dull, or (in a word of which the existence justifies the use) prosy.

It may seem superfluous to advert, after the lapse of fifty years, to Wordsworth's classification of his smaller poems, as "Poems of Imagination," "Poems of Fancy," "Poems founded on the Affections," &c. It is chiefly because the habit has become rather fashionable among younger poets that we take this opportunity of entering our protest against it. It is referable to the same undue preponderance of the didactic over the artistic element. It is not the office of the creator to take an active part in the nomenclature of his own works. The similar arrangement of Goethe's poems is more dependant on the moulds in which they are severally cast than on the type of feeling or power predominant in their composition. It savours of useless refinement to draw limits which can never be accurately drawn, and to disentangle threads which must in nature always be interwoven. The faculties or purposes which determine the construction of each poem will not be felt more deeply by the reader because they are forced upon his attention by a preliminary self-assertion. The moral of a sermon is generally more impressive when we are cheated into hearing it unawares.

Nevertheless, it is in these shorter poems that we find the highest illustrations of Wordsworth's genius. From them are taken most of the single phrases or lines which have found their way, as household words, into the hearts of the English people: they have done, and will do more, towards Wordsworth's great and unvarying purpose of extending the domain of sensibility, and strengthening the power of association, than his more ambitious works. There are a hundred readers of the "Lyrical Ballads" for one who labours through the "Excursion;" they will live, not "as adjuncts to the philosophical poem of 'The Recluse,'" but as entire works within themselves, because they correspond more fully to the eternal laws of art. "The Borderers" will be forgotten, while children shall still wonder, and grown men still muse, over the mystery of "We are seven."

The forms of poetry exist not only as historical precedents, but as of absolute necessity, having been sanctioned by the same sense which originally created them—the sense of their harmonious adaptation to the feelings which strive for ex-

Digitized by Google

pression through them. They are intuitively recognised by every genuine poet. An epic must have, as one of its first conditions, a sequence of self-important events, actions, and situations, tending to a crowning end; with reference to which end they are narrated. A drama must have, in the same manner, the opposition of contending wills and forces, to be ultimately reconciled, overborne, or mutually annihilated; they must be respectively a STORY and an ACTING. "The tyranny of words" so wills it; and the tyranny of words rules by right divine. When these conditions exist, the particular purpose may add a philosophical, sentimental, religious, or other colouring; but without their existence, no labour will produce a great epic or dramatic work. It were as hopeful a task to replace the spine of an elephant with the cervical vertebræ of a cameleopard. We do not hold, what is now a not uncommon opinion, that the age for both epic and drama, properly so called, is gone and past for ever; nor, on the other hand, are we so wedded to historical forms as to assert that no great philosophical poem can be constructed entirely beyond the scope of the principles stated above. We hope there may be found in our own time the materials and the men for a revival of these forms of art; and we believe it equally possible that this age, or the more expanded developement of some future one, may produce a narrative or didactic poem, essentially different from the epical conditions here laid down, but equally recognisable as an artistic whole. All that we say is, that it will not be an epic, not only etymologically but essentially; but that the laws of its formation will be immediately justified and confirmed by the same intuitive sense of harmony, and will be found consistent with, and parallel to, those of earlier forms, we have no doubt. In the meantime, we cannot think that the "Excursion" does in itself fulfil the established or any other analogous conditions of a great poem; while, until the whole work be published, we have no right to assume that "The Recluse" may not evolve a philosophic unity of its own. Candour compels us to add, that we do not look forward with much hope to the successful performance of this miracle. We do not see the far-reaching and comprehensive grasp, the consecutiveness of ideas, or the clear critical eye which would lead us to anticipate such a result. We do not find in the "Excursion" the proofs of any power which is not equally prominent in the shorter poems, where it is generally used with more instinctive judgment, and greater deference to the laws of natural harmony. We would rather predict that, by the process of time, which reduces many volumes, through the insidious double-column, finally to elegant extracts and "half-hours with the best authors," the continuous and voluble but thin stream of the "Excursion" will waste away, while its more highly-wrought and self-contained episodes will remain fresh and bright, like the deeper springs, beautiful to the eye of the traveller in a weary land. They will return to the idyllic class to which they essentially belong by the similarity of thought and form, and of which many of Wordsworth's poems are beautiful but unconscious examples. We call them unconscious, because Wordsworth had (as will easily be seen by reference to his preface of 1815, and a comparison of the heterogeneous collection of writings there included under this class) a very vague and erroneous notion of the historical idyllic type in poetry. The fundamental idea was clear enough to his inner eye, but he did not recognise the critical definition implied in the word; he wrote them as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. Idyls are, strictly speaking, little pictures; poems subject to the conditions of painting. What those conditions are, it is needless to specify with much particularity. The phrases, unity of feeling, harmony of colour, breadth, contrast, pleasing arrangement of light and shade, central points of interest, balance of composition, are in every one's mouth: but they are, nevertheless, necessities of pictorial art, whether the pen or the pencil be made use of. All theories of painting strike out the negative from the legal maxim of *utile per inutile non vitiatur*. Association calls up many ideas, but judgment chooses few. There is the same difference between carefully and carelessly composed idyls, as between the pell-mell details of Teniers and the harmonious oppositions of lights and forms by Metzu or Ostade. The range of feeling may vary from Dutch drinking-scenes and pastoral landscapes to the representation of the highest religious ideas; but the material conditions of success are the same. The same or analogous bounds confined the idyllic poem in the times of Theocritus and Martial as in our own.

It would be easy to enumerate a long list of Wordsworth's poems, in which the ruling idea is thus picturesquely developed—in which the whole detail is the simple expansion of one sentiment, or the aggregation of infinite fancies round one small central point of feeling; but where all the poems are so well known, it will be sufficient to point out very few to illustrate our meaning. In the first part of the trilogy, if we may so term it, on the village schoolmaster, Matthew, the whole cluster of memories is congregated round the "two small words of glittering gold" that form his sole epitaph; in the second and third they all radiate from the central figure of the solitary old man among the scenes of his youthful happiness. Matthew, with the bough of wilding in his hand, or lying in silent contemplation of the spring beneath the tree, are the figures which we actually see; but through them—and all the more from the force and reality with which they stand forward—we look back into the mellowing distances of Matthew's life; the enchantment of Macbeth is reversed, so that we see not the future issue, but the bygone phases of the greyhaired man of glee. The same identity in change, and likeness in unlikeness, amid the immoveable outline of the landscape, marks the shadowy series on which the old man smiles as he points them for his own. A similar power of touching the chords of buried memories is evinced in the "Childless Father" and the "Farmer of Tilsbury Vale;" and the plan of "The Brothers," though hardly worked out with

Digitized by Google

equal unity and compactness, displays the same principles of conception. It is almost profane to think of analysing the perfections of the exquisitely simple, and almost statuesquely pure, memorial of Lucy.

> "She dwelt among the untrodden ways
> Beside the springs of Dove:
> A maid whom there were none to praise,
> And very few to love.
>
> "A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye:
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky,—
>
> "She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!"

The grace of the emblems, the infinite witchcraft lying within the small compass of these three stanzas, and the perfect confidence in our sympathy, which prompts the most straightforward and shortest expression of the deepest feeling, act upon us as forcibly as the silent appeal of monumental sculpture. In the lines immediately preceding, "Strange fits of passion," which have been complained of as a mass of words exhibiting "nothing wherefore," there is a similarly artistical illustration of the paramount power, for the time, of a sudden and illogically vague association of ideas, calling up and embodying in a moment the most improbable presentiments. The whole detail of the ride in the quiet moonlight leads up to this point; and the sudden dropping of the moon behind the cottage roof instantaneously causes the shock of thought which wakens the rider from his reverie.

The *mot d'enigme*, which explains the charm of most of those poems which we may call flower-pieces, and others analogous to them, is nearly the same—simple but unexpected association. The key-note is the familiar bird or flower—familiar as a delight and wonder of childhood, and carrying us back with the very sound of its name to that mysterious time. The various strains of association flowing almost imperceptibly from the repetition of this note bring the present and the past closer and closer together, and draw out through indefinite but undeniable links the recognition of the fact which we are too apt to forget, that "the child is father of the man." We feel the perfect and irresistible spontaneity of all these sensations, the irrepressible call which urged Wordsworth to create or revive them in others, after having, as he says, often

> "Sighed to measure
> By myself a lonely pleasure,
> Sighed to think I read a book
> Only read, perhaps, by me."

It is well with us when the celandine, the sparrow's nest, the daisy, or the cuckoo, can teach us, even for a moment, to beget that golden time again.* Wordsworth was particularly sensitive to, and fond of using, the magic that lies in familiar names; his strong local attachments were not bounded by the sphere of his actual daily life, or the range of the scenery of which he knew most accurately the details. We doubt whether he felt greater pleasure in musing along the favourite banks of the Duddon, or in raising up the sacred poetical memories which throng round the mere name of the "braes of Yarrow." There are few such instances of the strength and anxiety with which the imagination clings to the pictures which she has formed for herself, and fears to destroy by actual vision the local soul with which she has endowed the scenes of romance or history, as the poem of "Yarrow unvisited;" nor is it easy to find a more beautiful delineation, than in "Yarrow visited," of the gradual change from the doubt of disappointment to the full and genuine enjoyment of the real scene, and the final self-congratulation at having brought within the circle of experience the picture which was before a part of the untravelled world.

Equally true and natural is the sense of perfect familiarity with the local features and details implied in the description of the second visit, after a lapse of many years, in the company of Scott, immediately before his departure for Italy; and the sentiment of all three poems is exquisitely embodied in the concluding address to Yarrow stream:—

> "To dreamlight dear while yet unseen,
> Dear to the common sunshine,
> And dearer still, as now I feel,
> To memory's shadowy moonshine!"

There is a singular analogy between the developement of feeling which is the groundwork of this triad of landscape pictures, and that involved in the lines, of which the object is of purely human interest, "She was a phantom of delight."

We have not yet mentioned "The White Doe of Rylstone." Defective as it may be in general interest, from the undeniable want of compression; equally deficient as it undoubtedly is in the dramatic colour and forcible, if not accurate, spirit of historical costume in which the works of Scott have taught us to be critical, we do not agree in, or altogether understand, the sweeping denunciation with which the late accomplished Lord Jeffrey greeted its first appearance, and which he thought fit to republish among his collected essays, as his unaltered or scarcely modified opinion, after the lapse of thirty years. Its merit, as a whole, is entirely dependent on the point of view from which it is considered. Written, as the metrical preface informs us, after a long study of the divine but unearthly allegories of Spenser, after long and deep admiration of heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb, it attempts to trace out the lines of a similar picture of female purity, implanted in a true human soul, acting and suffering under the sad stern conditions of real life; in other words, to realise and embody, in the person of an English girl, the ideal conception of that "lovely ladie" of Fairyland. A like feeling determined the character of the Virgins of Murillo. Such being the key of this poem, it would have been more than ordinarily inconsistent with Wordsworth's principles and powers to make use of chivalrous detail, sentiment, or diction; such accessories would have injured the force (if they had not altogether overlaid and hidden it) of the central situation. The aim of the poem was undeniably great and simple; and we do not hesitate to say that, in a great mea-

* We wish particularly to direct the attention of our readers to the Ode, which our limits do not allow us to quote, on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

Digitized by Google

sure, it was successfully carried out. Like most of his other works, it illustrates a common but rarely observed truth. The same blameless suffering, the same firm feminine integrity of purpose, the same infinite patience, and pure attachment, are as universal as daisies and celandines.

Charles Lamb pointedly observed, in a letter to Wordsworth, that the title, "The White Doe of Rylstone," ought never to be abbreviated. It is a little poem in itself; a hint of the emblematic picture in the first canto. When the ballad entitled "The Force of Prayer" is read in connexion with this poem, the foundation and the ruins of Bolton Priory gain the interest of personal memories.

Perhaps the most severely simple of all Wordsworth's pastorals is "Michael." The conception reminds us forcibly of Crabbe, but the execution bears a striking contrast to his condensed and skilful prettinesses of style. In fact, the language is, for once, thoroughly epic; the story is more than usually pointed; and the moral, to the outward eye, as sad as that of the preacher. "What hath man of all his labour and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? This also is vanity." Most of our pet projects, darling ambitions, and amiable weaknesses, leave no result beyond a melancholy and crumbling relic, like the remains of the unfinished sheepfold, "beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll." If our readers wish to regain confidence and energy by a wholesome tonic, we recommend them to turn from "Michael" to the picture of "The leech-gatherer on the Lonely Moor."

The sonnets of Wordsworth, taken singly, exhibit great beauties and great faults; some of them are exceedingly deficient in harmonious composition both of language and thought; others, like the often-quoted "Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty King!" and "The World is too much with us," express the developement of one ruling sentiment or idea with a clear and poetical force which reminds us of the fountain-head of all modern sonnets, the Greek Anthology. There is too much inequality, both in style and matter, to justify our calling either historical series a continuous or artistic whole; we do not feel the contagious inspiration of a Tyrtæus or a Luther; but we do perceive through these poems, perhaps more strongly than elsewhere, the thoroughly national character of Wordsworth's mind. Not even Disraeli could claim him for a Jew. His intuitive spirit of fairness, joined with unconscious and sometimes obstinate prejudice; his conscientious and calm industry, indifferent to hostile criticism; his straightforward and never querulous endurance, are, we hope, as English as the tastes, feelings, manners, and scenery of his poetry. He is as completely our own as Hogarth or Wilkie. In France, we suspect, it would be easier to find a Gascon Burns than a Provençal Wordsworth flourishing under the centripetal influence which draws ever Paris-wards. In Protestant Germany he might have been a less impossible phenomenon; but he would as surely have been set down as a "Philisten" as he is now little known there, and less valued. The present school of German poets believes, or professes to believe, that they have passed through and emerged from the phase of Wordsworth long ago; which we beg leave humbly to doubt.

We look forward with interest to the review of his life and the publication of his posthumous poems, by his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth. We cannot, however, conclude these brief remarks without a few words about "The Idiot Boy," "The Waggoner," and "Peter Bell." So much abuse has been heaped upon them, so much has the spirit of indiscriminating parody taken the place of fair criticism, that they obtained an artificial importance in spite of themselves, and were unduly attacked and defended as the criterion of Wordsworth's poetical powers. The natural end of the immoderate abuse has been to drive many into indefinite and prejudiced admiration of them; the equally undue vehemence of irrational praise has made many indifferent to Wordsworth altogether. There is no doubt that they might with advantage have been shorter; that it is possible to conceive subjects of more agreeable character and more thrilling interest, and to treat them with more dramatic vivacity; it is equally undeniable that they display the same fertility of association, the same local sympathies, the same simplicity and honesty of feeling, and the same study of the indescribable effect sometimes produced on exceptional moods of the imagination by the occurrence of unexpected natural phenomena, which is to be found in the other poems. When their names are no longer "a cry" and a test, they will find their own relative level. We cannot refrain from quoting here (not in the vain hope of comparing the Christian poet with the Grecian philosopher, but as an illustration of similarity of expression, joined to unity of purpose) part of the description given by Alcibiades in the Banquet of the conversations of Socrates, which offended the conventional elegance of the sophists of Athens, and afforded as wide a field for the comic imitations of Aristophanes as has been opened by Wordsworth for the parodists of the last half century. "If any one will listen to the talk of Socrates, it will appear to him, at first, extremely ridiculous; the phrases and expressions which he employs fold around his exterior the skin, as it were, of a rude and wanton satyr. He is always talking about great market-asses, and brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers; and this is his perpetual custom, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse. But if any one should see it opened, as it were, and get within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone, of all that enters into the mind of man to utter, had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine, and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or, rather, towards all that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely beautiful and good need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition. These are the things, my friends, for which I praise Socrates."*

* Shelley's translation of The Banquet of Plato.

Digitized by Google

THE DEATH-FEUD.

AN ARAB WAR-SONG.*

SLAIN he lay beneath a crag,
For the Hydsil wreaked their wrath
Where the camels groan and flag,
Toiling up the mountain path.

Slain beneath a crag he lay,
And the stain of that dear blood
Dew nor rain shall wash away,
Nor the rushing winter flood.

Wafted from his gory lair,
Words there came of weight and woe:
'Twas the burden I should bear,
'Twas the bidding I should do.

"Vengeance is the heritage
I bequeath my sister's son;
Unappeasable his rage,
Burning till his task be done.

"He shall be as viper mute,
Gliding still with bated breath,
Till the traveller, on his foot,
Feels the sting, and feels it death."

Heavy tidings to us came,
Tidings heavy to us all,
Such as might the wildest tame,
Such as might the bold appal.

Chief and friend the tribe had lost;
To his hospitable tent
Strangers' path was never crost,
Glad they came, and safe they went.

He was kindly as the sun,
When it warms the winter sky,
Or as shade in summer noon,
When the fields are white and dry.

Moist of hand, as men would deem
Hand of daring cavalier;
Dry of hip, as might beseem
One that knew not care or fear.†

Stately through the tribe he strode,
Loose his robe and raven locks;
In the battle when he rode,
'Twas a wolf among the flocks.

Bountiful as heaven's rain,
Still he gave, nor thought it much:
When he scoured the Hydsil plain,
His was as the lion's clutch.

Flavors twain that all men knew,
Freely dealt he from his breast;
Gall to foes, and they were few,
Virgin honey to the rest.

Head to plan and heart to try,
Hand to do and stedfast will—
'Twas a chief! Alas! for aye,
Head, and heart, and hand are still.

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none,
But the notches on the blade.

All our youth to saddle sprung
When the sun was at its height,
As a cloud we swept along
Till the sky was mirk with night.

Sword-begirt, each warrior wight
Was himself a sword of price;
Scabbardless, and keen, and bright,
Tempered in a brook of ice.

Fiercely on the foe we leapt,
Home we struck, and many a man,
Crouched and nodding as he slept,
Perished ere the fight began.‡

Vengeance took we sure and good.
In the tents were races twain:
Sire nor son of either blood
Saw the break of day again.

Little deemed that hated crew
When to earth the chief they bore,
Though his life they well might rue,
That his death would plague them more.

In his rocky resting-place,
Where the dromedary fleet
Puffs amain and stints its pace,
Where the camel breaks its feet—

(Fools! what reck'd they of remorse?)
Down they flung him on the stone:
Morning saw his stiffen'd corse;
Stripp'd it lay,—his herd was gone.

Short and fond their savage glee,
Well have I repaid their hate.
Fate can never weary me,
Sooner I could weary Fate.

* This wild and warlike lay is the production of an age earlier than that of Mahomet. A literal prose version and critical analysis of it are given in the Appendix to Goethe's "West-Oestlicher Divan."

† *Sic* in the original. The former of these supposed indications of vigor and energy is familiar to the readers of Shakspeare; the latter, as far as we know, is classical in Arabic poetry only.

‡ This alludes to the Arab habit of sleeping in a sitting posture. In bad weather, he thus protects himself in some degree against the dampness of the ground, and, in an enemy's country, is able to start up more readily if attacked.

Digitized by Google

Spear, that drank'st of Hydsil blood
Draught so deep thy thirst was quenched,
For a second had'st thou sued,
In a second had'st been drenched.

Wrath for meat, and tears for drink,
Harsh as iron-chain the fast;
I arose and burst the link,
And the interdict was past.

Now again the ruby wine
Mantles at our festival—
Sword, and lance, and steed of mine,
Won it back, a boon to all.

Fill, Sawaad Ben Amre, fill!
Let the cheering bowl be crown'd;
Wrought my dying kinsman's will,
All my body is a wound.

Other cup we filled the foe—
Their's the cup of death alone;
'Tis a cup that worketh woe,
Shame, despair, oblivion.

Gloating o'er their carrion prize,
Loud the foul hyenas laughed—
Grinned the wolves, and gleamed their eyes,
As the thickening blood they quaffed.

Vultures stalked from corse to corse,
Flapped their wings, and flapped in vain.
They had gorged on man and horse
Till they could not rise again.

THE HISTORY OF OAKLEY COMMON.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

CHAPTER II.

Before going home, however, Mr. Edwards determined to make another attempt to stir the gentry from their apathy. He proceeded, therefore, straightway to his landlord, Sir Henry Proudly, at Proudfootsgore. On his road there he passed through a devious bye-lane, one of the many pretty green winding roads in which the country abounds. In it, upon suddenly turning a corner, he came, evidently unexpectedly, upon a pair, conversing earnestly, by a stile which led from the lane. They were both known to Mr. Edwards—one being the daughter of Sir Henry's bailiff, the other Farmer Best's second son. The snow on the greensward had muffled the tread of the horse, so that Edwards caught sight of both of them before they were aware of his presence. The girl was in the lane, and the young fellow leant upon the stile, with a cold repulsive look, which contrasted painfully with the flushed eager face of the girl, and her tearful eyes. The young man, the instant he saw Edwards, darted away, and jumped into a copse close at hand; not, however, soon enough to escape recognition by Edwards. The girl could not escape. She therefore kept her back to Edwards, and endeavoured to pass quickly over the style. He, however, feeling a strong interest for the poor child, was determined to speak to her. He saw at a glance much of the story. It was an old one. The girl was very pretty, had been too confiding, more so than Mr. Edwards knew, or thought; her father was poor, though a rich man's bailiff; and her lover was a selfish scoundrel. The extent of the evil was, indeed, not known to the kind farmer, nor the darker shades of guilt that were connected with it; but he beheld enough to interest him as a father and a man. "Rose, my dear," he said, "I am going towards thy father's, as I am on my way to Sir Henry's. Walk with me up the lane; for I want to speak to thee."

She had pulled her veil down the moment Edwards had come into view, and now held it closely folded in her hand, and, by looking down, attempted to shroud her face; answering, in a low tone, she said, "I am going to Oakley, sir, with something for poor old Jenny Symes, who is ill; and I shall hardly be home in time if I turn back with you, sir."

"Well, if that be so, Rose, come down the lane with me, and I will turn back. That way is as nigh for you as over the fields; and I must speak with thee."

Rose had long known Edwards, and respected him, and loved Mrs. Edwards. Her own mother had been dead some years, and Mrs. Edwards had watched, and tended, and loved pretty Rose since the day of her birth. Rose could not, therefore, muster courage to resist so plain a request, when made by Mr. Edwards. He got off his horse, holding the bridle in one hand; with the other he took Rose's hand, drew it gently through his arm. "Now, come, my dear, walk here with me." A short pause followed. At length Edwards said, "That was Harry Best talking with you, Rose?" The girl blushed scarlet, and made no answer, but trembled violently. The vehemence of the emotion startled and alarmed Edwards; and he abruptly said, in a voice grave almost to sternness, "There is more here, Rose, than I thought; more, a great deal, than your poor father knows. Be careful, my poor child, lest you make the old man, who loves thee so dearly, wretched for the remainder of his days. He is old, and he is already sorrowful, Rose, on thy account. From the day thy mother died his whole heart has been wrapped up in thee; and I know that he has toiled for your sake, and

Digitized by Google

grieved that his toil has not been profitable only because if he should die he would leave thee very poor, my child; and I entreat of thee, Rose, think well, and strive, with a firm spirit, against all temptation. I will speak plainly, for I fear much. If you go wrong, Rose, you will kill the old man, who lives only for thee." This appeal was too much for poor Rose. She burst into violent, almost hysteric tears, and, sobbing, threw her arms round Mr. Edwards's neck, and hid her face upon his breast. "Rose, Rose!" he said, "what does this mean? Has that scoundrel, Harry Best, done thee wrong?"

The girl, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, drew herself hastily away, closed her arms over her bosom with a convulsive closeness, and said, in a cold, husky tone, "I don't see what right you have, sir, to call Harry Best a scoundrel. He has done nothing against you, sir."

Edwards felt he had made a false step. The girl loves him, he thought to himself, that is certain. I must have her confidence, and must therefore win her by speaking of her father. "No, Rose, I did not say that. But can you say that he has not injured your father?"

"Yes, sir, I can!" said the girl, with more firmness than he expected. "He never did him any harm."

"Is that so, Rose? Suppose that your father had one precious thing in this world, which he thinks of during his hours of waking, dreams of when he sleeps, loves, tends, doats upon—whose happiness and virtue is the one great object of his life, who is, in fact, all his worldly wealth—his only good. Suppose that some one, careless of the old man's feelings, thinking nothing of his loss and his misery, should come and steal away this sole object of his love, destroy its brightness and its purity, and make it, in place of his pride and his joy, the cause of his sorrow and of his shame. Would you say that this selfish cold-hearted man had done thy father no wrong?"

Again Mr. Edwards made a false move. The description of her father's love touched the child, the picture drawn of the old man's misery melted and subdued her for the moment; but words of contumely connected with the name of her lover angered her. She felt insulted by the insinuations against him, not by that which touched herself.

"Why, sir," she asked, "do you suppose such things? Why should you think that any one means wrong to my father? I don't!" and her voice became low, melancholy, and almost wailing. "For him I would die this day. There is no work that I can do, that I am not ready to do. For his sake, and for God's sake, Mr. Edwards, don't grieve my poor father by telling him"—— Here she stopped abruptly, not knowing what phrase to use without betraying her secret.

"Well, Rose," said Edwards, "I see you are not willing to trust me. But now, my dear, listen to me, as an old friend, one who wishes thee every earthly blessing, and who has for many years been a friend of thy father. Listen, and be not angry with me, but profit by what I tell thee. Harry Best is not a good lad. He may be, in appearance, a bold, daring, dashing, handsome fellow, with a good deal of wild talk, and many gay, pleasant ways. But he is not a true man. I know things you do not know; but if you wish to know what he is capable of, learn the history of poor Janet Campbell, who lived as under governess at Squire Grimshaw's. He is, moreover, fond of low company, and is too often seen with Jim Grimes, and his poaching, thieving gang. There is a story of his having been present when James Hathaway was shot; and there are persons who say there are worse things still behind. Now, Rose, I have given thee a friendly warning; don't be angry with me, but act upon it, and act wisely, and to thy old father kindly. I am at the end of the lane here, and have much to do before I go home." He mounted his horse, bad Rose adieu with many expressions of kindness, and turned back to Sir Henry Proudly's.

His good horse soon brought him to Sir Henry's lodge; and going towards the house, he met Sir Henry coming from it. "Sir Henry," he said, "I wished to see you on an important matter to me, and, indeed, a matter of some little account to yourself. I will not request you to return, but, with your permission, will ride with you a short while, and state what I have to say without delaying you."

"By all means, Mr. Edwards."

"Then, Sir Henry," said Edwards, coming at once to the point, "I find it impossible for me to continue your tenant, and I have resolved, sir, to throw up my farm; and having so done, I thought it but just to inform you of my resolution so soon as it was formed."

"How is this?" exclaimed Sir Henry. "I have never, to my knowledge, given you cause to complain of me as a landlord, and I have had no reason to find fault with you as a tenant. On the contrary, I like your activity, intelligence, and zeal in your pursuits, and your punctuality; and was in hopes that, by degrees, your successful example would induce your neighbours to apply more science and skill in their management of the land. What is the cause, Mr. Edwards, of this sudden resolution?—for sudden I suppose it to be."

"Sudden it is, sir. I find that I am not at liberty to judge for myself in my business, but that I am to be subjected to the supervision of the magistrates and the mob. The magistrates are to regulate the wages of my labourers, and the rude and ignorant peasants are to determine in what way my capital is to be applied to my farm. The magistrates have just given me notice that I am to pay my labourers 2s. 6d. a day, whether I am able or not; and the mob have given me notice instantly to get rid of my threshing-machine. With such advisers, I shall soon be a ruined man; and therefore the more quickly I retire from the business of a farmer the better." He then stated to Sir Henry the facts as we have related them.

Sir Henry, a courageous and clear-headed man, instantly took his part. "This must not be, Mr. Edwards. Such folly and wickedness will ruin us: and it is my duty, both as a magistrate and a landlord, to protect you against the monstrous pro-

Digitized by Google

ceedings of my brother magistrates, and the not more monstrous proceedings of King Mob, or Swing, or whatsoever they choose to be called. What do you suppose that the last worthy set of persons intend doing?"

"Oh, they will pay me a visit."

"And you — ?"

"Assuredly I shall not follow the example of Doctor Scobell, and break the machine, neither shall I permit any one else to break it, if I can prevent them. I shall certainly resist the mob."

"Be cautious, Edwards, lest there be bloodshed; and they will burn you out by night, if you are not careful."

"I expect no better fate, sir; and blood, I feel certain, will be shed; and the horror that has come over me in consequence of this belief has led to my resolution. Before the night comes, I shall send my family into town. I shall barricade my house, arm my sons, and such servants as will stand by me. If I am attacked by night, I shall fire upon the assailants, without scruple; if by day, I shall openly and fairly give them warning; and if violence be then attempted, and the mob seek to break into my barn, I shall then fire in self-defence. The men are pretty well aware that I am not easily frightened, and possibly my resolute front, and my reputation this way, may protect me."

"Be careful, for God's sake, Edwards. I will ride over to the barracks, and procure a few soldiers; and they shall be at Oakley before night, and I will be with them. My presence as a magistrate will be needed. So good-bye, for a short time; you shall soon hear from me. In the mean time, don't be rash; but be as cool and prudent as I know you are resolute. If you think you need protection now, my servant shall attend you home, and you may keep him; he is a good fellow."

"No, no; Sir Henry. Old England is not yet come to that pass that a man cannot ride in her green lanes without fear of assassination. I would rather die at once than live in apprehension of such an atrocity."

"I don't know," said Sir Henry. "A temporary madness seems to have come upon the people, and there are men at work upon their minds who are doing their best to bring them to this pass. I know you are yourself a bit of a radical, Edwards. But I wish all radicals were like you. The Hunts and the Cobbetts are of a very different kidney. However, I must not stop; so, again, good-bye."

Sir Henry turned his horse into the road leading to the barracks, proceeding at a sharp trot; while Edwards paced slowly to his home, well knowing that his motions would be watched, and resolved to show that he was neither flurried nor angry.

Poor Rose, when Edwards parted from her, needed more help than Jenny Symes, to whom she was going with food and medicine. She felt faint unto sickness; and her head swam as if she were about to fall. She was roused, however, quickly, by a low taunting laugh, and by the appearance of Harry Best, who jumped through the hedge.

"Upon my word, Miss Rose, if old Mrs. Edwards had seen you, we should have had a pretty pulling of caps. But," said the young man, with a sudden change of manner and voice, "what did Edwards say to thee? He preached, I suppose, for I am sure he saw me? Did he say anything of me?"

The selfish instinct of the man here broke out. Of the poor girl and her misery he thought nothing. She felt this; but she had long been subdued in spirit by the fierce temper of him who now addressed her; she dared not resent though she sorrowed over his selfishness.

"Yes, Harry; he did indeed speak of thee; and warned me—too late, alas!—against thee. He spoke of Janet Campbell, and said you were fond of low company and were going a bad way. And, oh, Harry! he spoke of my poor father, and bade me think more of him than I have done. He said what was true, but I am almost afraid even to think of it. I wish I was dead, for I see nothing but misery before me. The guilty are ever punished, and so shall I be. He said, Harry, that I should kill my father. The old man will die when he knows my shame; and that he must know but too soon."

She wrung her hands in an agony of grief, and sobbed convulsively. The young man came closer to her, and clutched her roughly by the wrist, saying, "Have done with this; I am sick of these scenes, and won't bear them much longer. But listen to me. You don't want to kill your father, do you?"

"Why, Harry, how can you put me such a question? Kill him? Oh, no, no, no! but he will die of shame and grief, when he knows my shame."

"But why need he know thy shame, as you call it?"

"What can I do," said the girl, quickly and anxiously—"what can I do to prevent his knowing it? All the village will know it soon."

"Not if you will listen to reason."

"Wilt thou, then, dear Harry, make me thy wife?"

"That," said the fellow, with a sneer, "would not hide the shame. People can count, I suppose! There are but few in the village but can tell the difference between nine and four, and still fewer that would not, upon such an occasion, be ready to speak of that difference."

The girl hung her head, blushing deeply with shame, at this brutal taunt. "What, then, can I do?" she asked, with a husky voice and parched throat.

"Do?—why, just take something that I will give thee."

The girl, at the moment, mistook his meaning, and looked eagerly at him with a terrified countenance. Becoming on a sudden deadly pale, she asked, "Do you want to see me dead? Am I to follow Janet?"

"Follow the devil!" said the fellow; "I mean thee no harm. Leave talking of Janet, or, I tell thee plainly, you and I never speak again."

The girl clasped her hands, crying piteously all the while, saying, or rather moaning—"Oh, don't leave me, Harry!—don't leave me! I want aid—I

Digitized by Google

want kindness, and you ought to give me both. But I forgot my poor father—shame on me that I did!—and you, and it is a just judgment, and you forget me. But, Harry," and the soft, low, wailing tone of the poor child might have touched a heart of stone—"But, Harry, though I justly suffer, you do not justly to be thus the cause of my suffering."

The fellow seemed, and was, in some degree, touched by this appeal; and answered, in a tone a little softened, "I do not wish to make thee suffer, Rose, but to save thee from shame. If I were to marry thee to-morrow, my father would turn me out of doors; your condition would soon be known, and every gossip in the village would point and sneer at thee and me too. But follow my advice, and all will be well; no one will be the wiser."

The truth now flashed upon the girl. She rose at once, stern, fierce, from her hitherto crouching and dejected posture, and turned upon him with eyes flashing through her tears—"And am I, then, to murder the babe to cover thee? I have heard before that thou wert a coward, and now I know it. To be shielded from your father's anger, you would make me a murderer before God, and be one thyself. You try to tempt me by my love for my father!" The name called into the mind of the excited girl a thousand rapid thoughts that went like arrows to her heart. "Father!" she exclaimed, for the moment forgetting herself, "thou art *its* father! Oh, how unlike my kind, my gentle, my good, good father! He has always loved, cherished, protected me; and thou, cruel as well as base, wouldst murder thy babe. My God, my God!" she exclaimed, "give me strength to bear this heavy burden! My child is to be the child of shame, and sorrow, and guilt—my life is to be one long agony. But nothing shall tempt me to injure the poor innocent that lies in my bosom. I will go through my travail as I can; but with this horrid sin will I not blacken my soul. To my father I will now go. I will confess to him my shame; on him will I rest—in him I shall I find that succour which you, had you been a man, a true man, would have afforded me. Mr. Edwards said you were no true man; and he spoke the truth. I was angry with him for so speaking of thee. But he knew thee better than I then did. This only was wanting to make my cup of sorrow run over. I am, indeed, doubly shamed—in my own weakness and in thy baseness. You and I now part, at once and for ever."

She turned, and fled up the lane. There was a flash in Harry Best's eye, and a scowl in his look, that told but too well that there was a demon in his heart. His rage, however, turned from the girl to Edwards.

"Ah," he said to himself, "my fine tragedy queen, those airs won't last; I will see thee again, and I shall gain my point with ye. But for this same Edwards, he shall not escape so easily. He shall rue the words he has spoken, and that in many ways. Before this time to-morrow he will be lucky if one rick be standing, or if his house be over his head. He shall be stricken, and not know the hand that wounds him."

Young Best walked quickly over to Oakley Common. He was bound first to Betty Seagrim's, next to Jim Grimes's. He found Betty, as usual, very much in a bustle, and everything about the house out of order and slatternly. On entering, he saw that Betty had no visitor; he therefore deliberately shut the door, and, going close up to her, suddenly put a crown-piece into her hand, saying in a low whisper, "Betty, give me some of that same stuff."

Hereupon Betty cried in a hurried voice,—

"Oh, sir, no, no! I can't; that last business was nigh being a sad job for all of us, and there has just been another story of a worse matter up Swinbourne way, where Squire Water's two servant-girls died; and Sarah Voss be in trouble about it. I can't do it, I can't do it!"

She, however, retained the crown-piece in her hand, whereupon Best said,—

"Well, then, give me back my money. It is a piece of nonsense of mine; I did it to try thee, mother." And he held out his hand for the money.

"But, sir," said Betty, "they do talk of poor Miss Janet: and there is a whisper that she was very ill after she left Squire Grimshaw's, and some says that she went home to Scotland, and died and you was main fond of her, sir, and she of you. But now you have gone after Miss Rose; poor little thing! *She* is but a child, and a pretty child too; everybody loves that child hereabout, and you had better be sharp if any harm come to her, I tell thee, sir. She aint like tother; *she* has friends, and pretty stout ones too, Master Harry; and there's one Sir Henry that will make the place too hot for thee, if you don't take care."

The old beldame was too much for the young man, clever as he thought himself. While maundering away in this fashion, the woman had kept her eyes on the youth; and when she beheld him flush over his temples at the mention of Janet, and turn pale on her alluding to Rose's friends, she felt as does an angler who has just hooked a shy fish, and determined to make the most of his anxiety and terror. So she put the money into his hand, saying,—

"Aye, I dare say, all a piece of nonsense, Mr. Harry; well, now I do like that, just as if I had not seen thee and Miss Rose all the summer long. At first she was as gay as any lark, but grew first a little grave and shy, and had fits of *melancholly* like, and then she was all gay again, but at last—aye, I knew how it would be—she began to look sickly, and had red eyes, and now she dresses in a strange way. Six months since and now are different times, poor thing! poor thing! And so indeed you say truly, sir, it is all a piece of nonsense."

Harry saw that his secret was not safe with the hag in this frame of mind, and that, to be clear of danger, he must play a bolder game.

"Hold your infernal tongue, Betty, and just let me give you a warning: two can play at talking; but if I talk of you, you may come to harm. Miss Janet is well and hearty, that I know, but where is your Lucy at this moment? Ill in bed? What brought her there?—I can tell, and some other things, besides, that you would not like

Digitized by Google

to hear; so be wise and hold your tongue, and just to show you I bear thee no ill-will, there is a bit of gold for thee."

He put a sovereign on the table, and held out his hand, saying nothing more. She went to a cupboard, and after taking from an old cracked teapot sundry miscellaneous articles, for which it would have puzzled ordinary ingenuity to find a use, she brought out a paper and placed it in his hand, said nothing, but took the gold.

"Is Jim Grimes at home, mother?" Best then asked, turning the conversation at once completely from the subject of their previous talk. "He promised to inquire about a dog for me."

"Yes, I know he is at home; and there is one or two with him," she said, significantly.

"The right sort?" said the young man inquiringly.

"Yes, slap up," said Betty.

Young Best sauntered out of the cottage with the air of an idle man, having no very definite purpose before him, looked carelessly at some colts trotting about the common, and after having apparently endeavoured to drive them up the road, he let them gallop past him; and then, as if going for help, walked quietly to the cottage of Jim Grimes, into which he walked, without giving notice by knocking or words. Jim was talking earnestly to two other men, who knew young Best, and gave him a rude, half-familiar, half-respectful greeting.

"Well, my lads," said Best, "out of work, eh? Did you get any relief to-day?"

"No," growled the man; "Farmer Edwards talked agin us; and though your father did speak up for us, Edwards frightened 'em like; and then they told us to go to road-work, at ninepence a day. But I won't starve; and ninepence a day is starvation. And so we are going to have a turn out to-morrow. We shall march first to your father's, sir, and take all his men; and then round till we get a good lot of men; and last of all we goes to Farmer Edwards, and break his machine, we will."

"But won't Edwards fight?" asked Best.

"Oh, fight will he?—what, against five hundred men? I should like to see him. If I don't give him a taste of this I'm ——" The man, with an oath, here stretched out at arm's length a huge sledge-hammer.

"Well, well, that is all very fine; but I like sure ways. He *may* fight—he *may* get help; but there is a safe plan. The nights are dark now, and cold; a little light and a little warmth would not be a bad thing, would it? and I think that might be raised without any danger. There's Jim has now in his hand the very thing; one of these put into the rick, and this fine breeze would be like a bellows. Wouldn't it blaze! and wouldn't he be afraid, and all the farmers too! They would not say nay to thee the day after, I warrant, if you were to go to vestry, and ask for something. Edwards would be just the right example; and I should like to see his farm-yard and house in a blaze. He is a bad master; he grinds his men, and then he lives like a lord all the while; his men starve, and he riots in wealth and good living."

The men all eagerly joined in abusing Edwards as unjust, selfish, and cruel. They cited his dismissal of Grey, without warning (sinking all mention of Grey's ill conduct), as proof of Edwards's cruelty and injustice, and they cursed him for his stern refusal to allow poaching on his farm, and for his late conduct at the vestry, until at last they worked themselves into a fury, and were ready for any deed which a wild spirit of revenge and hate could dictate. There was, however, mixed with their desire to injure Edwards, a fear as to the means. He was, they knew, resolute, and, when angered, fierce; they dreaded, therefore, any direct encounter with him. But Jim Grimes was resolved upon destroying his threshing-machine, not so much because he hated Edwards as because he hated the innovation. A favourite phrase of the man marked the mode in which he was accustomed to view any suggestion of improvement. "Aye, that may suit in other parts, but it won't do here; it ain't the custom of the country." The custom of the country was apparently something nearly sacred in his eyes, and to break through it was a species of sacrilege, and his feelings with regard to it were akin to those of the rude African, who sees his fetish destroyed, its wretched temple removed, and, in its place, a Christian church reared up. His anger, then, was a sort of blind fanaticism. The anger of the poor labourers who were with him was similar, but the bitter spirit that was at work in young Best was of a very different description. He sought to employ the ignorance and bad passions of the poor deluded wretches he was instigating to crime, in order to gratify a direful revenge. Not, indeed, that he was free from their prejudices; he believed that the conduct of Edwards was unjustifiable with respect to the labourers who were to be superseded by the machine. He believed this because he heard almost every one whose opinion he respected say that it was so. His father, his father's landlord, the clergyman of the parish, and nearly all the farmers of the neighbourhood, said the same thing; and he endeavoured to justify his own base purpose to himself by allying it to what he thought a right cause.

"But, sir," said one of the men, suddenly addressing Best, "if so be that this thing ought to be done, and you think it so easy, why don't you do it yourself?"

"So I would, if it were my business, but I don't lose anything by Edwards and the machine. He may thresh just as much corn as he pleases, and it makes no difference to me. And I do hear that James, of Hindford's, has hired it. I dare say it will soon go round the parish, and we shan't hear a flail soon anywhere in the neighbourhood."

"That's all true," said Grimes, led away from the pertinent and home question to which Harry Best was replying, by the artful suggestions of the cunning instigator,—"that's all true; and if we men, we are not going to stand by and see the bread taken out of our mouths in this way. So I say, let us do both; let us fire the ricks by night, and break the machines by day. The farmers will

Digitized by Google

be soon frighted, and we shall soon have a good wage."

Such was the result of the consultation.

When Edwards arrived at his home it still wanted some hours to nightfall; and he bade his wife prepare a few things for herself and his daughter, and entreated her to drive at once into ——, and remain there a short time, in the house of an old friend.

Mrs. Edwards warmly resisted this entreaty. "Let me remain here with you and my children. I shall be far more miserable when away. My fancy will create more horrors than the reality can bring; and I will promise you, dear Francis, that I will not be a coward when the danger comes."

Edwards, however, still insisted. "I shall be a coward though, if you and Fanny are here; and that's what I don't wish to be at this moment. If I am afraid, I may possibly yield to unjust demands, and be ashamed of myself ever after. Real danger for myself I don't believe there will be. But whatever is to come I can face it, if I have only myself to think of; so, my own dear wife, yield to my most earnest request, and trot away to our friend Halliday's for a day or two. I will send over to you by every opportunity; and in twenty-four hours we shall learn all that we have to learn."

Mrs. Edwards reluctantly yielded: and, with many tears, and terrible anticipations, bade her husband and her boys adieu. In an hour she was safely housed in the hospitable dwelling of their friend, Mr. Halliday; and Edwards was able coolly to prepare for the unwelcome visitors whom he expected.

The homestead, comprising therein the barns and rick-yard of the farm held by Edwards, was close to the road; but divided from it by a wall, and by a hedge. The rick-yard stood at some small distance from the barns and stables, and was, in fact, open to attack on every side; but the barns, stables, and the house, were surrounded by a wall, and large gates gave entrance to the barn-yard. The buildings were all covered with tiles and slates, and were themselves of brick. The barn too, at this moment, was empty, so that the buildings were nearly safe from fire. This, however, was not the case as regarded the ricks. They were surrounded by a hedge, and by a paling; an active man could easily leap within the one or the other; and in the dark, unless many were watching, fire might easily be applied to them. The long and tranquil reign of the law in England has accustomed us all to such security from open and violent attack that no one thinks of so framing and building his home as to make it secure against direct and forcible aggression; thus, when deprived of the guard which the all-pervading authority of the law is accustomed to afford us, we are, in fact, almost without protection. If lawless violence assails us, we have no fortresses, no embattled and guarded houses to retire to. In England hitherto we have fancied the rick in the open yard, the cattle and sheep in the field, all as safe as if they were protected by stone walls and iron bars; and God forbid that we should, any of us, live to see the day when that security shall cease—when the open marauder, or the midnight assailant, shall be able, with any chance of impunity, to attack or injure the most defenceless of our people. Mr. Edwards, as he arranged his plans for watching his property, and making fast his gates, felt a pang of grief, shame, and indignation, when he thought of the blot which ignorance and malice thus imprinted on our annals as a civilised people, by rendering necessary the precautions he was taking.

The snow, which in that part of England seldom falls, and still more rarely remains many hours on the ground, was then, however, deep, bright, and clear on the road and in the fields. A crescent moon hung low on the western horizon; the bright stars shone at intervals, as the clouds, driven by a sharp northerly wind, left clear spaces of dark sky in the vault above. The frost crisped the snow under foot, and, notwithstanding the strong winds, sound was clearly and distinctly conveyed through the dry atmosphere. Mr. Edwards, three stout bold sons, his bailiff, and two farm-servants, prepared to keep watch through the night. The accounts which the newspapers had given of incendiary fires in various parts of the country induced him to believe that an attempt would be made to burn his ricks. The language he had heard throughout the day, gave him to understand that the same ignorance and bad passions prevalent elsewhere were to be found also at Oakley, and he could hardly hope to escape the calamities which, under similar circumstances, had befallen others. He was determined, nevertheless, to meet the evil with vigilance and firmness.

The sounds attendant on village life at night by degrees died away. The labourers, one by one, and in little parties, had wended their way home from the work of the day. The hedger, with his large gloves and hook dangling at one end of a stiff stick, and a huge faggot at his back on the other—the faggot being his day's perquisite—had long since gone by, and the fuel which he had brought had cooked his evening meal, lighted him while he and his family partook of it, and still warmed them, though its light had ceased to glimmer through the small casement, protected only by its thin curtain from the cold without. Darkness had settled on his dwelling. The children had left the pond near the blacksmith's shop, and their noisy mirth was over for the day; the glow of the forge, and the sharp clink of the smith's hammer, were no longer to be seen or heard; even the late tippler at the pothouse had reeled and stumbled home, growling and cursing. A watch-dog now and then, indeed, broke the silence, and howled as the cold wind rendered his kennel comfortless. It seemed as if nature slept, and man, in obedience to nature's law, slept also. But vengeance and hate were wakeful, and refused to be at rest; and the watcher, at his post, kept wakeful by anticipated ill, was anxious and vigilant also.

It was the custom at Mr. Edwards's to mark the close of all the labours of the day, by tolling a large bell for a few minutes at the hour of eight, when the carters racked up their horses for the night. Few persons in a laborious household re-

Digitized by Google

mained long up after this signal had been rung. But the village gossips could see, and often spoke of, the light in Mr. Edwards's window many hours after all the household were at rest, and till that light also disappeared, one quick ear was known to be alert in the midst of the slumbering family. Mr. Edwards knew that his light was the subject of common remark, and felt sure that, if any one intended to do him harm, he would take heed of its being extinguished, and not attempt to approach the premises till sufficient time had elapsed for the master to be asleep as well as at rest. In order, therefore, to prevent suspicion, he kept his light burning as usual, and at the usual hour extinguished it. "Now, boys," said he, "if any evils are to come this night, they will be upon us in about an hour, let us therefore take our posts. The real danger will be in the rick-pound, and there we must watch. Hold Carlo by the collar, and keep him quiet, if possible."

They then silently proceeded to the rick-pound, and crouched down under the shadow of a wheat rick, from which spot they obtained a full command of the whole surrounding fence. Crouched, as they were, on the ground upon dry straw, the frozen ground and snow conveyed to them sounds from a great distance; and, in about an hour's time, the dog suddenly started on his feet, and began to growl, as if at something approaching. Mr. Edwards, putting his hand on the shoulder of his son, who held the dog, whispered, "Keep him quite still, Richard; don't slip him till I tell you; which I shall do, so soon as I fire—and fire I will, if things happen as I expect. Hush! and be careful." Richard put his arms round the good dog's neck; and by placing his own head upon the dog's, kept him quiet. Mr. Edwards now rose to his feet; but, being under the shadow of the rick, was wholly unseen. The sound that had attracted the notice of the dog became audible to the watchers; it was of persons (for there were more than one) coming along the field side of the hedge. The rick-pound was the corner of the field, railed in, so that two sides were fenced by the hedge—two by the rails. The clouds, as the night wore, grew more and more thick; the moon had long since sunk below the horizon, and no stars were to be seen—it was profoundly dark.

The persons now were evidently at the rail fence; and appeared, by the sound, to be creeping under it. In a few seconds, a slight sound and crackling explosion followed. "Not a thief's match," thought Mr. Edwards. The small light of the match flamed — and flamed *in the rick*; and a man's arm and hand were distinctly visible. Mr. Edwards fired. A scream followed on the instant, and a rush as of men running. "Let the dog loose," said Edwards cooly, but quickly; "and do you, Richard and Henry, follow, and see if you can seize the villains. The others, Johnson, must follow me, and, if possible, prevent the firing of the rick." This took but a moment to say, and the whole of the watching party rushed forward to fulfil the commands of their leader. Mr. Edwards was on the instant, at the burning spot in the wheat rick; and the lighted match was blazing brightly about six inches within the butt of one of the sheaves of which the rick was composed. Another moment, and to prevent the whole being in a blaze would have been impossible. Stooping, Edwards scraped at one sweep a large double-handful of snow, and thrust it on the burning straw; the men who followed imitated their master, and the fire was extinguished. The young men, Richard and Henry, rushed with the dog after the men. They, however, had separated, and found shelter in a thick copse immediately adjoining the field in which to find them, during the darkness, even with the aid of the dog, was impossible. Both the young men, however, fired, as they heard the villains crashing through the hedge, and fancied that they must have wounded one or both of the runaways.

The man who had attempted to fire the rick was not so fortunate as his companions. Mr. Edwards had loaded his piece with small shot, and firing from a distance of some fifty yards, wounded the man severely, though not dangerously. The shots, however, had disabled the ruffian, and he lay groaning in an agony of terror and pain.

Digitized by Google

LAYS OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

(See the "Daily News" passim.)

No. I.

WHERE Glasgow's lordly chimneys smoke,
There is no end of fogs;
And oft beneath a *grand brouillard*
Parisians eat their frogs;
The mists of our ain Auld Reekie
Make many a mist feel queer;
But the orange fogs of London
Are the fogs without a peer.

When noontide in November
Is tolled by good Saint Paul,
I scarce can see with candles three—
I fear the sky will fall;
So I plunge into the streets,
Till my spirit faints and reels
With the 'busses and the Hansom cabs,
And the roaring of the wheels.

I seek the dreary alley
Where the gas-jet smokes and flares,
And greasy bits of turnip-peels
Upset you unawares;
When a crowd of ragged youngsters
Comes pouring out amain,
Some larking and some fighting,
Some shivering in the rain.

"Whence come ye, ragged youngsters,
Along this narrow way?
Here is no mill to grind your lives
For ten long hours a day:
Here is no gratis wash-house,
No baths to clean your paws;
Here is no sweet soup-kitchen,
To fill your empty maws.

"Squire of the scurvy garment,
The butcher's cast-off blue,
Whence come ye, and what are ye,
And what is it you do?"
And thus the youth made answer,
With a leery eye and cool:
"Why, this is all about it—
That 'ere 's the Ragged-school.

"My name is William Bolter,
And rags and bones I sings;
And Ragged-schools I takes to be
Most capitable things.
I hollons water-cresses,
I gambles and I steals;
A poor lad must, I guesses,
Who wants to earn his meals.

"Last night I stole a tea-chest,
Outside of a shop-door;
If I had anything to do,
I would'nt steal no more.
It ain't that I like thieving,
But times is awful bad;
And feeling is believing
How hunger makes you mad.

"Although I've been in fifty jobs,
No gaoler yet on me
Within the harsh door-lock has turned
The melancholy key;
My luck has never sent me
Before the beak in court;
The Lord knew I was hungry,—
Or something of that sort.

"I've often had to run for it,
And cut and come again;
I thev' a tub of butter once,
And sold it down the lane:
I thev' a lot of petticoats,
And sold them in the heap;
They never ask how they are got,
So long as they are cheap.

"But since I set my foot within
The Ragged-school it's door,
I haven't thev' not half so much
As what I did before:
I seem afraid of thieving;
That is, you know, I feel—
This school has stopped my gallop,
I tell you, a good deal.

"They've said my sins would find me out
Some time for all my tricks;
They've giv' me meals to keep me straight,
And that, you see, it sticks:
So I go no more a-thieving,
But when I can't get at
My victuals any other way,
And then I must, that's flat.

"My mother gives me shelter,
But that ain't meat and drink:
I don't quite know my proper age,
But I'm eighteen, I think:
My sister is transported,
My brother is at sea:
Then, if you've got a job to give,
Oh, give that job to me!"

Digitized by Google

THE PATRIOTIC WAR IN ITALY.*

In the work of General Pepe we have the first connected narrative of the memorable events which occurred in Italy in 1848 and 1849. This veteran republican, exiled from his native country for the conspicuous part which he played in the Neapolitan movement of 1821, left his retreat in France on the first outbreak of the Milanese insurrection, with the view of devoting his services to the popular cause in Northern Italy. On arriving at Genoa, however, he learned that the King of Sardinia had already passed the Ticino, at the head of 90,000 men. This grateful intelligence induced the General to proceed directly to Naples, with the intention of stimulating the Government of his native city to follow the daring example of Charles Albert. Twenty-seven years previously, Pepe had left those classic shores as a proscribed fugitive. Now, all was changed. Citizens of every class were eager to welcome back the Carbonaro chief of 1821; and the son of that king who had rigidly exempted his name from the general amnesty of the above-named year, now pressed upon his acceptance the command of an army which was destined to co-operate with the Sardinian and Lombard forces in expelling the "barbarians" from Italy.

Notwithstanding the attentions and the flattery he received, however, Pepe appears from the first to have distrusted the Neapolitan King. It was scarcely credible, indeed, that a Bourbon of the Italian race, and the husband, moreover, of an Austrian princess, could entertain any real affection for the popular cause. The motives which influenced his conduct in this affair, however, are sufficiently obvious. The projected expedition to Lombardy was entertained as a necessary concession to the popular will. To have refused, at that critical time, to have declared war against Austria, would have certainly cost the sovereign of Naples his crown, and, probably, his head. War was therefore declared; and it was given out than an army of 40,000 men, under the command of the revolutionary hero of 1821, was immediately to take the field. The enthusiasm of the Neapolitans knew no bounds. Brilliant reviews in the morning, patriotic songs and serenades in the evening, consumed the brief space which intervened before the first division of the army was in readiness to move. After some vexatious delays, 17,000 men at length left Naples for the Lombard war. They were to be followed speedily by 24,000 more. Pepe, in the meantime, proceeded by sea to Ancona, which had been fixed upon as the rendezvous of the Neapolitan forces, previous to the commencement of active operations.

In the midst of all these preparations, however, the Neapolitan cabinet had determined that the expedition should never reach its pretended destination; and the address with which they accomplished this object, without awakening popular indignation, may teach us that that skill in kingcraft for which the princes of Italy were once so famous is by no means yet extinct. Before setting out on the expedition, Pepe received a private communication from the minister of war, desiring him upon no account to cross the Po, until he received fresh instructions from Naples. He informs us, that if he had made the contents of this letter public, the King would certainly have fallen a victim to popular vengeance. As it was, however, the General frankly confesses that he at once resolved not to act upon this significant order. But as the event proved, the Neapolitan cabinet had taken very good care that he should have no option in the matter.

On joining the first division of his army at Ancona, Pepe was naturally eager to take part in the great struggle in Lombardy, which was then at the hottest. He quickly discovered, however, to his infinite disgust, that the superior officers by whom he was surrounded had no stomach for the fight. They were all, in fact, the creatures of the Neapolitan court, and no more intended to cross bayonets with the Austrians than did their royal master. To have hanged a few of these worthies, *pour encourager les autres*, was an idea which never appeared to have occurred to General Pepe; and we are astonished at it. Still he was in expectation of the second and larger division of his army, which might be more patriotically disposed. This second division, however, never appeared, and, we need scarcely add, never was intended to appear. After some delay, instead of the expected aid, there came a peremptory order from Naples, recalling the whole of the troops under Pepe's command to protect the capital against the disaffected within its walls. In vain did the veteran General remonstrate. The bulk of the army was only too willing to obey the royal mandate. The General stormed and wept, alike to no purpose. The Neapolitan battalions, with the exception of 2000 volunteers, who accompanied our hero to Venice, cheerfully turned their faces to the south again. So ended this remarkable expedition. Inglorious though it may seem, none ever more fully answered the purposes of those who planned it. By its means the King and Court of Naples had got rid of General Pepe; and they had allayed, at a critical time, the dangerous excitement of the Liberal party in that city. A much more summary mode was afterwards adopted of dealing with the disaffected. Our space will not allow us, however, to dwell upon those scenes of perfidy and blood which were enacted in the streets of Naples in the summer of 1848. We must confine ourselves for the present to the progress of events in Northern Italy, as we find them detailed in the work before us.

* "Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy from 1847 to 1849." By Lieutenant-General Pepe, &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

Digitized by Google

On reaching Venice with his two thousand followers Pepe immediately began to consider how he could best aid the cause of Italian independence. Fortune had hitherto smiled upon the arms of Charles Albert. After the "five days" of Milan, the Austrian commander had prudently fallen back upon the great fortresses of Mantua and Verona, with the double object of providing for the safety of his troops and of waiting the arrival of reinforcements. In his front he had the main army of the King of Sardinia, flushed with its past successes, and far outnumbering the imperial force. In his rear, the Papal army, under Durando, lay at Vicenza; while on every side a hostile population was ready to intercept his supplies and impede his operations. Such was the position of affairs in the end of May. Never, for the last three hundred years, had such an opportunity occurred for the deliverance of Italy from her hereditary oppressors. Never, we fear, in our day, at least, will such an opportunity occur again.

The causes of the final success of Marshal Radetzky are to be ascribed, in the first place, to the superior organisation of the troops under his command, and, secondly, to the military errors of his opponents. Nothing, indeed, according to all accounts, could exceed the personal gallantry of the Sardinian troops and volunteers, as exhibited throughout the whole campaign. But something more than mere courage is requisite to overcome an army highly disciplined, proud of its ancient fame, and commanded by a favourite leader of known experience and ability. Still, up to the period of which we speak, the chances of victory were decidedly in favour of the Italians; and if Charles Albert had only followed up with vigour his first successes, the discipline of the Imperialists and the skill of Radetzky would, probably, have been displayed in vain. If, instead of wasting his time in fatal inactivity before the Austrian fortresses, he had pushed at once across the Adige, the people of the Venetian territory, who detest the German yoke no less cordially than their Lombard neighbours, would have gladly hailed him as their deliverer. The provinces in the rear of the Imperial armies would have been immediately revolutionised; and with a population so disposed, and a Sardinian army on the left bank of the Adige, it would have been no difficult matter to check the advance of Generals Welden and Nugent, who were marching with all haste through the Tyrolese passes to join Radetzky. In spite of these tempting prospects, Charles Albert remained immovable, his line of operations extending from Mantua to Peschiera, at the foot of the Lake of Garda. The capture of the last-named fortress, indeed, which might almost be termed an outwork of Verona, shed new lustre on the Sardinian arms; but this partial advantage was very shortly afterwards more than counterbalanced by the masterly operations of Radetzky to the eastward of the Adige.

The Austrian marshal had, in the first week of June, received reinforcements under Welden and Nugent to the amount of 35,000 men. Thus materially strengthened, he immediately commenced active operations; and the Papal army, which occupied Vicenza, was the first object of attack. This enterprize, which was conducted with the utmost secresy and expedition, was crowned with complete success. After a faint show of resistance, the Roman general surrendered, with nearly 20,000 men, on condition of their being allowed to recross the Po, with all the honours of war. The terms were granted by Radetzky; and, after the departure of the Roman troops, he was again sole master of the Venetian provinces, with the means of ready and uninterrupted communication with Austria Proper. The tide of victory had now fairly turned against the King of Sardinia, and his adversary, no less enterprising than prudent, lost no time in following up his tardy triumphs. Charles Albert had still under his command about 80,000 men. The numbers under Radetzky, who now began to act on the offensive, were nearly as great, and much better supplied with all the *materiel* of war. Under such circumstances, the chances of success in the open country were in favour of the Austrians. The Piedmontese, betrayed by the Neapolitans, and abandoned by the Romans, still fought bravely, but without any definite plan; and after sustaining at least two serious defeats, Charles Albert retired precipitately upon his own dominions, with the loss of fully one-half his army. He did not even, during his hasty retreat, attempt to defend Milan, which, after the lapse of four eventful months, again fell into the undisputed possession of the Imperialists.

While these important events were passing in Lombardy, General Pepe was actively engaged in the defence of Venice. He had been invested with the chief military command shortly after his arrival in that city; and the vigour and address which he displayed in combating its besiegers, both by sea and land, showed that the confidence of the Provisional Government had not been misplaced. Manin, a Venetian advocate of high character and talent, presided over this body during nearly the whole period of the siege; and the uninterrupted cordiality which existed between that eminent person and General Pepe, throughout the heroic struggle, is one of the most pleasing features of the narrative before us. After the retreat of Charles Albert, the Venetians were left almost entirely to their own resources; but in their isolation they displayed a constancy and a spirit worthy the brightest days of the republic. The garrison, which was composed chiefly of volunteers, many of whom were members of the first families in Italy, not only defended the city throughout the autumn and winter of 1848, but they ventured to leave the shelter of the lagoons, and to attack the Austrian intrenchments on the main land. On the 27th of October, a descent was made upon Mestre, which proved eminently successful. Of 3,000 Austrians who were posted there, 600 were taken prisoners; and an equal number were killed or wounded, while the loss of the Venetians was comparatively small. General Pepe dwells with pardonable pride on this brilliant affair, which he adduces, amongst numerous other instances, to prove

> "Che l'antico valore
> Negl' Italici cuor non è ancor morto."

Digitized by Google

Throughout the winter and the ensuing spring the struggle still continued with equal obstinacy upon both sides, and with varying success. But a contest more important than that in which Venice was so nobly engaged was soon destined to attract the eyes of Europe. In the beginning of March, 1849, it became apparent that a renewal of hostilities between Austria and Sardinia was inevitable. Charles Albert was still the master of 100,000 valiant troops; and with these he had resolved to strike another blow for the independence of Italy. It was a rash, but by no means a hopeless enterprise; for Venice yet held out, and the whole population of Northern Italy was still burning to shake off the Austrian yoke, which galled the more severely after its temporary removal, and its unlooked-for return. Radetzky, indeed, was now at Milan, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army; and, with the undisturbed possession of the German passes, he could obtain from the heart of the empire whatever supplies he might require. Regardless, however, of the now comparatively secure position of his adversary, the King of Sardinia once more pushed forward to the frontiers of Lombardy with the whole of his available force.

We have before us two narratives of the short but decisive campaign of March, 1849. The one is written in the Austrian interest, by F. W. Hacklander, a literary volunteer, who accompanied Radetzky on his victorious expedition. It consists of a series of letters addressed from day to day to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The other is from the pen of an officer attached to the head quarters of Charles Albert, and first appeared as an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.* Both narratives are written by warm partizans, and both are interesting, from the light which they throw on the private conduct of their respective heroes. The correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* adores the victorious Austrian general; and the writer in the able French periodical we have named, regards Charles Albert in the light of a royal martyr in the cause of Italian freedom. We confess that although the character and habits of the aged Austrian chief, as detailed by Mr. Hacklander, are full of interest, all our sympathies are with the unfortunate monarch of Sardinia during this fatal campaign. Aware, apparently, of his own deficiency as a general, he had appointed a Polish adventurer to the chief command of his army, a step of very doubtful propriety in a war, the character of which was so essentially national. We shall not enter upon a detail of the military movements of the Piedmontese army in their advance upon Novara; but we cannot resist quoting the following passage, descriptive of the bivouac of Charles Albert on the night before his last battle with the Austrians:—

"Satisfied with the results of this first day of the campaign, he declared that he would bivouac in the middle of the brigade of Savoy. Conceive a field of battle strewed with dead, lighted by the conflagration of a large farm, a hillock on which the regiment had established itself, their muskets piled and glittering with the light from the burning buildings and that of the watchfires. On the dryest spot, on a couch formed of two sacks, lies the king, wrapped in a blanket, and with a knapsack for a pillow. Around him, in deep silence and on the earth, lie his aide-de-camps, some asleep, others kept awake by anxiety, for all have sons or other relations in the ranks engaged. At the head of the king are standing, like statues, two footmen in the royal red livery. The countenance of the sovereign, usually pale, is now all but livid, his mouth is in a state of constant contraction, and conveys a convulsive movement to his thick moustache; while his left hand, put in motion by thoughts which slumber cannot quell, is extended at times towards the hostile camp, tracing in the air incomprehensible signals of command, or seeming to conjure up invisible phantoms. This scene will never be effaced from my recollection. * * * * Several sentinels, leaning on the barrels of their muskets, contemplated with curiosity and surprise their slumbering master, while one of the orderly officers from time to time replaced on his chest the covering which, in his disturbed dreams, he every moment flung off."—"The Soldier on Active Service," p. 196.

At Novara the contending parties were nearly matched, numbering upon either side about fifty thousand men. The combat was long and obstinate, but Austrian discipline at length prevailed. Throughout the day Charles Albert, with his two sons, shared all the dangers of the field. The Duke of Genoa had three horses killed under him; and several of the royal staff fell close to the person of the king. It was not until the battle was irretrievably lost that he retired with reluctance, and still within range of the enemy's guns, upon Novara. At the gates of the town he was met by the anonymous writer whom we have last quoted. He describes him as "grave, depressed, but impassive, often halting like a lion before the hunters to face his adversaries." "The King," he continues, "near the entrance of the town, observed me. 'What news?' he asked. 'Bad, sire.' At this moment a cannon-shot struck down several soldiers of the royal escort. The horses plunged, the squadron broke its ranks. A few moments later, I again found myself near the King. 'At least,' said he, 'the honour of the army is safe;' and afterwards, '*Death has refused to take me.*'"

In the evening he called around him his chief attendants and his sons. In language at once manly and touching, he communicated to them his final resolution. He told them that he had risked all for the cause of Italy. He confessed that he had failed. He added, that his person was now the sole obstacle to a peace which he knew to be necessary, but which he could not consent to sign. Having thus briefly explained his sentiments, he formally abdicated his crown in favour of the Duke of Savoy. The broken-hearted monarch then took an affectionate farewell of every one present, and departed alone in his travelling carriage, without a single attendant. Not one of his officers was permitted to share the solitude of that melancholy journey, nor was any one aware of his intended destination. In a few short months he had found, in his voluntary exile, that death which he had sought in vain on the banks of the Ticino.

Thus perished the hero of the Italian revolutions. His enemies have loudly charged him with ambition; they say that the iron crown of Lombardy was the real object of his aspirations. Be it so. It was a generous ambition which sought to

* "Scenes from the Life of a Soldier on Active Service." London: John Murray. 1850.

Digitized by Google

wrest that precious prize from the clutches of the Austrian eagle; it was a gallant heart that risked all in the cause of Italian nationality. We are not prepared to claim for Charles Albert the character of a patriot whose motives were of the loftiest and purest kind, but we believe that the unprejudiced historian will be more disposed to applaud than to condemn his spirited attempt to rescue his country from the degradation of a justly-hated foreign rule. We believe that, in the general estimation of enlightened Europe, he has amply redeemed, by his efforts and his sacrifices in the popular cause during the close of his life, the grave political errors of his earlier years.

With the second defeat of the Sardinian army, the cause of Italy was virtually lost. But the spirit of the people was still unsubdued. Even after this event, the citizens of Brescia, although threatened by victorious Austrian armies upon every side, rose and expelled the garrison which occupied their citadel. Haynau, whose name will henceforth occupy an infamous notoriety in the annals of this age, was employed with a large force to reduce the revolted city; and in the military executions which followed its surrender, he exhibited ample proofs of that unrelenting spirit which was soon to find a wider field for its display. After the fall of Brescia came that of Rome—a crowning lesson, if one were wanting, to teach Italian patriotism, in all time coming, the value of the sympathies of France. The Sicilians, too, after a long but ineffectual struggle, lay helpless at the feet of their perjured tyrant. On the south of the Alps, throughout the summer of 1849, the cause of human freedom was maintained alone by Venice, and nobly did she uphold her ancient fame. The Austrians employed against her all the most barbarous contrivances of modern war. They plied the most combustible portions of the city with red-hot shot; they filled the air with fire-balloons, grenades being attached to each, intended to explode in the crowded streets. Nor did they confine themselves to open warfare. Attempts were deliberately made to corrupt the garrison, as the following incident, related by General Pepe, will clearly show. It appears to have occurred during the month of April, 1849.

"A little time previous to this period, and before the enemy's troops and artillery had been so greatly increased round the lagoon, the Austrian generals had employed means, hitherto not used in war, to obtain the surrender of the coveted lagoon. They sent a lady belonging to a noble family of Lombardy to Venice, with the ostensible charge of persuading the members of the government that the impossibility, in which they were placed, of continuing a long resistance was such, that a speedy surrender would be most advisable. But the lady had also a secret commission, which was to corrupt as many of the officers as possible, and to bring them over to favour the Austrians. The committee of public safety did not lose sight of this lady, so that she was unable to communicate with any one. They took from her a letter of recommendation she had received for a young man in Venice, to whom she was not known, and presented her to another, chosen by the committee itself, making her believe that he was the person to whom the letter was directed. The young man played his part so well that he removed all suspicion from the lady's mind. She ended by being really enamoured. All her secrets were told and reported to the commission."—Vol. ii., p. 115.

Fraud and force thus proved equally unavailing; and throughout the summer of 1849, Venice maintained, single-handed, her independence against all the efforts of her besiegers. But hunger and pestilence at length accomplished that which Austrian gold and Austrian steel had both failed to effect. Towards the middle of August the supply of bread in the city became exhausted; while, at the same time, the cholera was daily sweeping off 200 victims in a population of little more than 200,000. The ammunition, too, was nearly all expended; but even under these desperate circumstances, without hope, and without an ally in the world, the Venetians never seemed to have entertained the notion of an unconditional surrender. Aware, however, that the heroic resistance of the Ocean city had awakened the lively sympathies of Europe, the Imperial authorities probably felt that some consideration was due to the opinions of the age. After a brief correspondence with the Provisional Government, terms of a capitulation, highly honourable to the besieged, were offered and accepted. The last act of the revolutionary drama had now closed, and the cause of despotism was once more supreme throughout the entire peninsula. Her sacrifices, her struggles, and her triumphs, had all been vain; and we are almost tempted to exclaim, in the despairing language of her patriot poet, that Italy is doomed

"Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta."

The value of General Pepe's narrative consists chiefly in the mass of original documents and correspondence which it contains. Various portions of the work, relating to transactions in which he took no part, have been furnished by contributors of known reputation from different parts of Italy. The chapters devoted to the Sicilian insurrection, to the "five days" of Milan, to the defence of Rome, and to the rising of Brescia, are all written by eye-witnesses or actors in these stirring scenes. The episodes thus introduced, although they interrupt the current of the General's personal narrative, render his work much more attractive than if it had contained only the results of his own experience and observation.

Throughout these volumes an earnest and just desire is exhibited by their author to vindicate the character of his countrymen from the insolent charge, that they are unfit for the enjoyment of political liberty. Such has been the tyrant's plea in every age; and, with regard to Italy, it has been repeated so often, and so long, as to have been received as an axiom by many a sincere, but short-sighted, supporter of the popular cause. We need not dwell on the absurdity of casting so foul an imputation upon a people who first afforded to the world a hundred examples of the unspeakable advantages of self-government. To what did the numerous flourishing communities of Lombardy and Tuscany, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, owe their existence but to the free and unfettered exercise of the popular energies? Whence did Milan, and Pavia, and Florence, and Sienna derive their wealth and power but from the industry, and the valour, and the talents of their citizens? But it is said that

Digitized by Google

the Italians who chastised the ambition of the German emperors, and who afterwards gave civilization to Europe, no longer exist. It is said that their degenerate sons must bend their necks in tame submission to their foreign masters. Three years ago such sentiments would have found a ready echo in every capital in Europe. Who would then have ventured to predict the wonderful successes which attended the first struggles of this calumniated people? Who could have predicted that undisciplined multitudes would have triumphed over veteran armies, and that in the hour of victory the former should have displayed a moderation and a unity of purpose never surpassed in any struggle of a similar kind? There never was, we will venture to assert, a more truly national movement than the late revolt of Lombardy. There never was one in which all ranks and classes of the people so cordially joined to attain a common object. And yet we must be told that the men who liberated Milan, and who defended Venice, are unworthy of their freedom; nay, more, that they do not desire to obtain it.

One of the authors whom we have cited, the correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, informs us of the latter startling fact. But he furnishes us himself with a striking contradiction of his own assertion. While describing, with appropriate pomp of phrase, the triumphal entry of Radetzky into Milan, after his last decisive victory of Novara, he informs us that not a sound of welcome greeted the ears of the venerable warrior. Column after column of the Imperial battalions defiled along the Corso; but the citizens, who thronged the streets and windows, eyed their conquerors in solemn silence. But for an occasional hurrah from the Croat soldiery, it might have been a funeral procession. When such significant incidents are related to us by an avowed partizan of the paternal despotism, we are naturally inclined to ask what guarantee there exists for the future tranquillity of Italy. We can safely answer, None, except in the undiminished strength and vigilance of her oppressors.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

REFLECTIONS AFTER READING THE REPORT OF A PROTECTIONIST MEETING.

'Twas a dream, but dream so plain
Seldom comes to sleeping brain;
Yet if dream it were, or sweven,
Haply it might be of Heaven.
Listen, friend, short tarry make;
Dreams may profit, though we wake.

'Twas a visioned house of prayer,
Rich and poor were gathered there,
And methought my stool I drew,
'Twixt oaken bench and cushioned pew.
On my right there was a man
Seemed a needy artisan,
Worn as though he toiled and watched,
Clean his Sunday clothes, though patched;
And a child with flaxen pate
Nestled to him as he sate.
When we rose, and music pealed,
Down the man a finger held
(All her baby hand could clasp),
Low enough to meet her grasp.
And methought, when prayer began,
I had power his soul to scan.
Stripped of all disguise and art,
In the chamber of his heart
Listened God and I alone
To his secret orison.

"Pardon me, for I have erred
Much in bitter thought and word,
When I knew my scanty meal
Scanted more for rich men's weal.
As I hungered, day by day,
Brutalised to beast of prey;
While with helpless wrath I burned,
Thou the rulers' hearts had'st turned.
Thou had'st stamped thy godlike Must
On the law thou knewest just.
Though my taskmaster be stern,
Though but little wage I earn,
Free I barter toil for bread,
And my little ones are fed.
Me and mine thy hand hath raised,
Merciful, thy name be praised.
Father, if it be thy will,
Hopeful let me labour still.
Father, let my spirit be
Still at peace with men and thee."

Thus he did in heart rejoice,
When there rang a mighty voice,
Clear, but deep as minster bell;
Whence it came I might not tell—
If beneath the earth it were,
If it came from middle air,

Digitized by Google

If it were the organ's tone;
But it thrilled me to the bone.

"Wellbelov'd, what bring you there?"

"Father, 'tis a poor man's prayer."

"Son, it shall not be denied.
Ever he, his house beside,
Nightly at their humble board
Ate the Supper of the Lord.
Gall nor guile was theirs, nor pride,
Every crumb was sanctified.
Altar there was none, nor priest;
God himself stood by and blessed.
Son, be all his sins forgiven;
Such as he are heirs of Heaven."

Ceased the voice. There was a lull,
But my heart was very full;
And the tears, like summer rain,
Fell upon my breast amain.
Yea, my spirits, as they ran,
Prayed and blessed both God and man.

Soon, as all around me knelt,
Once again the power I felt
Heart and inmost soul to scan
Of the proud and wealthy man,
Who his dignity did mew
Safe in gilt and cushioned pew.
Only God and I alone
Heard his secret orison.

"Oh that I of each broad field
Higher still might price the yield!
Deadly Famine to the rest
Were to me a welcome guest.
Then would men, half ground to dust,
Barter all things for a crust.
Standing at my garner door,
I were rich if they were poor.
Wealth, the toil of many men,
Wealth to me were certain then."

When that wicked prayer was o'er,
Rang the voice that rang before,
Clear, but deep as minster bell;
Whence it came I might not tell—
If beneath the earth it were,
If it came from middle air,
If it were the organ's tone;
But it thrilled me to the bone.

"Wellbelov'd, what bring you there?"

"Father, 'tis a rich man's prayer.
Father, lo! he prays for pelf,
Out, alas! he worships Self."

"Earth and earthy, hard and cold,
Son, he is not of your fold.
He would see his brethren pine;
Son, he loves not me or mine.
WHO ON OTHER'S WOES WOULD THRIVE,
SHALL NOT SAVE HIS SOUL ALIVE."

For awhile I stood aghast,
When that dreadful voice was past.
Fain, but that my tongue was stayed,
I that poor rich man had prayed
God would turn to good from bad,
And my heart was very sad.

Digitized by Google

REVOLUTIONARY REVELATIONS.

(*Continued from page 305.*)

The reader might perhaps have been led to suppose that there existed some bitter personal feud between the revolutionary heroes whose career we have been tracing. And there seems some reason for forming such a supposition. As has been before mentioned, Chenu and De la Hodde gave evidence before the Commission of Inquiry, in which the conduct of Caussidiere, with reference to the insurrection in June, was seriously inculpated. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the latter published his memoirs, in which he endeavoured to set up his character, not only as a pure patriot, but also as a model Prefect of Police, that he should do all in his power to damage the reputation of two of the principal witnesses against him. It would not have been much to be wondered at either, if the parties so attacked had at once flown to arms; that is to say, had seized their pens, and, without loss of time, had vindicated themselves from the slanders that were flung at them by the natural, if not very logical, method of flinging back slanders upon their adversary. But instead of taking the field immediately, they allowed many months to pass by without taking the slightest notice of the ex-Prefect's work, which, in the bustle and shock of daily events, had all but passed into oblivion. So that when their answers at last appeared, in the early part of this year, it became tolerably manifest that they were put forward less with a view of defending their own character than for the purpose of exposing the Democratic-Social Republicans, in the hopes of thereby influencing the approaching elections. The pamphlets of Chenu and De la Hodde may, in fact, be looked upon very much in the light of election squibs. Only as our neighbours are more inflammatory and more in earnest than ourselves, it seems they resort to Congreve rockets on such occasions. With what success the manœuvre has been attended may be shown by the elections of De Flotte and Eugene Sue as representatives.

De la Hodde's work is principally devoted to a description of the throes and struggles which preceded the "Birth of the Republic." His capabilities for furnishing such information are what George Robins used to term "undeniable." He says of himself, that from eighteen to twenty-five years of age he had been "what is called a patriot; that is to say, disposed to overturn every existing government." We purpose to lay before the reader, in a very condensed form, his account of the secret and Republican societies of Paris.

After the insurrection in May, 1839, a secret society, called *The Society of the Seasons*, and to which belonged Barbes, Blanqui, and Martin Bernard, was broken up for a time, but was soon re-formed from the fragments, two of the editors of the *Journal du Peuple* assisting in its recomposition. A bankrupt bookseller, of the name of Dourille, afterwards joined them. He is described as infatuated with the traditions of '93, and always dreaming of a popular dictatorship. This society was chiefly formed from the lowest and most dissipated of the working-classes. De la Hodde, who was at that time, as we should say, "on the *Charivari*," was one of the chiefs. That paper owed much of its success to a careful abstinence from all attacks upon the Legitimist party, who, in return, patronised it to a great extent. The society remained in this state till 1842, when it was joined by Flocon, the editor of the newly-established paper, the *Réforme*. Various changes took place from time to time in the committee; and in 1846 the direction was vested in De la Hodde, Boivin, and our friend Albert—*Ouvrier*. About the same time Caussidiere joined the society. De la Hodde says the latter did not bring much force to the association, though his name was already up in the democratic market as a very determined agitator; but he voted for his admission from the wish to have under his hand every one who enjoyed anything of a revolutionary reputation. Caussidiere appears, too, to have been very popular among the "Bacchanal patriots" (*le groupe des patriotes bachiques*).

The original society seems to have been well organised, by divisions and sub-divisions; but at present there were too many leaders, and too little discipline. Albert and De la Hodde were in frequent communication with these leaders; and the latter often harangued the members of the different sections. He says that his addresses never contained any fiery provocations, as has been supposed, but, on the contrary, he always concluded with urgent exhortations to moderation and patience. The lamented, but now almost forgotten, Henry Hunt, always did the same.

Depots of arms and ammunition had been prohibited, as calculated to compromise the parties; and, altogether, these societies seem to have been very innocuous for a considerable period.

The new committee did their best to elaborate a new plan of organisation. Albert, the most conscientious of the party, brought all his zeal to bear upon the work; but his ostensible *collaborateur*, De la Hodde, took care to undermine all his labours. Caussidiere, though he states in his memoirs that at the time of his accession to the association it received an immense impulse of development, is said to have possessed very little influence. He is described as being very fond of conspiracy, but more so of a good supper. He played a very mediocre part in the society, being overtopped by Albert, and counterbalanced by De la Hodde. And having undertaken the office of travelling agent for the *Réforme*, to solicit subscriptions and distribute shares, he was necessarily absent a good deal from Paris.

Digitized by Google

The society in question was the principal one, and numbered about six hundred members. Two others, which have attracted some attention, were founded, in 1840, upon the principles of Communism. The first of these was founded by M. Cabet, of Icarian infamy. This society had branches at Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, and the other manufacturing towns. Just before February, 1847, many of the dupes had recovered their senses, and the sect was falling very much into disrepute and oblivion. That month gave it new life and vigour.

The second Communist society was headed by men who are not quite so notorious—Desamy, Charassin, May, &c. The last-mentioned is dead. De la Hodde paints the moral character of the first by the fact of his once having boasted that, as soon as the Revolution was accomplished, his first care would be to go to Rothschild's bank and fill his pockets.

Charassin, associated with Savary, and some other Communists, put forth the programme of a new journal, entitled the *Humanitaire*, which was to be materialist in principles, and to insist upon the abolition of family and of marriage. The Abbé de Lamennais is reported to have said that those who promulgated such doctrines were not men but *animals*, that they would have not children but *young*. The Abbé has since gone to herd among these animals and their young.

The Icarian and Humanitarian schools, being rivals in philanthropy, soon fell into deadly enmity with each other. The latter recruited their ranks largely from the *New Seasons*, as the society formed out of the relics of the old one was termed. They did not, however, adopt any very active measures; their most important one being a plan for a general execution (*la formation de la grève générale*), in 1840; "a formidable avalanche," says De la Hodde, "which remained suspended over Paris for a week."

The Humanitarian Society, with a M. Rozier at its head, was styled *The Communist Revolutionary Society;* but it never counted more than from 150 to 200 members. This M. Rozier, though a little man, had a large soul, and declared upon one occasion, that if his comrades would not seize an occasion of fighting, he would fight alone. He was as good as his word. His friends, well acquainted with his rashness, endeavoured to lay him under a little wholesome restraint; but he managed to escape from them, and fired a pistol in the middle of a body of *sergeants de ville*. He was arrested and thrown into prison; and his shot put an end to the existence of the society.

About 1846 a branch of this society carried the principles of Communism into actual practice. They testified how thoroughly they disapproved of all fictitious notions relating to property, by appropriating to themselves everything they could conveniently lay their hands on. Some of them were arrested and tried, and, notwithstanding they defended themselves by the enunciation of the purest Socialist doctrines, they were found guilty as common thieves, and punished accordingly.

About this time a division took place in the *Seasons*. Some of the more impetuous of the members, including Chenu, weary of inaction, accused the committee of lukewarmness, and called them sluggards. A party of separatists was thus formed, who were most eager for open war with the monarchy. Albert, himself a Communist, was desirous of joining them and giving the signal for insurrection. But they were well watched, and their plans were all frustrated by the numerous police-agents who were enrolled among the members. De la Hodde seems to have taken the special mission of countermining all the schemes of Albert. Chenu, one of the lieutenants of the latter, had, in the mysterious language of De la Hodde, returned to the fold (*était revenu au bercail*), and assisted in inducing his comrades to listen to reason; and the project was abandoned.

This was in 1847. In the same year the accidental discovery of the manufacture of a large quantity of bomb-shells, in which Chenu was said to be implicated, seemed to have all but annihilated the society. At the commencement of the next year there remained nothing but a few fragmentary sections, scattered about in various parts of Paris.

The celebrated M. Proudhon, on the occasion of a law being passed to put down political associations, exclaimed, "If you hinder public meetings we will conspire." De la Hodde says, "The illustrious orator was probably ignorant, that when a club was transformed into a secret society, a fourth part would not remain in existence at the end of six months; and of that fourth part a third would be constituted by agents of the police."

He sums up the number of these conspirators at a very low figure. The society of the *New Seasons* counted about six hundred members, badly disciplined; the Communists and Separatists five hundred, without any organisation; the Icarians, who professed only pacific intentions, four hundred; making altogether a total of about one thousand five hundred in the different secret societies.

"A powerful monarchy," he says, "which could have been overcome by so small and insignificant a body of men would have been worthy of profound contempt and of eternal oblivion. But such a degradation does not exist. The monarchy has not been defeated; it has defeated itself. It is generally said, the Revolution is a surprise; it is more than that, it is a swindle."

It is not to be forgotten that this is the testimony of one who is writing with the set purpose of damaging the Revolution in the eyes of the people of France. It may be as well, therefore, to compare his opinion with that of the revolutionary Caussidiere, and examine if there is any substantial difference between them. The latter is describing the events of the 23rd of February, and we are tempted to make rather a longer extract than would be strictly necessary for the object of our illustration, in order to lay before the reader the following very graphic account:—

"There was a great and universal joy in Paris at the news of the dismissal of M. Guizot; and the dynastic opposition doubtlessly congratulated themselves at having attained their ends without having

Digitized by Google

compromised themselves at the Palace. Would it be possible not to recognise their obedience and their retreat in the moment of danger? M. Barrot and his friends were now, by this lucky chance, upon the list of possibilities; and France was about to pass under their government, and that of M. Thiers, their chief, the late colleague of M. Guizot, the late faithful servant of Louis Philippe.

"The Republicans alone were dissatisfied with the sad result of this generous and patriotic agitation. Far from accepting the simple retreat of a corrupt minister, to be replaced by servile Royalists, the Republican party did not renounce the pursuit of the contest with monarchy. They retained their arms and their hopes.

"But, alas! in the intoxication of this triumph over a detested Ministry, Paris forgot its other griefs against the Court and existing institutions. The National Guard put flowers in the muzzles of their guns in the place of bayonets; the population crowded, as on a festival, in the illuminated streets; and Louis Philippe, no doubt, consoled himself with having only changed his accomplices.

"All of a sudden, the joyful and brilliant city trembled at the noise of a discharge of musketry. It was the massacre at the Boulevard of the Capucins. Men, women, and children assassinated by the soldiery—no one knew why or wherefore; the ground covered with dead and wounded. The latter were taken to the neighbouring surgeons. The dead bodies were placed in two carts, which were drawn by the multitude to the faubourgs, with funereal lamentations. This blood at once extinguished the joyful lights. Paris, no longer illumined, became gloomy and fatal.

"*Chance had given rise to the Revolution.*"

To return to De la Hodde. Having, as he thinks, satisfactorily shown that the secret societies had little or no influence in bringing about the Revolution, he next proceeds to demolish another article of the popular faith—that the journal, the *Réforme*, greatly assisted in causing that auspicious event. It would not be very interesting to the English reader to follow him through the history of the fortunes of this journal, from its first foundation by M. Grandmesnil, under the name of the *Parlement*. It is certain, however, that most of the distinguished men, for distinguished they have managed to make themselves, who figured in the "days of February" were, at one time or another, connected with it. It will be sufficient to mention the names of Flocon, Baune, Louis Blanc, and Caussidiere. Ledru Rollin assisted the concern with funds.

We pass over the quarrels with the *National* "Two of a trade—," but the proverb is somewhat musty. The secret societies, and the *Réforme* also, did not hit their horses well together. The "men of action" voted the gentlemen of the press rather slow. The latter appear to have considered, that though a little agitation was not a dangerous thing, anything approaching to an outbreak would seriously compromise them, and diminish the number of their subscriptions. They nevertheless managed, in order not entirely to lose caste, to get into a little scrape with the Government, which led to a prosecution and condemnation.

On the 20th of February, two days before the prohibited banquet (our neighbours are still too polished to call things by their proper names), a meeting of the persons connected with the paper was convened on the next evening, for the express purpose of considering what was to be done under the grave circumstances in which the editors found themselves by reason of their condemnation. The meeting was held, and there was a proper proportion of speechifying. Flocon was in the chair. Ledru Rollin came late, rather, as it seemed, to satisfy his conscience; for he gave it as his opinion that the state of affairs did not require such serious consideration. The affair was getting flat when the market experienced a sudden impulse from the appearance of no less a personage than a peer of France—M. D'Althon-Shee. He had come hot from a meeting of Deputies of the Left, the greater part of whom had fairly quailed before the Government proclamation, forbidding the Reform dinner. The young peer, and six or seven others, were shocked at this dastardly desertion of principle; and he rushed to the bureau of the *Réforme* to see, like a true Gallic cock, what pearls he could pick up on that dunghill.

The face of affairs was now changed. The assembly became animated. A decided stand was to be made against the Government, and the apostate Deputies were to be covered with shame. M. Lagrange supported the motion in a powerful speech, as our newspapers are in the habit of saying when want of room compels them to omit the speech itself. The Republican lion was roused.

Louis Blanc took up the wondrous tale, and delivered the following short but pithy oration, which De la Hodde vouches is literally given, as it was taken down in short-hand:—

"After the Deputies have agitated the country to its very entrails, they recoil! The blood swells in my heart; and if I listened only to my indignation, I should say, in the presence of such an act of felony, Let us raise the war-cry, and march! But humanity restrains me. I ask myself if we have any right to dispose of the generous blood of the people without any profit to Democracy? If the people go down into the streets to-morrow, abandoned by the men who have urged them on, they will be infallibly crushed, and Democracy will be drowned in blood. Such would be the result to-morrow. And do not deceive yourselves. The National Guard, who have dragged their uniforms from banquet to banquet, will join the army to sweep us from the earth. Decide upon insurrection if you will; but if you adopt this decision, I will return home to put myself in deep mourning, and weep over the ruin of Democracy."

This speech had a great effect. The majority began to incline to the better part of valour. Mention was made of the necessity of cautioning the people to restrain themselves. De la Hodde, wishing to ascertain the genuine opinions of the leaders, observed that the inhabitants of the faubourgs had counted upon the manifestation of the next day, and would certainly not be absent.

Digitized by Google

Besides, there was no time to advertise them of the change of tactics; so that, anyhow, it was necessary to be prepared for an explosion. Caussidiere was of the same opinion. He declared that he had been patrolling the whole evening in the populous quarters (which, De la Hodde says, was a pure fib, as he had never left the *café Sainte Agnes*), and that the whole population was prepared to go down into the streets. It was necessary, therefore, to take measures in order not to be surprised by events.

Warlike aspirations again rose in the ascendant, and it appeared probable that Louis Blanc would, after all, be driven to put himself into mourning, when Ledru Rollin addressed the meeting as follows:—

"In the first Revolution, when our fathers made a day of it (*faisaient une journée*),* they had prepared for it a long time in advance; but are we in that condition? Have we arms or ammunition, or even organization? The Government holds itself in readiness; the troops wait but for a signal to crush us. My opinion is, that to engage in a struggle in our present condition would be an act of madness."

Ledru Rollin, according to De la Hodde, was in the right; and if the statement of the latter is to be depended upon, there can be no doubt on the question. He says, that the *National* had only 4,000 subscribers, of whom there were not more than 1,000 in the capital and the environs. From this number were to be deducted 400 public establishments where the paper was taken in without any participation in its opinions. This would leave 600 actual subscribers, who might be supposed to favour the Republican principles which that paper advocated; and the whole number of Republicans of that shade in Paris, including these subscribers, he puts down at 1,500. The *Réforme* announced but 2,000 subscribers, of whom not more than 300 were in Paris; but the adherents of this Mountain organ might be reckoned at 2,000, exclusive of the secret societies. These, as before shown, contained about 1,500 men; so that the whole Republican party in the metropolis did not muster more than 5,000 men. He calculates that there were not above 15,000 in the departments, making a total of 20,000 men.

Supposing this to be the true state of things before the Revolution, that event must have produced a wonderful change, if, as is often asserted and generally believed, the great bulk of the people are now in favour of Republican institutions. M. Miot, indeed, impeaches the accuracy of De la Hodde's numerical statement, in respect both of the members of the secret societies and of the subscribers of the two Republican journals, and says that he has greatly underrated them.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that the Republican party were not prepared for a struggle on the eve of the Revolution. Ledru Rollin's warning carried conviction to the meeting. It was decided that the party should abstain from any attempt at a manifestation the next day, and each member was requested to advise his friends and adherents of their decision with the least possible delay. In the columns of the *Réforme*, next morning, appeared a paraphrase of Ledru Rollin's speech. M. Flocon, the editor, earnestly exhorted all good citizens to remain at home, as the Government was only seeking an opportunity to exterminate the Republican party.

The exhortation from the leaders of the people was not very effective. At noon there were 20,000 blouses upon the Place de la Concorde.

We do not propose to follow the march of events that have acquired historical notoriety, we shall confine ourselves to matters that are less known, it being always understood that their truth depends upon the accuracy of the narrator.

Even when affairs had assumed a rather serious aspect, De la Hodde states that both Caussidiere and Albert expressed an opinion that they would lead to no important result—that there would be nothing but *une belle manifestation*. Meanwhile, the populace were preparing themselves for anything that might turn up. They built up barricades. They took arms upon the most approved method, by plundering the gunsmiths' shops. Still, as neither party seemed willing to strike the first blow, the affair might have gone off quietly, especially after the resignation of the "Man of Ghent," but for the disastrous collision at the Capucins, already alluded to.

As this transaction has never been thoroughly cleared up, we shall give De la Hodde's account of it.

While the Republican journals were doing all in their power to excite the people to open insurrection, M. Sobrier was determined to take the initiative upon his own responsibility. He had no sympathy with either of the parties connected with the two Republican journals. He looked upon the men of the *Réforme* as a body of speculators (*exploiteurs*), upon those of the *National* as a set of traitors. Naturally of a nervous and hypochondriacal temperament, he relieved his bile by a discharge of bitter and nauseous abuse. As a politician, he was for guillotining everybody; as a Socialist, for destroying everything. *Bon homme au reste*, he was perhaps to be pitied as a madman, whose monomania had taken the turn of patriotism. De la Hodde suggests that his case did not so much call for the application of the penal code as for that of *douche-battes*.

During the days of February, he appears to have been in a state of *exaltation*, amounting to frenzy. Towards the evening of the 23rd, he assisted a Revolutionary council of the leaders of the *Seasons* in preparing proclamations to the people and the army. When this work was finished, he sallied

* We beg the reader to understand, that in adopting a perfectly literal translation upon this and some other occasions, we are not driven to do so by the poverty of our language, or our own inability to present the French expression "done into English" of a corresponding meaning. But we think such instances afford curious illustration of the genius of the two languages, and thereby of the characteristics of the two nations. With hard-working and hard-worked John Bull, "to make a day of it" generally means to have a day's pleasure. With our excitement-loving neighbours, with whom pleasure seems a matter of every-day business, the phrase appears to typify a day's hard fighting. To a Parisian, a regular turn-out with the military has the same charms that Donnybrook-fair presents to an Irishman. Is this owing to the Celtic blood?

Digitized by Google

forth, with pistols in his girdle, to try the effect of his eloquence, in case these proclamations should fail. Preceded by a band of *gamins*, bearing torches, and accompanied by a considerable body of ragamuffins of every description, he marched from barricade to barricade, haranguing the people at every station, but was not always received with perfect respect.

Tired out at length, and having nearly lost his temper, and his voice entirely, about 10 o'clock he sought rest and refreshment in a *cabaret*. Some of his immediate adherents followed him. The mob, deprived of their leaders, broke up into different parties, and dispersed in various directions. One group went towards the Madeleine, increasing as they went along to a considerable multitude. They stopped before the office of the *National*, and joined another body, who were listening to an orator. When he had finished his oration, a man from among the crowd cried out, "Forward, my friends!"

"The crowd followed in the steps of this man," says De la Hodde; "but previous to leaving the spot, several persons perceived two carriers' carts (*tombereaux de messageries*) standing near, the presence of which, at that hour, gave rise to some remarks. It was far from being suspected for what a melancholy use they were destined. The multitude went along the Boulevard in the midst of joyous songs, and lighted by torches. The lamps were shedding their last glimmer from the few houses that had been illuminated on the Boulevard. The crowd arrived before the Hotel des Capucins, where they found their passage barred by a battalion of the 14th regiment of the line. The songs had ceased. They were replaced by cries of, 'Down with Guizot!' 'Down with the man of Ghent!' The soldiers remained on the defensive, and did not stir. By degrees the mob pressed upon them, and seemed desirous to force their ranks. They were lowering their bayonets for the purpose of resistance, when the unknown individual, who had led the multitude, engaged in a short colloquy with an officer, then suddenly drawing a pistol, he discharged it in the midst of the battalion.

"Who was this wretch? M. Lagrange has been accused: and it is notorious that this Mountaineer passed for mad for some days following; and his condition was attributed to the shock his mind had received from this fearful affair. Whoever it was, the man fell down at the feet of the soldiers, either to escape the bullets or because he was struck; and nothing remained to tell of him but the memory of his crime.

"Opposed to a considerable multitude, who, after using insults, had now recourse to arms, the soldiers believed themselves seriously menaced; the more impatient fired without orders, others believed the word had been given, and the *fusillade* became general.

"However great may have been the precipitation of the soldiery, it is at least capable of explanation; but what excuse can be offered for the promoter of this confusion? The man who gave a signal, the consequence of which could not fail to be a butchery did he act, like the soldiers, under a momentary impulse? did he involuntarily commit this act of monstrous imprudence? No one will believe it. There was a plot to stamp the brow of power with a horrible stain of blood, and the plotters drew this blood from the hearts of the people! That is the truth.

"And the ends but too well answered to the means. In less than an hour the fearful news had run through Paris, and spread abroad stupor and indignation. The calmest had a curse for that power which, as they fancied, sought to gain strength in a bath of blood. The popular execration fell especially upon M. Guizot, for whose safety this holocaust appeared to have been offered.

"The *National*, in recounting the catastrophe, employs a strange expression, and one which proves an extraordinary confusion of ideas. Did it hear the cries of blood already gnashing out curses against it? 'Soon afterwards,' it says, 'we saw *return* to the *National* a cart carrying the dead bodies.' Return! the word is there; in the *National* of the 24th. It is no longer possible to deny the presence of the carts at the office of the *National* before the affair. For what purpose were they there? Let public justice answer!"

Is it possible that the accidental use of this word "return," upon which De la Hodde lays such stress, is the foundation upon which has been built the fact, that the carts were seen at the *National* office before the troops fired? The fact itself is positively denied by Miot, who says he made one of the demonstration, and declares there was no cart of any kind in the neighbourhood of the office at the time when the crowd passed it, on the road to the Boulevard des Capucins.

He also gives a totally different version of the origin of that unhappy massacre, which he states he had from an anonymous sergeant of the 14th regiment of the line, who related it to him in the presence of three equally anonymous witnesses.

"The manifestation arrived, having some blackguard boys at its head, who were carrying torches of resin. We were ordered to 'charge bayonets,'* in order to prevent the crowd from passing; for it was feared they might attempt to force the door of the Hotel des Capucins. One of the boys approached a soldier, who was only two steps off from me, and mockingly presented his torch under his nose. The soldier endeavoured, with his bayonet, fixed to the end of his musket, to push aside the torch, which threatened to burn his face. The boy, instead of giving way, pressed more closely on my comrade, who, becoming impatient, pulled the trigger of his musket; it went off. This was the only shot that was heard; but two seconds afterwards, several soldiers in the first rank, without any orders given, fired upon the crowd. They had imagined that the isolated shot, to which they

* *Croiser la baionette.* This term is translated in some dictionaries *to cross bayonets*, which, we believe, is stark nonsense. In others it is explained *to fix bayonets;* but this, we apprehend, is incorrect. We understand the meaning of the term is, to lower the musket with the bayonet fixed, so as to bring it at right angles with the person holding it. The word of command for this manœuvre is, "charge bayonets," in English: "charge" being the further word of command for the regiment to move forward.

Digitized by Google

answered, had proceeded from the ranks of the people. Firing by platoons immediately followed. It was owing to such a misunderstanding, or rather to such a fatality, as this, that the massacre at the Capucins took place."

The future historian will, perhaps, be somewhat puzzled by these discordant accounts. Which he shall select may possibly depend upon whether he writes in the Royalist or the Republican sense.

We are unwilling to pause upon the events that followed this terrible catastrophe—for a catastrophe it was in the strictest sense of the term—but we cannot refrain from giving De la Hodde's account of the still more cruel slaughter at the Chateau d'Eau, where a small band of soldiers on duty, together with the Municipal Guard, had shut themselves up, and defended themselves gallantly from the attack of the mob and the National Guard. De la Hodde states he was present at the scene, though he took no part in it.

"As the resistance of the soldiers continued," says he, "an insurgent conceived a horrible idea: 'We must broil them,' he cried; 'fetch some trusses of hay, and set fire to the building.'

"It was done accordingly; the most generous people in the universe proceeded to collect combustible materials, and made it their duty to roast to death the besieged, the brave soldiers, who alone in that gloomy day had maintained the honour of their standard. The flames soon rose around the building, rendering it defenceless in a double circle of death. Seized with despair, the unfortunate men threw a savage energy into the contest; for an instant their fire crippled the bands of insurgents; but it was the last effort—the last struggle against death. The fire from the fortress slackened; it became less and less frequent; then it entirely ceased. In its stead were heard groans and cries of rage. The heated walls formed an oven, in which the besieged were literally baked alive. As an alternative of death, those who retained some strength opened the door, and exposed themselves to the shot of their assailants. To spare them was a duty of honour, as well as of humanity. They were massacred to the last man; the officer who commanded the battalion was ripped open by a bayonet. They then entered the fort. A fearful spectacle presented itself. Fifty victims were stretched upon the floor, charred and perforated with wounds! Among them the insurgents found some of their own party, taken prisoners the night before, and reduced to cinders with the soldiers. When the dead bodies passed by upon stretchers, their butchers uncovered their heads, and saluted them!"

Miot endeavours to soften the horrors of this Algerine holocaust by stating that the object in setting fire to the hay was to *smoke out* the soldiers, and not to roast them; and he refers to the magnanimous conduct of the conquerors after the victory. Does he refer to the saluting the dead bodies? But the suggestion loses much of its weight by the admission that the people were irritated, not only by the unexpected resistance of the soldiers, but also by the fact that *they formed part of the 14th regiment, who had committed the butchery at the Capucins.* The baking at the Chateau d'Eau was, in truth, a terrible reprisal.

We must pass rapidly on to a short review of the leading events that are said to have distinguished the Prefectship of Caussidiere. He was elected to his high and undoubtedly responsible situation on the 24th of February, at the office of the *Réforme.* According to his own account, he was nominated, jointly with Sobrier, by Flocon and Baune. At first he declined the offer, like Cæsar at the Lupercal; but the urgency of the people, and the promised assistance of Sobrier, induced him to be flexible and patriotic.

According to Chenu, it was he who proposed Caussidiere for the office. It is not very clear why he should be ambitious of being thought the instrument to place a man in power, who, he has done all he could to show, grossly and scandalously abused it. But if the credit of the nomination really belongs to him, it is a pity to rob him of such a valuable property. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

It must be borne in mind, in reading Chenu's account of various transactions under the Prefectship of Caussidiere, that the statements come from a very hostile quarter, and are not, therefore, to be received without some suspicion. Having premised thus much, we do not propose to lay before the reader the explanations and denials which have been put forth by M. Miot on behalf of his friend. We are not writing a history, so much as a scandalous chronicle; as we give the reader the credit of preferring the one to the other.

Chenu relates that, on the day of Caussidiere's instalment in office, Jean, the valet of the ex-Prefect, who had for the present been retained in his situation, begged him to say a word in his favour to his new master, that he might not lose his place. Chenu assured him that the new Prefect appeared to be very well satisfied with him. He was about to depart without taking his *chasse* (or, as it is now the fashion to call it, *pousse café*), when Jean pressed it upon him with the assurance that the *eau-de-vie* was of an unusually superior quality. Chenu tasted it, and found it deserved the valet's eulogium.

"You asked me just now," he said, "to speak in your favour to the Citizen-Prefect. I will give you a piece of advice, which, if you will follow it, will stand you in better stead than the very highest recommendations. Always have a bottle of this excellent liquor at his disposal, and you'll find he will never be able to do without you." Jean followed the advice, and kept his place as long as the Prefect kept his.

This anecdote may be taken as the key-note to Chenu's account of Caussidiere's magistracy, which is described as profligate in the extreme, with a mixture of brutal ferocity and an occasional dash of mock-heroism. A few instances will be cited illustrative of these different phases.

Soon after the new Prefect's installation, he sent to command the attendance of most of the principal officers of the police, who still retained their functions. They hastened to attend his summons. When they were announced, Caussidiere and a

Digitized by Google

party of his friends were at table. "Let them wait," said he; "the Prefect is engaged."

He was not at leisure for a good half-hour, and they were then admitted, an imposing *mise-en-scène* having been meantime prepared for their reception.

Caussidiere was majestically seated in his arm-chair, with an enormous sabre at his side, which, by the way, he had a vast affection for, as having formerly belonged to his honoured father. Two Mountaineers, with their shirts open, and of a most ferocious aspect, mounted guard at the door, each with a musket on his arm and a pipe in his mouth. Two captains, with drawn swords, stood one at each side of the Prefect's table. Various members of the Republican party were grouped about the chamber, armed with great sabres, pistols, muskets, and carbines. Everybody was smoking, and the clouds that filled the room threw a sombre hue over the faces of those present, and gave to the scene, says Chenu, a truly terrible aspect. It must have been something like a scene out of "The Forty Thieves," at the Porte St. Martin, or our Surrey.

A space was left in the centre for the reception of the police, who were glad enough to escape from the disagreeable and somewhat practical railleries of the crowd of Mountaineers outside, who, if less distinguished than the members of the council within doors, did not yield to them in dislike to the powers that had been.

The police authorities, when they entered the apartment, imagined that they had only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, and they endeavoured to conceal their terrors by the most profound marks of respect to the new Prefect. For his part, he enjoyed their alarm for some minutes in a cold and grim silence, grasping the handle of his parental sabre. At last he addressed them as follows:—

"A week ago you little thought to find me seated here surrounded by faithful friends. You now perceive your masters in these paste-board Republicans, as you used to call us! You tremble now in the presence of those whom you have overwhelmed with the most ignoble treatment. You have fallen into the hands of your most implacable enemies, for not one of these who are here present has escaped your infamous persecutions. You may naturally suppose that I intend to make use of my power and take ample reprisals. But no! I prefer forgetting the past. Resume your functions, all of you; but remember, if I ever find that you lend your hands to any reactionary intrigue, I will crush you like so many vile insects. Go!"

They did not wait to be bid twice, but went at once, not standing on the order of their going, and glad enough to get off so easily. As soon as they were dismissed the council broke up in laughter.

The rest of the day was passed in bacchanalian conviviality, during which the prisoners who had been confined for political offences at Doullens, and who had, of course, been liberated, arrived at the Prefecture, and were at once admitted into the corps of Mountaineers, who formed a sort of body-guard to the Prefect, and were commanded by Pornin. The latter, who seems to have been a very eccentric character, with a wooden-leg, was, at the same sitting, nominated Governor of the fortress of Vincennes; but as this nomination was not confirmed by the Provisional Government, the Mountaineers, *en revanche*, conferred upon him the title of *Vice-Prefect*.

About this time an incident occurred which produced some sensation even at that time, and gave rise to certain reports which Caussidiere has thought it worth while to notice in his memoirs.

According to him the facts were these. He had been working incessantly for eighteen hours (!), and a friend of his, one of the political *detenus*, had been waiting to see him till two o'clock in the morning. Caussidiere, besides feeling a necessity for taking the air, in order to get rid of an overpowering headache, was desirous of visiting the quarter of Saint-Denis, where, it had been represented, several pools of stagnant water had been allowed to collect, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants, when, at that somewhat unseasonable hour, the indefatigable Prefect sallied forth with his friend.

We may express a doubt that it will be some time before we hear of the President of the Board of Health showing an equal zeal for the public service.

On the road they were stopped by a patrol of the National Guard, whose attention was drawn to Caussidiere's friend, who wore the uniform of an officer of artillery. Being challenged by the patrol and asked to produce their passports or *permits* (*laissez-passer*), which in that happy dawning of true liberty every good citizen was required to carry about with him, Caussidiere produced his in the following form: "Let pass the Citizen Prefect of Police, Caussidiere.—Signed, The Secretary of the Prefecture of Police."

The patrol evidently thought it was a hoax or something worse. The Prefect was desired to follow them, and three of them escorted him to the Prefecture. When there he informed them they were his prisoners, and nobly took his revenge by ordering biscuits and two bottles of wine. Whereupon they drank the Republic, with the usual honours of hob-nob.

"Thus," says Caussidiere, "because I had repaid with an act of politeness an awkward exaggeration of the public service, it was inferred that I had been picked up drunk by the patrol."

This inference is certainly drawn and boldly stated by Chenu, who adds some details which, in the eloquent language of the newspapers, may more easily be imagined than described.

On one occasion the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily disposing of the 300,000 *aristos*, whom it was considered necessary to sacrifice in order to consolidate the Republic. M. Victore, a gentleman of very deep Red principles, declared, from his own personal knowledge, that the prisons in Paris would not accommodate more than 20,000, even if they were piled upon each other, which they might be, he added, without much inconvenience. Pornin suggested their immediate inspection; and proposed to begin with Saint Lazare, which, as the reader probably knows,

Digitized by Google

is destined as a receptacle for those of the fair sex whose conduct has not wholly squared with the rules of temperance, soberness, and chastity.

The inspection having been made in due form, though with some degree of levity, it was calculated that the prison would hold 3,000 *aristos*.

"We must set these little chicks at liberty," said Pornin; "under the Republic the prisons should only be used for the *re-acs*."

This idea was carried, to some extent, into effect. The ladies of the establishment were absolutely invited by Pornin to a *souper régence*, which he gave in his rooms at the Prefecture. Unfortunately, says Chenu, the Prefect himself did not oppose this proceeding, but consented to sanction, by his presence, the crapulous debauch organised by his subordinate. We give Chenu's own account of this affair.

"A watchword was given to the two sentinels, with strict orders to let no one enter. This order was easier to give than to execute, for the lock of the door had no key, and the Mountaineers were not particularly disposed to obey leaders they had given to themselves, and whom they respected but little, as they knew their real worth. Curiosity having been excited to the highest degree, when it was known what singular guests Pornin was going to receive, a thousand pretexts were invented for troubling him with inopportune visits. He got up at length in a furious rage, and threatened to thrust his wooden leg into the bodies of the rash intruders who presumed to disturb him in his pleasures. He even brutally repulsed an honest Mountaineer who brought him fifty francs from the Commission for National Recompenses.

"It was not, therefore, till a tolerably late hour that the company were enabled to abandon themselves at their ease to the shameless debaucheries of which such people were capable. Then commenced the most licentious orgy; the most hideous fancies that ever sprung from the diseased imagination of the Marquis de Sade were practised by this band of profligates. Champagne was poured out in streams; and immense bowls of lighted punch illumined scenes that the most immodest pen would hesitate to describe. Pornin, drunk with wine and lust, was the soul of this disgusting debauch; and he carried his madness so far as to declare that so cheering a family party could not dispense with the presence of his friend, the illustrious Prefect of Police. Caussidiere came, in point of fact, and did not expel the obscene horde. On the contrary, he joined them, and enthusiastically partook in their filthy pleasures. The orgy was prolonged to daybreak; and the party separated with the promise to meet as often as possible."

This terrible Pornin, the knight of the wooden-leg—the epithet, we beg to say, was one of which he was himself proud—is the hero of several other anecdotes told by Chenu, which combine the ludicrous and the revolting in nearly equal portions. We must refer to one which has some historical value, if it can be relied upon; as brother Jonathan would say, it is important, if true.

The reader will remember the disastrous destruction of the Chateau de Neuilly. Chenu gives the following account of its origin:—

As soon as the Revolution was an accomplished fact, the Republican party, or at least those who thought the blue and white should be abolished from the national flag, were most anxious to catch any stray members of the ex-royal family, who were surmised to be concealed somewhere in Paris or the environs. The she-wolf and her young, as they designated the Duchess of Orleans and her children, were the especial objects of their chase.

News was brought one day to Pornin that they were at the Chateau de Neuilly, whence they were preparing to make their escape. The Vice-Prefect started off at once, with a party of ten men armed to the teeth, though it was late at night and the weather was detestable.

But it seems another party, consisting of all the male and female riff-raff of Paris, had got the start of them, and had proceeded to the chateau in the hopes of plunder, and especially with the view of draining the cellars of the ex-King. The distribution of the bottles was carried on upon a very methodical plan. The French have decidedly the advantage of us in all matters connected with the organization of crowds. Witness their arrangements at steam-boats and railways, and the *queues* at their theatres. On this occasion, instead of the whole mob rushing pell-mell into the cellars, a chain was formed, as at a fire, and thousands of bottles were thus passed from hand to hand, and in very few minutes were apportioned in the different chambers of the mansion. It reminds one of Schiller's description, in the "Song of the Bell:"—

> "Durch der Hænde lange Kette
> Um die Wette
> Fliegt der Eimer."
> (Through the long and emulous band
> Of many a hand
> Flies the bucket.)

As corkscrews were scarce, the ready expedient of knocking off the necks of the bottles was resorted to, and the wine flowed in streams over the rich carpets and furniture. The whole party devoted themselves to the bacchanalian festival with classical enthusiasm.

Pornin and his troop arrived about this period, and were considerably astonished at finding the chateau, instead of sombre and silent, blazing with light and boisterous with revelry. The leader halted his men, in that state of mind in which Sir Fitzroy Kelly lately described himself, when he had detected the Lord Chief Justice in an inaccuracy as to the precise year in which an ancient statute had been passed, scarcely trusting the evidence of his own senses. He then turned round to the individual who had lured him there in the hope of pouncing upon the royal stragglers, and angrily demanded of him an explanation of what they saw and heard. His informant suggested it might be a *ruse*. Pornin thought it probable, and the party resumed their march. As no obstacle presented itself, they easily gained the first saloon, where they found about fifty couples, some lying about in all directions,

> "Half-naked, loving, natural, and—drunk,"

Digitized by Google

while others were singing and shouting patriotic songs and curses upon tyrants.

Pornin, who was exceedingly wroth at losing his prey, and perhaps somewhat scandalized at the scene before him, as he had had no share in preparing it, was about to take strong measures for the expulsion of the rabble rout, who were disposed to treat the intruders with anything but respect, when, as luck would have it, this most unfraternal schism was prevented by the recognition of the Vice by one of the company. The deities of the infernal symposium hastened to press their nectar upon the newly-arrived hero. The scent and flavour of the divine juice, of a superior order to any that it had ever before been his lot to taste, soon tempered his mortal clay, and he speedily forgot his anger and the object of his visit to the chateau. For a time, the orgy that was on the point of dying out flared up with fresh vigour under his superintendence. But, besides that the enduring powers of the man were more than ordinary, the greater part of the guests had already drawn rather largely upon theirs. The lights by degrees burnt out, the drunkards fell off asleep, and Pornin was left almost alone in his glory. The wine began to seem insipid and *fade ;* he longed for his favourite beverage, rum, and naturally concluded that the deposed tyrant must have had a considerable store of that excellent liquor in his cellars. Thither he hastened. At the top of a flight of steps that led down to them he had the misadventure to trip over the prostrate body of a dead-drunk patriot. He lost his equilibrium, and rolled down to the bottom of the stairs. His fall alarmed a party of five or six of his own friends, who had just succeeded in staving in the head of a barrel of choice Cognac. Not being very clear in their perceptions, they perhaps took their leader for the fallen angel. They fled, in fear and haste; and one of them dropped a lighted torch in the liquor, which caught fire, and the whole barrel was instantly in flames.

Pornin was sobered at the sight, and comprehended the full peril of his situation. He endeavoured to rise to his legs, but found he had broken one—the wooden one. It was evident that might easily be repaired; but it rendered his position at that moment eminently disagreeable. His efforts to gain the foot of the stairs were unavailing. The flames gained upon him; the vault was filled with them, as with floating lava. Another barrel of spirits caught fire, and burst with a tremendous explosion; the fiery flood swept on towards him—he was nearly choked with the spirituous vapour—he felt his senses failing. Another moment, and he was lost. With a convulsive bound he gained the foot of the stairs, and managed to scramble up them, pursued by the flames. Once at the top, overcome by the united effects of terror, fatigue, and liquor, he sunk on the ground, half swooning. He was roused from his torpor by loud repeated explosions from the cellar. The floor was on fire beneath him. With a scream of agony he endeavoured to awaken the wretches around him, without whose assistance he saw no chance of escape. They awoke, some of them; and some of them who did wake only swore an oath or two and slept again, never to wake more. Those who were more completely aroused rushed to the windows, regardless of Pornin's cries for assistance, and flung themselves upon the grass. Meanwhile the flames were spreading in every direction. Screams, and yells, and execrations resounded from every part of the building. Loudest in his outcries, Pornin succeeded in battling his way over the prostrate bodies of those who were too fast bound in the chains of slumber to do more than curse him as he disturbed them. He gained at length a window, and threw himself from it. He lay for some time senseless.

The neighbourhood had been alarmed, and the inhabitants poured out to the scene of the conflagration, in the hopes of staying its course. It was too late. The flames had gained the mastery, and were not to be conquered by ordinary means. The building was destroyed, and in it some hundreds of the wretched beings who, probably, were ignorant of their fate. Their carbonised remains were, for several days afterwards, dug out of the ruins.

Pornin had been recognised by some of his band of Mountaineers. He was less hurt than frightened. His friends contrived to rig him out with a sort of jury-leg, manufactured for the nonce from a young tree.

An express having been, in the meantime, sent off to Paris for aid, Chenu was despatched with assistance to the spot, in order to see what could be done, and to inquire into the causes of the disaster. Pornin took the command of the detachment; and several of the persons who were escaping from the fire were arrested, and taken prisoners to Paris, charged with pillage and incendiarism; and the Vice-Prefect made a special report to his principal, in which he attributed to himself all the honours of the night, omitting all mention of his share in causing its horrors. So says Chenu. It might be a pity to damage a tale of such thrilling interest by throwing a doubt upon its authenticity.

Before we quit the subject, a few remarks force themselves upon our consideration, from the study of these extraordinary "Revelations." We may observe, by the way, that we perceive M. Caussidiere has commenced actions against the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, for a repetition of some of Chenu's scandals. The ex-Prefect, it seems, is about to set up "in business" here in London, and is anxious to clear his character. It is a praiseworthy anxiety. But whatever falsehood there may be in the statements by Chenu and De la Hodde, some truth there must surely be in them. And the question that naturally rises to one's mind is—Can a system, founded upon a state of things anywise approaching to that which has been described, be permanent? It seems to be admitted on all hands that the Revolution 1848 was an accident, perfectly unanticipated by those who have taken advantage of its occurrence. So, it may be said, was the Revolution of 1830; and the system founded upon that event lasted, at least, seventeen years. But that is a very, very brief day in the existence of a people. Will the present experi-

Digitized by Google

ment last even so long a time? Indeed, it is passing away already. Universal suffrage, as it is improperly called, has received its death-blow. The National Assembly and the "elected of December" now deny, defy, and spit at the power that gave them existence. The disfranchised are not likely to bear with patience this curtailment of their newly-acquired and scarce-enjoyed rights, though they may do so for some period in quiet. Resistance just now would be an act of self-destruction. They will probably bide their time. The leaders of that party will probably calculate upon a reaction of a different kind to that which they now stigmatise. If they know that the Revolution was a surprise, they may think, also, that Louis Napoleon is a fiction. He was chosen by the great bulk of the nation, because of "his name, that magical word of war and glory." As the people could not have "the Son of the Man," they were fain to put up with the nephew. As the nephew is anything but a "Republican of the eve," that party have long ago condemned him, and they, in all likelihood, calculate that the rest of the nation will, sooner or later, wake from their delusion and be somewhat ashamed of being under the dominion of a tame eagle. *Nous verrons.*

SUCH A GETTING OUT OF TOWN!

Though much I have travelled, and travel still,
My zeal is getting coolish
For packing up to wander from home,
And coming back as foolish.

But merry were times when each day brought
A change of bed and table;
And trouble we never grudged to make
Ourselves uncomfortable.

With extra shilling to reach the old inn
By dinner, we cheered the "boys" on:
In the happy days when we ate tough steak,
And drank port—that burning poison.

'Twas merry to drain the deep punch-bowl
Before we climbed to the attic;
And found damp sheets, well stock'd with fleas—
For fleas are not rheumatic.

'Twas merry to practice at the bar
That finest of professions.
Tantalus gave the Devil a hint
For inventing Circuit and Sessions.

Wonders giant steam has wrought,
Though a babe, and still in the gristle;
Methinks it is time he should soon outgrow
His infantine scream and whistle.

His perilous speed is a contrast rare
To the old post-horses' amble:
'Tis rare, besides, that your widow may sue
Under the Act of Lord Campbell.

Quickly between us and those we love
The gulf still widens, deepens.
'Tis well to insure, before you start,
Your body and soul for threepence.

I fain would die, when die I must,
No human being's debtor;
'Tis pleasant to think, too, if one's smashed,
That some one will be the better.

'Tis pleasant to drink the country air
In the morning fresh and early;
But why get up when you've nothing at all
To do particularly?

'Tis pleasant to list the wild bird's song,
And the rippling streamlet's babble,
Especially when you're fretting at
Some rural squirely squabble.

As when the miller hoards in June
The waters, and still lets less pass,
Your meads are parched, you ope the sluice,
And then he sues for the trespass.

Or, if your hinds should have shot a fox,
A feud, that will never determine,
Convulses all your neighbourhood,
On account of the worthless vermin.

'Tis pleasant to come on a frolic hare
When the summer months are approaching,
But not on a man, in a lone green lane,
Whom you prosecuted for poaching.

In muddy streams may books be found,
Such books as are written by Germans;
In stones are sermons, as Shakspeare says,
But then I don't like sermons.

Thank God! the trees don't talk. If they did,
They might talk like country gentlemen.
Whatever these worthies speechify,
I find they still their rental mean.

Brother fool, though your window looks on a backyard,
A dingy back yard with its one tree,
Take a fool's advice, brother fool; stay in town;
Don't go like a fool to the country!

Digitized by Google

A CHAPTER ON PROVINCIAL JOURNALISM.

Provincial journalism has not stood still amidst the progress of these latter days; and yet there are some of the old journals which differ very little, except in size, from what they were half a century ago. Many of the most venerable—the "old lights," as they are irreverently styled amongst the craft—retain the ancient style of arrangement, and, it must be confessed, the ancient dulness; indeed, they are so cherished in local recollection that even a change for the better in their appearance seems to give them a bewildered look. It is surprising, too, how little the competition of these days of change and improvement has affected their prosperity. The name of the journal has become patent in its district; and there is a great deal in a name, notwithstanding Juliet's postulate. What the forefathers of the hamlet enjoyed their descendants, in the amiable weakness of hereditary ignorance, consider good enough for them. The old servant who has called "faar the news" at the market town once a week these fifty years, and the old master who has taken it in all his life, speak of their constancy with a sort of pride. While the customer thinks nothing can be better, the proprietor cares not, though his newly-fledged contemporary is best, so long as the public do not find it out. The proprietor fancies that nothing can knock up the old journal, and he is very far right, for an old journal is very tenacious of life. Thirty, forty, and, in some cases, even a hundred years' start, is fearful odds, where the name weighs more than the quality of the article. It must be a very active and distinguished competitor indeed which gets the start of an old journal; and the old journal must be a "very slow coach," or else in the nature of things it would not be distanced in the race. The indolence of the *ancient regime* being sustained by the ignorance of the readers, the *pabulum* of the paper is scarcely varied with the age. Conundrums, acrostics, economical receipts, odd coincidences, and horrible murders, are displayed in due form. Births, marriages, and deaths, are a leading feature; and then we are told, whenever opportunity occurs, how "three old women, named Crump, Dump, and Stump, took tea together, the treat being given by Lady Bountiful, when they drank seventy-seven cups of tea amongst them; and it was found that their united ages amounted to 277 years." The compilers do not care with what these journals are filled, so long as they are filled. As of old—

> "The careless author only strives to join
> As many words as make an even line,
> As many lines as fill a row complete,
> As many rows as furnish up a sheet."

A pair of scissors is the sub-editor; and the paste-pot and brush are to the managers of an old journal what the bellows-blower is to the organist. Leading articles are eschewed as an innovation, or, perhaps, because they add to the trouble and expense of management. If anything original be perpetrated, the aim of it is to reprove some pestilent contemporary of a younger growth in some such strain as this:—"Poor old man! is it come to this? Is this the way these irreverent youngsters flout at thy grey hairs? 'A good soft pillow for thy good white head' would be more to the purpose than martial casque and nodding plumes; but thou must be up once more, and do battle against these malapert boys. They shall know the value of an old man's staff ere thou hast done with them. Much hast thou borne, but patience has its limits; so once more step into the ring, and try a back fall with this vain-glorious youth. Thou mayst now say, with poor Antigone in the play, 'Ah, me, they jeer at me!' But woe to the mockers. Tell thy challenger that thine is a green old age; and recommend him, in the spring time of his days, to act as thou didst (a matter in his case rather to be wished than hoped for), and then his grey hairs may be as vigorous as thine. Tell him—

> 'That in thy youth thou never didst apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to thy blood;
> Nor didst thou, with unblushing forehead, woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore thy age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly!'"

The journals which have started into life of late years are of a different kind. Speculation in journalism has, indeed, usually been impelled by the short-comings of the old. There is, as we have already said, a strong disposition amongst the public to look kindly on an old journal, because it is an old acquaintance; and if an old journal only keeps itself in motion ever so gently, it is pretty sure to distance those who have embarked on the tide of competition. But, unluckily, the ancient journalists are prone to presume on good nature, and fall into the error of thinking that their strength is inherent. The *Telegraph*, rejoicing in its state of single blessedness—cock-sure that nothing can hurt the old *Telegraph*—some fine morning offends the Whigs or the Tories of the borough; or perhaps it puts both out of temper by its unmitigated dulness. Forthwith, the establishment of "another paper" is threatened; and however idly the threat may have been uttered, there is always at hand some unfledged poet, some incomparable, because uncompared, local genius to fan the flame of discontent, and, in the fulness of his pride, to say nothing of his love of pelf, willing to undertake the Sisyphian labour of conducting a new journal. Then enthusiastic politicians and ardent speculators are attracted into the enterprize. The proprietor of the *Telegraph* is well-to-do in the world; he has brought up his family in style: he has got one of his sons into the Excise, and another into the Customs; and as he eulogises the neighbouring lord for the bounties which he dispenses on the country, and the transcendant talent

Digitized by Google

he is said to exhibit in Parliament, of course the noble lord (so it is supposed) is the proprietor's good friend. Many persons, therefore, rush into a matter about which they know nothing, rejoicing in the opportunity of getting a finger in such a fine pie. Besides, it is thought some importance may be derived from being one of the makers, it may be rulers, of the mysterious "we;" some economy in sharing the free admissions to theatre, ball, and concert, this being especially gratifying to the young folks of the family; and some satisfaction in having one's speeches at the vestry reported by "our own reporter;" while, to crown all, there is the almost certain contingency of a large profit accruing. Who would not take a share in a newspaper, with such good things in view? Well, subscriptions are clubbed to provide the capital required for the purchase of types and presses, for the hire of labour, mental and mechanical, and to place a balance at the bankers to keep the concern afloat until it can sustain itself. The *Independent* is launched, and it duly becomes a nine days' wonder. Generally, the new paper opens with an article on the ignorance, stupidity, and old-womanishness of "our contemporary, the *Telegraph*"—an ungrateful proceeding, by the way, because the deficiencies of the *Telegraph* have called its rival into existence; and, ignorant or heedless of the etiquette which forbids the *Telegraph* to recognise the *Independent* as a contemporary until it becomes an established journal, the proprietors regard the *Telegraph's* silence as an admission that the attack of the *Independent* is unanswerable.

But anon a change comes over the spirit of their dream. By and by, it turns out that the public do not take quite so much interest in the *Independent* as its projectors do; the prospect looks less pleasing as the novelty of the thing wears off; the subscriptions become exhausted; and the speculation having been impelled by vanity more than a spirit of enterprise, there is a lack of inclination to put down any more money. But printers, reporters, and editors, and even poets, capable as they are falsely reputed to be of "living on the chameleon's dish—the air," must be paid, aye, and weekly too. It is also a condition of the existence of a newspaper that stamps and paper, and government duties, shall be paid for at the month's end. A temporary check occurs, and troubles begin to accumulate. Each of the shareholders has probably found out, by this time, that he cannot be allowed to act as editor; and all of them, in their corporate capacity, are very likely embroiled with that functionary, who, either being as conceited as themselves, or else really competent to discharge his duties, will not submit to dictation. The concern, though prospering, is far from "turning the corner" of the outlay; and—oh, horrible!—an action for libel, perpetrated for "the good of the cause," starts up, a very lion in the way. In short, either a dislike to further outlay, the fear of loss, or of the consequences of remaining in such a fire-ship as a spirited party journal sometimes is, or disgusted with the demolition of his delusions about profits and power, the amateur journalist is soon glad to get out of a speculation in which he has exhibited his ignorance at the expense of his pocket. The newspaper is handed over to somebody adventurous enough to take the concern with its liabilities, or it may be sold for the worth of the plant. The journal falls into the hands of the printer, or of the editor, or of some stranger, who makes his appearance in the nick of time, with the requisite courage and capital.

The journal now begins to assume its permanent character. It is henceforth conducted as a commercial undertaking, to obtain profits. The original projectors have already "nailed its colours to the mast," and committed it irretrievably to the Whig or Tory party; but the force of its political impulses are still a matter of calculation. An increase or a decrease of "steam," as the phrase is, takes place. The journal henceforth developes sympathies towards the Church or towards dissent; it is Whig, and something more or less, as it may suit the locality and the advertising department; for a journal reflects, it does not lead, the public opinion of the district in which it is published. The advertisements are the backbone of a country newspaper, the wind to which its sails are trimmed, the beacon by which it is steered. And, strangely as it may sound to the uninitiated, ability is not always the "one thing needful" that will make a country newspaper prosperous. There are many journals, indeed, distinguished by a spirit of independence, and contempt of personal considerations, which actually do recommend what they sell—news and publicity. But it is undeniable that many of the ablest journals, both in the country and the metropolis, are amongst the least prosperous. The journalists who seek to elevate the public taste surely mistake their vocation. It is those journals which are *written down* to the public taste—the readers of which are crammed with the horrors of suicide, murder, and other brutality; which relate the ribaldry of seducers as exposed in the law courts; which descant learnedly on vast gooseberries, stupendous cabbages, and children four at a birth—that too often get the call of the market. Success will generally attend those who will condescend to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

The management of a country journal consists mainly in a struggle to preserve or obtain a connexion, by adroitly steering through difficulties which are numerous as opinions. Often the editor is forced to use the lash, contrary to his better feelings, and oftener to refrain from exposing wrong, because it would produce the cry of "Stop my paper!" It is scarcely surprising, then, that the provincial press occupies so low a position in public estimation, since its views are modified or exaggerated just as it may suit the counter interest. If the public were unconscious of the "trick of trade," it might not matter so much. But your fellow townsmen see the actors, and are generally able to fathom the motives of the action. They know why you come out so strong in favour of one cause and why you slight another; why you praise So-and-so and "frown indignantly" on Such-a-

Digitized by Google

one. Nor do they scruple to tell you sometimes that it is "all humbug;" thereby pithily expressing the opinion which they entertain of your honesty and your profession.

The country press is often degraded by the trumpery squabbles which Boz has gibbeted in his account of the city of Eatanswill. The public do not care two straws which of the belligerents is right, and, if they take any interest at all in the matter, it is just as ill-natured men love a cat and dog fight. Newspaper men forget that to call each other names is as "easy as lying," and that it is the faculty of a foul mind. When one writer condescends to call his opponent "reptile," and he retorts with "dirty skunk," we can scarcely wonder if the public come to the conclusion, "Arcades ambo; *id est*, blackguards both."

There are, however, country editors, and many of them, too, who feel the degradation of their order as only men of education and mind can feel. They suffer in public estimation through the conduct of empirics, the pretenders, the intruders in the newspaper world. People are prone to judge of a class by the sample at hand; and this is sometimes the trudging bookseller, the touter for advertisements, who is happy to cringe so as he gets them, and the "jolly fellow" who makes friends at hotel taps and in smoking-rooms.

There is a radical defect in the constitution of the staff of the provincial press which alone is sufficient to prevent editorship from taking a high social rank. The printer of a newspaper, as we have already intimated, by a turn of good luck may become its proprietor; and the fact that he is so is generally considered a sufficient qualification for its management. Thus the manners of the printing-office may be expressed in the columns of the journal; and persons deficient in education, breeding, and position, presume to speak authoritatively on all that concerns social life. Destitute of the manners of gentlemen, it is not surprising that gentlemen avoid them; and though they may possess a rough and ready talent, it is scarcely a recommendation, because society is ever fearful that the critic's hand will attack its conventionalities. The leading articles may, indeed, be supplied by some zealous political lawyer or clergyman, *sub rosâ;* but they must be submitted to the pruning-knife, as may suit the policy of the paper. We know a writer who, having rebelled, was met with the answer, "I pay you to write for *me*, and not for my paper."

There is an eternal current of promotion in a country newspaper office which depresses the social position of those connected with its literary department. The newspaper business is one almost entirely of accident. The aspirants for the editor's stool scarcely ever undergo a course of training, as if none were required. The staff is often recruited from the printing-office. A compositor happens to have acquired some knowledge of short-hand; and as nearly all country newspapers are undermanned, the editor is only too happy to make this little learning useful, in providing police reports and local paragraphs. The regular reporter, if there is one, commits himself, or gets a better berth, and the makeshift steps into his place. Thus the system works, and, perhaps, aided by the save-all disposition of the proprietors, a man who came in at the printing-office door finds himself at length seated in the editor's chair. A facility in scribbling is too often the chief qualification which the proprietor seeks. There is little regard for the intrinsic respectability of the vocation, or else it is outweighed by a low salary. Experience, tact, and education are neglected; and in some instances, rare though they may be, the absence of gentlemanly feeling is a recommendation, because its possession is a bar to vulgar control.

The strong line of demarcation which exists between the various grades of *employés* in the large newspaper establishments in the country requires a few words. It might naturally be expected that a body of men who are slighted personally by the public would resist the outward pressure by internal union. But not so; the editor taboos his sub, and the sub, in turn, assumes a superiority over the reporter; and the reporter, often by way of self-satisfaction, we suppose, becomes the luminary of a public-house smoking-room. "Everyone for himself, and God for us all!" is the rule of the provincial press. Each man is so busy in climbing upwards, that he takes no thought of those below. The editor, if he is trying for position, exerts himself all the more strenuously because he has reached the threshold of gentility; and he thinks it prudent to ostracise his literary underlings. Great friendliness may, indeed, exist between the parties within the shade of the office. The editor will join in a dish of tea or a glass of grog with the sub on "the busy night," but seldom thinks it becomes him to exhibit these civilities in his own house. Is not this a mistaken policy, both in proprietors and editors? As most of them have been printers and reporters themselves, it is casting contempt on their own origin. The reporter, after all, is the most prominent representative of the journal before the public; he is the feeler of the editor, so to speak, and generally the standard by which the public judge him. Now, if the editor slights the reporter, how can he expect to be esteemed by the public? Such a shrinking of the higher from the lower grades must have a tendency to lower the social position of the whole body.

We do not wish to speak disparagingly of the provincial editor; on the contrary, we hope to elevate his vocation by confessing its faults, that they may be purged away. He is worthy of much better acceptation in society, measured by his labours. We could wish those gentry whose criticism is expressed in the order, "Stop my paper!" no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them. They would acquire some notion of severe drudgery, of which they are now in blissful ignorance. Multifarious particles of matter, each of them insignificant in itself, yet important in the general combination, to be selected, analysed, compressed, to please a diversity of taste without offending any; reports to be stripped of their verbiage and transformed

Digitized by Google

into a presentable shape; comments on topics political, literary, commercial, esoteric as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be written on every imaginable subject, from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape—for the *Bruti* and the *Decii* often require a great deal of correction; in a word, all the local events of the week, and all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, *i. e.*, its N. E. W. S., to be cooked upon the gridiron of memory. All the time, too, a flood-tide of "unavoidable matter" comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the ever-beginning, never-ending toil. Talk of the hardship of "six upon four" on board ship!—certainly it is disagreeable to lack beef when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed into a few slender columns. Then there is the incidental harass of the editor's office—to have a train of thought cut in two by the unceremonious appearance of "the devil," and the imp's uncompromising cry of "Copy!" and to be summoned from the editorial "den" to be overwhelmed by the patronage contained in the promised purchase of your next week's paper, provided the letter signed "A Constant Reader" is inserted therein. An efficacious wet blanket is thus thrown upon the unfortunate editor, and he is discomposed in the very throes of composition. No wonder that the editor can so seldom be seen—no wonder that his mind sometimes is bewildered as to which contributor and which class of readers he shall please, or rather displease, this being the almost inevitable result should he show a preference to any.

Such, ordinarily, is the provincial editor's toil: sick and well, inclined and disinclined, in joy and sadness, whether mauled in a controversy or annoyed by some critic who has discovered that there is *a* "e" turned unside-down in the forty-fourth line of the fifth column of the eighth page. He must work in all seasons, and under all circumstances:

> "He never tires nor stops to rest,
> But onward still he goes,"

except, indeed, to die; and then, nine times out of ten, he dies, poor man! in harness.

THE ADMISSION OF THE JEWS INTO PARLIAMENT.

Among the many apocryphal narratives of the Talmud there is none, perhaps, less supported by independent historical evidence than the statement of the Rabbis, that the Gileadites, long after the time of Jepthah, continued to exclude their neighbours of Ephraim from the passage of the fords of Jordan. The extemporaneous device which had been adopted for discovering the enemies of Gilead became, it is said, a permanent local institution; and no traveller could, thenceforth, pass eastward or westward unless he had satisfied the sentinels of the ford that he could pronounce the initial letter of *Shibboleth* with a distinct and audible aspiration. For some years, indeed, while the wanton invasion of their rivals was still fresh in the minds of the conquerors, the persecution of the offending tribe extended even into the interior of the Gileadite territory. The popular test was administered by the elders at the gates of every city and village; and the Ephraimites, or, as they were commonly called, Sibbolites, were subjected to fine and imprisonment, if not to death, on mere proof of the tenuity of their pronunciation. By degrees, however, the feeling of hostility became fainter; the legal penalties against strangers were suffered to become obsolete; and, after the lapse of a century and a half, the free passage of the river was virtually re-opened, though in a manner highly illustrative of the conservative caution for which the countrymen of Jepthah were in those days eminently distinguished. Instead of withdrawing the guards of the ford, or dispensing with the long-established test, the Gileadites determined that in future the two modes of pronunciation should be considered equally admissible. Those who could say *Shibboleth* were to pass as of old; and those who said *Sibboleth* were to be admitted to equal privileges; but the password in one or the other form was still to be rigorously demanded.

Some time after the enactment of the new law—the Sibbolite Emancipation Act, as it was called—it happened that a merchant of the tribe of the Beni-Heber, or money changers, a remnant of the ancient inhabitants of the country, who had long been settled in the cities of Gilead, presented himself at the gate which led to the ford, and requested the watchman to open it. On the demand of the password he confidently replied *Shivvoleth;* for his tribe, like the Greeks and Spaniards, always changed the letter *b* into *v*. "If you are a Gileadite," said the sentinel, "you can say *Shibboleth;* if an Ephraimite, you are allowed, such is the liberality of my superiors, to pass by the word *Sibboleth;* but *Shivvoleth* is nowhere to be found in my instructions." The merchant, who felt the required labial to be impossible, in vain reminded the guardian of the ford that the test was intended only to exclude Ephraimites, as a punishment of their aggressions in the days of Jepthah; and that his tribe, the Beni-Heber, had notoriously been unconnected with the invaders, and innocent of the invasion. "Innocent or not

Digitized by Google

innocent," the sentinel replied, "*Shivvoleth* does not appear in my instructions." It was to no purpose that the merchant offered to pronounce the letter *s*, the ancient test of nationality, with or without any degree of aspiration which might be required; *Siwvoleth* and *Shivvoleth* were equally inadmissible; and he was compelled to postpone his business beyond the river to a more favourable opportunity.

While we are far from attributing historical authenticity to the Rabbinical addition to Scripture which we have quoted, we are not disposed hastily to reject it on the ground of its improbability. The apparent absurdity of the Gileadite policy, in converting a contrivance for discovering their Ephraimite enemies into a mode of annoying the harmless Beni-Heber, might seem to render the whole story improbable, if we did not find an exact parallel to it in our own dealings with the descendants of both tribes, or of their kindred. The oaths which obstruct the entrance of Jews into the Houses of Parliament were devised exclusively as securities against the admission of Roman Catholics and Jacobites to offices of political trust. The operative words of the oath of allegiance bind the swearer to adhere to the descendants of the Princess Sophia of Hanover; the oath of supremacy negatives, in plain though illogical language, the usurping claims of the Pope. It is certain that the Jews have no predilection for the heirs of the Stuarts, nor is it imputed to them that they are disposed to contend that the Pope "has, or ought to have, any power, authority, or dominion within these realms;" and yet, by a casual and unforeseen effect, these oaths exclude them from Parliament. The form of sanction added to the oath, *on the faith of a Christian*, is the sole obstacle to the acceptance of the test by those who are willing to adopt it in substance. A Jew cannot repeat such a form without apparent hypocrisy and profanation; and, therefore, he is assumed by the law to be disaffected to the reigning dynasty, and to favour the temporal pretensions of the Pope. It matters little that Jacobitism is extinct, and that the Catholics, like the Ephraimites in the story, have been admitted to equality with those who formerly excluded them. A mere phrase in a formula which has long ago served its purpose has been found capable of a result never contemplated by those who framed it; and it is now loudly and obstinately maintained as an independent and inviolable principle.

It is said, indeed, that the formula under consideration assumes the Christianity of those on whom it is imposed; nor can it be denied that suspected Papists might be supposed to be at least nominal Christians; but the intention of the framers of the declaration was sufficiently shown when the Jews objected to the same form under the Act of George I., which made the abjuration oath compulsory on all persons. Their scruple was at once admitted to be well founded, and they were allowed by law to take the oath without the obnoxious form of sanction. The same reasonable indulgence has since been allowed them in all cases where the oaths are required, except in taking a seat in Parliament. Municipal offices and shrievalties are open to them, nor has an attempt at any time been made to interfere with their electoral franchise; but the words, "on the faith of a Christian," still meet them at the doors of Parliament. If the Acts had merely required that all persons should take the oaths, instead of prescribing their form, Jews would necessarily be entitled to take them according to their own religious usages. Judicial oaths, which are, at least, as sacred as parliamentary tests, may receive a sanction from the belief of the Christian or the non-Christian. If it had been the custom for a witness in a court of justice to confirm his statements by the same form of oath, an agitation would undoubtedly have been raised against any proposal to "unchristianise" the law, by admitting the testimony of Jews or of Mahommetans. Fortunately, when the case occurred in practice, it became the province of the judges to declare or invent a rule of common law corresponding with common sense; and, accordingly, the Jew may cover his head, and depose upon the Pentateuch; and the Chinese may break a saucer, which, as Lord Brougham informed the House of Lords, is the most solemn act recognised by the professors of the Buddhist faith. The more definite form of the oath of allegiance is purely the result of accident. The object of the Legislature which imposed it was, that the engagement should be taken, and not that it should be taken in any special form. If any Buddhist Jacobites had then flourished in England they would have been subjected to the test of the saucer. The shibboleth of the day was chosen because the Ephraimites could not master the aspirate of the sibilant initial. It is by an afterthought and a quibble that a test has been constructed out of the letters which casually occur in the middle of the word.

Such is the real condition at present of the Jewish question. The great principle of the maintenance of the Constitution and of Christianity resolves itself into a special demurrer. The Jews are willing and able to fulfil all the conditions deliberately imposed by law on Parliamentary candidates. They object only to the mode in which one of the conditions has been casually expressed, and their opponents take their stand on a quibble arising out of an accident. In the present day it is certain that no new religious exclusion could be proposed with a chance of success; and yet the enforcement of a restriction not contemplated by the law which in terms imposes it, is virtually an active and aggressive measure of exclusion. Let Parliament restore the law to the state contemplated by the framers of the Acts under which the Jews are disqualified; and then let those who are bold enough propose a substantive measure of disqualification.

We are not disposed, at the present day, to argue the general question of the justice and expediency of admitting Jews within the walls of Parliament. In long-standing controversies some propositions must be taken for granted *interest rei publicæ, ut sit denique finis litium*. The political equality of religious sects may be considered one of the most thoroughly established principles of modern

Digitized by Google

English policy. The domination of a single sect is intelligible; the exclusion of one among a hundred sects is, except in rare cases, unnecessary or inconsistent. When a proposition is made for the re-enactment of the Test Acts, it may become desirable to re-open the question of toleration. Nor is it necessary to advocate the present claims of the Jews on the ground of their national and personal merits. "Who," Mr. Macaulay said, fifteen years ago, "will deny genius to the countrymen of Isaiah, or valour to the descendants of the Maccabees?" especially, we may add, since Mr. Disraeli has announced to the astonished world that all the greatest statesmen, generals, artists, and even Churchmen, of modern times, have, with few exceptions, belonged to the proscribed race of the pure Mosaic Arab. But, in truth, it is neither for their genius nor for their valour that we advocate the admission of Jews into a Parliament which occasionally dispenses with those heroic qualifications. It is as Englishmen, taxpayers, capitalists, landowners, that we wish to see them placed on an equality with their equals. Genius and valour will be welcome when they appear; and in the meantime we are not aware that the charge of dulness or stupidity has been brought against the Jews, even by their bitterest adversaries. Money and land, in the meantime, have, we regret to say, more influence with constituencies than imagination or heroism; and we throw upon our opponents the burden of justifying the *privilegium* which they would maintain against a special class of Englishmen.

The pretence that the Jews are aliens has been obsolete for more than a century. The English law, corresponding in this respect with popular opinion, claims as English subjects all native-born children of parents domiciled within the empire; nor would any conveyancer be allowed to object to a title to land, on the ground that it was deduced through an English Jew. There is no law by which the lineage of an English subject is recognised as a disqualification for the enjoyment of any right. A West Indian negro is no more an alien in law than a descendant of Alfred or of William the Conqueror; nor would his right to sit in Parliament be for a moment disputed, if any philanthropic constituency should wish for a black representative. The question of race, according to Mr. Disraeli, includes all others; but it certainly does not include any question involved in English law or in the English constitution.

Nor, indeed, do those who call the Jews aliens mean to use the words in their ordinary sense. They think of their religion while they speak of their extraction, and indistinctly assume that a profession of faith can make the difference between a native and a foreigner. But here again the law coincides with common sense and common opinion. A change of religion can no more naturalise an alien than it can endow the swarthy children of the East with the blue eyes and fair hair of the Saxon. If the Mosaic Jew is an alien, conversion will not make him into an Englishman. Mr. Disraeli must share with Mr. Rothschild the hereditary disqualification; and eventually we shall perhaps be driven to search in Utopia for a *pays legal*, consisting of those who are not descended, however remotely, either from unbelieving Jews or more unbelieving Gentiles. The ancient republics were founded on a community of race, and assumed the existence of a consequent unity of religion. In England, national allegiance has always depended upon birth and domicile, and has remained entirely irrespective of race and of religious persuasion. In a more popular sense, the Jews can only be called aliens as far as they have a common nationality of their own, in addition to that which attaches them to the several countries in which they reside.

But a similar and much stronger objection might be raised against admitting the French of the Mauritius, or the Dutch of the Cape, within the pale of the English constitution. It cannot be doubted that the inhabitants of our conquered dependencies retain a sympathy for the states of which they once formed a part, and with which they are still connected by manners and language. Their feelings of kinsmanship point to a local centre, while the nationality of the Jew is but an unrealised and homeless sympathy. If he has countrymen by blood, he has no country but by birth and residence; and all the economic and practical relations of his life, all the motives which determine political action, belong exclusively to the land in which he has fixed his abode. As a Jew, he can neither be sovereign, nor subject, nor citizen, not even proprietor or resident; if he is a Jew by aspiration and sentiment, he is an Englishman by interest, and business, and habit. If his feelings of race happen to be stronger than his love for his adopted country, they are less likely to clash with his public duties than the personal crotchets or the sectarian prejudices which take precedence of political conscience in all but the strongest and honestest minds. We will not object to the continued exclusion of the Jews from Parliament, if the restriction is extended to all persons who prefer any consideration whatever to the discharge of their duty to the nation. There is generally an element of truth and utility even in the one-sidedness of cliques and coteries; but we are aware of no class of feelings more exempt from degrading tendencies than those which may be supposed to belong to exclusive Jewish nationality. Regretful recollections of a sacred and heroic past, imaginative anticipations of triumphant restoration in the far-off future, even the pride of unequalled antiquity of lineage, are not sentiments which disqualify a class of men from receiving political trust or personal confidence. It is only by persecution and exclusion that such feelings as these can be converted into motives of local disloyalty or disaffection.

The only serious obstacle to the final settlement of the question is the religious objection—in some a scruple, in others a pretence—to admit within the walls of Parliament any but professing Christians. That any practical inconvenience will arise from the presence in the Legislature of a few Jewish capitalists, who must be returned by Christian constituencies, is a proposition which no one seriously maintains. If the Church is in danger,

Digitized by Google

it must be from nearer enemies; if religion in general is threatened, it will not be through the exertions of an exclusive sect which is at the same time a family, and which is equally unwilling to communicate its doctrines to proselytes and its blood to strangers. In secular affairs Jews have no separate interests; in spiritual questions they have no motive to interfere, even if their numbers rendered their interference formidable. It is not from any fear of practical evil that a religious party still opposes their claims, in alliance with those adversaries of every change who, in the language of one of their leaders, "are unable to stop the flight of Time, but continue to hang heavy on his wings."

The general reasonings of our coalesced opponents are somewhat confused and contradictory. Dislike of change, religious feeling, and antipathy to the Jews, compose the substance of their argument in various proportions. With the mere Miso-Judaists it is useless to reason. Their doctrines may be found in the aerated or *moussu* form, happily developed in the columns of the *Standard*. The bubbling and popping of exaggerated invective in that really consistent journal is not devoid of a certain geniality, and even of a rough unconscious humour. The concentrated alcohol of hatred was, however, more compendiously exhibited by the late pious Mr. Cobbett, who used to complain in the *Register* that he could not walk about the streets on a Saturday without being disturbed by the noise of the Jews insulting Christianity in their synagogues.

The more respectable scruple as to "unchristianising" Parliament, which misleads many well-meaning persons, was entertained by Dr. Arnold, and is frequently defended by a reference to his authority. It was, however, a corollary from his peculiar political system, which, as far as we are aware, has never yet received the adherence of a single disciple. The problem which he proposed to statesmen was the establishment of a Commonwealth, in which the Church and the State should be one body, exercising double functions. In the imaginary realisation of his object, he found it necessary to break down all barriers between sects, by widening the terms of communion till his Church-politic became co-extensive with all that calls itself Christianity. Thus alone, in a Christian country, could the limits of Church and State coincide; and he hoped that coincidence would imply identity, and that a Commonwealth of churchmen would necessarily act as a responsible Christian Church. The excommunication of one citizen, the disfranchisement of one churchman, would have been fatal to the consistency of his dream. It followed, therefore, that those who, rejecting the name of Christianity, could by no liberality of construction be adopted into the newly-invented Church, were, *ipso facto*, excluded from the State, which was the same Church under another name. With Arnold's premises we should arrive at the same conclusion; but his authority can only be quoted, in opposition to the Jewish claims, by those who adopt his fanciful and unreal notion of the true meaning of Church and State. Well read in ancient history, and warmly interested in contemporary politics, Arnold was constantly employed in discovering analogies between his favourite departments of study, which were occasionally crude and superficial. He wished to re-establish in modern Europe, with its mixed population and varying creeds, the connexion between religion and nationality which constituted the political life and consciousness of Athens, or of the early Republic of Rome. In the common Christianity of rival sects he thought that he had discovered a ground of unity which might supply a religious conscience to the State. That the various Christian persuasions would not consent to break down their barriers—that the differences within his comprehensive Church would be the same which have hitherto prevented its establishment, were difficulties which interfered but little with his day-dream. His defective imagination in this, as in other instances, kept his theory wide of reality; and the entire absence of humour, which formed the chief drawback to his intellectual greatness, prevented him from recognising the absurdity of the conclusions to which a not incorrect deduction from erroneous grounds had led him. The judgment of the world at large has already done justice upon his theory. His numerous followers and admirers have left his favourite doctrine to perish in silence; and his judgment on the Jewish question is quoted by those who most strongly repudiate the political and ecclesiastical scheme to which alone it properly refers.

In truth, it is only to some Commonwealth equally imaginary with that of Arnold, that the opposition to the Jewish claims, on religious grounds, can ever fairly apply. Otherwise, it would be necessary to exclude non-Christians from every public function as well as from a seat in Parliament. Municipal offices, and the electoral franchise, must be regulated by the same principle. If Parliament is "unchristianised" by the admission of Jews, the country at large must be unchristianised by their partaking in any portion of its political existence. But in calling England a Christian country, we refer to the overwhelming majority of numbers, and to the immense preponderance of opinion; and, in the same sense, Parliament will be Christian, although three or four constituencies may choose to be represented by Jews. The small minority will have an influence in the Legislature exactly proportioned to their influence in the country. If, as is the case in some parts of Poland, the Jews formed a numerous part of the population, and enjoyed a large portion of the land and wealth of the country, we might resist their disfranchisement on other grounds. In England it is enough to say that the apprehended evil exists merely in words. In both cases we admit that a Christian country, as far as it is a Christian country, ought to be governed by a Christian Legislature. In the particular instance which concerns us at present there is no fear that the Legislature will cease to be Christian.

It may be thought that we have taken too low a ground in arguing the question on its merits,

Digitized by Google

instead of considering it as already decided. But this is, we believe, one of the rare instances in which the religious motives assigned for an erroneous political decision are the real grounds of action: and when a conscientious scruple is sincere, it is better, if possible, to satisfy it than to overbear it. The party in the House of Commons which inclines to Anglo-Catholic opinions has generally sided with the advocates of the Jewish claims, on the reasonable ground that its own religious doctrines have long ceased to enjoy exclusive representation in Parliament. The nominal tie which is assumed to unite conflicting sects has little value for the believers in a Church of divine authority and exclusive privileges. The scruples of those who support more popular doctrines alone remain to be overcome.

While, however, we are willing to conciliate opposition, we are clearly convinced that the time is come for overruling all farther discussion on the subject. The House of Commons has twice decided, by large majorities, in favour of the admission of the Jews to Parliament. In a question affecting the representation, it is not becoming in the House of Lords to carry its resistance farther. The elected branch of the Legislature has incurred, at least in intention, whatever responsibility may arise from a determination to "unchristianise" itself. It is hardly worth while to keep it by force in the path of nominal conformity. A vigorous and determined administration would long ago have found means to carry the measure. Without threats, without intimidation, without unconstitutional encroachment on the rights of any body in the State, a resolute Government can make its will felt and obeyed, when it is in accordance with the more enlightened opinion of the country. It is idle to throw upon Parliament, and especially upon the weaker branch of the Legislature, the blame of rejecting just and timely measures. A minister with a purpose ought to know that, except in vital questions, and most of all in religious discussions of secondary practical importance, only half of his opponents are in earnest. Least of all is an opposition in earnest which is willing to see its adversaries remain in office. If the advocates of the anti-Jewish *Shibboleth* had been faced by a determined Government, some honest scruples would have been reconsidered, and many idle words would have been left unsaid. The waverers and the waiters upon popular opinion would have had to choose between the advantages which in this country attend the profession of cant and the inconvenience of standing by a certainly losing cause. Instead of Government throwing the responsibility on Parliament, the majority would have left ministers to bear the blame. The House of Lords was more decidedly opposed to the Corn Bill of 1846, and to the Navigation Bill of 1849, than to any measure affecting the Jews; but in both cases it knew that the measure must be carried, and wisely abstained from delaying it. The Maynooth Bill, in 1845, met with a far more serious resistance among religious politicians; but it was brought forward by a minister who was in the habit of embodying his opinions in laws, instead of announcing them as propositions, which proved the liberality of his views. Umbratile spectators may inquire what ought to be done, and why; a statesman must determine when it is to be done and how, and find the means to do it.

It is a curious proof of involuntary disinterestedness, that both sides in the controversy as to the admission of the Jews, are acting in opposition to their own party interests. As long as the Jews are excluded from Parliament, they will necessarily add to any party which may threaten established institutions the not inconsiderable weight of their ability, their organisation, and their financial influence. Once admitted to their full share in the constitution, the great bankers and money-dealers who may be expected to occupy seats in Parliament are far more likely to err on the side of timidity and conservatism than on that of rash innovation. The Jews of northern Germany have shown themselves, in the late commotions, not unmindful of the intolerable social and political indignities which have, even in the present generation, been heaped upon their race; nor was it to be expected that the Ghetto of Rome should send forth a body of champions to support the priestly dynasty which, in dealing with them, had added insult and contumely to the evils which it impartially inflicted upon the general body of its subjects. But we do not find that the Rothschilds and Foulds of Paris have "descended into the streets," or taken their seats on the benches of the Mountain. The most sensitive observer of every change in the political barometer will not be the first to conjure up tempests, or even, in the long run, to speculate for a fall. The temperament nourished by ancient traditions will combine with the instincts of wealth to give Jewish members of Parliament even an undue bias against change; but excluded Jews are naturally allied with all who complain of political exclusiveness. With the customary awkwardness of English policy, when it attempts persecution, the Legislature, which refuses satisfaction to the reasonable and harmless ambition of the Jewish magnates, has given the Jewish community the full enjoyment of political power. The shopkeepers, and publicans, and pawnbrokers of the half-proscribed race are perfectly at liberty to use their votes and their influence in favour of any candidate who may support their opinions; nor is it improbable that in large towns they may occasionally decide an election. The only precaution of a Parliament, not yet unchristianised, against those whom it excludes from its precincts has been to insure that their electoral exertions shall always be directed against the opponents of their claims. It is easy to find a non-Jewish representative of any doctrines which a Jew could advocate; and the House of Commons may be satisfied, that it is already unchristianised in its proceedings, as far as the wish or the power of the Jewish portion of the community can extend. We are not aware that, even under these circumstances, Jewish influence has been brought to bear on any religious question; but it has had every motive for sectarian aggression which can by any possibility render it dangerous hereafter. It i

Digitized by Google

fully time that a violation of the principle of religious equality, unattended by any practical advantage, even to the supporters of injustice, should no longer be maintained on the pretence of a sham danger, which is at present warded off by a casual quibble. The fords of the rivers, which have long been opened to the former enemy, against whom the barriers of tests were erected, must be left as free to all comers as the ordinary highways of the constitution; and if a pass-word is still demanded, a difference of pronunciation must be admitted from those who differ in dialect.

THE WRECKERS OF FANNET.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.—NO. VIII.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

On the north-west of the County Donegal lies a small and irregularly-shaped peninsula, known as the parish of Fannet, and extending about ten miles from the mainland, between the two deep bays of Swilly and Mulroy, till it terminates on the north in a narrow headland, washed by the Atlantic ocean, and named Fannet Point.

In her Britannic Majesty's dominions, wide as they are, there is not a bleaker spot than the said parish, its entire surface consisting of high barren hills, valleys of peat-moss or drifted sand, and deep sea inlets, which break its coast line in every direction. Yet among these sands and bogs hamlets and farm-houses have stood for ages, surrounded by fields reclaimed from the waste by a species of rude but profitable cultivation, which, together with the produce of their numerous bays, furnish the chief support of the poor and hardy inhabitants.

Like all the population of Donegal, they are almost entirely composed of two classes, the native Irish Catholic, whose home is a hut, and whose trust is in a patch of potato ground, and the Scotch-descended Presbyterian, who, at least since the revolution settlement, has occupied a sort of comfortable dwelling, and held a farm, on which the former is employed as a labourer.

All are still fishermen in turn; but the last generation were said to draw other gains from the sea, though town, trade, or manufacture were never known in the peninsula; foreign commodities, and even luxuries, were by no means so unheard of there as a stranger might imagine about the commencement of the present century, when there was not a lighthouse on the coast; and wild tales are still floating in the peasant's memory of the wrecker's trade plied at Fannet Point on stormy winter nights, and the families that by it grew rich among their people. The latest of these legends refers to a wreck still memorable among all the dwellers on Ulster's western coasts and bays, and said to be the immediate cause of Government's erecting the handsome lighthouse which now warns mariners from that wild headland.

Some miles south of Fannet Point, and at the entrance of a marshy glen, close on the Swilly coast, there stood, in the year 1803, a solitary and antiquated farm-house, coeval, it was believed, with the first plantation of Presbyterianism in Ulster, and known from that period as the Manse. It was a long structure, resembling two or three cottages built together, with narrow slit-like windows, and numerous small rooms in the interior, on whose earthen floors and grateless hearths the builders had expended little care for either comfort or neatness; but the walls, at least six feet thick, the thatch roof, supported on strong oaken beams, and secured from the Fannet tempests by great stones at each corner, the most exposed windows crossed by strong iron bars, and rude though substantial bolts on every door, indicated that the dwelling had been raised in times when security, rather than convenience, was the order of the day.

The household consisted of the Presbyterian parish minister, his wife, and three grown-up sons, a man-servant, who had kept his place for almost thirty years, and a poor relation, who acted as maid of all work, named Janet Dinsmore. That was the family name, and a notable one it was in those days throughout Ulster. In every barony some branch of the Dinsmore kindred was to be found, always occupying the more respectable stations of rural life, and generally that of the Presbyterian minister. It was also chronicled of them that, no matter how widely separated, the relationship was never forgotten or overlooked; they were ready and willing to stand by each other's interests at all hazards; and remarkable, not only for general cleverness, but a peculiar ability and success in their worldly affairs.

Whether the Dinsmores had originally come from Holland with William's army, or from Scotland at the first plantation, nobody in Fannet could certify, though they were not few in that wild parish. The proprietor of the Manse could reckon brothers, uncles, and cousins, with many a farm among them, and much increased in both goods and numbers since he took possession some thirty years before. The entire connexion were, however, more feared than popular; and as in the times of our tale the clerical profession was, especially in remote parishes, less distinguished from the lay world than at present, the minister and his household were strong in their family's character. He was a reserved but dignified-looking man, bordering on seventy, and conspicuous from his yet erect figure and snow white hair

Digitized by Google

His youth was said to have been irregularly spent at one of the Scottish Universities; his middle age had been active and grasping for gain; but since the Rebellion of '98, in which he and most of his relatives were suspected of being deeply involved, his latter days had been devoted to the study of old Calvinistic theology, and his congregation saw little of him, except in their meeting-house on Sundays, where he preached them lengthy sermons on difficult texts and most abstruse points of doctrine.

Mrs. Dinsmore was a large indolent woman, who had believed herself sick, with few and far separated intervals, ever since her marriage. Some said the lady had strange burdens on her mind—some that her private potations were somewhat stronger than those of ladies are wont to be; but the minister's wife did not excel in housekeeping, and was seldom visible to his parishioners. She had been the daughter of a rich old man in a more cultivated part of the country. Report spoke of craft and usury as the foundations of his wealth; and there were tales of a younger sister's rights dexterously shuffled aside in order to increase the portion which had purchased many an acre round the Manse, and given the minister at least the repute of riches. That repute had not grown with his sons; though Allan, Archibald, and Lesley Dinsmore were active, clever young men, with a large infusion of the family shrewdness and promptitude where their worldly interest was concerned. Their father had superintended their education himself, and even imparted some share of his own professional attainments; for the three could quote Latin and dispute polemical points in a style which made them formidable to both the parish priest and schoolmaster.

The Dinsmores stood high in their own esteem, rarely associating with the sons of Fannet farmers, and paying little attention to their daughters; but rumour said they had a more intimate though secret acquaintance with the interiors of illicit still-houses, and the crews of smuggling vessels, while their father's large farm remained but half cultivated, and the crop was never known to be properly saved. Indeed, the entire business of that household was conducted in a careless and thriftless fashion, with consequent alternations of over-abundance and deficiency, except in the department which, for the last ten years, had been almost exclusively intrusted to Janet's management.

Janet was a robust, fair-faced woman, now about twenty-five, whose hands had been accustomed to labour from her earliest recollection. Her father had been a poor and far out cousin of the Dinsmores, who perished long ago, on a stormy night of the herring-season, in Mulroy Bay; and she and her mother had toiled together many a year on the small farm for their own support, as well as that of a younger brother, till he grew to man's estate, and his mother died, on which a new mistress was brought home with all expedition; and Janet preferring that condition to the rank of a maiden sister in a poor farm-house, became general housekeeper and servant at the Manse. Discerning neighbours averred it was Janet's fault that she had not a house of her own, as, besides being tolerably handsome, her reputation for prudence and industry was unequalled in the parish, and she was known to have laid up some savings by way of portion; but Janet was hard to satisfy in her requisites for a husband. Her's was not only a stock of worldly wisdom to which few of any age attain, but strong religious principles and a high moral sense. So, one suitor had been rejected on account of quarrelsome relatives, a second for embarrassed circumstances, and a third for his irregular life; till the general conclusion among her acquaintances was, that Janet Dinsmore had too much sense ever to get married.

Janet had been brought up a strict Presbyterian, and was deeper read in her Church's theology than most women of the peasant rank. But at some distance along the shore there lived a Catholic cotter, named Tierney, whose time was equally divided between his own fishing-boat and the minister's fields, where he and his eldest son, Cormack, used to work in seed-time and harvest, when Janet first came to the Manse. There were nine brothers and sisters besides Cormack in the cabin, but not a finer specimen of his class in the province—tall, straight, and handsome, with a look of good nature which expressed his character; for though born and educated in the humblest rank, Cormack had a heart as generous and a head as clear as ever were praised or trusted in the high places of the world. Almost from his childhood he had been his father's assistant in the support of that numerous family; and the young man had grown up bold of heart and strong of arm, to delve the soil or steer the fishing-boat, while among the hardy people of his district, if there was a difficult task to be accomplished, or a helping hand required, the man pitched upon was always Cormack Tierney. Janet and he had become acquainted at an early period of her service. Cormack was generally at work in the way of her duties about that country-house, and many an unasked help he gave. Janet had lonely as well as laborious days at the Manse, for Mrs. Dinsmore was seldom out of her room, and all the family kept for home consumption a species of pride or reserve, which prevented even a relative from ever forgetting her humbler station, so Cormack and she naturally exchanged civilities, and had what his father called "mighty sinsible discourse" between them. At length, however, old Tierney began to remark that his son rather preferred working in the minister's fields, and Master Lesley appeared to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him.

Lesley was the youngest, but by far the gravest and most taciturn of the minister's sons. Allan and Archibald had larger frames and less swarthy faces—both were bolder in manner and more ready in reply; but in all matters of policy and penetration, not only his elder brothers, but the learned minister himself, admitted the superiority of Lesley's genius, and allowed him a casting vote in their family councils. His aversion to Cormack was therefore followed by an almost immediate withdrawal of patronage from the Tierneys. The old man and his son were no longer permitted to

Digitized by Google

toil in the fields, where their place was now supplied by new labourers. Four additional brothers had also grown up to make room scarce and Cormack's services unnecessary at home; and the young man, little to the surprise of his neighbours, resolved to turn sailor. It was the period of oft-threatened and expected invasion from France; the whole British navy was in requisition round their own coasts, and great ships of the line were seen in solitary bays and friths till then frequented only by fishermen, watching over every point accessible to the enemy.

Cormack had been out in his boat one autumn morning, far off the entrance of Swilly, when a royal frigate bore down. He and his companions had never seen aught like that noble ship, and they gazed in wonder, till the captain, who had some questions to ask regarding the lough and its intricate navigation, invited Cormack to come on board. There his answers were so clear and satisfactory as to win the commander's special favour, and he exhorted Cormack to become a seaman, with the promise of a large bounty, and the more moving offer of taking him into his personal service. That captain was himself of an Irish though aristocratic family, young, but brave, in the service, and still remembered for his luckless fate and the generous disposition which almost redeemed the follies of his wayward youth.

It was a proud but sorrowful day among the Tierneys when Cormack came home with a faithful translation of all the captain said, including certain references to the probability of himself, in time, turning out a commander, and declared his intention of immediately joining the frigate, which was expected to cruise about the western coast of Ulster for some months. His mother dilated in her own style on the "dangers of the says," and the chances of coming back "widout aither leg or arm;" but Cormack said "a boy might have raisons of his own for takin' to the wather;" and as "his ould hook had been forgot in the minister's kitchen last Lammas," he would go for it "that evenin', jist to lave things raglar."

Janet was hard at work in the kitchen of the old Manse. It was the afternoon of a sultry autumn day, and the shearers had gone back to the harvest-field after dinner, leaving her the solitary though not easy task of setting the house in order and preparing for another meal.

The number of wooden and pewter utensils which lay before her to wash and scour must have appalled any woman less familiar with the duty; but, with bare arms, handkerchief laid aside, and gown tucked up, Janet laboured upon them as usual, though her thoughts seemed not in the work. The Manse was silent, save in the sounds of her industry. Mrs. Dinsmore had retired, as her custom was, for an afternoon sleep. The minister sat among black-lettered folios, studying the doctrine of the eternal procession, which had latterly engrossed his attention, and his three sons were, for once, with the shearers.

Janet's meditations were deep, but not such as to prevent her hastily seizing her handkerchief as a tall figure passed the window, and the outer door, which in that old house opened directly into the kitchen, was lightly tapped upon.

"Come in," said Janet, and the invitation was followed by "Good luck till yer work," from Cormack Tierney, who entered with an ill-concealed anxiety in his look.

"Thank ye, Cormack," said the woman, confusedly, as she tried to arrange her gown; but that expression passed quickly from Janet's sensible face. "Won't ye sit down," she continued, "an' tell us all about yer people, this fine harvest weather?"

"They're all well, thank God," said Cormack; "an' a'm come for me ould hook; the boys might want it, an' me far away."

"Is it thrue that yer going to be a sailor, then?" said Janet, dropping a dish, which was fortunately pewter.

"Thrue enough. Where's the use of stayin' whin the captain wants me, an' nobody else will? A'm to be his own perpiquil sarvint, an' who knows what a boy might come till? There's fiddlin' Brine's son, they tell me, cum home a liftinint," said Cormack.

"Ye'll rise, if ivir man did it," responded Janet, falling resolutely again to the dish, "and your friends will be proud to hear of it; but they say men can learn wicked ways at sea, and that captain's not the best example."

"I'll learn no wicked ways, Janet," cried Cormack, with trembling eagerness. "Goodness knows, it wis niver the notion of seein' fine countrys an' fightin' the French wud take me to say; but, Janet, maybe ye wouldn't refuse to be a liftinint's lady?"

"Cormack," said Janet, turning full upon him, while the young man sat amazed at her strange look of mingled resolution and regret; "Cormack Tierney, I wish you well, an' I'll never see your fellow; but the riches of this world wouldn't tempt me to marry the man that boweth down his soul and conscience to a poor worm of the dust like himself."

"We might cum to tarms about that, Janet," said poor Cormack; but here their conversation was cut short, for, with his wonted grave look and steady step, in walked Master Lesley.

"You can't see my father at this time of day, Cormack," said he, glancing reproof at Janet, who scrubbed away as though nothing worthy of note had happened. "I don't think he has any work for you," he continued. "But now that I remember, they say you're going to be a sailor."

Cormack confirmed that report, and repeated the tale of his old hook in civil terms, but with the scornfully independent air of one who knew his real inferior through all the chances of birth and education. That was more than Master Lesley had reckoned on or could endure; and, losing his well-guarded temper, he replied fiercely—

"You had no business, sir, to leave your dirty tools in our kitchen, to have an excuse for troubling a minister's house."

"Master Lesley," said Cormack, as he rose and looked him full in the face, "my tools, and hands too, may be dirty, but they hive been always used in honest work; and that's more nor could be said

Digitized by Google

of some people's, if all stories is thrue. But here's my ould hook," and he took the article from its place behind the kitchen door. "Farewell, Miss Dinsmore," added the young man, his look changing to one of deep respect, though the hardly suppressed grief was in his eyes, as Janet cordially gave him her hand; "if ever I come back, it will be to see you, for all yer frindliness to a poor boy below ye, both in people an' larnin'."

"Farewell, Cormack," said Janet; "a'll be glad to see you whenever you come. God bless you," she added in a lower tone, "an' keep you from evil."

"Nivir fear!" said Cormack. "Good evenin', Masther Lesley, wishin' ye bether timpir;" and he and his hook were gone.

"He had better not come back here, the Papist ruffian!" cried Lesley, as soon as Cormack was out of hearing. "I'll teach him, for his impudence in speaking up to a minister's son; but the like couldn't be done without encouragement, and I wonder, Miss Janet, that you hav'n't more spirit than to disgrace your religion and family by bringing a beggarly Catholic about you. You that might be gentlewoman, if you would only take advice. Janet, did you hear that I'm to go to college next winter, and be my father's successor?"

"It's mighty kind of you, Masther Lesley," said Janet, still calmly scrubbing, "to take such a care of my doings, considering that I'm just three years older, and used to work hard for myself. As for Cormack Tierney, he is but an ignorant Catholic—Lord guide us all to the truth!—but I wish those that know better would always act as honestly; and, once for all, Master Lesley, remember, I want to hear no nonsense in the shape of advice from my master's son, and have no notion of ever being a gentlewoman."

Lesley's eye flashed rage, but he made no reply; for at that moment his two elder brothers swaggered in, swearing they would work no more, and he had no wish that they should remark him in conversation with Janet. Indeed, that was not the only secret their younger brother kept from them. The minister had, for some unexplained reason, probably grounded on his knowledge of their characters, though by no means a scrupulous man, long declined putting any of his sons into his own profession, though often pressed to the step by advising friends and relations. It was now Lesley's great ambition to be his successor in the Manse; and he had been trying many a persuasive art with the old man, whose money had grown scarce in the course of mismanaging years, to dispose of part of his large farm and defray the expense of his education with the proceeds.

On that point Lesley had found the minister altogether impracticable; he was determined to leave the farm entire among his sons; but the family man of business did not despair of ultimate success, which had been rather anticipated in his communication to Janet. The effects of that measure were at once so unexpected and unpleasing, that Master Lesley's interest in, and guardian care of, his cousin, changed from that hour to a suspicious reserve in her presence, and a vigilant, though carefully concealed, surveillance of her movements. The minister's son had little to discover. Janet had spoken of Cormack exactly as was to be expected from her Presbyterian faith and superior education, not to say connexions; but ever after the young man rowed out in his father's boat to join the frigate (which took place on the day following that of the hook), she looked anxiously out on the sea in cloudy evenings, and spoke kindly to the Tierneys when she met them. The seaward looks grew longer, as the stormy, winter nights drew on. The frigate was sometimes seen from Fannet Point; and old Tierney brought back from his expeditions against the herrings, which now appeared on the coast, such news of Cormack as the family were proud to tell any listener. What kindness the captain had shown him, and how the seamen admired his Irish songs; how he wore a clean shirt every day, like a gentleman, and promised to come and see them with his quarter's wages, before the frigate sailed for the high seas. Janet heard all, but Master Lesley's espionage did not escape her observation, and had the natural effect of making the woman attentive to his motions. They were through crooked ways, but not without disappointment.

The harvest turned out wet; the Dinsmore crop was, in consequence, worse saved than usual; and most of his parishioners being similarly situated, the minister's stipend fell into considerable arrears. These family misfortunes made Lesley's prospect of the university fainter than ever, especially as his father continued to maintain the integrity of the farm with that silent determination peculiar to him even in his family circle, in spite of Lesley's unwearied efforts to secure his partiality by application to the Latin classics and old divines, while his brothers amused themselves with the rod or gun. Both Lesley and they had, however, other pursuits and associates. Old Hugh, the minister's servant, was the patriarchal but little regarded chief of a family, or rather tribe, celebrated as the MacKearns, who occupied a wretchedly cultivated farm close upon the Point, and had a reputation for all that was unlawful in the parish. Their farm was said to have been purchased by the plunder obtained from an American ship, wrecked on a Christmas night, about forty years before. There were nephews, sons, and grandsons of old Hugh residing in a group of cabins upon it, and many an after tale of connexion with smugglers and illicit distillation followed the family. The former had been broken off ever since the appearance of the frigate on the coast, which prevented the approach of the friendly lugger; but the latter business was known to be permanently carried on in a sort of rude vault, the entrance to which was beneath the hearthstone in the principal cabin; and there were few farmers in Fannet who had not held shares in that manufacture. No Church had claimed the MacKearns for generations. The Catholics of the parish insisted that they ought to be Presbyterians; and, by their own account, their ancestors had come to Fannet with the Dinsmores, of whom they had always been the faithful though

Digitized by Google

ungovernable dependants. Old Hugh, minister's man as he was, fully represented the temper and habits of his house—moody and taciturn among his neighbours, seldom on friendly terms with his relations, except when engaged with them on some perilous project, but trusty and unscrupulous as a watch-dog in the service of his employer. Like most bodies, the MacKearns had one master-spirit among them. Young Hughie—as, in distinction from his senior, the parish called a short, square, sinister-looking man, whose coal-black hair had begun to grizzle—was the acknowledged leader of his clan, and the humble friend of Lesley and his brothers. Janet, indeed, presumed, from circumstances of which she was cognizant, that the minister's sons had that season intrusted him with a quantity of grain, on which to employ his still for their private benefit; nor was the transaction deemed extraordinary. But there was one fact concerning young Hughie that puzzled Janet's mind for many a day. He had a habit, somewhat rare in Ireland, of speaking through his nose, and that in such a manner as made the voice unmistakeable to any who had once heard it. Her sleeping apartment was right above that of the young men—but one being allowed to the three in that old country Manse—and Janet, who slept lightly in spite of her busy days, was often awoke by what she believed to be the voice of young Hughie heard through the rudely-finished ceiling conversing with the brothers, on nights when the family had retired early, though it was the minister's invariable practice to lock the outside door, and retain the key in his own custody till morning.

It was with strange terror that Janet heard that nasal twang in the dead of the winter night. How Hughie got in was the mystery to her. Well she knew it was not with the minister's knowledge, for he never patronised the MacKearns; and if at all aware of the private doings of his sons, it was his policy to appear utterly unacquainted with them. Janet had followed that example, as became her position in the household; but often had the woman's serious Presbyterian ideas regarding the proprietors of a Manse and its inmates been shocked since her coming; and now that her nightly rest was disturbed by consultations concerning potall singlings, and the disposal of "the stuff," as Hughie, like most of his class, called it, not to speak of his mysterious admission, Janet determined to look out for another service as soon as convenient. Meantime the year wore away. Christmas came and passed unmarked in the Manse; for however lax on other subjects, Mr. Dinsmore was strict on that, in the fashion of old Reformers; and Janet received the accustomed shilling and cup of tea from the hands of her exemplary mistress on New-year's morning, the only token of festivity ever permitted in that feastless house.

The winter had been calm and cold; but old people prophesied that, as the season advanced, there would be more than ordinary storms on the coast of Fannet. The Tierneys too were in trouble; for Cormack had not yet visited them, and reports were abroad of the great ship being about to leave their shores. Its crew had led a life more gay than wise under their liberal captain; money had been scattered in all the hamlets on the coast, and every description of company entertained on board, till the soberly inclined of the community concluded that the sooner the frigate was off the better.

Janet felt these rumours press heavily on her mind when undressing one Sabbath night. The minister was absent officiating for a reverend brother, some thirty miles distant, and the household kept early hours on Sunday; but the weather, which had been boisterous all day, with heavy showers of hail, became a perfect storm by nightfall.

Janet had said her prayers as usual, with a fervently added petition for those that had gone down to the sea in ships, but she could not sleep. Every blast that shook the old house roused her with a start of terror, for she thought the roar of the sea came mingled with the wind. There was a sudden lull, such as comes at times when great tempests seem gathering for a fiercer burst. Janet had composed herself again with a short prayer, when her devotions were interrupted by the undoubtable voice of Hughie below, exclaiming, in a tone of triumph, "Masther Lesley, an' all on yes! get up, and come away; the frigate's com' up the lough with the win' drivin' her right ashore. Wan sight ov a fire wud bring her on the rocks now in half an hour!"

The words were followed by a sound of whispering, and hasty movements, and then all was silent, except the tempest, which rose with double fury. Janet's blood ran cold; in the confusion of terror she thrust on her garments, and sought a light at the kitchen hearth, for the darkness of her own room was intolerable. Once fairly beside the yet smouldering fire, her strong sense and religious principles made Janet half ashamed of such overmastering fear. But what meant Hughie's words about the frigate, and how did he enter? Instinctively she stepped to the young men's door; there was not a sound within, but the voice of Mrs. Dinsmore was now heard, evidently from beneath her own bed-clothes—that good woman's refuge in all times of trouble—loudly calling for Janet and a candle. Her indolent soul was regularly roused, and no wonder; for higher and higher the tempest grew, making every timber in the dwelling creak, and driving whole volleys of hail and sleet against the windows.

"It's a fearful night, Janet," said she, as soon as the welcome servant and candle appeared. "I wonder the boys can sleep!"

Janet did not answer; for that instant, far above the storm, came the boom of a cannon, followed by another and another; and she knew, from many a tale of shipwreck, that it was the frigate in sore distress. Janet rushed to the window, and tried to look out through the driving hail; it was pitch dark; but, far in the Swilly direction, there rose flashes of red light through the tempest, as if the frigate were sending up rockets, while the thunder of the waves on that rocky coast appalled her very heart.

Digitized by Google

"For mercy's sake, Janet, go and wake the boys!" cried Mrs. Dinsmore.

And not without dark expectations of discovery, her servant hurried to their door. Loudly she called, and knocked, but there was no answer. She turned the handle, but the door was barred within. Nerved by fear and amazement, Janet shook it with all her strength, till the old fastening gave way, and she rushed into the apartment. To her horror the large bed was dishevelled and empty; and there was a wild waving among the innumerable old garments that hung low in a dark corner at its foot. As she approached, the wind blew out her candle; but under the old clothes Janet felt a door, not three feet in height, opening in the wainscoat which covered that side of the room, and left ajar by a hasty exit. Scarce knowing what she did, the girl crept through an arch in the thick wall beyond, and almost fell down a steep flight of steps into what seemed a narrow passage, through which the wind blew fiercely from some aperture at its further extremity. Then fear overcame her, and she could go no further, but hurried back to light her candle in the kitchen. Janet was stooping for that purpose at the hearth, and trying to listen for the cannon of the frigate, when a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and rising, with the light in her hand, she saw Cormack, with dripping hair and clothes, standing close behind her.

"Janet," said he, in a low tone, "our ship's gone to pieces, and the captain's waiten for me; but ask Misther Lesley for the bag he took from me at the Seal's Rock, wid all the masther's money, an' a brooch for you in it."

"Cormack, dear!" said Janet, "how did you escape?" But the figure stepped back as she spoke, changing to a grey colour of mist, and in another instant she was alone.

"Are they up, Janet?" cried Mrs. Dinsmore, thrusting out her head as the girl staggered in, and dropped upon the floor. From that position the good woman raised her by slow degrees, and at last succeeded in placing her where she had found refuge for more than thirty years. Having then vainly alarmed the house, for even old Hughie had not remained in it, Mrs. Dinsmore dressed herself and watched beside her servant for the rest of the night—a night long remembered on the western coast of Ulster, for in its fearful tempest the *Saldanha*, a frigate of forty-eight guns, was wrecked off Fannet Point, and every soul on board perished.

The storm abated slowly towards morning, and the peasantry crowded to the coast, but little of that great wreck did the sea ever restore. At day-break the Tierneys found a dog whining at their door, with the captain's name on its brass collar; and, from some fancied association with poor Cormack, they kept and fed the creature on the best their cabin afforded, till it was claimed by the captain's family as a memorial of that ill-fated gentleman. It was remarked that the MacKearns looked for no share of the wreck, and were ever after careless and even insolent to the Dinsmores, all but old Hugh; though the junior chief, when intoxicated, which latterly became of frequent occurrence, stoutly maintained that "Master Lesley had overreached him intirely."

As for the minister's family, money, in the shape of gold coin, was plenty with them for years; but it was said their servant had, during the storm, seen or heard something which frightened her at the Manse, as she left it next day for her brother's house, and could not be induced to return. Those who knew Janet averred she was never the same woman after, though still regular in her work, and strict in attendance on religious duties. She would spin for days together in silence, rigidly avoided the sight or mention of the Dinsmores, and seemed strangely disturbed on stormy nights. Master Lesley went to Glasgow University on the following winter; but the expenses of his education there were such as to impoverish his parents. He was expelled in the third session for intolerable conduct, and at length became a soldier.

Mrs. Dinsmore slipped out of life unnoticed, as her course had been; and the minister died at an advanced age, leaving a ponderous manuscript of deep divinity, which his sons were advised not to publish. Allan and Archibald both married landed heiresses in different parts of the country, and made haste to sell their Fannet farm. The Manse was, in consequence, occupied by new tenants, who, many years after the transaction related, found a staircase and a subterraneous passage, long closed, but intended to communicate with a very deep and ancient cellar, in which arms and remnants of ship's furniture, marked with the name of the *Saldanha* frigate, were discovered, in support, as it was believed, of that popular tradition, which still points to the family we have called Dinsmore as the last Wreckers of Fannet.

EPIGRAPH,

For a Statue of Iris.

Down to the pyre, where Elissa in long death-agony lingers,
Iris, at Juno's best, stoops to release her from pain:
Frees her soul with the severed tress; and now, in her fingers
Bearing the type of death, soars to Olympus again.

Digitized by Google

THE FARMERS AND PROTECTION.

The cry that the British farmer is in process of being ruined, with which certain parties are at present straining their throats, would be very startling if it were not very old, very painful if it did not on scrutiny turn out to be very nonsensical. What a calamity, we say in all seriousness and respect, would be the ruin of an industry so extensive and beneficial as agriculture, and classes so numerous and estimable as those engaged in it. With Sir James Graham (who, we may presume, still retains his natural preferences, though he no longer thinks it right to carry them out into political injustice), we love "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn" ten thousand times better than "the dismal tocsin of the factory bell," and think the peasant (as painted in poet's verses, rather than as in Poor-law Reports) much more picturesque and likeable than the Manchester tenter or Dundee heckler. With Cowper, we lean sentimentally to the doctrine, that "God made the country and man made the town." But we love agriculturists, though, perhaps, too well, yet wisely, and do not go the length of thinking that injustice should be done in the hope of pleasing them, any more than we think it need be done for the purpose of preserving them. And if, in any special and emphatic sense, "God made the country," why then the more preposterous and supererogatory in man to think that the existence of that creation is in any way dependant on *his* coming to the help of Heaven with unjust and artificial devices. In a word, we cannot discover that the British agriculturist—possessing, among other advantages, a good soil, and the cheapest capital, and dearest and surest market in the world—should be dependant for his existence or prosperity on anything save his own industry or energy; and we hope to succeed in showing that, when misleading and irrelevant details are laid aside, and the broad, plain, unassailable facts come into sight, the interests and safety of our agriculturists will be seen to rest in the laws, not of Parliament, but of Nature.

Why is the British agriculturist likely to be ruined? And how is it proposed to save him? He is likely to be ruined, we are told, because he is unable to compete with foreigners; and he is to be saved by Protection, in the shape of a duty on imports. Our position is, that he *can* compete with the foreigner, if he gets, or rather gives himself, fair play at home; and that Protection *never can*, and *never has*, done anything but mislead and disappoint him. In establishing that position, we shall deal only with broad and established facts, which have been almost covered up amid the rubbish of details of a partial, personal, or temporary nature; and, to avoid cavil, we shall draw most of our facts, as well as of our specimens of the enemy's devices, from a quarter regarded as of high authority on the other side. We select for text a series of articles, six or eight in number, which have appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," not, we honestly confess, because we think that these contain the most skilful statement of the Protectionist case, but because the Protectionists themselves have at least affected so to regard them, and also because they comprise, though in a prolix, confused, and often exaggerated form, almost all the doctrines and assertions—the falsities in principle and in fact—on which the party are struggling to live. In proceeding to meet these writers on the question of the position and prospects of the British agriculturist, both as to the more general features of the question, and as to those relating to the present time and circumstances, we do so protesting, on the ground of common sense and common justice, that no statistics, though as accurate as "Blackwood's" are fabulous, and no argumentation, though as sound as "Blackwood's" is worthless, are capable of proving that to any community, and least of all to the most commercial and manufacturing community in the world, cheap bread can be other than a blessing, or a bread-tax other than a wrong and a curse.

The cry of agricultural ruin is, as we have said, an old one, which brings us at once into the midst of our averment, that Protection is, in reality, no benefit to the agriculturist, or, at least, to the farmer or rent-payer. If agricultural complaints had begun with Free-trade, then there would have been a reasonable presumption that agricultural distress had begun then too, or even that Free-trade and distress stood in the relation of cause and effect; but the fact is, and a very significant fact it is, that agricultural complaints began, not with Free-trade, but with Protection! We say so in the most unreserved and literal sense. Some people are apt to be moved to pity for the complainants, and misgivings as to their own principles, by the loudness (not the general prevalence) of the present cry of distress; but their hearts would have been altogether broken, and their heads altogether mystified, by the far more pitiable and general groans from the same quarter which were uttered at short intervals during the era of Protection, beginning at a high pitch the very first year, and continuing almost to the very last. The present outcry is mere child's piping to the lusty yell which rang through the agricultural districts in the autumn and winter of the year one of Protection (*i. e.* 1815 of the Christian era—and deep disgrace it was that such a law should have come into existence in the 1815th year of Christianity); and the speeches of the Stanleys and D'Israelis, in the Parliament of 1850, are cheerful and reasonable compared with the speeches with which the Gooches, the Westerns, the Sumners, and other leaders of the then "country party" opened the session of 1816.

Although unwilling to pause, the history of the few months succeeding the imposition of Protection is so very instructive, and has been so nearly forgotten, that we cannot refrain from recalling two

Digitized by Google

or three of its main features and incidents. Everybody knows, or must, in courtesy, be presumed to know, that the Corn-law which passed in 1815, and remained unaltered till 1827-8, *prohibited* all importation till the price of wheat was above 80s. the quarter. Save for the fear of frightening off the reader by the appearance of tedious minuteness, we could give extracts from the speeches of "the country party" in 1846, such as the readers of these present days would think must have been the overdone caricatures of some reckless opponent. All we can do, and it is enough for the strict purpose in hand, is, to cite a few sentences from the Parliamentary narrative of that very quiet and impartial record, the "Annual Register:"—

"No domestic subject, during the present year (1816), has more forcibly acted upon the *public feelings* than that of the state of agriculture. It had long been a topic incidentally touched upon in parliamentary discussions, when, on March 7th, Mr. Western, Member for Essex, rose, pursuant to notice, to move that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration *the distressed state of the agriculture of the United Kingdom*. In his introductory speech the hon. member said, '*Between two and three years ago, agriculture was in a flourishing and prosperous state; and yet, within the short period which has since elapsed, thousands have been already ruined, and destruction seems to impend over the property of all those whose capital is engaged in the cultivation of the soil!*'"

And this within a year after the enactment of a law prohibiting importation under 80s., when no grain had been imported, and when the price in the British market was nearly double the price in the natural or world's market! The following are the chief, or more curious, of the long string of resolutions founded on this speech:—

"That the portion of the community whose capitals are engaged in agriculture, as well as those numerous classes whose employment depends thereon, *are at present suffering under* UNEXAMPLED *distress*.

"That the demand for the extended produce of our agriculture is, at this time, insufficient to produce that price which is necessary to cover the heavy charges and burthens upon it.

"That, in order to equalise the supply of grain, and promote its cultivation, it is desirable that an appropriation should be made from the extra produce of abundant harvests to supply the deficiency of seasons less favourable.

"That the admission of foreign corn to be warehoused prevents such application of our own occasional abundance, and assigns to foreign agriculture the formation of these stores which might otherwise be created from the produce of our own.

"That it is, therefore, expedient to repeal so much of an act of last session for the regulation of the corn-trade as permits the *warehousing* of foreign corn at all times duty free.

"That, in order further to promote the appropriation of part of our present abundance, and reserve it for future consumption, it is expedient to aid the means of those individuals who may be disposed so to employ their capitals by *an advance of Exchequer Bills* to a limited amount.

"That it is expedient *to impose additional duties and restrictions on the importation of all articles the produce of foreign agriculture*.

"That it is expedient, under due limitation, *to encourage, by bounty or drawback, the* EXPORTATION of the redundant produce of the agriculture of the United Kingdom."

We submit these resolutions as absolute proof that agricultural complaint is not only an old thing, but a thing entirely inevitable and insatiable. The agriculturists had, at that moment, the monopoly of the market, and double the natural price, and they were "suffering under unexampled distress." They had got, in 1815, all they asked or were able to conceive, and in 1816 they were only the more clamorous for something else. They had got a monopoly under all circumstances but those of famine, and they wanted a monopoly in famine periods too. They had got from the legislature the means of preventing the foreigner selling in any but famine years, and now they asked from the legislature a loan of national money that they themselves might be enabled to refrain from selling below famine prices, thus making every year, whether Heaven sent abundance or dearth, alike a year of famine. They had got absolute prohibition, and now they asked, incoherently and unintelligibly, for "*additional* duties and restrictions." And, finally, having got the foreigner prohibited from importing, they now asked that they themselves should be *paid for exporting*—paid for exporting *to* countries where food was half the price, and *from* a country where multitudes were starving at the very moment, and where, in a few weeks afterwards, there was absolute national famine. For, the dispensations of Providence, coming in aid of the wicked and perverse efforts of man to procure the curse of dearth, the hopes of the Corn-law-makers were soon most amply and awfully realised. While the above resolutions were still under debate in the House, wheat sprung up 6s. a quarter at Wakefield on one day, and went on rising till, before the end of the year, it reached, on the monthly average, 103s. a quarter. By the middle of May, the labourers, we mean especially the *agricultural* labourers, were starving, and riots and incendiary fires spread over the whole country. A specimen or two again from the cool and condensed account of the "Annual Register:"—

"The domestic distress which principally engaged the public attention in the early part of this year, was that of the agricultural portion of the community. The subject had occupied a large share of the deliberations of the preceding session of Parliament, and it continued to employ the cares of a sitting committee in the House of Commons, which received voluminous reports of facts and opinions from every part of the kingdom. The mass of discordant matter communicated to the committee in the progress of inquiry so much retarded any parliamentary determination respecting the resolutions, that no alteration in the law had taken place when a change of circumstances had given a very different idea of the state of the country The year's produce of grain proved so deficient in quantity, and inferior in quality that, after the harvest, the price rapidly ascended beyond the point at which the ports were open for importation; and the dearth extending through most of the countries of Europe, anxious looks were cast towards those quarters whence foreign supplies might be procured in aid of our boasted home resources. Distress now appeared among the cultivators of the land in a different shape, and the complaints were of scanty and ruined crops, and the poor in danger of starving. Before the year closed, riots broke out in some parts, occasioned by the sudden rise of the markets. The discontent among the inferior ranks of people, occasioned by the want of regular employment, and by reduced wages, first began to assume a menacing appearance in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, where nightly assemblages were held, threatening letters were sent, and houses, barns, and rick-yards were set on fire. The most remarkable of these unhappy incidents

Digitized by Google

was a kind of organised insurrection in the Isle of Ely, which was not suppressed without a strong hand, and which terminated in the trial of a large number of criminals, by a special commission, several of whom paid with their lives their daring attacks upon the peace of society."

These outbreaks did not occur, as might be inferred from the wording of the above extract, after harvest, but chiefly in spring and early summer, within two or three weeks of the time when the House of Commons was deliberating on some more potent mode of raising prices than enacting absolute monopoly below famine prices. For instance,—

"May 19th.—The Sheriff of Suffolk, and Mr. Willett, the banker, of Brandon, near Bury, arrived in town, at the Secretary of State's office, express, with an account of the alarming state of the county, and to request the assistance of Government to restore tranquillity. The public have been for some time apprised of various outrages committed in that county, in the breaking of threshing machines, and the destruction of barns, corn-stacks, &c., by fire, suspected to be wilful and malicious; the agents in which are presumed to be *agricultural labourers, discontented because employment and advance of wages did not immediately follow the recent rise in the price of corn.* These outrages were, however, only secret and isolated cases. It was not until the end of the week that the discontent of the lower orders broke out into open and general disturbance. *A reduction in the price of bread and meat was the avowed object of the rioters.* They had fixed a maximum for the price of both. They insisted that the price of wheat must be half-a-crown a bushel, and that of prime joints of beef fourpence per pound. Their whole number amounted to 1,500, divided into several parties, marching in several directions, for the purpose of attacking the houses of those persons who were obnoxious to them. They were armed with long heavy sticks, the ends of which, to the extent of several inches, were studded with short iron spikes, sharp at the sides and points. Their flag was inscribed, 'Bread or Blood!' and they threatened to march to London.

"June 17th.—This day, at ten o'clock, the Hon. Mr. Justice Abbot, Mr. Justice Burrough, and E. Christian, Esq., Chief-Justice of the Isle of Ely, arrived in this town, preceded by a cavalcade consisting of the principal inhabitants, and immediately repaired to the court-house, where they opened a special commission for the trial of the persons charged with having riotously assembled and committed various felonies at Littleport and Ely.

"The trials commenced on the 18th, and were continued daily to the 22nd, when they terminated with the capital conviction of 34 persons on charges of burglary and robbery. Mr. Justice Abbot then made an impressive address to the criminals, and having pronounced sentence upon each severally, he left five of them without hopes of mercy.

"June 28th, Ely, Friday noon.—At nine o'clock this morning the ordinary performed his last religious offices, in the gaol, with the prisoners under sentence of death; and about half an hour after, John Dennis, George Crow, William Beamis the elder, Thomas South the younger, and Isaac Harley, were brought out in a cart, covered with black cloth, to be conveyed to the usual place of execution. On a signal given, the drop fell, and they were launched into eternity almost without a struggle."

"The drop fell" with the famished and desperate agricultural labourers, but wheat rose to 80s. that very week. Now we do say that that is a history well fitted to give pause to those who are now calling out for "Protection" as if that were the sure means of giving prosperity to the tenant and content to the labourer. What do we find in the very year after Protection came into force, and when not a quarter of foreign grain could find its way to the market? The landlords and tenants complaining of unparalleled distress, and the agricultural labourers driven to crime and the gallows! It will be said that we are confounding mere coincidence with cause and effect. We answer that, to a great extent, these things *were* plainly and directly the effect of the Corn-laws; that, at all events, those laws did not *prevent* those great evils, and therefore are manifestly worthless as a cure for any lesser evils alleged to exist now; and that the circumstances are not singular in, nor unfairly chosen from, the history of Protection—complaints almost or quite as fierce (and, as yet, we are speaking rather of complaints than of actual distress) being raised frequently, we might almost say unceasingly, during the whole thirty years that the system existed. We have taken 1816 because it was the *first*, by no means because it was the *only*, year affording evidence of our assertion, that Protection has not and cannot benefit the farmer. We might have obtained, in almost any one year up to 1827-8, when the sliding-scale was introduced, or almost any one year after that again, evidence sufficient for our object, all from the mouths of the agriculturists themselves. But indeed we have, in one view, been wasting time in showing that the agriculturists (or rather, let us say, those presuming to speak in their name) were no more content under Protection than they are at present under Free-trade. The pages of "Blackwood" himself have borne, almost monthly, evidence to it for years; and even when in the very act of arguing for a restoration of Protection, as a recipe for prosperity and content, he lets one of his chief authorities (February No., p. 224) reiterate the stubborn fact, "for a long time, *under Protection*, farming has been *the very reverse of profitable*." Supposing for the moment that agriculturists never complain but when they suffer, it is easy to understand why they grumbled under a system "the very reverse of profitable," but not easy, if at all possible, to understand why they should grumble with the object of being put under it again.

If the agriculturists had only complained, and not also really suffered, under Protection, the case would still have been complete against them as to the untrustworthiness of their present complaints; for those who perpetually cry "Wolf" cannot expect to be perpetually believed. But unfortunately, although adding somewhat to the strength of our argument, there is evidence that they not only complained, but (we mean specially the tenant-farmers) really suffered; and it is very easy to see why it was so, and why it must have been so. In the famous protest of Lord Grenville, emitted in the House of Lords, against the Corn-law of 1815 (a noble document, which will live in our national archives), three effects are accurately ascribed to monopoly, or Protection, the third of which is the infallible destroyer of any benefit that persons in the position of tenant-farmers might hope to derive from the other two. "Monopoly," said Grenville, in words that have become almost household, "is the parent of scarcity, of dearness, and of *uncertainty*." The tenant-farmer, we maintain, can have no real or permanent interest in scarcity and dearness, even did they come not accompanied and counterbalanced by uncertainty. On the

Digitized by Google

whole, and in the long run, he has to pay away, under the name of *rent*, everything the land produces above what is settled, in the higgling of the market, to be a reasonable payment for his labour and skill, and fair interest on his capital. Let the prices of produce be raised by artificial, *i. e.*, legislative means, and it is so much more rent to the landlord, not more profit to the tenant. The tenant-farmers must have forgotten this in 1815, when they looked, as they seem to have done, on Lord Grenville's ascription of "scarcity and dearness" to Protection as an argument for, and not against; and some of them, a very few, seem inclined to forget it now. But even though scarcity and dearness, of themselves, could have been benefits to farmers, they came accompanied—and necessarily, inevitably accompanied—with something that much more than counterbalanced their "uncertainty." Uncertainty is inseparable from such a law as a Corn-law—a barrier feeble as a whole, full of cracks and flaws, and liable to dilapidation and destruction, set up against great laws of nature, always in operation at some point, and with some degree of pressure. But Protection does more and worse to the tenant-farmer than accompany dearness and scarcity with what is, to him, with his fixed charges and generally scanty capital, the ruinous element of uncertainty. While bringing greater fluctuation than attaches to the open or natural system, it *promises* precisely the reverse; it promises greater steadiness, and deludes the farmer into proceeding on that hypothesis. The law of 1815 was avowedly passed with the intention and in the hope of making the minimum, or at least the average, price of wheat 80s. It was framed on the report of the Committee of 1814, which heard and adopted the evidence of a number of "leading agriculturists," that wheat could not possibly be grown under that price, and under that price all imports were absolutely prohibited. On the faith of this 80s. price, farmers offered rents in proportion. What followed? Before the end of the year the price was 55s., and, at the commencement of the next, 52s., and, remember, not a quarter imported! That real agricultural distress immediately followed there is no doubt. The Board of Agriculture laid before Parliament what is now a very curious document, giving the results of a correspondence they had instituted with persons in numerous districts regarding the condition of agriculture and the "extent of the depression." Out of 322 letters, the expression in 103 is, "*many* farmers have given notice to quit;" in 111, "several;" in 37, "all that can;" in only 71, "none." Out of 295 letters, 168 mention farms "unoccupied by tenants, being thrown on the landlords' hands;" and 127 do not. It would thus appear that in the majority of districts farmers were leaving their farms, and numerous farms were actually lying unoccupied. Even those *landlords* who look to Protection and high prices as certain prosperity should give some consideration to the contrasting facts of farms lying vacant in 1816, under Protection, and farms (as they are doing at this moment, at least in Scotland) under Free-trade, and with wheat at 40s., letting as quickly and as high as they have done for twenty years.

It would be very easy to run over the history of the law of 1815, finding in every year additional proof of its inability to fulfil its promises, and of the "agricultural distress" which followed as a consequence; for instance, the year 1822, when the annual average was 44s. 7d., and the monthly average, in November, only 34s.—all under the 80s. law! It would be easy, too, to show the same results as the operation of the sliding-scale of 1828. But we shall only add those proofs of the utter inability of a Corn-law to fulfil its promises which are furnished by the very last Corn-law that was ever made in this country, or ever will be made—Sir Robert Peel's amended sliding-scale of 1842; and we shall go no further for the facts as to the intentions and results of that law than the very first page of "Blackwood's" dreary and interminable series of articles. The object of "Blackwood," at the commencement or foundation of his articles, is to show that Protection *is* efficacious for the two objects of insuring to the farmer "a probable remunerating price," and of guaranteeing that below any price specified in the law the farmers shall not be exposed to foreign competition. These two objects, in reality distinct, and not always, nor even necessarily, in connexion, "Blackwood" blends and confounds in a very misleading style; but, nevertheless, the fact remains clear, that he does maintain that Protection is sufficient to secure both. He quotes from Sir Robert Peel's speech, in introducing the modification of 1842, the statements—1st, "That, as long as wheat is under 51s., you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn;" and, 2nd, "With reference to the probable remunerating price, I should be inclined to name 56s." He then proceeds to assert, not only that Sir Robert Peel framed his measures with a view to attaining these results of an average of 56s., and no importation below 51s., but that the measure actually did attain them. "Following out these views," says he, "Sir Robert Peel introduced his sliding-scale of duties; and the result would seem, in a great measure, to vindicate his sagacity!"

It is impossible to pass this without remarking that such an account of the operation of Sir Robert's modified sliding-scale is quite new, as coming from a Protectionist pen. As long as the scale was in existence, we heard of nothing from that quarter but complaints as to its utter failure to fulfil its promises; now that it is dead and gone for ever (for ever, you may depend upon it), we hear only of its great excellence and faithfulness. Your true Protectionist differs from ordinary men in always luxuriating in the pleasures of memory, and entirely repudiating the pleasures of hope. He never is, but always has been, blessed! And, stranger still, when you turn back to the records of the time of his past happiness, and of his present fond regrets, you find that he was doing then just what he is doing now and always—grumbling most consumedly. He is like the re-married widower, who is perpetually throwing in the teeth of the second wife the unrivalled virtues and

Digitized by Google

beauties of the first, with whom, however, while she remained on earth, he lived a life of incessant scolding and utter wretchedness. Under the law of 1815 (as we have above seen) the agriculturist grumbled most heartily, and, though he had got all, "asked for more;" under the law of 1828 he grumbled again, and praised the law of 1815, the old object of his complaints; under the law of 1842 he grumbled again, and sighed for the law of 1828; and now, under the law of 1846, he threatens rebellion, and falls a-weeping at the memory of the happiness he enjoyed under the law of 1842. The corollary is, that, if he got back a little bit of Protection now, he would immediately set to abusing it, and telling us how well off he was under Free-trade.

Dropping this digression, we join issue with "Blackwood" as to Protection having ever been able to give the farmer what it promised him, taking his own selected instance of the law of 1842, and dealing first with the more important of the two objects it promised—the maintenance of an average of 56s. We ask special attention to the gross and desperate trick by means of which "Blackwood" tries to bring out of the figures of the period a result directly the reverse of that which they contain; and we ask this, not only with reference to the point actually on hand, but because the trick about to be exposed is no more than a fair sample of fifty others which black-spot those articles throughout. Having said, as above quoted, that Sir Robert Peel framed his measure with the view of maintaining an average of 56s., and preventing importation below 51s., and that the result "vindicated his sagacity," he goes on—"*Let us take* the averages for the *six years* immediately following"—and he takes 1842-7 inclusive, and, lumping their prices together, brings out an average of 55s. 7⅔d.; on which he adds, in emphatic typography, "It will thus be seen that the average price of wheat, during those years, *was within fivepence* of the calculation made by Sir Robert."

"Let us take!"—no indeed, we shall *not* let you take what does not belong to you. Such a "let us take" is just as cool and modest as a similar piece of politeness from a man theftuously thrusting his hand into another man's desk or pocket. For—mark the over-done audacity of this amazing statist—*three* out of his six years were not under Sir Robert Peel's bill at all! The year 1842 was not a "following" but a *preceding* year, the law of the working of which it is cited as an example having only been introduced and passed in the course of the year, and not coming into operation till somewhere about Midsummer. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel's *other* and last Corn-law, the one now in existence, which was known to have been determined on in December, 1845, came into operation; and in 1847, even that law—even the one-shilling duty, and also the Navigation Laws—was suspended, and importation was free. So that three out of the six years he assigns to the period of the law of 1842 belong to other and quite different periods: one to the period before the law existed, two to the period after the law was dead!

It is curious that this writer's remarkable loss of memory as to dates and occurrences, here so outrageously manifested, is only *intermittent;* his memory returns when he *wants* it. Where his object is different from that with which we are here dealing—where, with what success we shall hereafter examine, he is seeking, through a comparison of 1845 with 1849, to show that our commerce has decreased under Free-trade—his memory is quite restored, and he speaks quite correctly (March No., p. 370, *et passim*) of "1845, the last year of Protection," not the *third* last, as he classes it in the case before us. Now, why all this desperate and disgraceful trickery? Because he could not do without it; because his case is not one for honest means, but desperate, and requiring desperate handling. The "average" he brings out of the six years is supplied solely by the three years he feloniously interpolates—the other three years, the only ones that have any right to be there, prove directly the opposite of what he wants to prove. What a dilemma is this! Three of his six years are forgeries, and the other three are destructive of his statements! The prices of the three years *not* under Sir Robert Peel's bill of 1842 (viz., 1842, 6, 7,) were respectively 57s. 3d., 54s. 8d., and 69s. 9d.; the year, it will be seen, which brings the average up above the promised 56s. being the year in which there was no duty at all! The prices of the only three years (viz., 1843, 4, 5) really under Sir Robert's scale—which scale, be it remembered, "Blackwood" says not only guaranteed, but *gave*, 56s.—were respectively 50s. 1d., 51s. 3d. and 50s. 10d.! The price obtained was thus, as compared with the price promised, not, as "Blackwood" asseverates, "within five*pence*," but more than five *shillings* below. It is not worth while to trouble farmers with the inquiry what they think of "Blackwood's" accuracy and honesty, but it *is* worth while to ask them what they think of, and expect from, a system whose whole history is a series of failures and delusions like this?

Turning for a moment to the other object which "Blackwood" says the Protection of 1842 both promised and performed—the prevention of imports below 51s.—we are saved a good deal of trouble by the enemy himself committing deliberate and elaborate suicide. On the same sheet, the first page of which he blots with the assertion that the law of 1842 succeeded in preventing imports under 56s., he sets himself, when he has other game in view, to prove that, under that law and with prices far below 56s., imports were made to an immense and disastrous extent. On page 94 (January No.), he prints in flaming capitals the words of Sir R. Peel, in disclosing the objects of his bill—"This I will say, that, as long as corn is under 51s., you shall not be exposed to the competition of foreign corn," and adds, that "the result vindicated Sir Robert's sagacity;" and then, on page 102 (the prices for the three years during which the act continued in being, mark! in two years *below* 51s., and in the other only threepence above), he says, "We have had plain and evident experience of foreign production under the working of the Corn-law of 1842. We had a fixed duty (!) of 20s. per quarter in actual operation (!) for four years; and in 1844 and 1845 such duty

Digitized by Google

was paid, week after week, and in the latter year for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter." Again (p. 102), "Within the last five years we have been supplied, and that *regularly*, when wheat was at 46s. per quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed." And once more, "How was it that, for a long period, foreign corn came in *plentifully*, paying the duty of 20s., when our home averages were at 46s. and 47s.?" So that Protection, which "Blackwood" says, on one page, succeeded in excluding imports under 51s., he declares on another permitted, in years when the prices were below that figure, corn not only to be imported, but to be imported "regularly" and "plentifully." Any reader possessed of ordinary information, or even attention to what he is reading, will not fail to see that, in the above statements, there are some things inconsistent one with another, and others inconsistent with notorious facts, and even with possibility. But, though "Blackwood" falls into these egregious transgressions with a view to a different purpose than the present, we are entitled, if not altogether bound, to take him as he stands. He cannot have it both ways. He cannot be allowed solemnly to declare his statements true when he discharges them against his opponents, and then repudiate them as untrue when he finds that they cut or crush himself. He cannot have both the privileges of honesty and the profits of the other thing. On a similar principle do we deal with the question he puts forth in his most thundering style—"We ask the Free-traders—and we demand a distinct reply—for an explanation of the imports of 1845?" Nay, honest Ebony! that is for *you* to explain—you who have just declared, as a reason why farmers should trust in Protection, that the law of 1842-5 was not only intended to prevent, but did succeed in preventing *any* importation at the then prices.

Having found from "Blackwood's" own mouth that Protection never did what it promised, and having his express declaration that "under Protection farming has been the very reverse of profitable," we might leave this part of his case to sink with its own weight; but we may presume it will be said that beyond the lowest depth of "the very reverse of profitable" a lower deep now opens wide to devour the farmer—some depth of unprofitableness to be described by some stronger epithet than "the very reverse of profitable," a depth at which farming will not only be unprofitable but impossible. It is with the view of proving this comfortable conclusion that "Blackwood" has concocted a series of tables, pretending to show the returns for certain farms at Protection prices and at Free-trade prices. We bring against these tables the charge of being utterly unsound in the principle of their construction, and utterly inaccurate in their details; of being based on glaring misstatements as to the past, and worthless assumptions as to the future; and in their figures and minutiæ "cooked" to an extent that might make even Hudson blush; and, beyond this, we assert that even though they were all truth and accuracy, they prove nothing as to farming being likely to be unprofitable, far less impossible, under Free-trade, nay, they prove the very reverse.

Though somewhat out of order, we take this point first, viz., that these tables, doctored though they have been for that end, prove nothing that should make the farmer despond. After the statists have exhausted all their powers of exaggeration as to the past, and diminution as to the future, the grand fact still remains, that, keeping wages and all the other items of expenditure at their present level, *the rent is not absorbed.* Any reader who will pick out the results on this important point from among the tangled and immethodical "Statements," will find that the statists can only claim to have proved that, if all their gloomiest predictions should come true, the rents of the six farms specified, or rather supposed, must come down to the following amount, in each of the cases, from I. to VI. respectively; from 800*l.* to 282*l.*; from 800*l.* to 384*l.*; from 262*l.* to 115*l.*; from 800*l.* to 300*l.*; from 900*l.* to 400*l.*; from 1,440*l.* to 600*l.* These may be large reductions, but the fact remains proved by "Blackwood," that the re-imposition of the bread-tax is needed *not* to continue cultivation and employment, but solely to prevent a reduction of rents. And now we shall see how worthless are the data by which he pretends to reach even this lame and impotent conclusion.

First, the tables are, in almost all their items, not actual but hypothetical. From the mode in which they are titled and constructed, the impression is left on the unwary reader that they are the statements of real and specific cases, but, on closer inspection, it will be found that that character is not directly claimed for them, except in *one* case; and in that one case the farmer whose name was used has since published a declaration that the figures he gave were *not* those of his own farm, nor of any farm, but only of his imagination or "calculation." Would it not have been better to have taken the actual cases of specified farms? Yes, better for truth, but not for the purpose in hand. Then, not content with this, "Blackwood" juggles with the items he has constructed from his imagination; even after he has packed and picked his cards, he will not play them fair. For instance, he will, in stating the value of a year's produce on a certain number of acres under Protection, crop the land with the most valuable products; and then, when estimating the produce of the same land under Free-trade, he crops it with the less productive articles. Proceeding on a like principle, or rather want of principle, we would undertake to construct a "Statement," in half-an-hour, proving that farmers must all be becoming Diveses, or Lazaruses, just as it was wanted.

Another grand delusion comprised in these tables is, that they make no allowance for the crop of 1849 having been more abundant than the crops of those unspecified, but, from the prices, evidently *scarce* years, with which they compare the money results. "Blackwood" (January No., p. 125) reluctantly admits that the crop of 1849 was a full one, and gave a larger yield than any of the *six* years preceding, or than any of the *thirteen* years

Digitized by Google

preceding, except 1841 and 1842. Yet, admitting this, he makes his statists calculate as if our own soil last year produced no more than in the scarcest year since 1835; and with the fact before him that in the year preceding the thirteen years over which he seems to range (1835), prices, without any importation at all, were lower than they were when he wrote, or than they are now, he insists on ascribing all the decline in price to Free-trade. The strong motive that exists for thus attempting to practise delusion will be apparent, when we mention the very conclusive fact (the accuracy of which any reader can test for himself by an arithmetical process of five minutes, though to state it here would be tedious) that, taking "Blackwood's" figures as they stand, taking also his estimate as to Free-trade prices, and supposing *one-fifth* to be the increase of produce last year over recent years, the farmer in every one of "Blackwood's" six "cases," vamped though they be, would receive *more money* for last year's crops than he received for the crop of the last years of Protection.

But, in making this calculation, be careful to take the *real* prices of the last years of Protection, and not those set forth in "Blackwood." The difference is immense, and quite incomprehensible on any hypothesis not inferring a want of common honesty or common care. Some of the "Statements" do not name any number of years on which the average of Protection prices is given; but we have tried several of them, both by the fiars prices of their several counties, and by the imperial averages, and we cannot get them to correspond with the prices of any period whatever! Worse still, they invariably err, and err to a very large amount, on the side of *over* statement. Take No. I. (Mr. Watson, of Keillour) and No. II. (Mr. Dudgeon, of Spylaw). Taking the last three years of Protection, and the fiars prices for, respectively, the counties of Forfar and Roxburgh, we find that Mr. Watson has overstated the prices he received for his grain under Protection by the sum of 150*l.*, or fifteen per cent. on the price of all he sold; and that Mr. Dudgeon has overstated by the sum of 174*l.*, or twelve per cent. In answer to a taunt by the *Times*, that he had not given either the name or the number of the years in which he received the prices he alleged, Mr. Watson wrote a letter, saying that, "if any one will take the trouble of looking into the Forfarshire fiars prices for the last *five*, or *eight*, or *ten* years, he will find that I have not fixed the average too high." Any one, we assert, that takes that trouble will find that he *has* fixed the average too high. Take the "Edinburgh Almanac," containing the Forfarshire fiars; and, if there is truth in arithmetic, the following is the result as to each of the periods of years which Mr. Watson has himself specified, reckoning also, to avoid cavil—for Mr. Watson speaks of "the *last* five, eight, or ten years"—backward from 1848 inclusive, which unfairly brings in the Free-trade and *high-price* year of 1847:—On an average of *ten* years, Mr. Watson has overstated the prices received for his grain under Protection by 140*l.*, or upwards of thirteen per cent.; on an average of *eight* years by 127*l.* 13*s.*, or upwards of twelve per cent.; on an average of *five* years by 209*l.* 10*s.*, or twenty-two per cent.! These are the results brought by taking the periods and the authority as to prices to which Mr. Watson himself appeals. So much for the worth of "Blackwood's" statements as to past or Protection prices.

In order to make things still more comfortable, which in Protectionist phraseology means more dismal, the statists *under*-state Free-trade prices even more than they *over*-state Protection prices. As they have, in the case of Free-trade prices, to deal with the future and with estimates, their guilt, of course, is not so easily brought home as in the case of Protection prices, where they had to deal with the past and with facts; but this only emboldens them to go greater lengths. To some extent, however, and a very great extent, they have to deal with the past and with facts as to Free-trade prices also; and these they deliberately set aside, or transfer to the opposite category. We have seen that, in labouring to make up a high average of Protection prices, "Blackwood" included in his computation the years 1846, which was partly a Free-trade year, and 1847, which was entirely so. The reason is obvious: the average of the former of these two Free-trade years is eight per cent., and of the latter thirty-five per cent., above the average of the years under Sir Robert Peel's Bill of 1842, the effects of which in raising prices "Blackwood" is labouring to magnify. It will be said, no doubt, that 1847 was an exceptional year, and no true index to Free-trade prices; to which we reply, and shall prove before concluding, that 1849, which these writers have pounced on as an index to Free-trade prices for all time coming, was exceptional too. A still more sufficient answer, however, is this—the fact of 1847 being an exceptional Free-trade year is no reason or excuse for its being computed as an ordinary Protection year! In what single feature does it resemble a Protection year? Even the shilling duty was removed, the Navigation Laws suspended, and the Exchequer expended several millions in encouraging the importation of grain—so that a more thoroughly Free-trade year than this which the Protectionists not only claim as a Protection year, but found a large part of their case upon, never existed, nor could be conceived. Neither, assuredly, was it in the matter of price that 1847 presented any feature entitling the Protectionists to claim it. With the single exception of 1839, the farmer got better prices in the Free-trade year, 1847, than he got for *twenty-eight* years before! But why "Blackwood's" writers thus steal from the Free-trade period is plain enough. Let the reader restore the stolen years, and put the imperial average price of the whole Free-trade period, so far as it has yet run (viz., 1847, 8, 9), against the three closing years of Protection (viz., 1843, 4, 5), omitting from both categories 1846, as having been partly under one system, and partly under the other—in short, put the imperial average price of the last three years of Protection against that of the last three years of Free-trade, and what

Digitized by Google

is the result? The Protection average is less than 50s. 9d., the Free-trade average 54s. 10d. In a word, Free-trade, as yet, has given *higher prices by eight per cent.* than were procured during the equal period of Protection immediately preceding. And we maintain that this is the only fair way of comparison, so far as, at present, comparison can be made at all.

Let us, however, look for a moment at the grounds on which the Protectionists maintain that the year 1849 is the sole true index to Free-trade prices. We admit that prices were low, and importations high; but we maintain that the whole circumstances were exceptional, and that the fall of prices was by no means altogether ascribable to the imports; nay, that the fact of there not having been a greater fall, under all the circumstances, is proof of the great and hitherto undeveloped powers of consumption which this country possesses. In the first place, we had a very abundant harvest, more abundant, even "Blackwood" admits (January No., p. 125), than any six years preceding—than any *thirteen* years preceding with the exception of 1841 and 1842—and than *twenty-five* of the thirty-four years that had then elapsed since 1815! To make no account of this fact, in estimating the farmers' returns for last year, is monstrous; but it is still more monstrous to make no account of its effects in depressing the year's prices, when "Blackwood" had before him the facts that, in years when there were no imports at all, similarly plentiful harvests brought, in 1822, the imperial monthly average of November to 34s., and the annual average to 44s. 7d.; and, in 1835, brought the monthly averages repeatedly to 36s.; and the annual average to 39s. 4d.—lower by 4s. 10d., or 11 per cent., than the imperial annual average of 1849. Again, there were strongly exceptional circumstances affecting both the amount of the continental grain stocks and the inducements to import into this country. The almost unprecedentedly high price in Britain in 1846-7 had undoubtedly given a great stimulus to production on the continent; and the continental harvest of 1849, besides the greater breadth under grain, was unusually abundant. Grain having been grown, and brought to the outports, in expectation of something resembling the prices obtainable when it was sown, there was nothing for it but to bring it to the British market still, although the prices were no longer remunerative. At the same time, the revolutions and wars which overspread the continent, diminishing consumption, and spreading alarm for the safety of property, literally drove the foreigner to the markets of Britain, as apparently the only country where order, property, and commerce were secure. Without going further into detail, we ask what further proof can be required of these statements—viz., that the imports of grain have been exceptionally increased by large harvests, diminished consumption, and political disorders in the continental countries—than the fact that the country which last year sent us a larger supply of grain than any other country was France, which in ordinary years and circumstances cannot give us any at all, but is forced to import for her own necessities? Another thing unduly and exceptionally affecting prices has been the *panic*, created mainly by such unscrupulous calculators and prophets as "Blackwood," who insisted on proclaiming, that if the farmers did not rush to the market immediately it would be all up with them. Still another benefit for which the farmers have to thank their "friends," is that lately mentioned by Lord Monteagle in the House of Lords, as within his own knowledge; viz., that the asseverations of the Protectionists, that Protection must infallibly be restored without delay, and that the whole country is enthusiastic and even rebellious in its favour, is believed by ignorant persons on the continent, who are thus induced to continue hurrying their grain over here before our ports are again shut. Thus the outcry as to the approaching restoration of Protection cuts the farmer in two ways. He does not believe it himself, and therefore hurries his grain to the market before it shall, according to his "friends'" calculations, get cheaper; the foreigner *does* believe it, and therefore hurries his grain to our market before it shall get closed.

Not content with assuming all the circumstances of 1848-9 to be ordinary—as if we were to have universal abundance, and almost universal revolutions, every year—"Blackwood" sets himself to prove that in all future time matters must infallibly be worse for the farmer. Protectionist predictions and calculations as to imports and prices, even when embodied by legislative wisdom in Acts of Parliament, we have seen to be very worthless; and we are not likely to find anything more reliable in loose speeches and raw and reckless magazine articles. Only a few weeks have elapsed since "Blackwood" poured forth a perfect flood of prophecies, and already every one of them has come false! Here are the prophecies. After premising (p. 102, *et seq.* of the January number) that the foreigner was, in 1849, "unprepared for competition," and that the foreign crop of 1848 was "a poor one," he goes on, "the foreign harvest of 1849 was a splendid one, and the moment the ports are opened in spring its influence will be felt." Again (February number, p. 228), "They have had three years' intimation given them, and they have not been idle in the meanwhile;" and (230), "we anticipate that, so soon as the navigation shall be opened, the produce of 1849 will be poured into this country; that our farmers will then be compelled to bring forward their crop at any sacrifice, and that the result will be, lower prices than we have seen for upwards of a century. Two thunder-clouds meeting together must necessarily dissolve in rain." Two dunder-heads meeting together must necessarily dissolve in nonsense. What have we here predicted? That, owing to the greater abundance of the foreign harvest of 1849, as compared with that of 1848, supplies unusually greater than those of last year would be poured in as soon as the navigation opened; and prices would fall lower than they have been for a century. Well, what have been the results? We take, first, the importations. We find, from the last issued monthly return of the Board of Trade,

Digitized by Google

that, comparing the first four months of 1850 with the same period of 1849, the quantities of foreign wheat entered for home consumption stand thus:—

1849	1850
2,059,824 quarters.	845,343 quarters.

Not "an immense increase," but a decrease of greatly more than a half! The quantities of all kinds of grain (wheat inclusive) stand thus:—

1849	1850
4,126,929 quarters.	2,159,264 quarters.

Again, a decrease of a half, instead of the "immense increase" on which "Blackwood" staked his character as a prophet! As to flour, the results are—

1849	1850
1,413,605 cwts.	784,392 cwts.

Again the same results. Now as to prices, which were to fall tremendously whenever the ports opened. They have risen. When the ports were shut Mr. Sandars offered, in the House of Commons, plenty of wheat at a certain price. Mr. Villiers Shelley immediately ordered "2,000 quarters to begin with;" and Mr. Sandars (from his counting-house at Wakefield, where he is a very different man) replies, that he cannot execute the order, because in the meantime—the ports, mark! having opened in that meantime—"prices have *risen* 4s.!"

A short cut to the end which they cannot reach by any legitimate road has lately been attempted by the Protectionists, and among others by a writer in the April number of "Blackwood," evidently a somewhat superior hand to the concoctors of the articles called "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." They quote an alleged statement by Mr. Villiers, to the effect that the saving by the diminution in the prices of grain is equal to 91,000,000*l.* a-year, and then put that down as so much extracted from the farmer's pocket. Now, we do not believe that Mr. Villiers ever said anything of the kind, and whoever does say so speaks or writes palpable nonsense. Neither does it matter much how you state the extent to which the country was taxed by the Corn-law. Mr. M'Culloch ("Sup. to Com. Dic.," p. 414) states it at 4,650,000*l.*, and here are the Protectionists insisting that the true figures are 91,000,000*l.*; the fact being that there are so many ways of viewing and of stating the thing, that all statements on the point are of little value, the true ground to stand on being that the owners of land have no right to tax us at all. Here, however ("Blackwood," April, p. 382), is the Protectionist calculation as to losses, stated with a more than usual appearance of candour, and a more than usual actuality of mis-statement and delusion:—

"Mr. Villiers, in seconding the address in the House of Commons, calculated the saving of the people, in the consumption of all the kinds of food, since 1847, at 91,000,000*l.*; and if to this is added the price of the 12,000,000 quarters of all sorts of grain, which were imported in the course of 1849, estimated at the moderate average of 20s. a quarter, the loss to the agricultural interest will be 103,000,000*l.* But this is evidently too high, as the prices of 1847 were scarcity prices, owing to the famine in Ireland; and deducting 13,000,000*l.* on that account, there will remain 90,000,000*l.*, at the very least, which has been lost in one year to the agricultural interest of Great Britain and Ireland. This is more than a *third* of its amount, which may be taken, under the reduced scale of prices for three years prior to the Irish famine, at 250,000,000*l.* annual value."

Now, first, under the appearance of great candour in laying aside the prices of 1847, as too high for a fair comparison, look at the trick that is played. The year 1847, which he takes so much credit for not reckoning, did not belong to him at all, being, as we have already seen, a Free-trade year; so that, while appearing to make a generous concession of his own advantages, he is, in fact, perpetrating a robbery of his opponent. But, worse still, look at the audacious attempt at making an addition to the original nonsense, about 91,000,000*l.* After setting down that thumping sum as what the farmer has lost by the lowering of prices, he adds to the supposed loss the price of the 12,000,000 of quarters imported—that is, he infers that the farmers not only got lower prices, but sold less corn—that every quarter imported entirely annihilated, by some process unexplained and inconceivable, a quarter grown at home! Now the fact is, as everybody knows, that farmers, instead of selling less than usual last year, sold *more*—and for the obvious reason, the reason expressly admitted by "Blackwood," that they had more to sell. Will "Blackwood," who in April tells us the farmers had 12,000,000 quarters *less* than usual to sell, inform us what has become of the quantity which he told us in January had been produced by the harvest of 1849 *above* the average of years?

But what of the 91,000,000*l.* that has been lost? Why, we say that, according to all computations as to the amount of that species of agricultural produce which alone is affected by importation, there was not so much to lose. For be it noticed that, lumping Live Animals and Provisions together, the total importation of animal food does not amount to three per cent. on the consumption; so that to talk of Free-trade having lowered the price of that class of articles is mere delusion. The same remark applies to every sort of root and green crop, in which the imports are nearly *nil*. All, therefore, that can be affected by foreign competition is grain. Now, what is the total annual value of the grain produced in the three kingdoms? According to a statement deduced by Mr. M'Culloch from various authorities, and, in a moment of rashness, when dealing with another point, authenticated and adopted by "Blackwood" himself, it is, as near as may be, 90,000,000*l.* In saying, therefore, that the agriculturists have lost 91,000,000*l.* by Free-trade, "Blackwood" is simply—very simply!—asserting that they lost *more than the whole!* Before farmers can believe him, they must believe that they last year not only sold their grain for nothing at all, but paid somebody or other a million sterling for carrying it away!

Next month we shall deal with some more of "Blackwood's" "startling facts," as marvellous even as this, and also with some general points more useful, if less amusing.

Digitized by Google

LORD ASHLEY'S ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN ON SUNDAY POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

On the 17th of June Lord John Russell recommended to the House of Commons the reconsideration of the Standing Orders which affect the presentation of addresses from the House to the Crown. There can be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of providing the same securities for the deliberate consideration of motions assuming this particular form, which already apply to Parliamentary proceedings in general. Addresses to the Crown, when they are not merely formal and ceremonial, are likely to concern matters of public interest; and it is, at least, indecorous that a representation should be publicly made by the House, which is known to be the production of a packed minority. We trust, however, that the greater weight which will attach to addresses deliberately considered may not facilitate the practice of superseding, by an irregular process of voting, the ordinary forms of legislation, and the responsibility of the Executive Government. Lord John Russell is, we presume, induced to propose a change in the Standing Orders by the strange Address which was smuggled through the House of Commons by Lord Ashley, with the ostensible object of putting a stop to the operations of the Post-office on Sunday. Practical success is in all cases so secondary a consideration with politicians of the sectarian-philanthropic school, that we have little doubt that half of Lord Ashley's party were surprised and disappointed by the instant surrender of the Government to their presumptuous demands. A display of religious zeal was secured by the motion, and rendered conspicuous by the success of the packed division. For what remained, a nominal grievance for the clique to complain of would perhaps have been more prized than a practical grievance to enforce on society at large. If the affair had ended with the empty triumph of the division, and with an answer of courteous contempt from the Crown, a ground would have been laid for the introduction of Lord John's new Standing Order, and no imputation would have rested on the Government.

Unfortunately, however, Ministers were led away on this occasion by the desire to inflict on the House of Commons a reproof for several recent acts of indiscipline, in the form of a questionable practical joke. As their subalterns are boasting in all quarters of the vigour and the humour of their determination to let the Sabbatarians have their way to the utmost, we do them no injustice in saying that, for the purpose of discountenancing the parliamentary sections who have from time to time snapped up stray majorities against them, they have deliberately adopted and sanctioned the most troublesome crotchet of the most unscrupulous of coteries. Because intruders had from time to time pushed against the official door, the Government determined to throw it suddenly open for the amusement of seeing the public disturbers sprawling on the pavement. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the name of the Government, clearly and forcibly explained the inconvenience which the public will suffer from the proposed Post-office changes. It is in the hope that these very inconveniences, when practically suffered, will arouse the injured public against the factious tyranny of the Judaising Sabbatarians, that the Ministers have determined that it shall be enforced to the utmost. Lord John Russell can hardly be serious in assigning the unpleasantness of a disagreement between the Commons and the Crown as a reason for answering all addresses in the affirmative. If such a principle is admitted, the majority of a moment in the Commons will have power to overrule the deliberate action of both Houses, and the discretion of the Executive Government. The Queen will be compelled to disband her army, or to dissolve Parliament, as often as fifty members can be found to pack a division at dinner-time. Moreover, it is not as a matter of political etiquette, but as a proof of consummate statecraft, exemplified in the form of profound irony, that the discontinuance of the Sunday post is eulogised by those who are in the confidence of the Administration. The very absurdity, the canting dishonesty, the notorious unpopularity of the measure, are the favourite topics of those who chiefly applaud it. This *reductio ad absurdum* of the political wisdom of coterie legislation is magnified as the best security against its recurrence. To us it appears that the wit of the proceeding is worthy of its wisdom. It is as if a steersman were to run his boat on a sandbank, or a coachman to drive into the ditch, as a rebuke to the officious and troublesome advice of ignorant and unauthorised byestanders. We are by no means certain that, in the present case, the byestanders will help to repair the misfortune. In England cant has enormous odds upon its side, from the natural unwillingness of most men to expose themselves to the scurrility and malignity of self-named religious agitation. Let the new system last for five years, and any attempt to repair the evil caused by an active clique, and a facetious Ministry, will be treated, and possibly rejected, as an unheard of and impious innovation.

However this may be, the country has reason to complain of any precedent for the abdication of power by a responsible Ministry in favour of a casual majority in either House of Parliament. Under the English constitution, as it exists in practice, the Government represents the dominant and standing opinion which results from a balance of Parliamentary forces. In legislation, it must consult the inclination of the House of Commons; in the executive administration it is bound to follow, and does in general follow, its own sense of expediency and justice. It has no right to throw the responsibility which it has assumed on any section of Parliament. The country recognises and obeys

Digitized by Google

the heads of public departments at the same time as authorised functionaries and as party leaders—but it has no security for the competency of fifty or a hundred stray members who may hold or profess a particular crotchet to direct the executive administration. Lord John Russell deprecates a conflict between the House of Commons and the Crown; and that it may not arise in a case when the great majority of the House is well known to agree with the professed opinions of the advisers of the Crown, he allows the opinion to which he is himself opposed, and to which Parliament is opposed, a triumph which is not less actual for being conceded in irony.

As to the measure itself, we have comparatively little to say. It is almost professedly dishonest, as it will probably increase the labour which is saved by the machinery of the Post-office, more than it will relieve the offices of the establishment. Let the strict Sabbatarian consider even the machinery which the weekly papers will have to set in motion under the new regulation. It is essential to their country circulation that they should be forwarded from London on Saturday night; and they will still be forwarded, though they are denied the use of the Post-office, for which they have paid a consideration in the stamp-duty. It cannot be supposed that they will succumb without a struggle; and any mode of circulation which they may contrive will increase the amount of Sunday labour more than the Post-office changes can diminish it. In the same manner, hundreds of journeys must be undertaken, and messengers sent for private purposes, because Lord Ashley is virtuous and the Ministry witty. We have no doubt that a part of the joke consists in the additional "desecration of the Sabbath" which will take place under the new regulations.

We are unwilling, however, to rest our objection on this casual result of Sabbatarian officiousness. It is not disputed that inconvenience will arise—it cannot be pretended that it is willingly incurred by the country at large; and we altogether deny the right of Lord Ashley and his sect to impose their tenets and their rules of conduct on the great body of their countrymen. There are already, in the present session, two bills before Parliament on Sunday questions: one of them even passed into a law. If any farther legislation is necessary, let us, at least, have the security of the forms of both Houses against modern Pharisaical oppression. When we look on this Post-office regulation, we cannot but congratulate the country on the failure of the attempts of recent administrations to obtain the control of railways. If the great locomotive system had been reduced to a single head, and placed in Downing-street, it would have been within Lord Ashley's grasp, and the greatest enjoyment which modern times have provided for the population of the metropolis would have been annihilated without a scruple—Hampton and Anerly, Greenwich and Gravesend, would have been closed to the thousands who once a week enjoy the fresh air and the beauty of the country and of the river; the mechanic would have been driven to the gin-palace, and the shopman to the parlour of the public-house; and the Government would, as now, perhaps have looked down, like the gods of Epicurus, on the persecuted population whom it had declined to protect, in the vague expectation that it would rise against its puny oppressors; forgetting that, if a reaction arises, it may be accompanied by no friendly feeling to the beneficent institution which is so wantonly and so grievously abused by unauthorised and exaggerated partisans.

LOVE OVER THE WAY.

My pretty neighbour's window-blind—
  I see it go and come;
No doubt she's peeping there behind,
  To see if I'm at home.

Perhaps she thinks to catch a spy—
  That evening will reveal
The fond and foolish jealousy,
  That I by day conceal.

The pretty dear, I needs must own,
  Thinks nothing of the kind;
It *is* the evening breeze alone
  That flaps her window-blind.

FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

She was of earth, where fairest things
Meet foulest fate. The rose thus springs
  With day's first dawning,
Thus blooms with youth elate,
  Thus fades with morning.

Digitized by Google

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

"No man ever painted, or ever will paint, well, anything but what he has early and long seen, early and long felt, and early and long loved."—*Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 121.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy is like a grand dinner. The British Institution like a *petit souper*. At the one you have a great undertaking before you, and should sit down with a hearty appetite, resolved to do battle gallantly, yet well convinced that a great part of the feast is better let alone, that some dishes are horribly indigestible, and others mawkish and insipid; that though you are pretty safe at the top and bottom of the table, side dishes are to be ventured on with caution. On the whole you would have been better pleased if the dinner had been smaller, and the dishes and the company more select. The Institution is the reverse of all this. It is all tit-bits and delicacies. You cannot go wrong. The only limit to your enjoyment is the capacity of your appetite; your only discomfort arises from the *embarras de richesses*. One picture is a meal, and you have before you one hundred and seventy-one. We have just turned to the catalogue to verify this number, and how that one hundred and seventy-first picture starts up again before our eyes! "A Nun," by Titian. Her heart beats rebelliously against her white vestments, pants upon her lip, beams in her sunny face, and flashes from her dark eye! Our noticing this picture here is all out of order; but it is as if, entering a library, we had accidentally opened a volume of Boccacio, and been nailed by it to the spot.

The collection this year is (thanks principally to the munificence of Lord Yarborough and Mr. Hope, the former of whom has contributed no less than thirty-five pictures) singularly rich. The walls glow with the warm tints of Titian and Tintoretto. Guercino, Annibal Caracci, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Claude, and Salvator, bring the wealth of Italy. Velasquez, Spagnoletto, and Murillo, are there from Spain. These are the aristocrats of art. Rembrandt heads the sturdy burghers. Both and Ruysdael contribute sunny and cold landscapes. The warmth of Cuyp, and the calm of Vandervelde, "sink on the heart like dew along the flower." The Jan Steens and Ostades bring up the rear in great numbers, and may be called the democracy. In this rich assemblage how proudly, yet how modestly, our own Reynolds vindicates his place as one of the classics of art. Most graceful of portrait-painters! Does any venerable matron still come with trembling step, leaning on her grandchildren, to gaze on the canvass, in which the loveliness that was once hers yet breathes and lives? There is something inexpressibly touching in the portraits of Reynolds. We have little personal sympathy with the beauties of Lely and Vandyke: still less with those of Guido or Titian. They belong to history, or mythology, or the land of shadows; but the loveliness which inspired Reynolds had only begun to fade when we began to live. His pictures are a link that binds us to the past, and each beautiful face breathes the mournful words over which the shepherds of Poussin still weep, *Et in Arcadia Ego*.

Nor is Reynolds the only champion who vindicates the claims of the English school of art; Gainsborough may well break a lance with Cuyp, Crome with Hobbima. Wilson committed the error of seeking to Italianize his genius, and sinned against the canon of art which we have adopted as a motto, and his paintings, beautiful as they are, suffered in consequence. Northcote (whom we have always loved since we read that most amusing book, his "Conversations") has a beautiful picture of Mrs. Waldegrave and her son.

We would impress upon all artists who go to the Institution for the purposes of study, the truth of our motto and of its converse—that is, that if the man of genius writes or paints, honestly and truthfully, upon the subject that he does know and love, be that subject what it may, he will give delight. The light of genius is a reflected ray of the light of nature. It might have speeded on its course unseen, had it not struck the mirror from which it is flashed back upon every eye. This is true of genius in all its manifestations.

A common peasant girl pursues her ordinary avocations in a farm-yard, attended by a goose and a turkey. She hears something that surprises and pleases her, and looks up from her work. What more ordinary? What less poetical? But let this scene fall under the eye of Velasquez or Cervantes, and Sanchina smiles and listens for ever on the canvass of the one, or receives the duke's gentleman, ties up her hair, and runs off to her mother, on the immortal page of the other. A drunken farmer is frighted with "bogles," or a parrot gets into bad company and learns to swear. Burns and Gresset hear the stories, and "Tam o'Shanter" and "Vert Vert" are as eternal as the languages in which they are written. Lice and mice might have crawled and scuttled for ever, and we should have thought and cared nothing about them; but "what do ye think o' the mouse noo, man?" as Burns triumphantly said to his brother, after reciting the lines on the "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," when Gilbert had laughed at dear, generous, kind-hearted, immortal Robie for thinking so much about it. Mr. Thackeray spills a glass of ale over his pantaloons in an Irish public-house, and Peg of Limavaddy's laugh rings over the three kingdoms, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia, for ever.

There is no painter whose works illustrate this truth more forcibly than Sir Joshua. If the Graces ever left the home which, according to the Greek epigram, they found in the soul of Aristophanes, it must have been when they took up their abode in that of Reynolds. His "Shepherd Boy" in

Digitized by Google

this collection, his "Age of Innocence," "Infant Samuel," "Strawberry Girl," "Muscipula," "Puck"—his statesmen, his lawyers, his heroes (of which perhaps the Woburn picture of Keppel is the finest), his family groups (Lady Cockburn and her children, for instance), and, above all, his female portraits, are the perfection of grace, truth, vigour, and loveliness. So his "Iphigenia" and his "Snake in the Grass." They are real lovely English women. But his "Ugolino" is a famished beggar, his "Macbeth" a startled booby; "Cardinal Beaufort" grins with the pangs of the gout, not of remorse; "Urania" sprawls ungracefully over the globe, and it is impossible to make anything rational of the strange allegory in which Dr. Beattie and Voltaire figure. Sir David Wilkie affords another instance of the truth of this principle—(by the way, in the "Penny Wedding," which we were delighted to see again, we find one of the earliest indications of the little sharp dot with which he gave effect to the eyes of his figures in his later style, and which in this picture produces a painful effect—they look like black seeds). Look at his picture of "The Breakfast" in the present collection. What more delightful? What more true? The good old lady watching that the exactly right quantity of water is poured into the teapot; the manly Mid-Lothian farmer of a son; the clean, hospitable, well-spread breakfast-table; and, above all, that kind, fresh, good-tempered, modest lassie, who administers the boiling water. And then turn to his "Whiteboy's Cabin" in the Vernon Gallery, or the "Escape of Mary Queen of Scots," or any of his Spanish Monks, which are we know not where, but only hope far enough off. A glance at these pictures explains what we mean. In the first he was painting realities—not drawing fac-similes of uncomfortable toe-nails, like Mr. Millais, but painting, as Cowper and Goldsmith wrote, from the rich stores which were garnered up in his heart; in the other, he was getting up his genius for effect, dressing it out for a part: it was, as Mr. Carlyle would say, a sham and a wind-bag. The same difference exists between a coalheaver of George Cruikshank's and a coalheaver of Gavarni. The Infant Saviour of Carlo Dolce "drains the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting," falls asleep with parted lips, and appeals to the heart of every mother in Christendom. He is the child she has fed from her own bosom. The Gipsey's brat of Gerard Dow sneezes over her shoulder, and you stand aside to get out of the way. Crome, of Norwich, painted the lanes and trees of Norfolk, but he is the English Hobbima, vigorous and real. Compare his landscapes with the tawdry, chalky, affected Italianism of Sir Augustus Calcott which hangs near them. It is like contrasting an artless, innocent girl of nineteen, at a cottage door, with a painted, bedizened, beflounced figurante leaning against the flats.

There is a wonderful picture on the right hand as you go up stairs, by Weenix, "Dead Game" (61), marvellously faithful. The handling of the fur of the deer and the plumage of the birds is that of Nature herself; the peep at the distant landscape, too, is delightful. We wish for some of Landseer's best pictures to place by the side of Weenix and Snyders—though may the hour be far distant which shall entitle them to a place on these walls! Even in his earlier and more careful pictures, he never quite equalled the minute fidelity with which Weenix gives the very texture of the garb in which Nature has clothed our furred and feathered brethren, or the animal vigour which rends and snarls in the hounds, boars, and foxes of Snyders. In all that relates to the sentiment, the soul, the moral philosophy of the animal, he has far excelled them both. But all these, great as they are, must yield to one greater. In each of these various ways Rubens is above all pre-eminent. At one fell swoop his eagle dashes on the prostrate Prometheus—one fearful talon is planted on his up-turned face, the other stretches to his hip. There has been no change—no hesitation, as he stooped to his prey. There they are fixed. His broad pinions spread a fatal canopy over his victim. His terrible head bends over his expanded chest, and his sharp blue beak makes one clean cut with fatal decision right down upon the liver which he devours warm and reeking. His ruffled crest is painted with all the truth, and fifty times the vigour, of Weenix. He is hungry and fierce as Snyders would have drawn him, but he is far more; he is what neither Weenix, nor Snyders, nor Landseer could have made him. He is the very bird of Jove—the minister of eternal wrath. He executes the decrees of Almighty vengeance, and he knows his mission. His feast is not revolting—it is sacrificial—expiatory.

It is strange to consider the animals that some painters introduce into their pictures. "Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;" and Albano has represented him as such an amiable overgrown calf that the alarm of the attendants of Europa appears perfectly unreasonable, and he looks as innocent a playfellow as she could have selected. Snyders would have made him a bull in good earnest—Landseer a bull and a gentleman—Rubens a bull and a god!

We turn to the portraits, always amongst the most interesting pictures in this exhibition. Whose was that fine thoughtful head, by Andrea del Sarto? that rugged nameless face, by Rembrandt? There is no doubt about the next that look down upon us: Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, Alexander the Sixth, Cæsar Borgia. Can all history furnish the Devil with such another whist party?

We are drawing close upon the limit of our space, and feel as if our subject were inexhaustible. One after another, pictures of exquisite beauty look out reproachfully from the walls upon us, and ask if we are so ungrateful as to leave the room without one word of admiration or gratitude for all the delight they have given us. There is one amongst them whose claim brooks no denial. What a face it is! and what a tale it tells! What a story of national shame, and guilt, and ingratitude! She who inspired Reynolds, and Romney, and Hoppner—who speeded Nelson to victory—who shared his heart with his country—who claimed his last thought in the hour of triumph and of

Digitized by Google

death—as soon as that great heart ceased to beat, saw his last injunctions disregarded, and her claims disowned by an ungrateful Government and a base brother—heard her name spoken with 'bated breath, as a word of shame—the hero who had loved her excused for crimes of which he never was guilty, on the plea that it was under the fascination of her fatal charms that he committed them. "Sin in state, majestically drunk," shook her coronetted head at the frail plebeian. She went to die, in want, amongst the very people she had enabled him to vanquish, and laid the mouldering relics of her matchless beauty in a timber-yard at Calais. Shame on the eye that can look on that canvas undimmed! Shame on the heart that does not swell with pity and indignation at the name of Emma Hamilton!

NOTES FROM PARIS.—NO. II.

BY R. M. M.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS DOTATION.

The electoral law, substituting a *pays légale* for universal suffrage, has passed by a large majority. M. de Girardin has taken his seat in the Assembly, as the last expression of public opinion is recognised by the constitution of the Republic, and the Government starts on a new basis of representation. The provision which abolishes the distinction between the votes of the army and civilians is quite within the scope of the constitution, and is excellent in itself; the soldier votes as a citizen, not as a soldier, and there can be no reason why his vote should be counted in his professional rather than in his civic capacity. Nothing can be worse for the safety of the State than that political factions should be eagerly watching the suffrage of the army, and calculating, according to the result, what part the army would be likely to take in a future struggle.

But the stipulation of a three years' domicile in the same canton is of a totally different nature. It establishes a distinct limitation of the right of suffrage, and that without any such fixed principle as may command a general adhesion from reasonable men. The mere residence of a citizen for three years in the same district can hardly be forced into an expression of a peculiar fitness for the exercise of political rights. A certain fixed habitation, such as that of six months, which the former law required, is reasonable, to identify the individual, and to cast a public censure on mere vagabondage; but to disfranchise the artisan who enlarges his field of labour and goes to where it is wanted, and to incapacitate the gentleman who breaks up his establishment and goes abroad for a year, from acting as a citizen till three years after his return, is manifestly absurd, and without any real political significance.

But, in truth, the very framers of the measure, as we mentioned last month, care little about the practical consequences, nor, on the other hand, is the value and dignity of the electoral trust sufficiently appreciated in France by the mass of the population for them to regard the loss as a very serious deprivation. The body of electors, after the arbitrary excisions of the new law, will remain very large—large enough, we believe, to carry with it all the dangers and difficulties of excited and empowered ignorance without any of the advantages which the final authoritative character of universal suffrage confers on a Republican government.

To the very last moment a hope was entertained by the Republicans that the President would refuse his assent to the measure, and a short and apparently unnecessary delay somewhat encouraged the expectation. Whether any such notion was ever more than a supposition, the most intimate friends of the President are not likely to know, and certainly not we, the receivers of public information; but it may well have suggested itself to him, that here was one more chance of a personal and popular policy thrown away, one more opportunity lost of asserting his political existence, one more concession to those dangerous friends who hardly conceal that they look on him as the proof of the "*reductio ad absurdum*" as applied to revolutions.

Hardly had this great innovation been legalised, before the majority of the Assembly were surprised by the announcement that the Ministers were about immediately to introduce a bill tripling the sum of money annually allowed to the President—a sum already double the original grant. Molé, Thiers, Berryer, and the rest of the party, now almost officially designated *Burgraves*, expressed their astonishment, and many their displeasure. For although such an establishment for the head of the State as would tend to keep monarchical traditions alive in the people, and such a power of assistance and relief as would incline the lower classes to look for benevolence in conjunction with high authority, was much to be preferred to any expectation of improvement, on their part, by means of social organisation, nevertheless there were many reasons that made this measure necessarily unpalatable to a large number of the miscellaneous champions of order.

This proposal, coming so soon after the electoral law, gave an appearance of bargain to the support which the majority had received on that occasion from the President, likely to injure their consideration, and to damage their influence with

Digitized by Google

the taxpayers of the population. Again, it was by no means certain that it would be wise to make the President independent in his private affairs. Already had threats been heard, that the friends of order had bought up some of his debts, and were ready, at the proper moment, to bring them simultaneously before the Courts of Law, placing him in the most odious and undignified position. If set free from any such intimidation, and with a large surplus income to distribute to the necessitous and to bestow in patronage, the monarchical desires of many might seek their completion rather in his permanent establishment than in the restoration of either branch of the Bourbons. M. Guizot, in his essay on the great English Revolution, had pictured Richard Cromwell as retiring to Switzerland, *criblé des dettes;* a destiny which probably awaited the President, if he turned a deaf ear to all their proposals, and stood firmly to Republican principles.

Nor could the measure be agreeable to the moderate Republican party, who wished to see the President independent, indeed, of all those mean influences which for the moment surrounded him, but, at the same time, not aping royalty, and using the same means, and appealing to the same motives, that had so prominently characterised the reign of the wealthy monarch they had dethroned.

Little general reproach has been attached to the President himself; it is known that his election, although certainly not due to corruption in any form, had been attended with considerable expense, the interest of which was duly accumulating; the style of living at the Elysée, though by no means on the model of Mount Vernon, to which M. de Lamartine had directed the attention of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, has been that of a liberal hospitality rather than of princely ostentation. Every Frenchman is something of an artist in feeling; and it is very doubtful whether the simplicity and privacy of American manners would be at all agreeable to the national taste; and although it would have, perhaps, been better policy on the part of the President to have been forced into a generous and sumptuous mode of life than to have adopted it as a matter of course, yet there has been no such extravagance as, in itself, would shock the public opinion. It is impossible for an Englishman not to regard with some satisfaction the hearty reception given by the President to all of his countrymen who had shown kindness to, and sympathy for, the simple Louis Bonaparte, contrasting singularly with that to which some of the proudest of our nation were subject at the court of the Bourbons, who had lived for years on British hospitality, and been restored to their thrones by British valour and British gold.

Various means have been suggested by the chiefs of the majority to defeat the project of the Government. A grant of 60,000*l.* for the payment of the President's debts was offered and refused. The limitation of the grant for one year is, in fact, the same offer in other words; and to this intention a considerable portion seem inclined to adhere. Even with this limitation, the President will be a great gainer, and not in money alone. The effect of this huge debt has been to depress his spirits, to tame him with well-founded fears of humiliation, to check his better impulses, and to prevent him from fairly meeting the circumstances and contingencies of his peculiar position. It is just possible that even the unpopularity of his assent to the electoral law may be redeemed; for his name, though by no means so omnipotent as the associations of his childhood and the aspirations of his youth incline him to believe it, is nevertheless a great weapon in the hands of any party, especially in its action upon that army with which, in all probability, will ultimately rest the decision of the form of Government under which France is to remain for many years to come.

LITERATURE.

Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family. By Bayle St. John. Chapman & Hall.

This is a book of Eastern travel on an entirely new plan. Instead of commencing his work, like the mass of Oriental tourists, with a storm in the Bay of Biscay, Mr. St. John lands us at once in the ancient capital of Egypt, and introduces us, after an explanatory chapter or two, to the household where he spent the intervening months between June, 1846, and June, 1848.

The family with whom he resided was of the middle class, and consisted of a widow who had been twice married, her son, who was what is called a merchant in the East and a shopkeeper in Europe, and a niece named "Wardy," a very angelic creature, according to Mr. St. John's account, of sixteen. "Wardy," however, was removed by her relatives shortly after the Englishman took up his abode in the house, a step which Mr. St. John admits to have been judicious, for reasons which the curious reader will find detailed at due length in the work before us. Besides these *dramatis personæ*, various relatives of the family and neighbours of both sexes are introduced to our notice, the whole narrative furnishing us, we have no doubt, with a very accurate picture of middle-class life in the East. Mr. St. John preferred this mode of studying the character and manners of the people to the hackneyed practice of picking up information at consular dinners—not that he eschewed such hospitalities, but because he had made up his mind to judge as far as possible for himself

Digitized by Google

as to the comparative advantages of Eastern and Western civilization.

We commend Mr. St. John's choice; but unless his hostess was a great deal more attractive than he has represented her to be, we cannot well understand why he should have spent two precious years of his life in the monotonous society he has described. Novelty is charming, no doubt; but from the numerous specimens he furnishes us of the manners and conversation of the Alexandrian bourgeoisie, we should certainly consider that they would afford but little subject of permanent interest to an intelligent European. Mr. St. John estimates Egyptian morality, public and private, mercantile and domestic, at a very low rate, and he furnishes us with ample grounds for his opinion. A spirit of extreme rapacity and dishonesty characterizes the trading classes of all grades, and the utmost laxity both of morals and discourse prevails in private life. Mr. St. John leads us to infer that the people with whom he lived were an exception to the general rule, being simple, honest, hospitable folks; still we do not envy him his quarters—at all events after the disappearance of "Wardy." The only stirring incident which occurred in the household after that important event was the apparition of a ghost—no unsubstantial shadow at the dead of night, but the figure of an aged man with a long beard and a longer pipe—which was seen by all the members of the family to cross the courtyard under the broad glare of an Egyptian sun. We congratulate Mrs. Crowe on this new and well-attested tale of the immaterial world, for the truth of the details of which Mr. St. John, with more boldness than discretion, has pledged his word.

With regard to the important question of the effect of Mehemet Ali's administration on the permanent prosperity of Egypt, the author of the work before us entertains very grave doubts. With these we are strongly inclined to participate. It would be absurd, indeed, to deny the extraordinary talents and energy of the late Pasha; but his attempt to combine European regularity with Oriental despotism has only produced a bastard species of civilization, exhibiting all the vices of both systems, but with few of the virtues of either. The internal government of Egypt, political, commercial, and military, displays to their fullest extent the evils of a bureaucracy of the worst class, while the supreme authority, unchecked as in Europe either by law, custom, or public opinion, continues to exercise its uncontrolled power over the lives and fortunes of the people. The despotism of the Sultan was mild and paternal compared with that of his rebellious vassal.

The following incident, related by Mr. St. John, is strikingly illustrative of the insecurity of life in the East. The conduct of the French Consul in the matter will not fail to enlighten the reader as to the unscrupulous nature of the master he so worthily represented:—

"When the unfortunate Dey of Algiers was driven from his dominions, he at first took refuge in Italy, but being soon disgusted with Frank manners, departed thence for Egypt, where he died, leaving his daughter, Nefeesa Hanem, under the protection of the Pasha. This lady was married against her expressed will to one Caid Ismael, and became the mother of a large family of children. But she had never any reason to be satisfied with her husband, whose ill-treatment constantly increased, so that at length she escaped from his house, and took refuge in one she had herself bought. Caid Ismael, however, detained all her jewels, to the amount, it was said, of a hundred and eighty thousand dollars; and when she applied to the Pasha to have them returned, she was told that she must go back to her husband. The Lady Nefeesa, however, ventured to proceed to Cairo, where she was immediately put under arrest, two cawasses being placed at her door to prevent her communicating secretly with any person outside. Meanwhile, no further attention was paid to her petitions and memorials; and the Pasha returned to Alexandria without settling the matter one way or the other. At length, in reply to one of her repeated messages, he let her know that she was at liberty to come down. The order, for it was no other, was punctually obeyed, and in due time a large boat brought Nefeesa Hanem, eight children, and three guards, to the landing-place at Moharrem Bey's garden. Here a faithful black slave contrived to communicate with the lady, and to tell her that she must beware, as Caid Ismael had been to the Pasha and asked permission to put his refractory wife to death, by throwing her into the sea. The children, when they heard this story, began to weep; and the eldest boy, probably in obedience to his mother's commands, slipped on shore, took a donkey, and rode to the house of the Austrian consul-general. With true Oriental cunning, he did not relate the circumstances of the case, but merely demanded the loan of the consul's carriage for the daughter of the Dey of Algiers. The request was complied with, and in due time the lady arrived before the gateway. Here she asked permission to go in and pay her respects and offer her thanks to the mistress of the house. The cawasses, not having any positive orders to the contrary, consented, and the whole family were soon within the inviolable precincts of the consulate. With her children pressing around, and dissolved in tears, herself naturally in great agitation, she appeared before the consul's lady, and, after some hesitation, threw herself at her feet and besought her protection. M. de Laurin, on being informed of what had taken place, at once understood that the application should have been made not to him but to the French Consul; but motives of humanity induced him, nevertheless, to act in behalf of poor Nefeesa. It was fortunate that he did so, as, in spite of her claims as an Algerine, she would have been abandoned, from motives of political expediency, by her natural protectors. The French Consul-General, indeed, did not scruple to put in writing that he objected to meddle in the matter, for fear of offending the Pasha. I mention this circumstance because it was not an isolated instance, but part of a settled plan prescribed to the representatives of the late French monarch in Egypt, in order to acquire political influence. The Lady Nefeesa, however, was efficiently protected by M. de Laurin, who did not consider his task complete until he had seen her safe on board the steamer that was to bear her back to the country where her father had once held sway."

The City of the Jugglers; or, Free-trade in Souls. A Romance of the "Golden" Age. By W. North. London: H. J. Gibbs.

This is a very strange production; full of cleverness, but wild in the extreme. We cannot undertake to unravel the plot of this so-called romance, which consists of a series of sketches very little connected with each other, but all intended to scourge the vices and follies of our time. The author is a democrat of the most latitudinarian principles, and his object appears to be to weaken and overthrow the two main obstacles to the triumph of universal Republicanism. These are respectively the spirit of mammon and the spirit of feudalism. The first, as may be gathered from the title of his work, is the especial object of his abhorrence, as by far

Digitized by Google

the stronger of the obstacles which stand in the way of the accomplishment of his grand design.

Besides these main topics, there are various others of less pressing interest which engage his attention. He is eager to reform the press and the currency. The purification of the former he would effect by abolishing the practice of anonymous writing; the stability of the latter he would secure by repealing the legislation of Sir Robert Peel. Of our public men he seems, strangely enough, to have the greatest admiration for Disraeli; and of our celebrated writers, the greatest detestation of Carlyle.

"There is a fellow for you, who, having discovered the Irishman's axiom, 'that mankind is a great rascal,' gets straightway into a passion, and thinks to turn the river of mind, as a hunter turns a buffalo, by shrieking outlandish gibberish and compound Anglo-German Billingsgate! I hate these canting egotistical lecturers, spouters, and scribblers. If a man has an itch for reforming the world, let him do something himself, instead of abusing everybody else. Give me practical men, who take the earth as they find it; and if they can't build their houses on rocks, take the firmest sand that offers."

Social Position; or, "Our Recommendations." A Satire. London: W. Pickering.

Another attack upon the sins and follies of the age, after the fashion of Alexander Pope. The author displays considerable skill and vigour in some of his sketches; but the interest is not sustained throughout the poem, which is too long for the matter it contains, and the writing is often unequal. The following may be taken as a fair sample of the writer's powers:—

"Here, then, the contrast mark of two careers:
Imprudence sanguine, without doubts or fears,
Sows heedless on in joy, to reap in tears—
Trustful, commits his true heart's golden key
In keeping to smooth Plausibility.
He, should a friend in difficulties come,
Lends, in a double sense, the untold sum:
He backs the bill, and, listening to the scheme,
Stuffs with his substance the projector's dream:
He, loving well not wisely, weds at once,
Little debating on the pro's and con's;
Or so forgets himself as to atone
By matrimony to some maid undone:
Thinks he acts justly, and the sneer defies,
Or hopes the world will view with lenient eyes,
Nor quite condemn the well-meant sacrifice.
But the world's law is of another stamp,
At such a step prudential friends decamp.
Perhaps from this or from some like event
We first may calculate his swift descent.
Caste lost, the tide turns, and the clouds arise.
Slight errors bring tremendous penalties,
Half puzzling those who, by their private sense,
Arrange the punishments of Providence,
And who possess an arithmetic rate
For proving dispensations adequate.
Imprudence sets a light in a wrong place,
Wife, children, house, and goods are in a blaze;
For house and goods he might have been secure;
Imprudence has omitted to insure.
Then comes the Dæmon of the empty purse,
And all the black attendants on reverse:
His looks, of grief and of disquiet full,
Depress the happy, and don't cheer the dull,
Who turn them from the visage of distress
That shows the harassed mind's uneasiness;
And so the heart, once kind, now moody, swells,
Against itself reluctates and rebels.
Its rankling wounds, like sores that meet the eye,
At first turn angry, and then mortify,
Or else keep bleeding inwards, and the flood
Corrupts whate'er remained of wholesome blood.
The while a 'tale of lamentable things
Done long ago, and ill done,' memory brings,
And prompts, though suffering has unsealed his eyes,
'Tis too late to be profitably wise.
Men think they see, nor do they greatly err,
Deterioration in his character,
And this provides them with a fresh excuse,
If more were wanted, quite to cast him loose:
By a strange 'ex post facto,' he at last
Seems almost worthy of his sufferings past.
Thus his mind fails with th' oft repeated blow,
And shows a mere blank sheet, but edged with woe.
Or else poor Timon, once of promise high,
Is driven to drink, and to despair, and die,
And having none to succour, nought to save,
Behind the desert, and before the wave,
He digs him in the barren sands a grave."

The picture of the fortunate career which follows is less successful. It is folly to suppose that prudence belongs only to the contracted spirit and the cold heart.

Black's Picturesque Tourist through England and Wales. Second edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

We can safely recommend this handsome volume to the attention of all home tourists. It contains every species of information which the most curious traveller can desire respecting inns, roads, and railways; and it is, moreover, furnished with plates and maps of the most celebrated lake and mountain country of England and Wales.

The following publications have been received:—

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. X. R—SIE. London: Charles Knight.

The English Settler's Guide to Ireland. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

Royal Agricultural Society's Prize Model Cottages. Price 2s. 6d. boards; 3s. cloth. London: Thomas Dean and Son.

Fame, or the Real and Ideal: an original Play, in five acts. By Henry Osborn. London: James Gilbert.

The Amyott's Home. By the Author of "Life's Lessons." London: Groombridge and Sons.

Voices from the Woodlands. By Mary Roberts. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

A Popular History of Mammalia. By Adam White. London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve.

The Life of a Fairy. By Nelson Lee. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. Dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. London: J. and D. A. Darling.

In Memoriam. A. H. H. 1 vol. London: Edward Moxon.

War in Hungary. By Klapka. London: C. Gilpin.

Old St. Paul's. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Cheap edition, 2 vols. 2s. London: Chapman and Hall.

Justice for Ireland. By Alexander Cheyne, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Price 2s. 6d. Dublin: S. B. Oldham.

Missionary Encouragement in India. By the Rev. W. Clarkson. London: John Snow.

The Shortest Way with the Free-traders. In a Letter to the Editor of the "Standard." By Daniel Defoe, jun. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Latter-day Pamphlets. Edited by Thos. Carlyle. No. 6. Parliaments. Price 1s. London: Chapman and Hall.

Digitized by Google

The Looker-on. No. 6. A literary miscellany, edited by Fritz and Liolett. Price 6d.

Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

The Woman at the Well, and other Poems. By Walter M'Gilvray, D.D. Second edition. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun.

Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland. Illustrated by Robert William Billings and William Burn. Part 38. Medium 4to. price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood and Son.

MUSIC.

The Sisters' Two Waltzes, for the Pianoforte. Composed by William Thorold Wood. Price 3s.

The Drawing-room Quadrilles, as Duets for two Performers on the Pianoforte. Second edition. By the same. Price 4s.

The Free-trade Quadrilles, arranged for the Pianoforte. By the same. Price 3s.

The Free-trade Polka. By the same. Price 2s. 6d.

Dark, Deep, and Cold. Poetry by Ebenezer Elliott. Music by W. Thorold Wood. A Tribute to the Memory of the People's Poet. Price 3s.

"*Gather ye rose-buds while ye may.*" Madrigal. Poetry by Herrick. Music by W. Thorold Wood. Price 2s.

The above are all sold by Shepherd and Jones, 98, Newgate-street, and T. Simpson, 266, Regent-street.

LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES.

Solicitors' and General Life Assurance Society.—The Fourth Annual General Meeting of this Company was held on Friday, the 7th ult., at the Gray's-Inn Coffee-house. Mr. Maynard in the chair. The minutes of the last general meeting having been read and confirmed, the Secretary proceeded to read the following Report of the Directors for the present year:—"Your Directors, in submitting their Fourth Annual Report of the position of the Society, have much pleasure in stating, that since the date of their last Report 202 policies have been issued, covering assurances to the amount of 84,898*l.* 12s. 9d., and yielding an annual premium of 2,694*l.* 12s. 7d., and that three annuities have been purchased of the Society of the value of 871*l.* 16s. 9d., making the total number of policies issued by the Society 806, covering assurances to the amount of 381,892*l.* 18s. 5d., the annual premium payable under which amounted to 12,174*l.* 17s. 11d. Deducting lapsed and other discontinued policies, the number now remaining in force (exclusive of eight annuities) is 685, assuring the sum of 317,340*l.* 4s. 5d., and producing an annual revenue of 10,157*l.* 2s. 10d. Your Directors are glad to be enabled to congratulate the shareholders and the assured on the fact that, notwithstanding the high rate of mortality during the past year from the prevalence of that grievous epidemic, cholera (by which many of the Life Offices suffered in so severe a manner), the number of deaths in this Society, from all causes, was but four, and the amount of claims by those deaths was 850*l.* only, while the premiums received on policies which lapsed during the year amounted to the sum of 1,238*l.* 0s. 8d. Since the commencement of the Society, up to the present time, the total number of deaths has been nine, and the losses by those deaths 2,448*l.*, while the total amount received by the Society during the same period on lapsed and discontinued policies amounted to 2,790*l.* 17s. 5d. These results, it is presumed, will prove to the proprietors and to the assured, that due care is taken by your Directors in the selection of lives offered for assurance; and your Directors hope, with the earnest and active co-operation of the assured, and of the numerous shareholders, the business of the Society will rapidly and largely increase, and that at the next annual meeting the report submitted will prove that the exertions of the Directors have been zealously seconded by those who, as policy-holders and shareholders, possess so manifest an interest in the progress of the Society. The balance sheet to the 31st December last, duly approved and reported upon by the auditors, has been sent, as required by the statute, to every member of the Society. The Directors who retire by rotation, are Edward William Cox, Esq., John Samuel Martin de Grenier de Fonblanque, Esq., William Murray, Esq., and William Withall, Esq., but they, being eligible, will offer themselves for re-election. In the terms of the Deed of Settlement all the Auditors go out of office, but are eligible for re-election, and will offer themselves accordingly." The Chairman said there had been 53 Boards, and two special Boards, the aggregate number of attendances of Directors being 443, average at each Board eight. He had now to move that the report read by the Secretary, and that of the attendances of the Directors, be received and adopted by the meeting. He begged to add that there was in the room, for the inspection of proprietors, a supplementary statement of receipts and expenditure of the Society, made out for the satisfaction of the meeting to 30th April of the present year; and he might state, that by this supplemental statement it would appear that the assets amounted at that time to upwards of 30,000*l.* The Secretary and Actuary would be happy to answer any questions which might be put by any proprietor. Mr. Doyle asked what was the amount of the gross profits on each year's premium? It was a question of importance, because it appeared to him that if their expenditure was 3,000*l.* annually on an income of 10,000*l.*, the expenditure reached 33½ per cent. on the gross income. The Chairman would leave the answer to the worthy Actuary; but he begged to state that the expenses of the Society had been less and less every year since the Society was instituted. The expenditure was less in the second year than the first, and less in the third year than the second, and it was less in the fourth than in the third year. He hoped the proprietors would feel that every effort which could reasonably be made had been made to diminish the expenditure as much as was consistent with the interests and prosperity of the Society. Mr. Neison, the Actuary, said if this matter was not rightly understood, it might militate against the interests of this Society. Experience had shown that the profits from insurances on lives were great, but the theory on which premiums were charged on an average for interest on such investments was 33½ per cent., out of which the expenses must be paid, and the balance was profit. But there were many extraneous sources of profits, such as that of lapsed policies, and in many Societies this formed a large portion of their profits; and it would be found that the sums received from this source were more than what was paid for deaths. In the infancy of these institutions the expense of management must have borne a large portion of the income; nay, in some cases the expenditure had been larger than the income in the outset, which was not the case here. There was the outfit and salaries, which must be the same whether much or little was doing, the expenses of the deed of settlement, advertising only to a moderate extent, making together 3,000*l.* Now, any one would suppose, seeing that in the first year their receipts amounted to 3,000*l.* only, that they had spent all their money; and it was true if every successive year were to conform to that rule they must be involved in ruin. But the accumulation of wealth of an Assurance Company's business was like a snowball, which, being originally a small body, increased in its size the more it rolled, up to a certain time, when, as in the case of many of the old established offices, there was a rest, and accumulation ceased. The 3,000*l.* on premiums in the first year was duplicated in the second year, and in this, the fourth year, that amount was quadrupled, and so it would go on until it became a much larger sum. In the early years of such an institution the expenses of

Digitized by Google

management must bear an undue proportion to the income, but it seemed to him that a considerable portion of these expenses ought not to be charged to the first year's business of the office, seeing that it would be unjust to the policy-holders of the first 1,000 policies should bear the whole expenditure of the establishing this institution, and let the second 1,000 go free. But the Directors had considered that question, though the deed of settlement did not require them to make any division of profits until after a certain period had elapsed. But setting out what the old offices had set apart as the early expenses, as against the assets of the early years, that would leave this Society with a surplus of 9,000*l.* divisible among the proprietors. Twelve thousand pounds a-year, which had accumulated from the premiums, was more than sufficient to meet all liabilities, and leave 9,700*l.* divisible profit, without anticipating any future profit. But even if they were now to debit the whole expense of management hitherto to the past four years' expenditure, they would have, ultimately, a profit on the existing business of 18,000*l.*—After some explanations, Mr. Doyle expressed himself satisfied with the explanation which had been given.—Mr. Torr said, that, as they were on the subject of profits, he must observe that the profit of 33½ per cent. was the net profit, after deducting all losses, whereas the lapsed policies had more than covered those losses, besides which a per centage was made on the money in hand.—A Proprietor put it to the Actuary, as a man of long experience, whether, in his opinion, it would not be advisable to expend a much larger sum in advertisements? He wished to know whether, in his experience, he had found money so laid out was judiciously expended in advancing the interests of such institutions?—Mr. Neison said, that, as far as his experience went, money so laid out was most profitably applied, and returned itself tenfold. The report was then received and adopted. The retiring Directors, by rotation, Messrs. Edward, W. Cox, J. S. M. G. D. Fonblanque, William Murray, and William Withall, were re-elected. Other routine business having been transacted, thanks were voted to the Chairman, who acknowledged the compliment, and the meeting separated.

London Indisputable Life Policy Company.—The second Annual General Meeting of this Company was held at the London Tavern on the 14th of June. The directors stated in their Report that the amount of business of the last greatly exceeded that of the previous year. Since the Annual Meeting in June, 1849, there had been received 452 proposals for the assurance of 185,254*l.* 19*s.* Of these proposals 404 were accepted and completed, assuring 120,502*l.* 15*s.*, and yielding in annual premiums the sum of 4,529*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*, making the total sum now under assurance by the Company 193,573*l.* 16*s.*, and the annual revenue 7,439*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* There had been only three deaths since the establishment of the Company, the claims upon which amounted altogether to 1,700*l.*, being considerably less than one half of the calculated expectancy. One of the deaths occurred in Canada from cholera, another was the case of a lady who died in premature child-birth within six weeks after the assurance was effected, and the third was occasioned by inflammation—results which show that due care has been taken in the examination and selection of lives. The balance-sheet to the 31st of December last, and a statement of the assets and liabilities of the Company, prepared, certified, and audited in terms of the statute under which the Company is incorporated, was presented to the Meeting, from which it appeared that, after providing for the payment of the sums assured and outstanding debts, including the whole preliminary expenses attending the formation of the Company, there was at that period a balance of profit of 14,178*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* exclusively the property of, and divisible amongst the members of the Company, as directed by the deed of Constitution. Little need be added to this statement. "Look before you leap" is a safe principle of action, and happily adopted by this Company. The leap once taken, and recognised as irrevocable, the parties obtain a certainty, calculable in £ s. d. to mutual advantage. The extension of credit resulting from the policies being so admirably calculated to serve as transferable securities, is a public benefit which might disarm envy when contemplating the profits of this enterprise.

Times Life Assurance and Guarantee Society.—The first annual meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, the 12th ult. The Report stated that the Company was completely registered under the 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 110, on the first day of June, 1849, and the amount of business transacted, as exhibited by the balance-sheet, embraced a period therefore of eleven months, during which time the Directors mainly devoted their attention to the organisation of agencies in various parts of the country, and the appointment of medical men to act as the Company's referees; and who, in addition thereto, would assist the agents, to the utmost of their power, in advancing the interests and increasing the business of the Company. The Directors had the satisfaction of announcing, that upwards of three hundred carefully-selected persons have been already appointed to act as agents and medical referees; and that it was the intention of the Directors to proceed with the utmost vigour in the increase of that number. The Directors drew the attention of the shareholders to the circumstance that almost immediately after the complete registration of the Company, in the summer of last year, nearly every part of the United Kingdom, particularly the metropolis, was afflicted by the severest epidemic visitation which has been known in this country since the great plague of 1665; and so fearful was the mortality, and in one or two instances so narrow had been the escape of the Company from severe loss, that the Directors decided on not taking assurance business until the sickness had abated. In looking, therefore, at the amount of business transacted by this Company, it must be borne in mind that *allowing three months only as the time during which the cholera raged, the period for actual business has not exceeded nine months.* It is, therefore, with feelings of satisfaction, that the Directors drew the attention of the shareholders to the following statement; feeling assured that, under the above circumstances, the hopes and wishes of the most sanguine supporters of the Institution must be realised.

Gross sum Assured by 217 Policies, being the number completed up to the 29th of May last £83,222

Producing an Annual Income of £1,180 11 7

	No.	Aggregate Amount.	Annual Income.
Total number of Proposals made to the Company, to 29th May last	391	£133,517	£2,218 5 4
Proposals completed and paid upon	217	£83,222	£1,180 11 7
Proposals accepted, and Premiums not yet paid. . . .	62	11,150	201 10 8
Proposals not completed, and under consideration . . .	45	9,425	188 18 6
Proposals declined	67	29,720	647 4 7
Total	391	£133,517	£2,218 5 4

The Directors remark that the average amount of each policy does not exceed 350*l.*; and that it would be needless to point out to the Shareholders the various advantages arising from this class of assurance, and from spreading the policy liabilities of the Company over so large a surface. The Directors had also satisfaction in drawing the attention of the meeting to the success which has attended the guarantee branch of the Company's business—a great many institutions having accepted the guarantee of the Company; indeed the confidence felt by the commercial world in the guarantee policies of this Company is exhibited by the circumstance, that although the Company has been so recently instituted, still this department had already been supported by several of the leading railways, bankers, charitable institutions, and other corporate bodies, in addition to private mercantile establishments. The system of applying mutuality to guarantee first introduced to the public by this Company, is also meeting with the most marked success, and is now under the consideration of some of the largest corporations of the day, with the view to its adoption, it being generally felt as a truth that, by making the guarantee premiums an investment instead of a tax upon the labour and honesty of individuals, the only objection that has been made to public guarantee is at once removed, and the chances of dishonesty materially lessened. It is proposed that interest at the rate of 4*l* per cent. per annum should be paid upon the subscribed capital.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1850.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

There was something extremely touching in the spontaneous and universal feeling which was called forth by Sir Robert Peel's short illness and almost sudden death. We have no doubt that the ceremonial inquiries of strangers and political opponents were not only dictated by kindly courtesy, but prompted by genuine anxiety and regret. The carriages which crowded the purlieus of Whitehall were filled alike by those who had honoured him and those who had wronged him or had complained of wrong at his hands. The bitterest spirit of party could scarcely create a difference of feeling at such a time; and the hearty and unreserved sympathy which every public journal expressed, from the moment of the fatal accident, represented not only the general sentiment of the country, but the shock which professed and practical politicians universally experienced on the sudden removal from the arena of the great parliamentary leader. Yet it was still more interesting to observe the sensation which was created by the melancholy circumstances in those who, being neither colleagues nor rivals, opponents nor followers, of the dying statesman, could never have regarded him with the peculiar interest which personal intercourse seldom fails to create, even where it has only served as the occasion for personal hostility and conflict. Thousands who never left their names at the door, or saw them recorded in the papers, inquired anxiously for the latest intelligence. Scarcely a passenger went by without stopping to repeat the universal question, or heard the discouraging answer without an expression or look of regret. Some hours after the announcement of the fatal result, groups of people still remained opposite the house of the deceased, looking at the silent and empty walls in which he had breathed his last. The bodily remains were within; the last visitors had withdrawn; no sight could be expected to attract or reward curiosity; the crowd was only brought and kept together by the natural and unconscious tendency to realise a feeling by connecting it with a visible locality as its home. Neither the shutters in shop-windows, nor the lowered flags on the river, nor all the other becoming and customary symbols of general mourning, were more significant of the public consciousness of loss than these spectators collected in Whitehall Gardens to look on vacancy, while the pomps and vanities of a royal levée were inviting the gaze of idlers within a quarter of a mile. About the same hour, the House of Commons adjourned in respect to the memory of its chief, on the motion of his veteran opponent of more than thirty years. The earnestness and sincerity with which Mr. Hume declared that he could not express his feelings were more fitting to the occasion than any flight of eloquence. The speeches which were delivered on the next day in both Houses of Parliament, the demonstrations of respect and sorrow which have been made by the chief provincial towns, and the compliments paid to the deceased statesman by the French Assembly, sufficiently record the unanimous estimation of Sir Robert Peel's services and public character.

Some, perhaps, may have been surprised at the universal sorrow for one whose living virtues had received a recognition so scanty and so cold; but it would be sceptical to question the sincerity of the general feeling, although it would be alike unsafe and ungenerous to insist too strongly on the praises wrung from opponents under the impulse of a sudden misfortune. Some part of the general impression is, no doubt, to be attributed to the natural sympathy which accompanies all who are placed in a great, or even in a conspicuous position. The imagination is more easily moved by the fate of those whose person and character have long been familiar to it; nor is the reality of death at any time so vividly felt as when it occupies all minds simultaneously. Nevertheless there remains, after every deduction, a large amount of genuine regret and sincere appreciation which is personal and peculiar to the deceased alone. The contrast between the eulogies heaped upon the dead, and the faint praise or bitter hostility which so often waited on the living statesman, is not only the result of natural sympathy, but the index of the wide variance which often exists between public and private opinion. The widespread reliance on his patriotism and practical wisdom, which was known to all who mixed in society beyond the range of mere professional politicians had little opportunity of expressing itself in public, and little need of utterance. He had not only ceased to be a party leader, but he was

Digitized by Google

not considered the representative of any special political doctrines. Free-trade had older and more exclusive champions, and no one knew the exact point at which he might next take his stand in the struggle between movement and resistance. Those who trusted him believed not that he would adopt this measure or that, but that he would judge of successive questions honestly and carefully, and, above all, that the country would be guided by his judgment. Such was the private or unexpressed opinion which has now almost for the first time made itself heard in the form of general regret for the loss which the country has suffered. It was not unnatural that, during his lifetime, the public or audible sentiment should appear to be widely different. It is the function of platforms and meetings, and it has become the function of newspapers, to express the peculiarities and distinctive shades of political opinion, and often of party feeling. Sir Robert Peel was to all parties either obnoxious or formidable, and no sect of politicians could glorify in his person the embodiment of its own peculiar doctrine. Until the recent change took place in the management of the *Morning Chronicle*, the statesman most trusted by the country had no supporter in the daily press; and it is remarkable that in the latter part of his administration he was the object of open hostility to the whole body of the metropolitan newspapers, with the exception of one weekly journal. That public writers should reserve their praises for those who share and represent their own views of policy is unavoidable and possibly useful; but the public opinion which they are mainly instrumental in forming requires from time to time the correction of the silent uncontroversial judgment which we have spoken of as private opinion.

A part also of the frequent indisposition to recognise during his lifetime the merits which have of late been so fully admitted, may be attributed to a serious defect in his character, his incapacity of exciting personal attachment and enthusiasm in those with whom he acted. The traditions of the party in which he was bred had never prescribed the careful cultivation of social influences over political adherents which has so long contributed to cement the power of the Whig aristocracy; but all parties alike are sensible to a genial and hearty bearing on the part of their chosen leaders. Sir Robert Peel may have obtained and deserved the regard of those who were nearest to him, but he had none of the warmth and expansiveness of nature which invites general cordiality, and converts followers into friends. His reserved coldness of manner, his want of sympathy for the reasonable ambition of his younger adherents, and for the difficulties in which his policy might place his supporters, chilled many a willing attachment, and accounted for much of the bitterness of opponents who had once been on his side. Much self-denial and patriotism was required for the warm support of a Minister who forgot to speak to his friends in the street, or walked out of the House during the climax of their speeches. The world at large is little affected by the social qualities of a statesman; but there is no more legitimate source of influence than that which arises from the cordial attachment of personal admirers. In escaping the dangers which beset the hero and idol of a social circle, the successful Parliamentary leader dispensed with one of the most genuine tests, and with the happiest, though not the highest, form of greatness.

Some benefit may, perhaps, arise from this deficiency, if it renders the formation or continuance of a Peelite sect improbable. There is seldom any advantage in a name which keeps parties from moving with circumstances. In the absence of a body of exclusive doctrines, a personal influence like that which was exercised by Fox, might in the case of Peel, have stiffened and condensed itself into the badge of a separate party. In the absence of friendly enthusiasm he has left no rule of conduct sufficiently definite and narrow to form the bond of a political association. His soundest principle was a wise regard for expediency, and his distinguishing faculty was an admirable sagacity in discerning it. Where the safest and most convenient course was to be found, he steered the vessel of the State with little regard to the opinions of his crew, or even to sailing orders which he might himself have issued. If any of the rising pilots who are to weather future storms wish to follow and imitate their predecessor, they must not merely profess a preference for the starboard tack, or for the leeward sea channel, because he may have adopted them with success. They must learn, like him, the signs of the winds and the currents; and, above all, when they have discovered their course, they must resolve, like him, to follow it. Except the pursuit of his own individual interest, a politician can have no meaner rule of action than that of party expediency. On the other hand, the highest principle which a statesman can hold is the preference of national expediency to all other considerations. It often happens that party interests prescribe rigid adherence to some proposition which passes for a principle. The interest of the nation is more changeable and various in its forms; and thus, by a ready fallacy, the mere partisan often succeeds in denouncing the advocate of the true objects of government as a mere follower of expediency, and, by a false inference, as a traitor to principle. A party which had no common purpose but to promote the public interest might call itself after the name of Peel, if in adopting its rule of conduct it had not already ceased to be a party.

Still more valuable is the lesson which he taught by example, that success and not display is the object of political exertion. Though his life seemed to be spent in Parliamentary debate, it was marked, in all parts of its course, by the practical results which it produced in the institutions and administration of the country. By no means exempt from the love of display, nor superior to the temptation of claptrap, he distinguished himself from the mere debater and rhetorician by the use to which he turned his oratorical triumphs. To effect his objects, it was necessary to possess the power which is vested in a Parliamentary

Digitized by Google

leader, and which can only be acquired by mastery in the art of talk; but at the point where the vanity of the charlatan is satisfied he felt that the function of a statesman began. In his early years, while the world only gave him credit for repeating, in somewhat more plausible language, the party creed of the Irish secretaries of the day, he found time to establish the efficient police force, which seems to be the only modern institution which has taken root in the sister island. The improvements in the criminal law which marked his tenure of the Home-office, the establishment of the London police force, the Act of 1819 for resuming cash payments, and the Bank Charter Act, which, a quarter of a century later, provided for the maintenance of the same principle, may serve as specimens of the practical activity to which Sir Robert Peel's Parliamentary speeches served merely as preparations and flourishes. It is true that he was no philosophical inventor or far-sighted political prophet. Ricardo and Horner may have anticipated him in finance, and less ingenious speculators may have observed the inefficiency of the ancient watchmen; but for the certainty of procuring change for a five-pound note we are indebted to Peel's bill, and if we can carry it along the street in our pockets in safety we may generally thank the "Peelers." The blue coat and truncheon which guard our towns, instead of the cumbrous and dangerous military apparatus which on the continent watches equally against pick-pockets and rebels, may alone outbalance the windy wisdom of many an ambitious lifetime. There may be many true doctrines which he never preached, but there are none which he preached in vain. Let it be considered how much is included in the proposition, that he never recommended an object as desirable which he did not live to realise. His truisms and egotisms will soon be forgotten, and posterity may feel little gratitude for his solemn declaration that it was wise to reform proved abuses; but the changes which he effected will have modified the national history, and by their results he will be judged. If his fame survives, it may serve to point the moral that talking is only useful when it facilitates acting, and that the art of Government consists, not in enunciating doctrines Conservative or Liberal, but in wisely and actually governing.

It is not, however, uninteresting to consider his character in the subordinate capacity of an orator.

The Duke of Wellington, in a few broken sentences, interrupted by emotions which affect us very differently from those of softer and more susceptible natures, selected only one quality of his friend for praise, as that which had most strongly impressed him. "He always told the truth. I do not believe that, in the whole course of his life, he ever made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." Thus the straightforward, time-honoured soldier speaks of the much reviled "Traitor of Tamworth;" not in accordance, perhaps, with common opinion, and to the surprise even of many admirers of the deceased. There was no charge more constantly brought against him by his opponents than that of verbal sophistry and wilful obscurity of language. The subtlety which they denounced as cunning, the careful ambiguity which seemed a preparation for trimming, the reserve which sometimes covered itself with a cloud of phrases as a safer concealment than silence, were all rather excused than denied by his adherents, who could not themselves but sometimes smile at the balancing of reciprocally destroying negatives in his periods, and the safe and catholic generality of the truisms to which he publicly pledged himself. "Poor Peel!" said a great moral humourist once, "who so often acts the truth, and seems destined never to speak it." Once, when he was asked to explain his intentions as a landlord, he replied, that if a deserving tenant applied to him for a lease he would not pledge himself to abstain from hesitating long before he refused to take the proposal into consideration. At another time he informed the House of Commons, with the air of a candid convert to a paradoxical novelty, that he must, whatever might be the consequences, express his belief that Louis Philippe, then in the height of his prosperity, was the greatest monarch who had ruled over France—since the time of Napoleon. Nevertheless, we believe that the Duke of Wellington is as correct in his judgment as he is sincere in uttering it, and he at least "never made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." In his own case, he would probably have answered the inquiry as to the management of his estate by an announcement that "the Field-Marshal considered the question impertinent;" and of Louis Philippe he would have said nothing, unless he had something to say. Yet Sir Robert Peel, in fact, said the same, though in a manner less intelligible and less dignified. The promise as to the leases will be found by eliminating the equation to import, that he would act as might seem expedient when the case occurred; and the proposition as to the King of the French amounted to an elaborate and articulate nothing. It is by no means the uniform duty of a statesman to gratify public curiosity. When inopportune it may be more dignified to rebuke it; but Sir Robert found it more popular, perhaps more amusing, to baffle it, while he formally complied with it: nor must we forget that it is sometimes a part of secresy to withhold the admission that there is a secret. Of direct false statement, or of prevarication, he could not be justly accused; but it must be admitted that his obscurities, and his elaborate statements of useless generalities, were wholly deliberate and wilful. When he wished to convey a fact, or to communicate an opinion, no man was less liable to misconception. His language was cloudy only when it dwelt on matters which, however clear to himself, were not fitted or not ripe for Parliamentary inspection. Of his future intentions he would speak in well-turned periods, which left his hearers wondering at his communicativeness, and at their own incapacity to profit by it, till at last they acquiesced in the modest conviction, "that all they knew was—nothing could be known." When, on the other hand, he had a difficult and complicated subject to explain, he got rid at will of his abstract phrases and of his double negatives.

Digitized by Google

His budget speeches are masterpieces of lucidity; and the House will long recollect the relief which it felt in monetary discussions, when his famous question of "What is a pound?" with its plain-spoken materialistic solution, used to sweep away the foggy masses of Birmingham financial metaphysics like a sudden shift of wind to the north.

Sir Robert Peel's qualifications as a speaker have, on the whole, been justly appreciated. He had little capacity for that elevated rhetoric which, like every other form of eloquence, reached its perfection in Demosthenes; but he had a quality for which the great Athenian orator was equally distinguished—a thorough understanding of his audience, and a steady view to practical results. His voice was musical and powerful, but his action was eminently ungraceful, and his perorations were sometimes more pompous than impressive: on the other hand, his arrangement of topics was admirably skilful, his memory unfailing, and his readiness as a debater seldom equalled. His playfulness was happier than is commonly supposed, and it was all the more effective from its general reference to the familiar conventionalities of Parliament. His transient allusions to individuals, his smiles, and gestures, and quotations, used to convulse the House with laughter, which seemed unaccountable when reported in the newspapers. The professional nature of his jokes, perhaps, deprives him of some of the credit which he deserved. They served their purpose at the time; and success is the best test of the rhetorical fitness of humour, if not of its intrinsic value. It may be, also, that in Parliament, as in every private circle, there is as much genuine playfulness exercised in dealing with ancient jests and accustomed associations, as in conceiving the more recondite and startling combinations which are recognised as specimens of humour by the world at large. To the character of a wit Sir Robert Peel had no pretension. Not a single good saying remains to preserve the memory of the skilful banter which so often excited the amusement of his hearers, and disturbed the composure of his adversaries. Nor do we anticipate that his speeches will survive him. Their chief merit consisted in their admirable fitness to their immediate purpose. Where information was required, no statesman of his time was equally capable of supplying it, nor could any contemporary orator adapt himself better to the temper of his audience; but in style, the sole preservative of speeches or of writings, his rhetoric was altogether deficient. His greatness as a speaker must rest on the solid basis of success. For twenty years, among able reasoners and brilliant declaimers, some of them his superiors in almost every assignable quality of an orator, he led the House with a recognised superiority to all Parliamentary competitors of which no example had been offered since the time of the elder Pitt. At the time when his power out of doors was greatest, he had still a special and peculiar influence which was confined to the walls of the House of Commons; and, even in the days of newspaper reporting, it is no inconsiderable proof of tact and skill in a speaker to convey impressions to his immediate hearers which are lost in the written record of his discourse. The least valuable parts of his speeches were those which were, perhaps, introduced rather to gratify himself than to persuade his audience. Abstract propositions and solemn declarations of faith were not the figures of rhetoric in which he was qualified by nature to excel.

The circumstances and personal demeanour of Sir Robert Peel were well calculated to strengthen his influence in the country. The recent elevation of his family by manufacturing prosperity, while it appealed to the sympathy of the most active and rising section of the political community, seemed to account for the untiring and business-like industry of his habits, and for his consummate familiarity with the mysteries of trade and of finance. A more real support, however, was added by the possession of a princely fortune, administered in perfect accordance with the tastes and customs of Englishmen, and furnishing him with the means of moving on an equal level with the most powerful class of the aristocracy. If some of the body, in anger or in jealousy, confided to their sycophants their incurable distrust and dislike for the blood of the cotton-spinner, he was not the less surrounded by the homage which rank in this country prudently pays to wealth and substantial power. The ablest living politician, born a millionaire, was careful to present in his own person to his social equals the type of the wealthy English gentleman of the nineteenth century. The first who ever took double honours at Oxford, he possessed the classical accomplishments which the traditions of his youth attributed to the statesmen of the past generation, perhaps in higher perfection than any of them. We have no doubt that he knew Greek better than Pitt or Fox; perhaps he knew it better than Grenville or Canning. In later life he appropriated, with ready tact, the popular sciences which modern taste prescribes to the enlightened aristocrat. Political economy he practised rather than talked; but the applauding public saw among the list of his guests the geologists and the agricultural chemists, and rejoiced to know that its favourite ruler solaced his leisure with the studies or the conversation which instructed and amused itself. Artists also and men of letters were flattered by his notice, and repaid it by the credit which their society conferred on his taste and judgment. His character, however, as a landlord and a farmer came nearer to the hearts of his countrymen. The importance which he attributed to his celebrated short-horn bull gave rise to much justifiable laughter; but his prelections on green crops, and his extensive system of draining, secured to him the respect of a class which practically believes the long-preached doctrine, that the substitution of two blades of grass for one is better than all the achievements of political philosophy. Nor was he deficient in the lighter accomplishments which become the country squire. He was unfortunately not a bold or skilful rider, and we are not aware whether he had cultivated the art of fishing, in which he must have been eminently qualified to excel; but he was well known as a keen and killing

Digitized by Google

shot, and his zeal as a game preserver is said to have sometimes conflicted inopportunely with his devotion to the interests of the farmer. Whatever propensities to innovation existed in his nature were directed to serious political ends; in all his personal habits, both from inclination and prudence, he conformed to established custom; and in the avoidance of all religious or irreligious extremes, as well as in the uniform propriety and decorum of his domestic character, he reflected and shared the virtues which are most esteemed by the strongest and steadiest portion of the community.

The portions of his public career which have been most diligently canvassed are the two great changes in opinion which he underwent, and effected in practice, with respect to Catholic Emancipation and the Corn-laws. In 1829 he held only the second place, although he incurred almost all the odium which was heaped on the lately Protestant Cabinet. It is remarkable that the Duke of Wellington, while he justly obtained the chief credit of the patriotic change, overawed by the weight of his character the scurrility of his irritated opponents. The accusations of falsehood and meanness were reserved for Peel alone, while his lofty colleague was assailed with such harmless missiles as raving insinuations of his treasonable designs on the Crown. The ex-member for Oxford had his own conscience alone to console him for the invectives of the crowd, and the anger of his alienated friends. He might foresee that calmer reflection would exonerate him from the charge of interested motives in resigning the leadership of a powerful party, and opening the way to a speedy downfall of a Ministry which had appeared to be destined for permanence; but it was impossible to blind himself to the fact, that the reputation and power which he had been building up for more than twenty years was destroyed, and that the public belief in his consistency and political foresight was rudely, if not irrecoverably, shaken. There can be no doubt that he deserved censure, not for consenting to the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, but for opposing it in previous years. The reasons for the change had become little stronger, and the benefits to be attained by it had been, in a great measure, sacrificed by delay. The excuse for his conduct is, that he was grown wiser by experience, and the best compensation for his error was the self-sacrificing courage with which he redeemed it. The bitter resentment which punishes the desertion of a party by its leader was about the same time curiously contrasted with the general tolerance for a mere change of opinion, especially in the popular direction. Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, with the rest of Canning's immediate followers, veered round on the far more important question of Parliamentary Reform as directly as Peel had done with respect to the Catholics, at the same time that the Duke of Richmond took his seat with Lord Ripon in the Cabinet directed by Lord Grey. We censure neither the change itself nor the indifference with which it was generally regarded; but the remembrance of similar profitable gyrations may well have served to mitigate the anger expressed for the apostate, who was, at least, a martyr to his apostacy.

The struggle of the Reform Bill restored him in a short time to the command of his alienated party. He contended with abundant vigour and ability against the change which had become inevitable; but the experience of very few following years must have convinced him of the error of his judgment. If personal ambition had been his ruling motive, he would have rejoiced to see that, while he was relieved from his old dependence on the borough-owners of his party, a new class of politicians had risen into importance, of whom he was eminently qualified to be the leader. We cannot doubt that on public grounds, when his early apprehensions were removed by time, he appreciated the security which the Constitution had derived from the excision of abuses, which were even more dangerous by the scandal which they justly caused than by the practical evils which they produced. To his individual fame and greatness the passing of the Reform Bill was greatly serviceable. He was relieved from a barren combat, in which he might have wasted his life by the defence of an untenable position, or compromised his reputation by deserting it at last. He had mistaken the merits of the dispute while it lasted; but he at once, and apparently alone, understood the practical result. He saw the resources which still remained to the defeated party, and, determining at once to re-organise it, he relieved it from the crippling traditions which confined it to the office of mere indiscriminate resistance.

It is remarkable that the stage in Sir Robert Peel's life which Lord John Russell selected for special mention and praise was that in which he formed and trained the new Conservative party, and at last established it in office. The safe working of the Reform Bill, in the opinion of its proposer, was mainly secured by the temperance and foresight of its most powerful opponent. In teaching his followers to act in the spirit of the new Constitution, he saved them not only from the errors of reaction, but from the opposite dangers of popular irritation and alarm. His ancient adversary, long versed in party warfare, and in the anxious responsibilities of political leadership, is, perhaps, at the distance of many years, the most competent judge of the qualities which were displayed in that ten years' conflict. Lord John's thoughtful recognition of the greatness of his rival's merits in the portion of his career in which they were most formidable to himself, is as creditable to his sagacity of observation as to the generosity which has prompted every allusion he has made to the deceased, and which has sought, in every becoming manner, to accumulate honours on his tomb.

The services which the organiser of the new Conservative party conferred on those who have since most deeply resented his conduct, were justly expressed by one of his followers:—"He enabled me," he candidly said, "to remain a Tory, as I was born, without the necessity of being, at the same time, a fool." The use of such a teacher, not merely to his immediate pupils, is best shown

Digitized by Google

by the spirit which now actuates the reactionary side of the French Assembly. The future of their country would look brighter if they had now a Peel to persuade them that the cure for a past revolution is not necessarily a counter-revolution.

Notwithstanding the success which rewarded his ten years' opposition, and the brilliant reputation which he acquired by his six months' tenure of office in 1834-5, it is, perhaps, a just subject for regret that for so long a period his administrative activity was suspended, and the practical statesman absorbed in the party leader. From the moment of his return to office he devoted himself wholly to the country. His followers complained, not unnaturally, that, after making them his instruments for acquiring power, he had forgotten their interests as a party. The gulf which separated him from them in the autumn of 1845 had been threatening to open long before. The bold imposition of the Income-tax, accompanied by the Customs' reductions of 1842, was not the measure which might have been expected from the champion of the aristocracy of the land. The more extensive reform of the tariff, which he effected two years later, was recommended by the success and popularity of the changes which preceded it, and facilitated by the commencement of a period of general prosperity and confidence. It was not until 1845 that disaffection among his adherents openly burst forth, on the Minister's determination to substitute a permanent endowment for the annual grant to Maynooth. Many well-meaning zealots were scandalised at the slight supposed to be offered to Protestantism; and an occasion or an excuse was afforded for the brilliant acrimony of Mr. Disraeli, and the persevering hostility of the *Times*. Still the bulk of the party adhered, though dissatisfied, to their leader. A minority of them cordially approved his policy, and waited in hope for its development. The remainder knew the futility of opposition on minor points to a Minister who never propounded a measure without resolving to establish it by law.

It would be useless to speculate, for the hundredth time, on the motives which finally determined Sir Robert Peel to abolish the Corn-laws. It is probable that the moment selected for the change was decided, as he always afterwards declared, by the failure of the potato-crop in Ireland. The formidable organisation of the Corn-law League may have not been without its influence on his policy; but we incline to the belief that the success of his own commercial reforms produced the most decisive effect on the peculiar constitution of his mind. In defending his changes of the tariff, he had been compelled again and again to enforce the main axioms of political economy; and the sophistry involved in his defence of the Corn-laws as an exceptional case must every day have proved more painful. Habitually attentive to facts, he required experimental proof before he became an entire convert to the Free-trade theory; but a few tangible results, produced by himself, relieved him from all farther hesitation. It was painful to confess a long course of error, and to be alienated from the great body of his friends and supporters; and yet, when he determined on his final change of policy, there must have been a consolation to a generous mind in the reflection that he could personally only suffer loss from the resolution which was to confer benefits so signal on his country. Mean opponents, in the belief that his wealth consisted chiefly of personal property, insinuated a suspicion that his object was to lower the price of land, in anticipation of becoming afterwards a purchaser. The son of a duke was not ashamed to ask, in the House of Commons, for the particulars of his private fortune, pretending to believe, or, more basely still, believing, that the acting sovereignty of England had been wilfully bartered for an increase of ten or fifteen per cent. on an already enormous income. To the duty of carrying out his new convictions Sir Robert Peel deliberately sacrificed the party leadership which he had so long possessed, and the office in which he was apparently fixed for life without fear of rivalry or competition. His opponents had shortly before professed the same change of opinion, when nothing else could secure them in power; he changed when nothing else could endanger it. They had occupied, in common with him, an untenable position; but when both moved in the same direction, they fell back on the bulk of their forces; he, moving in advance, was separated from his. Thus it was that the same change in one party was applauded as a master-piece of strategy, in the other was branded as desertion. The country at large, apart from the conflicting camps, viewed the rivals with more impartial justice. He who could only lose by change was not sacrificed to those who, though equally honest in their convictions, could only gain by yielding to them. But there was a more important distinction between the converted Minister and those who had preceded him, in their abandonment of the Corn-laws. Whoever might denounce the grievance, he was known to have the power to remove it; and accordingly, six months after the public declaration of his resolution, the anomaly disappeared from the statute-book.

The dignity and patriotism of his conduct after retiring from office have been generally and justly acknowledged. He could not, perhaps, deny to himself that there was some foundation for the reproaches and the anger of his alienated friends. It had been one of the greatest errors of his political life to meet the party move of the fixed duty in 1841 by a successful party resistance. The penalty of the blunder was justly inflicted when, after five years, he fully redeemed it. The vulnerable parts of his conduct were eagerly fastened upon by his assailants, and the nourishment which they found was sufficient to pamper into sudden bulk two parasitical Parliamentary reputations. The hard-mouthed invectives of Lord George Bentinck, and the brilliant sarcasms of Mr. Disraeli, derived all their interest and importance from the greatness of their intended victim. The survivor, once an undervalued man of genius, can feel but a qualified satisfaction in the applause which was refused to his polished eloquence when

Digitized by Google

it advocated large and generous theories, and lavishly conceded to his witty expositions of party disappointment, and his skill in tormenting and persecuting obnoxious greatness.

It has been justly remarked that part of Sir Robert Peel's power was founded on the very slowness of his progress. In the development of his political views he represented the changes which took place during his lifetime in public opinion and feeling. Neither lagging behind nor venturing far in advance of the general progress of the age, he was able to understand, and guide, and realise the tendencies by which he was himself influenced. The principal test of his individual greatness is to be found in the constant enlargement of his character; somewhat narrow in youth, and in maturity only an abler and more judicious partisan, he gradually expanded by experience and reflection into a generous and comprehensive statesman. It is not uncommon for early vivacity to condense, as youthful spirits disappear, into worldly keenness and common-place; and many instances will have occurred to a thoughtful observer, of the genial influence of time on pedantry and formality, when it arises from a narrow education and not from a prosaic nature. Prudence and decorum have sometimes their wild oats to sow, and leave the ground clearer after a preliminary crop of prejudices. By far the greater number contract with age; but the larger and stronger natures expand, as Peel's expanded, by observation and still more by action. Attentive from the first to his immediate duties, he was rewarded for his diligent inspection of what was near him by a constantly increasing circle of vision. His character was strong enough to correspond with the enlargement of his intellectual views; and he had the courage to follow his convictions when they were bold and new, as he had acted upon them when they were recommended by the traditions and practice of the teachers and colleagues of his youth. Even his outward appearance corresponded in its development to his mind. The sagacious but common-place countenance of his earlier manhood was marked, as he advanced in years, by a peculiar expression of refined and somewhat playful acuteness. The ready adaptation of his features to the purposes of not unfriendly or disrespectful caricature was chiefly facilitated by the more recent traits of countenance to which we refer. A faithful portrait conveyed so much of his character, that the slightest exaggeration immediately represented the humorous or satirical purpose of the artist. No caricaturist could have made him look dull, or silly, or intemperate; but his sagacious look was easily converted into a glance of triumphant slyness or sometimes of complacent superiority. By far the best portraits of him which remain are to be found among the sketches of HB. and of *Punch*. We hope that, among the various memorials which are to be erected in his honour, there will be found at least one which may preserve the memory of his features, and be worthy of its subject and of the country; but even if our artists add another failure to the long list of our national shortcomings, we have no fear that history will fail to do justice to an honest and generally successful statesman. The emotion which has been occasioned by his death is honourable to the character of the country, and to himself it constitutes a memorial so noble and befitting a worthy ruler,

"That kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

THE KING OF YVETOT.

BY BERANGER.

Il était un roi d'Yvetot
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire;
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
Dit-on.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre répas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.

A KING at Yvetot reigned in state,
But little known in story,
Who went to bed early, and got up late,
And slept well without glory.
The only crown he wore on his head
Was a nightcap when he went to bed,
'Tis said.
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!

He managed to get through four good meals,
And his palace was thatched with straw:
On a jack-ass's back, with a dog at his heels,
He rode to dispense the law.

Digitized by Google

Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Il n'avait de gout onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Les sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père:
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer, quatre fois l'an,
Au blanc.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
Pleura.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince;
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant:
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Merry and careless, he wanted no help—
He kept no guards but his honest whelp
To yelp.
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!

The only expensive taste he had
Was a rather troublesome thirst:
But, provided he makes his people glad,
A king may drink till he burst.
So, with his own hands, this royal sot
Levied, on all the wine they got,
A pot.
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!

He pleased the ladies great and small,
Was a most gallant swain;
With reason did his subjects call
His a paternal reign.
But warlike levies made he not,
Save four times a year to take a shot
At a spot.
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!

He sought not to enlarge his states,
A neighbourly prince was he:
A model to all potentates
To live right merrily.
His subjects wept not till he died,
But when they buried him then they sighed,
And cried—
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!

And though this good king's now no more,
On many a village sign
His merry face hangs o'er the vintner's door,
With smiling looks benign.
And as they pass the can about
The people still, in joyous rout,
Do shout—
Oh! ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! he!
What a good little sort of a king was he!
He! he!*

* The King of Yvetot is in France a national mythic monarch, corresponding to the renowned King Cole of merry England. The above song was intended to reflect upon the oppressive rule of Napoleon when at the height of his power—the sting, of course, being in the contrast. In a "despotism tempered by epigram" it is curious to observe the caution as well as the courage of the epigrammatist.

Digitized by Google

ELLEN LINN, THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

In a small and meanly furnished garret in one of the most densely peopled districts of London there sat an aged woman, the sole occupant of the apartment. It was a cold and cheerless winter afternoon, and she bent in silence over a handful of half-lighted cinders which were scraped together in a corner of the fireplace. The room contained but one bed, one chair, and a small round worktable of the plainest materials. A saucepan, an earthenware teapot without a handle, and two or three plates, stood on a shelf above the chimney; and from the solitary skylight which pierced the roof nothing was visible but a few adjoining housetops, which were thickly covered with newly-fallen snow.

The appearance of the inmate of this comfortless apartment indicated extreme poverty. Her dress was patched and tattered in many places; and as she sat cowering over the expiring embers of the fire, her frame seemed shrunk into half its natural dimensions. Muttering at times unintelligibly to herself, and fixing her listless eyes occasionally upon the door, she appeared to await with impatience the arrival of some one whom she expected to minister to her wants. The door was at length opened from without, and a young girl entered the room.

"What on airth has kept you, child?" she said in a chiding, querulous voice. "Maybe you stayed to talk to some ill-mannered sweetheart of yours, who would ave done better to let you come to *we*."

The reader must here be informed that the old woman always spoke of herself in the plural number, and, with the provincialism peculiar to some parts of England, always used *we* for us.

"Nay, mother," replied the new comer, "you know that I have no sweetheart to speak to now since Tom has crossed the seas, and, indeed, I was not long gone; besides, I had to wait a bit at Mr. Jones's for the money, which he was too busy to give me for a long time, and then—hard griping skinflint that he is!—I had to wring from him the paltry pence that, God knows, I had well earned. But I have brought you some bread; see, here it is!"

"But ave you brought me some fire?" demanded the old woman crossly; "don't you know we is cold, and in want of it?"

"Dear grandmother, how could I? Mr. Jones refused to give me any money in advance for the half-dozen shirts I have yet to make, and you know we have ninepence to pay for the rent tomorrow, and so I had nothing to buy firing with, for I knew you wanted bread more; so, dear mother, go to bed, and here is my shawl to put over you." As the girl spoke she took off her shawl, and, by dint of much persuasion on her part, and notwithstanding much grumbling on that of her companion, the old woman at length suffered herself to be put to bed. She took some of the dry bread her granddaughter offered her, and, after some indistinct grumbling, in which the word "tea" was alone audible, she fell asleep.

Silently then did the girl draw forth her farthing candle, and, having placed it on the table, she sat down, and drew forth some linen, a brass thimble, and a pair of scissors. She had evidently intended to set to work at once; but, instead of doing so, she remained for some time as if in deep thought. The scene was very dreary. Daylight had not quite fled, though it was too dark for the girl to see to work; and the dusk served to make the light of the candle seem still more miserable. For a moment she looked with longing gaze at the remaining portion of bread; but, no! she could not touch that, it was for her grandmother next day; she did not want it—she had eaten some already *once* that day. It was bitterly cold; and she bethought her of putting some of the linen she held round her. She did so, and then she began to work; but it would not do. Suddenly letting her work fall from her hands, she smiled to herself, and drew from her bosom a dirty, crumpled letter, which she had read about a hundred times already, and the contents of which she knew almost by heart. The perusal of it seemed, however, to do her good; for after she had read it carefully over, kissed it a dozen times, and replaced it in the breast of her dress, she once more commenced to work. And this time the effort was successful; for she did not again leave off, but continued busily to ply her needle until long after midnight.

It needs but few words to make the reader acquainted with the previous history of the needlewoman and her grandmother to whom he has been introduced. That history offers no startling or romantic incidents. Ellen Linn, the needlewoman, had won the heart of honest Tom Cripps, to whom she had been engaged for some years. Ellen's mother had died giving her birth; and having lost her father soon afterwards, her grandmother, the Widow West, had brought her up. Mrs. West was not always the cross, grumbling old woman we have seen, and Ellen owed to her much happiness; and, until the last few years, when age, want, and misery had changed her character, Ellen could not recall an unkind word or action on the part of her mother (as she almost always called her) towards her. Mrs. West, who, as long as strength permitted, earned sufficient to support herself and grandchild, sent the child daily to the National School in the village of ———, kept by Mrs. Cripps, the mother of Ellen's lover, who was a schoolmistress far above the ordinary run; and Ellen being an apt scholar, soon read, wrote, and *spoke* better than most girls of her station in life. But work was what she seemed to take most pleasure in; and her young life's dream used to be, that when grown up she would be able to work for herself and her parent. Poor child! did she guess what a task that would be?

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Cripps died when Ellen was just entering womanhood, and that was her first great grief; for after she had ceased to be a school child, she had still continued her intimacy with good Mrs. Cripps, whom she looked upon in the light of a second mother, or rather mother-in-law, as Tom used saucily to whisper in her ear, and then kiss away the blushes that his whisper would cause to rise in Ellen's cheeks.

Time passed on, but time did not improve the prospects of Tom Cripps and Ellen Linn. Labour was becoming very scarce; and Tom, an industrious labourer, found himself often for days together without the means of subsistence. He grew weary of waiting for better times to marry; and an offer being made him to go out to Australia, he accepted it.

He would work manfully till he got enough to send for Ellen, he said, as the sorrowing girl saw him about to leave her; and Ellen was comforted. Then they talked of the happy day when she should go out to him to become his wife. They were both very young, and could very well wait; and, meantime, they were to write often to one another —in fact, as often as a vessel left and came; and so they parted. About a year later Mrs. West and Ellen removed to London.

Ellen's dream was now realised, and for some time she was very happy; for she found work to do, and thus paid in part the debt she owed to her grandmother for years of care and solicitude. But the aspect of affairs altered; her employer failed, she was thrown out of employment, and it was some time before she could procure work elsewhere.

A temporary cessation of work is a serious matter to those who have no other means of support to look to. Ellen, with all her after exertions, found it impossible to recover entirely the lost ground. In that time they had got into debt; and it seemed as if, from that moment, that they were destined to sink deeper and deeper into adversity. Ellen, at the time our tale opens, could only obtain employment at intervals, and then she was very badly paid. Step by step she was driven, with her aged grandmother, to the garret in which they have been introduced to the reader's notice.

We need scarcely add that the letter which we have seen Ellen Linn perusing with so much interest was an Australian one. Yes, Tom had been faithful to his promise, and had written as often as he could hear of a vessel homeward bound. This was his last letter, which Ellen had received some weeks before, and it contained much that made the trusting girl's heart light and happy: already, indeed, in thought, she was with her husband, administering to the comfort, and cheering the path, of the adventurous emigrant.

Cripps' letters had hitherto been rather discouraging than otherwise; for, like many other emigrants, he had imagined that almost on his first landing money would pour into his lap; and not finding this to be the case, he had felt much disappointment. Though he had been absent a considerable time (twenty years, to calculate according to Ellen's heart), he had not been able to send over any money; but everything was now brightening around him, and in his next letter, which would follow very quickly, he would send them some money, not sufficient to bring Ellen out; but —, and here he proposed to her a plan for bringing her over to him, which was, that he had seen a great many girls who had been sent over by some good and charitable people—girls who at home were suffering poverty and famine, but who here were comfortably provided for, and many of them married and settled in life; that he believed the first thing to be done was for some gentleman of respectability to testify to her good character; and this he was sure Dr. Giles, of —— village, who had known her all her life, would do, or the clergyman, Mr. Fishlock.

Ellen had accordingly written for this purpose to Dr. Giles, from whom, however, she had received no answer, and after some time had accidentally learned that he was dead. She then wrote to Mr. Fishlock, and was in daily expectation of receiving his answer. It was some time since she had sent her humble petition; and, though she said daily to herself that the rich could not be expected to answer her all in a minute, still she was naturally becoming very anxious to receive the letter, more especially as Tom had also suggested to her the possibility of her getting her grandmother, now fast entering her second childhood, into an almshouse; for, of course, the notion of her going to Australia was out of the question. Respecting the possibility of obtaining this asylum for her, Ellen had also asked the clergyman; and the expectation of the two being thus shortly provided for had made her endure her daily toil and privation with the hope of a speedy release.

But it is a weary thing to wait day by day—to be ever on the watch; and Ellen's appearance soon changed, and in the place of the ruddy, hopeful face of youth, she became haggard and careworn. She was not handsome, she never had been; but she was always neat and clean in her attire, and her light blue eyes were soft and pleasing. It was a great trial, in addition to her others, the task of soothing her aged grandmother, who was daily complaining and scolding her. But she felt what she owed her, and considered her as a sacred charge that nothing could force her to relinquish. At times, too, the old woman would exhibit some of her former kindness, and praise and bless Ellen —her good child—her affectionate supporter. At such times Ellen felt repaid for all she had suffered, and her spirits would rise, and she would toil on with renewed vigour.

She had finished the half-dozen shirts, and had been paid for them. Mr. Jones had no more to give her, and she solicited work elsewhere. She obtained a dozen to make, but at even less remuneration than she had from Mr. Jones: from him she had received three shillings a dozen, and now her remuneration was reduced to two. Days of toil—nights of toil—work, work, work; and all for this miserable pittance!

The letter she had hoped to receive from Australia did not arrive, nor did the one she expected from Mr. Fishlock. In vain she sat watching for the first glimpse of the postman, as

Digitized by Google

morning and evening he sped his rounds, unheeding the pain or joy he brought with him. Mechanically he rung at the rich man's door—mechanically he entered the hovel of the poor; but he marked not the expression of joy on some faces, nor that of sorrow on others, as he delivered his burthen to each. He was but the machine that moved the hearts of thousands.

The old woman became daily more feeble, and the means of prolonging life were now more difficult to obtain. Ellen felt her sight becoming affected, and she also felt at times intense pain in her head, and each day her hopes about hearing from Mr. Fishlock were becoming more and more faint. At length she summoned up courage to apply to the parish in which she lived for relief; but she was told she had no claim upon it, being a stranger, and that she must apply to the —— institution. She did so; and thence she was sent to another, and another—obtaining relief from none, discouragement from all. And she would return home from these fruitless expeditions weary and disheartened; but upon nearing her lonely garret her heart would beat quick, and her colour would rise, for hope would whisper to her that perhaps, during her absence, a letter might have been brought; and she would enter, and she would look around for it in vain; and then she would seat herself mournfully at her task, and endeavour, by stealing some hours from repose, to make up for those she had lost in fruitless endeavours to obtain bread.

Near to the house in which she lived was a counting-house, belonging to a gentleman who resided there with his family; for in the quarter of the metropolis in which Ellen lived there was a miscellaneous collection of houses—the poor and the rich seemed to dwell there in a confused and as if unsorted mass. Now, for some days back, when Ellen had, at the post hours, planted herself, as usual, to watch for the postman by the small casement which commanded a view of the street, the girl had observed on the opposite side, in the house alluded to, that as the time drew near the lady of the mansion would appear at the window as regularly as herself; and that as soon as the postman became visible she would quit the window, and be in readiness to receive him at the door, and Ellen saw that no letter was put into her hand. At length she missed her; and she learned from the woman who washed there, and who was an inmate of the same house as the needlewoman, that the lady had an only son, and that when she had last heard of him he was in a distant country very ill; that every day she was expecting to hear from him, and that at last her anxiety and suspense had brought an illness on herself.

Ellen felt deeply for her fellow-sufferer, and almost wondered that one so RICH should not be exempt from suffering the same suspense she did, though from different causes. This incident tended to teach her resignation; and she would murmur to herself that the high-born and the lowly were sisters of affliction!

One evening towards the end of winter there was a busy throng crowding into a shop of some pretension, though it was not a first-rate one by any means. Still it was pretty evident that business was not slack there; for all the hands seemed engaged, and it was with evident impatience that the master of the place seemed to listen to a young woman who was addressing him with much earnestness.

"I tell you, my good girl, it is impossible; we have no demand for ready-made articles. The last shirts you made I have still on hand; it is impossible, therefore, to give you any more work when it don't pay; you must seek elsewhere."

"Oh! but, Mr. Jones, I have tried, and can procure none; every place I am told that the market is overstocked, and that there are too many of my trade. Is there no work of any kind I can do for you?"

"I told you *no*, girl; there is your answer. Don't you see you are keeping me here while the shop is full, and I'm wanted? Go."

"I will, sir; but"—and a blush rose in her pale face, and a tear of pride moistened her eye—"can you give me something to buy some bread; I have not tasted any this day." It was the first time she had asked for alms, and she felt how much indeed, she was reduced in life.

Mr. Jones answered roughly in the negative, and again bade her go. Poor Ellen! she obeyed him; and who can tell what her feelings were on her solitary walk home?

If we were to measure time by our thoughts and feelings, how many years would we not often live in a few short moments! Sadly she retraced her steps, and wearily she ascended the stairs; but there, despite her former disappointment on similar occasions, the thoughts of the possibility of there being a letter, perhaps two, seemed to revive her. The hour for the postman was passed; he might have called during her absence; the long-expected, long-wished-for letters might be awaiting her. She undid the door, and her breath came and went. In imagination she saw two letters lying on the table; fond fancy made her for a moment believe it was not a delusion. It was almost dark when she entered the room, but something white was visible on the little table. It must be a letter! She rushed to seize it, but no hard substance resisted her eager grasp; it was a bit of linen remaining from her last work!

"Have you brought *we* any food?" asked the old woman in a weak, tremulous tone.

"No, mother."

"But you promised *we* some bread; why don't you keep your promises?"

"I had no money to buy any."

And the girl sat down in silence and despair. She sat until it was quite dark, and she heard the old woman murmuring some unconnected words, by which, however, Ellen could make out that her mind was dwelling on scenes of former days. And then Ellen, too, thought of the past; and she sat and thought and thought, and her brain seemed to reel, and she felt as if reason was quitting her. Still she sat on in that dark, dreary room, and long after her companion had ceased to speak and had gone to sleep she sat and thought; and she

Digitized by Google

felt as if it would relieve her could she read once more Tom's last letter, but she had no candle, and then again she felt more and more how desolate, and weak, and hungry she was; but felt glad, withal, that she had that morning given, not to herself but to her grandmother, the last morsel of bread that remained to her: *she* could not do without food, old and feeble as she was. Again she thought about what she should do for the next day, and the chance of a letter from Tom with money crossed her mind, and this brought her back to ponder over her late cruel disappointment until hope died within her. She longed to weep, but could not; and again she felt that acute pain in her head. She *could not* go to bed; she put her hands to her burning temple, and rocked herself to and fro; and she sat thus all through the weary hours of the night, and when day dawned it found the poor starving needlewoman still in the same forlorn condition.

A few evenings before, as Ellen was watching as usual for the postman, she saw the lady who had been ill, and who had before been her companion in watching, make her first appearance for some time at her usual station, the window. She did not look unhappy, so thought Ellen, who seemed at once to guess that she had had a letter, for when the postman came the lady did not seem so very anxious as heretofore, and did not rush down to meet him as usual; but then the girl remembered that she must be too weak to go down the stairs; and then Ellen watched if there were a letter for her or no. It is wonderful how, when suffering ourselves, we become interested in those who suffer from similar causes, and our attention is often drawn from our own sorrows (though it may be only for a very short space) to dwell on those of others. Ellen saw the postman stop at the lady's door, and in a few seconds after she could perceive a footman handing a letter on a silver salver to the lady, who, after she had read it, rose and left her station at the window. But Ellen could not tell whether or not its arrival had caused pain or pleasure.

On the day following the disappointment at Mr. Jones's, Ellen, who was sitting without work, and thinking what she must next do, saw a carriage stop at the lady's house and a young man spring out of it; she then knew that the son had been restored to his mother, and she pictured to herself the joyful meeting, and her heart throbbed as she thought of what *she* should feel if she were to meet her absent lover: and then she bitterly murmured to herself that he had forgotten her, that he would not even write to her, and the contrast between herself and her late companion in suspense rose up strong before her, and she could sit no longer in that dreary room, but left her seat, determined to make some effort to procure food. She went to many a spot that day in search of work, but only met with refusals; and towards dusk, hungry and faint, she gave up all hope. Suddenly she heard a beggar ask a passer-by for food. The thought flashed across her: she, too, must beg—by no other means could she procure food. She was starving. She stretched out her hand almost instinctively, and asked a lady who was passing to give her something, but the lady, heedless of her demand, pursued her way. At the same moment she heard a voice saying to her, "It is a pity that such a fine-looking girl as you should be begging." She turned quickly round, not understanding the purport of the words; and at the same moment a gentleman (at least he had the dress of one) whispered something in her ear.

As if stung by a serpent, Ellen recoiled, and casting an indignant glance on the speaker, quickened her steps almost to a run, and had soon left the spot where she had made her first unsuccessful attempt at begging.

Ellen slackened not her speed until weakness compelled her to do so, and even then she seemed to fear lest danger was pursuing her, and she exerted her utmost strength to gain her home, but she felt that she must have food or perish. At this moment she perceived a throng of persons, with poverty too plainly stamped upon them, entering a small dirty-looking shop; and she saw some females coming out of it, devoid of some article or other they wore on entering it, and then going into a shop almost next door and ask for gin! A cold shudder seized the starving girl; and she felt that, wretched as she was, and sunk in life, she was not degraded—that abject as was her present situation she had not forfeited her self-respect—that shame and infamy could not be coupled with her name.

She had no article of dress to dispose of. That had been an expedient she had long since resorted to. All her things were pledged, even her shawl, without the disposal of which she and her grandmother must long since have starved outright. There was nothing left to her now but her bonnet: quick as thought she disposed of it, for as much as gave her and her parent *one* meal! Oh, this cannot go on, she murmured to herself; I must have a letter to-morrow.

With what agony of feeling did she watch next morning for a letter. She had not even work to beguile the time; nothing to draw away her thoughts from the misery of her condition. There was no letter; and Ellen did not venture that day to make any effort to procure employment; she felt so wholly discouraged that she thought to herself it would be no use to make the attempt, it would be followed with the same bitter result as had attended her former applications, and that day she could do without food, as she had often done before, and there was a little bread, which she had saved from her meal last night, which would be sufficient for her grandmother next day; and she had a something over her which told her there would certainly be a letter that night.

Poor girl, often and bitter as had been her disappointments, she still basked in a delusive hope, for it was indeed a delusive hope. The day came to an end. Evening came, and with it the postman; but he came not to her—he passed by. He went his round, but he paused not at her threshold, he tapped not at her lonely garret-door. For the first time, amid all her trials, Ellen felt real despair that night; her hope, too often disappointed, was

Digitized by Google

now entirely sunk. It had been chilled before, but it had not been quenched. It was so now. She hoped no more!

Next day the old woman became very ill, and Ellen could not leave her for a moment. She had a fit, which greatly alarmed the girl, whose cry brought to her assistance a neighbour, the same who had gossiped with Ellen about the rich lady's son. She came and stayed with Ellen until the old woman recovered; and then left her, promising Ellen to return in the evening, and enjoining her not to quit her mother a moment.

Bitter indeed were the girl's thoughts all that day, as she watched by her sleeping charge. What would become of her if anything happened to her grandmother? True, she had latterly been no companion to her, for the poor old creature had become quite imbecile. True, she had been a burden to her, but still was she not a tie which bound her to life—a something for which to toil—a something to tend, to watch, to love? And Ellen's heart seemed to warm towards her more than it had done for a long, long time. All the old woman's former kindness to the orphan child, her exertions to support her, even when age was creeping on, her anxious desire to have her sent to school, all rushed on Ellen's mind; and memory took her back to her native village, to her happy youth, to the first dawn of her love, to the day of her betrothal to him who had promised ever to love her, but who now had forgotten her, who wrote her not one word of comfort. Ay, though months had elapsed since she had written to tell him of her misery, time sufficient for his reply had passed away, but the reply came not. No, no, he had forgotten her! Mr. Fishlock had forgotten her. Her poor, sick, feeble grandmother was the only one that cared for her on earth. And Ellen watched her, and felt that she would give the world to prolong that poor decrepit creature's life.

The friendly neighbour now entered, and approached the bed. "Has she had another fit?" she asked.

"No," answered Ellen; "but how ill she looks! and she has not the strength of an infant!"

"Like enough, poor body, like enough; but though I'm no docther, I think that if she had some good nourishing food she'd come round," said the woman.

"Ah! but," said Ellen mournfully, "I have not a penny to buy any, and, as you know, I can't get work. I myself hav'nt tasted food for two days, and then had only a piece of bread."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the neighbour, pityingly. "I wish that I could give you anything; but there's not a bit of bread in the house, nor a halfpenny to get any. But I tell ye what I'll do. I've some washin' at home to get finished for the lady as lives opposite, so I'll go home now, for I don't think its likely she'll (pointing to the old woman) 'ave another fit, and I'll sit up all night, as I've often done afore, and when I takes the things in the morning and gets paid (for they'r very reg'lar people), I'll lend you a few pence; for indeed I'm sorry for ye;" and the good woman brushed away something very like a tear from her eyes.

"God bless you!" said Ellen. "But could you not let me have anything to-night? It will be so many, many hours before my poor grandmother has any food."

"Food! aye, give we food!" feebly articulated the old woman, whom the last words had roused.

Ellen and the other woman both started, and the latter then whispered, "I can't give ye anything to-night, it's quite beyond my power; but don't talk, and maybe she'll drop off to sleep again, and won't feel the biting hunger, which, God knows, is hard enough to bear, specially for the old and sick; and I hope to-morrow to bring ye a bit to eat."

Ellen's heart died within her, but she did not say more—she knew it was useless; but as soon as the door closed upon the woman, she felt in truth and in reality the force of the expression, that hunger is indeed hard to bear; for she felt how weak *she* had become from want of food. Her head swam—*she knew what it was to starve!*

The kind-hearted neighbour was mistaken in supposing that the old woman would go to sleep again. She became feverish and excited, and she talked to herself incessantly; but it was in her usual incoherent manner, and in so low a tone that Ellen could not catch the words. But as night drew on, and the old woman worked herself up to a greater degree of agitation, her voice became louder, her strength appeared to increase, and Ellen began to think her reason was returning, for she spoke more collectedly and intelligibly. "Mary," she said, as if addressing her dead daughter, "did you give me your only child to take care of? Aye, did you! and how did she reward we? Starve!—let we starve, arter all the care we took of her! Do hear! we're hungry; and when we ask her food, do you know, she laughs! There! do ye hear her?" and she paused to listen.

"Dear, dear grandmother, it is only the rain you hear," said Ellen, soothingly, "and you shall soon have food; indeed, indeed you shall!"

"Hush. Mary, don't let them hear! they'd kill poor we if they could. And yet I cared for her as I did for ye, Mary; and I loved her, oh, I loved her so! But she is ungrateful; she won't work; she's wishing for our death, she and Tom. Do ye know Tom? He's bad, or he wouldn't let poor we starve. Aye, starve! do ye hear?"

"Mother! mother!" cried the heartbroken girl, whom these reproaches almost maddened, "I can't get work; but you know I love you, and that I'm your own, own Ellen, that would die for you." And she sobbed aloud.

It was, in truth, a scene of misery. The night was very dark, the rain was falling fast, and was even entering the wretched garret through the window. One farthing candle, which the kind neighbours had left them, served to throw a glimmer of light over the apartment. In the bed lay the old woman, while by her side stood her weeping granddaughter, watching the parent who had succoured her in infancy, and listening to her unavailing cry for food.

Digitized by Google

Ellen's cup was full before, but now it overflowed. Human nature could bear no more; and as the old woman continued to ask for food, and demand why she gave her none, and yet said she loved her, Ellen could endure the scene no longer. Her sense and her reason seemed to leave her. She ran from the room—she undid the street-door, and rushed into the open air. She had neither shawl nor bonnet, but she felt not the storm that beat upon her defenceless head. On, on she hurried, she knew not where; but one thought was uppermost—*she* was starving!—she, the protector of her early life, was calling to her for "Food! food! food!" and she had none to give her. It must be procured; but how, but where, she knew not. Unmindful of all, of everything, she slackened not her speed, she paused not on her way, but rushed wildly on—on, she knew not where.

There was a splendid oratorio that night at Exeter-hall. At its conclusion, a vast concourse of people issued from the building, but it rained so heavily that a number of them were glad to retreat back to the portico and remain under its friendly shelter.

Amongst the many that crowded under the portico was a gentleman dressed like a clergyman, who had for a moment advanced into the open air, but having looked in vain for a cab, was glad to regain the shelter he had left. Scarcely had he done so before a bare-headed female, making her way rapidly through the crowd, advanced to him, and, seizing his arm, wildly exclaimed, "It is! it is he! I was not mistaken. For mercy's sake, Mr. Fishlock, follow me!" At the same moment she eagerly made an opening in the crowd and led the way, turning to look if he followed her.

It was, indeed, no easy matter to do so; and having with difficulty kept her in view, the gentleman endeavoured to follow in her track. The speed at which she went made it a difficult matter to keep up with her, or rather keep the distance between them sufficiently limited to enable him to descry her figure as it flitted before him.

On such a night, most people would have declined the task of following the wretched supplicant; but Mr. Fishlock was a humane man. The piteous tones in which he had been addressed had filled him with compassion; and though he could not say to himself that he recognised the person who accosted him, he had some indistinct recollection of having seen her before though he knew not where. At length the woman stopped before a house, the door of which she opened. Followed by Mr. Fishlock, she hurried up the stairs, until she stopped before a garret door, through the chinks of which a light faintly glimmered. She turned the handle of the door, and as a ray of light gleamed on her face, Mr. Fishlock, who had not before observed her closely, recognised in the emaciated face of the girl—Ellen Linn! He started, and a bitter pang of unavailing regret smote his heart.

He had been absent from home when Ellen's letter had arrived there, and being shortly expected by his family, they had not forwarded it to him. On his return he set about making the necessary inquiries and applications for Ellen; but whilst thus occupied he did not deem it necessary to write and tell her that he was so doing. He did not reflect that her letter had lain some time already at his house, and that she might be anxiously waiting for an answer. He was a benevolent and a kind-hearted man, but, in common with many other amiable and well-intentioned people, he was of dilatory and procrastinating habits. He had deferred writing from day to day, even after he had applied for the admission of the widow into an alms-house and received a favourable reply. He had also made inquiries about Ellen's obtaining a free passage to Australia, and had intended at once to write to her; but being obliged to go to London on business, in two or three days, he thought it better to see her herself upon the subject, as the short delay could not, he imagined, make any difference!

Had he, then, written one line to give her hope, it would have enabled her to bear up against her sufferings—it would have cheered her broken spirits; but *now*— o o o

Ellen, as soon as she entered the room, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, here is Mr. Fishlock; you shall now have some food!" But as she approached her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell upon the bed. *The old woman was dead!*

"Ellen, my poor Ellen," said Mr. Fishlock, advancing hurriedly towards her. But he recoiled in horror, for he gazed upon an idiot.

o o o o

Morning came, and with it the postman. He brought the long, long wished-for letter from Tom. But Ellen did not, as she would have done a day previously, rush out to seize it.

In vain Mr. Fishlock and those he had summoned to his assistance endeavoured to make her conscious it was a letter from her lover. In vain, after he had opened it, Mr. Fishlock essayed to make her understand its contents. It told that Tom had not forgotten her; but that, grieved to the heart by the sad account she had given in her last letter of their circumstances, he had toiled and toiled, until he had earned nearly sufficient to bring her over, and that his master, to whom he related his story, had advanced him what made up the sum he now sent; but that, not wishing to write again until he could remit her the money, he had allowed two vessels to leave without sending a letter. In vain Mr. Fishlock tried to make her understand that Tom still loved her—she heard him not. In vain he showed her the money the faithful fellow had sent—she heeded not, she saw not.

To all their efforts to arouse a ray of intelligence in her they received no answer, save the fixed and vacant stare of helpless, hopeless idiotcy!

o o o o

Every effort was made to restore the unhappy girl to health and reason. Mr. Fishlock, stung with remorse at the fatal results of his tardiness and thoughtlessness, spared no expense, and neglected no means, by which even her partial recovery might be effected. But it was all in vain; hers was a hopeless case. To the day of her death she remained an idiot!

Digitized by Google

THE FARMERS AND PROTECTION.

(*Continued from page 446.*)

Among the frauds practised by Protectionist writers, and especially by the authors of those articles in "Blackwood," with which we propose this month to deal more especially, as we did last, is to talk as if a protective Corn-law were a very ancient institution, the overthrow of which was a breach of enduring obligations, and a result that those most closely interested could not have calculated on or prepared for. Thus, in the Protectionist article, in his July number, an article even more tedious in style and hateful in spirit than its predecessors, "Blackwood" twaddles in this sort: "We say, after the most careful and thoughtful deliberation, that the proceedings of the Legislature with regard to the farmers of Great Britain are irreconcilable with the principles of justice, with the sacred laws of morality, which no legislative resolutions can abrogate or annul. The farmers are entitled to maintain that, so far as regards them, the public faith has been broken. Such of them as hold leases had a distinct and unqualified guarantee given to them by the protective laws." Postponing till a more appropriate section of the present paper discussion of the question, whether the change of 1846 was effected in the best manner, and how far the agriculturists themselves were to blame for there being little choice as to mode left to our statesmen, we only say, in the meantime, that to talk as "Blackwood" here talks, as if the Corn-laws were of ancient date, and had something of special perpetuity in their nature, is to talk nonsense. Why, "Blackwood's" writer himself—young as, from his rawness and raslness, we charitably presume him to be—probably saw these laws begin as well as end; in 1815, he must, at the least, have been "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms," as, intellectually, he is mewling and puking still. The man who, as Mr. Robinson, officially and successfully moved in the House of Commons, on the 17th February, 1815, that the Corn-laws be enacted, was the very same man who, as Earl of Ripon, officially and successfully moved, in the House of Lords, on the 25th May, 1846, that the Corn-laws be repealed. Those who stood grown men on the streets of London when the Legislature was passing the Corn-bill, amid the violence and execrations of the multitude and the rattle of musketry, were not old men when they celebrated the downfall of the system which that Bill introduced in the Free-trade Hall of Manchester. Neither was the law ever regarded as specially perpetual in its nature, but the reverse. No sooner was it enacted than the Protectionists themselves made efforts to get it altered; in one session alone (1822) they made in the House of Commons no less than six separate and differing proposals of amendment; in somewhere about half of the number of years it lasted, Parliamentary committees were sitting "considering" it; it was three times altered both in principle and details; and it never had a year's respite from the attacks of political economists and popular leaders. In a word, this law, which we are asked to regard as ancient and firmly established in public opinion and in the polity of the Commonwealth, was a thing of yesterday, whose history was singularly unsettled and unpopular—a law possessing not any more but many less than the ordinary claims to be respectfully dealt with in legislation or discussion.

Taking this truth along with us, we recur for a moment to a statement with which we concluded last month, though not then using it for exactly the same object as at present—the fact that the cereal produce, ordinarily estimated at about 90,000,000*l.* of annual value, and at least admitted not to exceed the proportion of one-third to the whole agricultural produce, is alone exposed to competition. The question, of great importance at this stage of the controversy, as to what is the value, positive and proportional, of the cereal portion of our agricultural produce, is one not sufficiently considered, although almost nobody is so entirely careless and ignorant about it (proof of this seemingly strong assertion instantly) as the writers in "Blackwood." In 1845, Mr. M'Culloch, drawing his information from a variety of authentic sources, stated the annual value of the agricultural produce of the three kingdoms at 227,771,548*l.*; and the estimate has been generally accepted as substantially accurate. But "Blackwood," in his July number, has made the discovery (at the evil instigation of one Mr. Macqueen, whom we thought had been buried for ever, a dozen years ago, under a mountain of his own heavy pamphlets) that the true figures are, *exclusive* of live stock, just exactly 584,548,536*l.*; or upwards of 15,000,000*l.*, more than *twice-and-a-half* the ordinary and accepted estimate of the whole produce, *inclusive* of cattle! But, putting down the value of "live stock, &c.," at 504,833,730*l.*, he brings the total annual value of agricultural produce to precisely 1,089,382,266*l.*, or more than *four times* the known and accepted truth! Naturally not having implicit faith in his accuracy, we hunted "Blackwood's" pages for some of the evidence of this astounding discovery—some of the items of this tremendous total. We did not find anything of that sort, but we found something with which we are quite as well pleased—abundant contradiction and refutation out of his own mouth. As a sufficient instance (and it is only one among many), we quote from his March number (page 368) this single line: "Annual value of the agricultural productions of the United Kingdom, 250,000,000*l.*" Farmers, good easy men, who go about asking their neighbours if they have seen "'Blackwood's' astonishing statistics," should really ponder this. One month their statistician says, "Annual value of the agricultural productions of the United Kingdom

Digitized by Google

250,000,000*l.*;" another month, "Annual value of the agricultural productions of the United Kingdom, 1,089,382,266!" To quadruple, or to quarter the truth, is a feat with which this agricultural authority seems familiar, and a good many hundreds of millions of pounds sterling he reckons as nothing, if they happen to stand the least in his way. But, taking the latter version of his statements on the point in hand—the version in which he *adds eight hundred and forty millions sterling to his former version*—what is the proportional value he assigns to cereals? He states the item thus: "Grains, potatoes, &c., 237,543,750*l.*," or ten millions more than Mr. M'Culloch's received estimate of the annual value of all agricultural products whatever. It will be seen, however, that the statement is not very explicit; he says, "Grains, *potatoes, &c.*" Why "potatoes?" Why "&c.?" Why not adhere to the ordinary classification of keeping the cereals by themselves, and "potatoes, &c." among the other root crops? For no reason, we fear, that is likely to be readily admitted. But making the best we can of his figures—making, on account of "potatoes, &c.," a deduction as small as even he could ask from the 237,543,750*l.*—it will be seen that the figures applicable to "grains" bear a great deal less than the proportion of *one-third* to his very grand total of 1,089,382,266*l.* He thus still gives us more than we want for our present purpose; he agrees with us that the amount of cereals, whatever it may be stated positively, is, stated proportionally, less than one-third in value of the whole agricultural produce of this country.

Equally stunning with the above totals are the statements made by "Blackwood," especially in his July number, bearing on the question as to whether and how far the other two-thirds of agricultural produce are exposed to competition. In fact, he never seems to have thought it possible that all agricultural produce alike is not exposed to competition equally with the cereals. He simply assumes that they are so; and then launches into assertions as to the "present depreciation" and "impending ruin," with his usual breadth of assertion and depth of ignorance. He tells us in his July number (p. 109) that the importation of provisions is "annihilating" the trade of rearing cattle in this country, and (p. 112) condescends to particulars by stating that the depreciation on "live stock, &c.," "taken at the rate of twenty-five per cent. (a most moderate calculation, and below the mark so far as Scotland is concerned), shows a loss on 504,833,730*l.* of 126,208,432*l.* *additional*;" that is, additional to 181,361,310*l.*, which he puts down as the depreciation in the other kinds of produce, making a total depreciation of 307,569,742*l.*, being just 80,000,000*l.* more than the *whole* value of the articles said to be depreciated, according to the estimate of all sane people, and even of "Blackwood" himself in the cooler month of March! Although such insensate ravings carry their own reply and condemnation on their fronts, we shall devote a few sentences to showing that, as regards cattle and everything but the cereals, not only is "Blackwood" fatuitous and insane, but a pretty common complaint among Protectionists of ordinary honesty and arithmetic is not merely untrue but impossible.

The question as to live stock and other non-cereals naturally divides into two: Has any, and what, depreciation taken place? and is importation the cause? We shall take the latter first, because, we frankly confess, we wish to bring out some facts which would be made to appear superfluous, and refute some statements which would be made to appear not worth a single word, were we to proceed first to deal with the question as to the existence and extent of depreciation. There are two shapes in which the imports in this department take place—live stock and provisions. Everybody, at least every agriculturist, and it is from such that we at present specially seek a hearing, will remember the outcry about the depreciation, when Sir R. Peel passed his cattle tariff in 1842; how farmers went about bitterly proclaiming, "Peel's in the market;" and how, for instance, in cattle-rearing Aberdeenshire, the harmless county member, Admiral Gordon, was furiously yelled at whenever he appeared, even by the tenants of his brother, Lord Aberdeen, "Peel's accomplice." A valuable Parliamentary paper (No. 460) just issued, gives us authentic means of testing minutely, if that were necessary, the truth of a complaint which notoriously general facts have refuted, and which even those who were first and loudest in urging have now abandoned. We confine ourselves to the imports under the head "Oxen and Bulls," which is the chief item, and exhibits the features common to all the rest. The number of beasts imported stood thus in each year respectively—1842, 3,156; 1843, 1,114; 1844, 3,682; 1845, 9,743; 1846, 17,191; 1847, 27,831; 1848, 24,590; 1849, 21,884. There are two features prominent in this history of the imports of cattle. One (brought out in detail by another table in the Parliamentary paper we are citing) is, that prices were lowest in 1843-4, when the imports were smallest, and highest in 1847, when the imports were largest; showing, as clearly as figures can, that the imports of cattle have never yet affected the price. The other is, that the imports have manifestly reached their maximum, and are on the decline, having been decreasing at the rate of about fifteen per cent. for the last two and a half years. But, indeed, even "Blackwood" now gives up this point as hopeless. He admits (p. 128 of January No.) that the importation of live stock has *not* caused depression, and *is* decreasing; in short, that the farmers have nothing to fear from that quarter. We pass, then, from the subject of live imports, but with the remark that those who now thus confess that these have been powerless in affecting prices were formerly the loudest in prophesying ruin; and that though their failures in prophecy have not made them more slow in asserting, it should make the farmers more slow in believing.

The prediction to which these false and unabashed prophets have betaken themselves is, that though they now find they were quite wrong and nonsensical about cattle imports,

Digitized by Google

they will prove quite right in their vaticinations about provisions. In reference to this danger, "Blackwood" says (January No., p. 128), "It does not leave one single rallying point or chance of escape to the British agriculturist;" and (July No., p. 109), "It is annihilating that branch of produce." Let us see, at a couple of glances, what is the amount of these annihilating imports, and what probability there is of their increase. The quantity of "Beef, salted or fresh" (and we take the imports under this head for the same reason that we took the corresponding head in dealing with live animals) was, according to the paper already mentioned, last year, 149,962 cwts., which, at 6 cwts. of eatable produce per animal, gives 24,993 animals. The total import of the same article in the form of live stock was, last year, taking oxen, bulls, and cows together, 40,804 animals. Now it is surely necessary for "Blackwood" to explain how it is that, after having admitted that the importation of 40,804 live animals has no effect on prices or production, he manages to arrive at the conclusion that the importation of 25,000 dead animals has already "caused a depreciation of 25 per cent." and is "annihilating production"!! It will surely be admitted that the contradiction is apparently monstrous, and requiring explanation or retractation. Oh! but, cries some agricultural alarmist, who always prefers prophecy and the future to facts and the present, "the thing, though quite trifling at present, will go on increasing through all time coming." A glance at the facts deprives this prophecy, which certainly has no claim to belief on account of the good character of the prophet, of all credibility and even possibility. We may, without founding much upon it, point to the fact that the imports of beef, last year, were 27,000 cwts. *less* than in 1846. But it is more important to notice the fact that all of the imports under the head "Provisions," save the merest fraction, consist of *salted* articles. It is clear as day that there must be a very scanty and narrow limit to such imports in a country like this, where the use of salted food is comparatively very unusual and quite unnecessary.

Although what we have just been saying is certainly not unprofitable, either for reproof or instruction, it is all rendered superfluous in its bearings on the main question by what we are now about to state. We have been seeing if the importation could have been the cause of any depreciation that might have taken place in the value of live stock; we have now to mention that that depreciation, which "Blackwood" knows to amount to neither more nor less than just 126,208,432*l.*, has no existence at all save in his own muddled and heated brain, or rather, it is much safer to say, in his own pages. He says that, "on a most moderate calculation, below the mark in so far as Scotland is concerned, live stock, &c. (?) has been depreciated at the rate of 25 per cent." Depreciated from the prices of what date? He takes care not to tell us that, and to be on no occasion specific in his meanings, else why his incessant and inscrutable *et ceteras?* But on this point we shall take him at any date, for any term of years, and prove that his statement about a depreciation of 25 per cent. is indefensible and indecent nonsense. We take from the Parliamentary paper already quoted the annual average price per stone of 8lbs. of "beasts" and "sheep" in the London markets, in each year since 1840, taking, in each year, the "second class" and medium prices:—

	Beasts.	Sheep.
1840	3s. 6d.	3s. 10½d.
1841	3s. 9d.	3s. 10½d.
1842	3s. 7d.	3s. 10d.
1843	3s. 2½d.	3s. 5d.
1844	3s. 1d.	3s. 5¾d.
1845	3s. 5½d.	3s. 10½d.
1846	3s. 1½d.	4s. 1d.
1847	3s. 10½d.	4s. 4½d.
1848	3s. 7d.	4s. 2¾d.
1849	3s. 1½d.	3s. 4¾d.
1850 (first four months)	3s. 2½d.	3s. 5¾d.

There are, of course, some fluctuations here; but where is the "depreciation of 25 per cent?" or, where is anything that can be called depreciation at all? not to ask, where is any depreciation caused by imports? The highest year in the list, for both beasts and sheep, is 1847, when not only was the trade absolutely free, but the imports were larger than they ever were before, or have been since. The lowest years are certainly those that embraced, and immediately followed, Sir Robert Peel's first alterations on the tariff (*i. e.* the change from prohibition to a duty); but as the imports in these years (1842-4) were absolutely trifling, if the depreciation had anything to do with the change in the law it could only have been because agricultural comforters, like "Blackwood," took the opportunity to propagate a panic. The last two years show a decline from those immediately preceding, but not a decline of 25 per cent., nor any decline at all from the prices of several of the years preceding the introduction of Free-trade. To account for this slight decline (which we have already seen cannot possibly be accounted for by the pressure of imports), and, at the same time, to dispose of "Blackwood's" assertion, that the imports are "annihilating this branch of produce," we quote himself (January No., p. 128): "The tendency of recent improvements in agriculture has been to increase materially the supplies of beef and mutton, and to reduce the price, so as to exclude the probability of any great accessions to our importations for many years." What have we here proved, and, for the most part, by "Blackwood's" own evidence? That his "depreciation of 25 per cent." is a senseless, shameless fable; and that the trade which he one month says is "being annihilated," is, he tells us another month, "increasing materially!"

It may here be necessary to re-state the positions we have been for some time engaged in establishing; for we have been so often compelled to dive into holes on either side in order to un-earth the enemy, that possibly some readers may almost have forgotten where we proposed to go, and where, as we flatter ourselves, we have now arrived. We have arrived at this: that our agriculturists are exposed to competition only in

Digitized by Google

their cereal produce (we have examined the case of live stock, and even "Blackwood" gives up green crops); and that cereals form only one-third of the whole agricultural produce of this country. In short, the agriculturist is exposed to competition as regards only one-third of his produce, and, as regards the other two-thirds, has by nature a virtual monopoly of his market, that market being the largest, surest, and dearest in all the world.

Last month we showed some good reasons for believing that the low prices of last year and recent months were in great part caused by our own abundant harvest, and that the imports, owing to the abundant harvests and unsettled condition of our neighbours, and the always exaggerated attractions of a new market, were exceptionally and accidentally large. Before proceeding to consider in another aspect the question as to competition in cereals, we would, in a single sentence, utter a warning against the delusion so prevalent among agriculturists, that some immutable price is necessary to the profitable carrying on of their trade. This delusion has existed, in one form or another, and, strange to say, in very varying forms, during the whole era of Protection. At every time that a discussion arose, or an alteration was proposed, a number of "leading agriculturists" were ready with their oaths to certain very precise-looking calculations as to the "lowest remunerating price;" and though the calculations varied violently every two or three years, farmers, and politicians too, were ready to believe them. Thus, in 1815, the "lowest remunerating price" for wheat was taken at 82s. 6d.; in 1827, at about 64s.; in 1842, at 56s. These variations, all within the period of Protection, should be of themselves sufficient to show the folly of such a mode of dealing with the question; but, looking at the matter abstractly and generally, its absurdity appears at once. Why should grain alone, of all things on earth, be expected to prove fixed and high in price? Why, as regards it alone, should it be considered practicable and just to keep up *its* price by means of laws? Besides the experience we have had, as regards grain itself, during the existence of Protection, we have just seen "Blackwood" state that the prices of the other kinds of agricultural produce have been reduced solely by internal and agricultural causes. But, much more, the price of almost everything else that can be named has been immensely reduced of late years, through the cause always and everywhere operating, the cheapening and increase of production. Everything the farmer buys has been reduced in price of late years in much greater proportion than that one-third of what he sells which alone has been reduced at all. And for this reduction in his expenditure he is in great part indebted to that Free-trade of which he speaks as if it had cheapened no commodities but his.

The question that truly takes us to the root of the matter is not, How much has the price of grain fallen since such or such a year? or, What is "the lowest remunerative price?" but this: *Is there anything in the position of the British agriculturist that prevents him growing grain at a price as low as it can be grown by other agriculturists, whatever that price may be?*

In reply to that question, we say that, in making a comparison, the advantages of the British agriculturist over others is what strikes first and chiefly every temperate and well-informed inquirer. We shall merely mention one or two of these advantages in passing, being anxious to proceed to the more useful task of trying the nature and extent of the alleged *dis*advantages. Foremost of all, the British agriculturist produces in the midst of the very best market in the world—in the midst of the only community of considerable size where the home demand for grain regularly and largely exceeds the home supply. And, by means of our embracing sea, and our unrivalled roads and railways, that advantage is equalised over the island to a degree nowhere else to be witnessed. If any man doubts the extent of the benefit of possessing the best market and the best and cheapest means of intercommunication, let him look at how large a proportion the cost of transmission forms in the price of every quarter of grain, and at the lowness of prices in countries not possessing a large market, including even the remoter districts of countries like France, which has high prices in those districts which are the seats of her population. The British agriculturist is also in a country where capital is plenty and cheap, and under a political and social system which has not for generations been disturbed by invasion or war. In the matter of *soil*, Britain is, as a whole, decidedly superior as a corn-growing country to our rivals. This naturally brings us to the question of climate, which is usually, but not altogether correctly, reckoned among the disadvantages. As regards two out of the three great cereals, the climate of Great Britain is superior to almost any of our rivals; and that from the same cause that renders it inferior as regards the one article of wheat, viz., slowness in the process of ripening. There are no oats in the world like the Scotch oats. For the yield of saccharine matter (and all but a mere fraction of the grain is used for brewing and distillation) British barley is reckoned far above foreign. In the production of wheat alone is the British climate inferior; and we can only set off the above and other advantages against that disadvantage, and the others with which we now proceed to deal.

The three grand disadvantages under which the British farmer is usually alleged to labour, as compared with the foreigner, are *taxes, labour*, and *rent;* which we shall take in their order.

Much as has been talked, and with little contradiction, about our agriculturists being more heavily taxed than their foreign rivals, there is not yet any proof that such is really the fact, at least relatively. In most of the continental countries, taxation, light though it may *look*, as compared with ours, is only limited by the ability of the taxpayers. Of the fact that such a limit is very easily reached, especially in "purely agricultural" countries, we have a near, and recent, and striking instance within our own three kingdoms. Ireland has never borne any share of several of the most

Digitized by Google

burdensome and productive of our taxes; and when the latest great burden (the income-tax) was laid on she was again exempted. All this, not because the legislature was not entitled and able to tax her as much as England or Scotland, but because it is believed, rightly or not, that she is taxed to her utmost already. In the same way despotic Austria, for instance, has ample power to impose more taxes; and, with enormous armaments, increased debt, and damaged credit, she much needs the money; but the poverty of her population, the absence of accumulations, of a surplus above what is required for the maintenance of life, prevents her getting it. But to say that a population is lightly taxed, because they pay less than us, while they pay all that they are able, is a delusion. Again, it must be remembered that among all our corn-growing rivals the taxes fall —very unlike Britain, as we shall see presently— almost entirely on the land; for the very good reason that there is almost nothing else to tax. Any one that will examine the incidence of taxation, even in France—not ordinarily an exporting, and, to a great extent, a commercial and manufacturing country—will find that, not only proportionally but positively, French land bears far more heavy taxation than English. There is, however, a shorter and simpler mode than this of dealing with the plea about the British agriculturist labouring under the disadvantage of taxes. Those who urge that plea always forget that the British *consumer* is taxed as well as the producer (whether in a proportion greater or less than fair we inquire in the next paragraph); and that that fact not only is a legitimate element in the question, but entirely counterbalances and neutralises all facts and arguments as to the payment of taxes by the agriculturist. If the bearing of certain taxes by the British corn-grower renders it difficult or impossible for him to sell cheap, the bearing of the same taxes by the British corn-consumer renders it difficult or impossible for him to buy dear. If British burdens tend to disable the producer from selling at the world's price, British burdens in the same degree tend to prevent the consumer buying above the world's price. The burden is mutual; and when one class of the community claim "protection" on account of it, they just seek to get rid of their own share and to increase that of their neighbour. Nay, we are further prepared to maintain that the other classes of the community are naturally *less* able to bear their share of the common burden than are the agriculturists, who would compensate themselves for their own share by levying a class-tax on everybody else. "The British agriculturist," cries "Blackwood" (February No., p. 226), "is taxed for his tea, his coffee, his sugar, his tobacco, and every other luxury of life; and yet he is desired with all these disadvantages to enter the lists with the foreigner." Well, but then the British agriculturist's customers, too, are taxed in all these and other things, and has *he* no competition to meet? He has to "enter the lists with the foreigner" on an incomparably more unfavourable field than the agriculturist, and in an incomparably more difficult warfare. The agriculturist has his market at his own door, and there the foreigner must come to meet him, dragging his bulky commodity over many hundreds or thousands of miles of land and sea. The manufacturer must first go to New Orleans or Riga for his raw material, then carry back the manufactured article to New Orleans or Riga again, and undersell the Americans or the Russians at their own door. In this way he annually finds a market for goods to the value of a good many millions more than the whole annual rental of land in the United Kingdom. And if the manufacturer fail to do this, the agriculturist loses, not only his best, but *only* customer. If Britain were not, as regards manufactures, an exporting country, what could keep her agricultural prices higher than those of other countries? If our agriculturists had not our manufacturers and commercialists as customers, whom else could they have? But they seem to think it logic and justice to turn to their customers and say, "We *and you* are taxed for our tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco; therefore we think it proper and necessary, for *our* benefit, to tax *you* also in your *bread*." Paint it an inch thick, to this complexion must the plea of "taxes" come at last.

But it will be said—or rather it has been said, and is not now so often said as it used to be—that the agriculturists pay more than their fair share of the national burdens, as compared with the other classes, and that it is on *that* ground they are entitled to "protection." If it were the fact that the agriculturists were unfairly taxed, the obviously proper and easy mode of reducing the inequality would be not to seek to compensate them by a protective law, but to remove the inequality itself. To do this, however, it is necessary that a thing should be done that has never been done yet—to point out wherein the inequality consists. Is it not a significant, nay, a conclusive fact, that while the public mind is fully aware that the agriculturists continually complain of "peculiar burdens," it has no impression whatever as to what these burdens are? The cry of "Name, name!" has been raised for many years, and there has been no response save that attempted by Mr. Disraeli during the recess and at the commencement of the session. Now, what was the result of that attempt? Don't let the reader be afraid that we are going to plunge into the details of poor-rates and prison-assessments. The whole question lies in a nut-shell. Considering how much has been written and spoken, it is amazing in how plain and compendious a form the whole thing can be stated. Mr. Disraeli, evading the question as to the general or national taxation (an evasion of which we shall see the motive presently), pounced upon the local taxation, amounting (in England) to 12,000,000*l.*, and, without further evidence, cries out that it is paid by the land. But though this did well enough in Buckinghamshire, it is a fact, glaring on the face of the assessment schedules, and which Mr. Disraeli did not attempt to deny when confronted with in Parliament, that of these 12,000,000*l.*, 7,000,000*l.* are paid by fixed property "*other* than land;" in

Digitized by Google

short, more than the half is paid by non-agricultural property. Further, Mr. Disraeli's 12,000,000*l.*, while including all manner of highway and police rates paid in counties, excluded the proportionally much heavier taxes paid for similar purposes in towns. And, further still, a certain portion of the sum paid by agriculturists is a burden on the land, not on the cultivator, who, where he pays at all (which in Scotland he does but to a very small extent), is but the collector, paying just so much the less rent. Consequently, the removal of the taxes would (except during current covenants) have only raised rents, not relieved the tenants. In a word, the agriculturist does *not* pay more than his share of local taxation, and what he does pay is paid not by the tenant, but the landlord. Now, as to the general or national taxation which Mr. Disraeli evaded, except in so far as he proposed to transfer to it what he proposed to take from the local taxation, the question whether the agriculturists pay too large a share of the national taxation is settled by a glance at the revenue returns. The revenue for the year ending 5th January, 1850, was 58,289,431*l.* Of all the items making up that amount there is only one that can be considered as levied with any regard to the tax-payers' possession of fixed property; the item, or rather lumped items, of "land-tax, assessed-taxes, and property-tax." The land-tax—a little above one million—we lay aside altogether, as, in reality, not a tax at all, but a part of the price for which the land was at first allowed to be appropriated. Of the assessed-taxes, more than a half is derived from the window-duties, which nobody will deny bear more heavily on towns than on the country; and the other half, servants, dogs, &c., is paid equally by all classes, except as regards those articles in which the agriculturists have special exemptions. Of the income-tax it need only be said that its distinguishing inequality is, that it taxes at the same rate the income, such as the landlord's, which is gained without risk or exertion, and is permanent and transmissible, and the income, such as the professional man's, which is gained by his daily labour, which the accident of a moment may annihilate, and which, at the best, ceases with his life. Perhaps the article of Stamps also may be said to have some special bearing on fixed property. Very well, the largest item under that head, making up more than one-third of the whole, is the probate and legacy duty, regarding which land enjoys utterly indefensible exemptions: and the next largest is fire insurance, where also agriculturists have an exemption: if a grocer or draper insures his stock, he pays three pounds of tax for every two pounds of premium; if a farmer or landlord insures *his* stock, he pays no tax at all. We have been speaking of the items—the only items—that could possibly be a burden, not peculiarly on land, but on fixed property, and have seen that they are very small in amount, and that land pays less than the half of these, and less than its share. We now come to those much larger items which are levied altogether irrespective of the possession of property by the tax-payer. Of the 58,000,000*l.* of revenue, no less than 38,000,000*l.* are paid by Customs and Excise alone—in other words, by taxes on articles of general consumption. Of the 22,000,000*l.* raised by Customs, about 15,000,000*l.* are derived from sugar, tea, coffee, and tobacco alone. Of the 15,000,000*l.* raised by the Excise, upwards of 12,000,000*l.* come from the various duties on spirits. Of the whole 38,000,000*l.* of Customs and Excise, three-fourths are paid by those articles which form what we may call the necessary luxuries of the poor. A full half of the whole revenue of the country comes from taxes to which the poor man, consuming as he does his full personal share of sugar, tea, and tobacco, contributes, man for man, as much as the rich. There is no other country on earth of which the same thing can be said—no other country on earth in which fixed property, and especially land, pays so small a proportion of the national burdens. The fact stands out on the face of every revenue return; and if farmers would only look at *that*, instead of listening to Mr. Disraeli's imaginings, they would see at a glance how false is every argument and every hope founded on the plea of "peculiar burdens."

The second of the three alleged "disadvantages" of the British agriculturist is, that he pays more for *labour* than the foreign corn-grower. We do not think that that either is or *can be* true in substance. There is strong evidence that the keeping of the British agricultural labourer is not in any respect better than just suffices to supply him with that strength which is expended on his labour. If he were any worse paid or fed, he would just give, and necessarily, so much the less or worse labour. That is what is done by the foreign labourer. Nominally, the British labourer gets more wages; but, measured by the quantity and quality of his work, we believe that actually he does not. All experience and assumption go to prove this position. There seems to us a short and simple way of arriving at a just conclusion on the point. Let it be remembered that *there is Free-trade in labour.* If any man thinks Continental labourers cheaper, the Custom-house offers no obstacle to his importing them; and if they really were cheaper, we should see him doing so. Do not let it be replied that kindness and patriotism render Free-trade in labour a dead letter. We say that foreign labour *is* imported in every department in which the foreigner is found, or even supposed, to do his work better or cheaper than the native; and that the importers are of that class among whom Protectionists most abound, and who are pleased to impute a want of patriotism as among the sophisms which they charge upon Free-trade. Our aristocracy import French and Swiss domestics, thereby displacing an equal amount of "native industry." And surely here is a fact they should seriously reflect upon: that while the rich are at liberty to import all the poor man has to sell—namely, labour—some of them are making an outcry, as if heaven and earth were coming together, because the poor man is at last allowed to import the only thing the rich have to sell him, namely, food. Is there anything, save

Digitized by Google

the fact that English agricultural labour is really as cheap as foreign, that prevents this importation being carried into other departments than that of domestic service? In these days of steam, you will bring a man from the ports of the Baltic in a few hours, and for a fortnight's wages. But we do *not* import labour from any of our corn-growing rivals; but, on the contrary, *export* it largely, and that chiefly to America, which is held up as one of our chief rivals, although labour is there double or treble the British price! Of course, there is the difficulty of language; but that that is not very great is proved, not only by the importation of certain classes of French and German artisans into this country, but by our exports of engineers, flax-spinners, and "navvies," to French and German-speaking countries. But, unfortunately, we have quite close at hand a still more complete refutation of this supposed objection to our argument regarding the real price of labour. Look at Ireland! There, within sight, speaking the same language, and subjects of the same rule, we have had a whole nation of agricultural labourers content for centuries with the lowest wages and lowest food on which human beings in any country—not to say any country nominally civilised and Christian—were ever kept alive. At this moment they are in a lower condition than ever. Our Protectionist orators are fond of telling terrible things about the miserable food on which the agricultural labourers on the Continent exist; but look at what the Irish agricultural labourer is existing on. While we write, our eye falls on the following business-like statement in the Trade Circular of a Limerick corn-merchant:—"Barley meets a slow sale, though there is more doing in it than any other article of food; for such of the poor people who can *afford* it mix barley-meal with turnips, with which latter the market is largely supplied, and sell at from 9s. to 14s. per ton; the consumption of which, both in town and country, is considerable as human food!" There is cheap agricultural labour for you! And yet, though the Irish peasant has subsisted on potatoes for centuries, and is famishing on turnips at present, nobody ever proposed, and nobody proposes now, to import Irish agricultural labourers here. On the contrary, the grand struggle, on the part of the employers of agricultural, as of all other labour, is to keep them out. Would that be the case if they were actually, instead of being only nominally, cheaper?

A caveat will be lodged, we dare say, on the ground of the Poor-law: if you import more labourers, you will probably increase the poor-rates. This is quite true, but it does not affect our argument, except as strengthening it. Why are the British, or at least the English, agricultural labourers ever on the verge of pauperism? Why, but for the fact we have pointed out, that he receives only what suffices for the absolute wants of the passing day. A week's illness, a week's loss of employment, places him on the pauper roll: if he sees old age or disability, it is as a pauper he ends his days. In a word, an importation of labourers would increase paupers, just because such an importation is not needed, because there is no demand, no room for it—because already labourers are as plenty, and labour is as cheap, as they can be made. Besides, Ireland, of which we have spoken, where labour is as cheap or cheaper than anywhere else in the world, is the very country which, we are told, is least able to compete with the foreign grower.

Rent is the third and last, and, we think, chief and most real of the "disadvantages" of the British agriculturist. So far as he may need relief at all, it is here that he must look. It is the only quarter to which he can look either with justice or with hope. Rent is just the value of his land, as measured by the prices of the produce, over and above the cost of production. If prices fall, there should, and in the end *must*, just so much the less rent be paid. Prices must regulate rents, not rents prices. As a general principle, it matters not to the farmer what prices are so that his rent is in proportion. But then it will be said that the existence of covenants made before the change renders it impossible all at once to adjust rents to prices; that the Legislature, when it reduced prices, should have reduced rents too. We admit at once that there may be difficulty and hardship in the transition—the only difficulty and hardship in the matter. But the largest and loudest class of complainers, the yearly tenants of England, have no right to complain at all; their covenant as to rent is renewed every Lady-day, and if the land has really become less valuable, they have it then in their own power to adjust accordingly. As to those holding under leases, let us (presuming for the present purpose that land has become less valuable—an assertion we do not dispute on one side or the other) see if the transition could have been effected in any way less hurtful; if so, whose fault it was that it was not so effected; and whether the Legislature could still do anything towards remedying the evil.

If all leases had been terminable at one date, there would probably have been no hesitation on the part of the opponents of the Corn-law, out and in of the Legislature, to take that date for the termination of the law. But no such date would ever have come, and lease-making went on day after day. The Legislature had, therefore, necessarily to deal with the question without waiting for a period when all contracts would expire; and they had two modes of dealing, the gradual and the immediate. We think it fairly open to debate whether an immediate change of system, bringing an immediate change of prices, and so giving a clear moral claim for a reduction of rent, or a gradual change, of which the effects would be dubious and in part postponed, would be likely to prove the best for the tenant. But the point need not be now debated. The agriculturists themselves settled it, by defeating every attempt that was made at a gradual process, or a compromise of any kind. For a long series of years, every man that talked of any modification of the Corn-laws was denounced as a traitor and enemy to the agricultural interest. Scarcely a county member dare hint at such a thing; and the Minister who would have tabled a measure approaching the subject by

Digitized by Google

a single inch, would have committed official suicide. In 1841, a Ministry did propose a very small concession, and every one knows what followed. In 1846, public opinion had become so strong, that the Parliament and Ministry that had been appointed expressly to resist an 8s. duty saw no alternative but to end the system entirely, and almost at once. The party that had proposed a compromise had been crushed by the agriculturists; no choice was left between yielding none and yielding all, and the assailing party had become too strong to be longer resisted; so that, if the agriculturists would have been better with a slow reduction, and a remnant left, they have chiefly or only to blame themselves, or rather those hot and foolish partisans whom they permit to usurp their name and influence.

But, after all, there is no good ground for saying that the change was in any special sense sudden or unexpected. On the contrary, it would not be easy to name any great legislative change in recent times of which more ample warning was given. Apart from the fact that the Corn-laws were unpopular from their birth, and never had a long respite from attack, the particular agitation which ended in their overthrow lasted ten years. The League agitation began about 1836; in 1841 the Government of the day declared for Free-trade; in 1842 a Protectionist Government made a change, illusory it is true, but still a change, and therefore a warning. In the end of 1845 it was known that the Protectionist Ministry had become converts to the necessity of total repeal; in 1846, the bill for repealing became law. There were at least ten years of warning; and yet we have hardly heard of a case in which any lease entered on during that period comprised a condition for a break or reduction of rent, in the event of a change or removal of the Corn-laws, nor was a single petition got up, nor a voice raised among the tenants, asking the Legislature to accompany any change in the Corn-laws by a provision regarding existing covenants. Even when the law did pass, after all these warnings and opportunities, there was still a respite. In 1846 the price was 54s. 8d., being 4s. 6d. higher than the three years preceding; in 1847 the price was 69s. 9d., being higher than any of the six years preceding, and than twenty-five of the thirty years Protection had lasted; and though there was a fall in 1849, it came accompanied by a harvest more abundant (even by "Blackwood's" confession) than eleven out of the thirteen years immediately preceding. And now, in 1850, some agriculturists speak as if the change had come on them like a shot, and only yesterday! Why, in so far as regards warning to those concerned, the process of taking off the law lasted nearly half of the whole period of its existence. Contrast the long agitation and frequent warnings attending its taking off with the unexpectedness and suddenness of its laying on —the incomparably rougher and quicker process by which the poor man's loaf was raised, with that by which (possibly) the rich man's rent will be lowered.

There is still left a mode in which tenant-farmers may appeal with success to any landlord having a sense of justice. It is no business of ours to decide that rents are too high, or to prophecy as to future prices; but there is, luckily, in the case of farmers, an exceedingly easy and perfectly fair mode of adjustment, by which landlords will lose nothing if there is *not* a fall, and will gain if there is a rise. We mean, of course, the commutation of money into grain—so many bushels per acre instead of so much money—a system already in operation in some of the best cultivated districts, and of comparatively easy adaptation. This is an arrangement which tenants are entitled to ask, and which most landlords, we would think, would find it difficult to refuse.

As to enforcing such an adjustment by legislation, such a course would be, to say the least, unusual; but any such proposal would be far more likely to receive aid than opposition from the Free-trade party. There are, however, two grand obstacles in the way; both of them on the part of the farmers themselves. One is, that, so far from making any movement towards bringing such a proposal before the Legislature, they do not stir themselves even to bring it before the landlords. The other is, that, by their bidding against one another (whether wisely or not we do not presume to judge), they keep up the marketable value of farms. Almost every farm that comes into the market is taken at as high a rent as before. "Blackwood" himself admits this, and makes some most incoherent attempts to account for it. Now, it might possibly do for the Legislature to enact that money-rents should be commuted into grain, if it was evident that exacting the money-rent was simply legalised ruin of the farmer; but it will scarcely do to make the landlord take less not merely than the tenant stipulated, but than another man is ready to give. In this as in all other cases, the best or only help for the farmer is that sort of help of which Protection had somewhat enfeebled his use: he must help himself.

A more sure remedy than even reduction of rent, or at least one more within reach and more free from objection, is for the farmer to exert himself more and more in the improvement of his art. We don't pretend to teach farming here; but there is no reason to believe that anywhere perfection has been reached in farming any more than in anything else; and the striking differences between one district and another, of equal climate and soil, or where the worst cultivation is seen in company with the best natural circumstances, shows that there has been, at least, *an inequality* in the progress of improvement unknown in any other trade. Misgivings as to the temper of at least a large body of the farmers on this point, very naturally arise from the reception they gave to the now celebrated and almost historical pamphlet of Mr. Caird. That pamphlet, rightly interpreted, was an important contribution to the cause of agricultural improvement, and such, notwithstanding the mode in which it has been assailed, it will yet prove. It was published, if there be truth in type, in the most friendly spirit towards farmers, and with no unfriendly spirit even towards Protection. Mr.

Digitized by Google

Caird gave the statistics of a particular farm, fairly stating all the circumstances, ordinary and peculiar, and not in the smallest degree insisting that the mode of cultivation or the amount of return was applicable to the generality of cases. He advocated, indeed, the doctrine of "high farming" as a general rule; but he advocated it only in connexion with "liberal covenants"—low rents and advantageous leases. His pamphlet did not contain a single word against "Protection," nor was it in the least likely to do so; for it is a fact that the latest manifestation of political opinion given by the man whom the Protectionist papers have been abusing for a twelvemonth without ceasing, was voting for the Conservative and Protectionist candidate for his county. He did but counsel his brethren to alertness and self-reliance—

> "When straight a barbarous noise environed him,
> Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs."

We scarcely remember any abuse so loud, bitter, and long-continued, as that which assailed this excellent little pamphlet; certainly never so much offence taken where none was meant nor given. The outbreak showed the existence of a bad spirit; a spirit which, if it prevails widely or endures long, would justify gloomier forebodings as to British agriculture than any other circumstance or symptom now in sight.

If there is any doubt as to what may be the best course for the tenant farmers at this juncture, there can be none as to what is their very worst. The worst thing they could do would be to waste their strength and time in seeking a restoration of Protection. It would look like insult to enter an argument to prove the utter hopelessness and folly of such a crusade. All the powers that carried Free-trade are prepared to maintain it; or if there are converts, why don't they *show?* It is always easier to keep than to take; and those who were able to take Free-trade are quite able and quite determined to keep it.

As to the landlords, it is now pretty obvious that the main body of them have wisely resolved to be content with such advantages as they have naturally and honestly come by; and well they may. They are the luckiest landlords on earth. Nowhere else does land carry so much money-value, nor more political and social influence. While the magnates of other lands have been fighting for their hearths and flying for their lives, ours have been lolling under their vines and fig-trees, none wanting to make them afraid. Let them be content with the unequalled plenty and peace which they enjoy through the unequalled industry and orderliness of their countrymen; let them, quoth Carlyle, thankfully "take the market rate for their onions." Wisely saith the Ecclefechan sage, in those Latter-Day productions in which he saith not always wisely—"Surely, of all human trades ever heard of, the trade of owning land in England ought *not* to bully us for drink-money just now."

MEMOIRS OF THE POLITICAL & LITERARY LIFE OF R. PLUMER WARD, ESQ.*

The author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c. &c., was for nearly twenty years a subordinate member of the different Tory Ministries prior to 1823. He only commenced novel-writing on then retiring from office, and is a somewhat remarkable example of a man living amidst all the petty bustle and paltry intrigues of red tapists without becoming ploddingly dull or insatiably and restlessly ambitious. We must set the brief sketch we design to borrow of his career from Mr. Phipps in a frame of dates and circumstances.

His father, who had been chief clerk to the civil department of the Ordnance at Gibraltar, and probably united, according to an old custom, trade with official duties, afterwards resided there as a merchant, and married a Miss Rebecca Raphael, a native of Gibraltar, of Jewish extraction. By her he had a large family, most of whom died in their infancy: two attained to some eminence, George, the late wealthy proprietor of Northwood-place, in the Isle of Wight, and Robert, who subsequently assumed the name of Plumer, a barrister, politician, and novel-writer. The latter was born in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, on the 19th of March, 1765, during one of the occasional visits of his parents to this country. He was educated at Hackney, and Christ Church, Oxford. After leaving the University, in 1787, he entered at the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1790. His abilities were good, his industry considerable, his ambition lively; but they might have all failed to procure him more than ordinary business at the bar: the flood that led to fortune and distinction set in with the following incident:—

"He was, early in 1794, leaving his chambers in the Temple, for the purpose of paying a visit in the northern outskirts of London. Upon crossing Fleet-street he had to traverse Bell-yard, and as he passed a watchmaker's shop his attention was attracted by a placard in the window, of a very revolutionary character, convening a meeting of a certain society that evening at the watchmaker's,†

* Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life [illegible] "De Vere," &c., &c., with Selections [illegible] Phipps. Two Vols. [illegible]

† The name of [illegible]

Digitized by Google

Many a man would have passed it unnoticed, or contented himself with a feeling of regret or indignation at the prevalence during that period of similar views. Not so was it with young Ward; he was fresh from all the horrors which the success of such principles in a neighbouring country had entailed. He at once determined to enter the watchmaker's shop, and provoke a discussion with him. For two hours did the young student contest with the Republican the justice of his sentiments; for two hours did he labour to impress upon him, not only by argument, but by his own experience, the horrors to which success must lead; but at the end of that time he was obliged to leave him, apparently unmoved, or at all events unconvinced. He paid his distant visit, and late in the evening returned homewards, through the same alley. Despairing of success, he paid no second visit to his disputant of the morning, though he did remark with pleasure that the revolutionary placard had been withdrawn. Hardly, however, had he passed the shop twenty yards when he heard some one running after, and calling to him. He looked back, and beheld the Republican watchmaker. The manner of the man was changed from the dogged imperturbability with which he had listened to Mr. Ward's arguments in the morning to a frank and eager confidence. 'I have called you in,' said he, 'to say, I have done nothing but think over your words; I feel their truth. I shudder at the precipice on which I stood, at the evil I was about to do; and am now as anxious to communicate and prevent as I was before to conceal all our schemes.' He then communicated to him the existence of a most fearful plot against the Government, which, with his newly-awakened feelings, he longed to frustrate, by immediately informing the authorities, if he who had convinced would also accompany and support him.

"They went to the chief magistrate, Sir Richard Ford, who attached so much importance to the communication that the three were at once ushered into the presence of Pitt and his colleagues, assembled with Macdonald and Scott, the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The singular history was duly narrated in detail—the arguments carried on by the young mentor, the misgivings of the Republican, and then the details of the impending danger. The countenance of Pitt was turned with interest on the young lawyer, who seemed not only to share that horror of revolutionary movements with which he was himself so strongly imbued, but who had so gallantly acted upon it.

"'What was your motive, young gentleman,' he inquired, 'for thus entering the shop?'

"'I, sir,' answered young Ward, 'am not long returned from France; and have there seen in practice what sounds so fine in theory.'

"Warrants were issued upon the information of the watchmaker, and thence arose one of the principal incentives to the State trials of 1794, which, however, as is well known, did not end in a conviction. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pitt was not of a character to lose sight of the young lawyer who had performed so distinguished a part on so important an occasion; and when the young Ward was still further recommended to him by others who had better opportunities of knowing his ability, it is no wonder that, a few years afterwards, the offer of a seat in Parliament should come to him in the flattering shape of a letter written by Pitt himself."

The same incident procured him the friendship of the late Lord Eldon, then Solicitor-General; and either he or his brother, the late Lord Stowell, suggested to Mr. Ward to write a "History of the Law of Nations." In the spring of 1795 he published such a work, consisting rather of agreeable disquisitions on history than of an authoritative exposition of law, and gained by it a name and reputation. Endowed with a kindly disposition, agreeable manners, and fascinating conversation. he had, in addition, a peculiar quality which warmly recommended him in society. Of itself it would probably have led only to frivolity and dissipation; but combined with the solid acquirements he had manifested it obtained for him the success he most valued. It is singular enough to be worthy of being quoted.

"He had the most extraordinary musical genius; for, without having ever learnt a note of music, he would sit for hours at the pianoforte, either alone or enchanting the ears of all present, pouring forth the most difficult passages composed as he proceeded, in which the variety of treatment was not more remarkable than the brilliancy of execution and the connected relation which the whole bore to the original *motivo*. Even to extreme old age, until deafness cut off his appreciation of external sounds, this musical gift never left him; and long after increasing years had stiffened the joints of some of his fingers, he could put to shame the most brilliant performances of younger players, though employed upon the productions of the great composers.

"Upon one occasion, in later years, having requested a lady, who had delighted him by the performance of rather a complicated piece, just introduced, to allow him a copy of it for the purpose of giving it to his daughters, the lady excused herself, on the plea of having promised not to give it to any one. 'I must submit, then, to the deprivation as well as I can,' said he; 'but I *think* it was something like this;' and sitting down to the pianoforte, to the astonishment of the lady showed himself to be already in possession of the forbidden piece. Another time, arriving at York in assize-week, he was informed at the inn that it was impossible to find rooms in the house for his party, and was requested to walk into the landlady's sitting-room for a short time, till inquiries were made elsewhere. Time rolled on; at length, tired of waiting, he sat himself down to a pianoforte which he spied in the corner of the room. He was in the midst of a brilliant march, and absorbed in its performance, when, on looking up, he perceived the landlady at his elbow. He started up, fearing to have given offence, but was requested to continue his performance, and informed, amidst enthusiastic praise of his *fantasia*, that accommodation for

Digitized by Google

his large family party should be forthwith found in the house."

The impression which such qualities made on the fair sex is well described by one of the young belles of the day.

"Mr. Ward's playing is astonishing; he cannot read a note of music, but plays airs and variations in the most masterly and capital style. He is amazingly clever, but not at all pedantic; and though *capable de grandes choses, peut s'abaisser aux petites.* He went to Ranelagh. I never saw such a crowd, it was absolutely a mob; but our party was delightful. I never met with so sensible and entertaining a companion; and I had some opportunity of judging. o o o He has travelled all over France and England; is a man of great observation and general knowledge. He has written a very clever book, though so young, which would do credit to any author. He does not, however, pride himself on these merits, but wisely doubles their value by his *peu de prétension.*"

A marriage with Miss Julia Maling, whose sister was Countess of Mulgrave, the friendship of the noble Earl continued to the end of his life; an introduction into the highest society were all the consequences of Mr. Ward's peculiar merits, and through a long life he profited by the advantages he thus early obtained. Notwithstanding his connexions and his talents, his progress was not rapid. He tugged at his profession with only partial success. He wrote in 1801, in consequence of the great interest then excited by the subject, a "Treatise on the Relative Rights and Duties of Belligerent and Neutral Powers in Maritime Affairs," which received the approbation both of Lord Grenville and Lord Stowell. In the same year he entered Parliament for the Borough of Cockermouth, as the nominee of Lord Lowther, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. He was not a forward speaker; but he wrote two political pamphlets for his party; and in 1805, when Lord Mulgrave became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Ward was appointed Under-Secretary.

The remainder of his political history is soon told. He left office with his party in 1806, and re-entered it in the following year, as a junior Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Mulgrave being the First Lord. The place was not, at that period of great naval exertions, a sinecure; and Mr. Ward took his share of the business both at the Board and in Parliament. In 1811, Lord Mulgrave having left the Admiralty for the Master Generalship of the Ordnance, Mr. Ward followed him, and became Clerk of the Ordnance. Though Lord Mulgrave resigned to make way for the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Ward continued in his office till 1823, when he gave it up and retired from Parliament. He was healthy and vigorous, but he wisely preferred the pursuits of literature, for the solace of his age, to the squabbles of politics. On retiring he was made Auditor of the Civil List, a place of little labour, which he held till it was abolished in 1830. He lived to the age of 81, passing his latter years in all the quiet enjoyments of an elegant home and of good society. He died in 1846.

Mr. Ward was three times married, and each time advantageously. On his union with Mrs. Plumer, in 1828, with whom he acquired her property of Gilston, in Hertfordshire, he prefixed her name to his own. His third wife, whom he married in 1832, was a Mrs. Okeover; and, as the guardian of her son, he became master of Okeover Hall. By a curious coincidence, he had previously, in his novel of "De Vere," selected that place as the residence for his Man of Content, and he realised in his old age, even to the minute point of a name, one of his own fictions.

In his children Mr. Ward, in all other respects a fortunate man, was unfortunate. Two of his daughters died, within a few days of each other, of consumption, and the third was carried off by the same disease. Though he had nothing to regret in the conduct of his son, they differed in their political principles, and an estrangement ensued, which continued to the end of his life. From the long dominion of the Tories, he concluded that his son, by embracing Liberal political opinions, had shut himself out from official promotion, but before he died he saw that son Secretary to the Admiralty. As Governor-General of the Ionian Islands, Sir Henry Ward has obtained, with a much shorter service, higher honours and greater political distinction than his father.

During the active portion of his political life Mr. Ward corresponded with many persons of distinction. To Lord Lonsdale, his parliamentary patron, he wrote occasionally a brief notice of the proceedings in Parliament, and the political gossip of the day. He kept a diary, though sometimes interrupted; and his biographer has not thought it prudent to publish any part of it subsequent to 1820. With much of the party warfare and political intrigues of the period between 1800 and 1823 he was familiar, and the present work supplies some materials, but not many of importance, for its history. His diary was never fully kept, or it has been partially lost; all his correspondence seems not to have been recovered, and the book, at almost every page, leaves a painful sense of incompleteness. Alarmed, perhaps, for Mr. Ward's waning popularity as a novelist, Mr. Phipps hopes, apparently, to keep alive his reputation by publishing his literary remains. Mr. Ward was neither politically nor socially such a giant as to deserve two thick volumes of commemoration; but notices of the events he witnessed and the great men he associated with might be advantageously extended to twice the number. From respect to yet living people, however, much of Mr. Ward's diary and of his remarks are omitted, and another part of the work is expanded to somewhat inordinate dimensions. Mr. Phipps has published too soon, and has sacrificed his own character as an author to prevent Mr. Ward from dropping out of public remembrance. Our further observations and extracts will all refer to events of which Mr. Ward has left some description, or to the accounts he gives of his friends and chiefs.

Of Mr. Pitt we have the following brief and interesting notices:—

"Mr. Pitt had come to dine with Mr. Ward in

Digitized by Google

his retreat at West Moulsey. Summer was closing fast, and damp and cold had robbed gloomy firs, a shady lawn, and small rooms level with the ground, of their chief attractions. 'What could persuade you,' inquired Mr. Pitt, as he looked around him, 'What could persuade you, Ward, to come to such a dismal place?' 'That which is the grand motive to a poor man—money,' replied Ward. 'Indeed; and pray how much do they give you?' inquired Pitt. o o o

"At the time Mr. Ward accepted the post of Under Secretary of State (resigning that of Welsh Judge), it had been promised him that the apparent risk of such a step to the future prospects of his family should be guarded against by the grant of a pension, to commence when he should cease to hold office. He had been but a year in the post thus accepted, and, amid the pressure of other matters, the contemplated arrangement had never been completed. More than once in his last illness did Pitt allude to this unfulfilled promise, and speak with kindness of him to whom it had been made. Later on, when he could no longer continuously articulate, he made the name 'Robert Ward' audible, and added signs for paper and ink. His trembling hand having feebly traced a number of wandering characters, and added what could be easily recognised as his well known signature, he sank back. This precious paper (precious, whatever may have been its unknown import, as a proof of remembrance at so solemn a moment) was afterwards handed over by the physician in attendance, Sir Walter Farquhar, to Mr. Ward; and many a time did he declare as he displayed it to me, that he would give anything he valued most in the world to be able to decipher its unformed characters." *

As early as 1802 Mr. Ward was brought into contact with Mr. Canning. Before that time the right honourable gentleman assumed a kind of leadership that affronted the rest of his party; but then, in conjunction with Lord Malmesbury and Lord Grenville, the latter of whom speedily separated himself from Mr. Canning, he concocted what is called the Paper-plot. He drew up a requisition to Mr. Addington, the Prime Minister, setting forth the difficulties of the country, and asking him, by withdrawing from office, to make way for Mr. Pitt. At first it was proposed that this requisition should be a round robin, the sign of a meeting amongst the Tory crew, containing the names of as many peers and commoners of the party as could be induced to sign it. The unseemliness of such a proceeding having occurred to the intriguers, they proposed to forward the requisition unsigned, with a letter prefixed, informing Mr. Addington that a great number of his friends were ready to sign it.

The paper and the plot were communicated to Mr. Ward; by him they were communicated to Lord Mulgrave, whether in breach of confidence or not is differently asserted. By Lord Mulgrave the proceeding was regarded as derogatory to Mr. Pitt's honour; and though that celebrated Minister seems not to have been wholly averse from returning to power by such means, by Lord Mulgrave and his friends the plot was put aside. The imbecility of Addington, and the necessities of the times, soon restored Pitt to office, though the intrigue had failed; but from that time the presumption and the character of Mr. Canning were viewed with jealousy and dislike by most of the influential men of the Tory party. Mr. Ward sided with the latter, and the part he took in the affair seems to have influenced his relations with Mr. Canning through the whole of his career, and at all times to have forbidden cordiality between them.

The colours with which Mr. Ward has painted the conduct of Mr. Canning are undoubtedly his own; but they appeared with the same or darker tints to Mr. Ward's friends, and the dislike which a sense of common interest smothered for many years explains why they in a body deserted Mr. Canning, when he was commissioned by George the Fourth, in 1827, to form an administration. The paper-plot of 1802 was followed by the intrigue against Lord Castlereagh in 1809, when Mr. Canning broke up the Government, putting in a claim for the premiership with as much arrogance, according to Lord Mulgrave, as ever was displayed by the first Mr. Pitt. Throughout the long reign of Toryism, as long as Mr. Canning lived, there were continual conflicts between him and almost all the other leaders of the Tory party, which strengthened the distaste they had conceived for what they called his early presumption.

Mr. Ward's diary takes up the history of Mr. Canning, and his quarrels with his friends, just where Lord Malmesbury's memoirs leave it, and, with letters from Lord Mulgrave, throw considerable light on some hitherto obscure Ministerial intrigues. In a political and historical point of view, this is the most important part of the book. To do justice to the subject as a whole would require more space than we can command, and we must content ourselves with quoting one or two passages expressing the opinions then entertained by his influential friends of Mr. Canning. We are the more pleased to see this part of the work, inasmuch as the memoirs we yet have of Mr. Canning are meagre and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Ward says, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, dated Sept. 30, 1809, "Lord Melville has written a letter to his son, full of duty to the King and indignation against Canning, whose pretension, he says, is insufferable. He therefore desires Dundas not to think of leaving the King's service out of any regard for Canning, but to go back to his post and stand all events."

Lord Lonsdale says, with reference to the Canning and Castlereagh quarrel, on October 10, 1809:—"Not having seen the correspondence, which, however, does not appear to be referred to, I cannot judge of the degree to which the concealment has been carried; but even the defence, as

* "A curious instance of the sort of feeling entertained for him in Europe is furnished by the fact, that when Mr. Pitt was known to be at the point of death, the illustrious Count Woronzow called on Lord Mulgrave, and while overwhelmed with grief, lamented aloud, that—'At sixty-two years of age he could not be allowed to give up the remains of a useless life to spare that of Pitt at forty-seven.' In the same illustrious individual's letter to Lord Mulgrave after Pitt's death, the words were obliterated by his tears."

Digitized by Google

far as it relates to the point to which it seems immediately directed, is very insufficient, because there is scarcely any distinction in moral guilt betwixt the person acquiescing or conniving at improper transactions and the person performing it. Any opinion favourable to Canning will not make much progress by the assistance of this paper. He has left the most important part of the question just where he began with it, and I think his friends will have a difficult task assigned them if they are to supply what is wanting."

We conclude this part of the subject with an extract from the diary:—

"October 16th.—Dined at Lord Mulgrave's: the board, Bathurst, Rose and Croker, and Captain Cockburn. Stayed late along with Lord M., who continued to defend Canning. As to Lord Castlereagh, he went over the former part of his busy meddling life, when Addington first came in. Lord M. thought he had never forgiven him for breaking off that strangest of all intrigues in 1802; that the more he thought of it the more he wondered at the rashness and presumption of the man, in endeavouring to do in secret what, if it had succeeded, Pitt never could have delivered himself from the imputation of being concerned in, and what, therefore, had weakened C. in P.'s estimation. He scouted the idea of endeavouring to break up the Government at that time by such an anonymous proceeding. He thought, anyhow, Canning had half ruined himself with all parties, and in public opinion, even in points where he was not so much to blame."

There is much, too, in the book about Lord Sidmouth which does not raise him in our estimation, and much of Mr. Percival which does. The latter was kindly, considerate, and yet energetic, highly prized by his friends, keeping them together and winning parliamentary victories for them when they were almost in despair, and very much underrated, to their own frequent discomfiture, by his opponents. We have nowhere met with an account of Mr. Percival which has made us understand so well why his loss was so deeply deplored.

It is as a literary man that Mr. Ward is best known to the public. Thousands are acquainted with the author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere," who never heard of the Clerk of the Ordnance. To say much of him in this character, however, suits neither our inclination nor our space. His novels, which have the great merit of presenting the upper classes, and particularly politicians, in a tolerably correct, though favourable, point of view, are books for a class and a time. Notwithstanding their metaphysics, they are essentially local and temporary, and have already lost much of their popularity, not to say have passed out of public recollection; only Mr. Disraeli, we believe, or aspiring politicians of his description, will read any part of "De Vere" with unabated pleasure every year of his life. Published anonymously, with the fact of being supposed to contain portraits of living statesmen and persons of distinction, they obtained a reputation from contemporaries which posterity will not confirm. That Mr. Ward was an accomplished author it would be absurd to deny. The selections from his literary remains, published by Mr. Phipps, consisting of essays on character and manners, show both learning and observation. He was well read and well acquainted with the world. What he produced, however, though really good of its kind, is less worthy of notice than the fact of the production. Emperors have descended from their thrones and have serenely cultivated cabbages, or passed the evening of their days in morose and ascetic devotion; but it is very rare, not to say unexampled, to find a man retiring from political life at nearly sixty years of age, and then writing works of fiction with all the ardour of a youthful aspirant for fame. Mr. Ward appears to have had such a genial nature that he was rather improved than corrupted by the world, and he described it with all the experience of age and the enthusiasm of youth. His works, however, were essentially ephemeral, and the remembrance of them is wiped out by other ephemeral productions, or by the weighty matters that require instant attention. This is not said in disparagement of Mr. Ward, but to illustrate a general fact.

The rapid progress of society in modern times—for it proceeds in an accelerating ratio, and has probably advanced more in the last hundred years than in the five previous centuries, or than in the ten centuries prior to them—has put an end to permanency for any kind of literature. The writers of the day must have their readers, and the events of the day will absorb the public mind. Writers of a previous age, except the few consecrated by time as excellent, must give place to living writers. It is the mere natural phenomenon of one generation following another. The most popular writers are those who treat of passing events; and works of fiction are all now connected, in some way or other, with the condition of society, the engrossing topic for humanity. Mr. Ward's novels have only met a common fate; but no time can diminish the influence of his example in writing them at a period when other men think only of repose, or are too happy if they can continue in the easy routine tracks they have travelled in for the ordinary duration of human existence.

This peculiar feature of his character is not enough dwelt on by his biographer. He gives us some letters at the latter period of Mr. Ward's life, some brief allusions to the manner in which it was spent, but they are not full and satisfactory. They are mere snatches of Mr. Ward's existence, when we most want to know the whole. An entire new set of acquaintances are introduced after Mr. Ward became an author, though he did not immediately give up his old friends. Yet it is plain that separations, and painful separations, ensued; but why they ensued is not narrated. On this account, as well as on account of stopping short with Mr. Ward's diary at 1820, we must repeat that this book gives us a painful sensation of incompleteness. Mr. Ward's nephew has not only been in too great a hurry to publish, but he has taken an unfair measure of his relative. He has omitted much that we desire to know, and has eked out his volumes with "Literary Remains," in which nobody will take any interest.

Digitized by Google

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

DAN LOOBY'S DEBUT.

The brilliant success of Kean on the stage of Drury-lane, in the winter of 1813-14, aroused the histrionic spirit of our Irish youth. Engravings, representing the new tragedian in the character of *Richard the Third*, were exhibited in all the print-shops, and sold in extraordinary numbers; and the newspaper of each succeeding morning was eagerly unfolded, in the hope that it contained the account of some new triumph achieved, or some reading, before unthought of, which he had struck out in his fiery career. The public anxiety, up to a certain age, was divided between him and Napoleon Buonaparte, then about to quit the stage on which he had acted so bustling a part, and to soliloquise for a season at Elba, where, as Billy Sheridan villanously remarked, he had not *Elba-room* allowed him to rehearse the last scene of all his eventful and terribly serious drama.

Even after the retirement of that hero, when the allied sovereigns, who had scarcely felt the crowns upon their heads before, met in London to enjoy their victory, the mimic royalty of Kean's receptions went *pari passu* with the thing itself, as it appeared in gorgeous reality at Guildhall. His looks were as closely scrutinised as those of the Emperor Alexander. His gestures, his voice, his gait, his dress, were subjects of as intense curiosity. Whole columns of criticism, transferred from the *Examiner* and *Morning Post* to the Dublin journals, were devoured with insatiable avidity; and circumstances the most minute and trivial in their nature, if they shed any light upon the performances or upon the personal history and habits of the new actor, were discussed as earnestly as if the fate of nations depended upon the actual state of the question.

One day a London critic found fault with the pronunciation of a word in "Macbeth," and the disquisition appeared as usual in the *Hibernian Journal*. It was "gouts," which Kean had called "*gootes*," after the French derivation. But the critic standing up, as Britons did at that time pretty stiffly, for the right of conquest, insisted that Shakspeare had made the word as English as if it were the plural number of "the gout," which nobody ever thought of calling "the goote." The innovation of Mr. Kean, therefore, savoured of disaffection as well as of affectation, and was lashed by the *Morning Post* with right loyal and national severity.

"What's that the Cockney fellow says about Kain?" cried Billy Sheridan, who, without having seen the new star, had already enrolled himself among the most ardent of his worshippers; "a new pronunciation?"

"Yes," said the reader of the paragraph. "Listen to what he says:—'We have heard and seen all the *Macbeths* of the present century, and many of the last. We are old enough to remember Mossop, and Barry, and Gentleman Smith. The performances of Sheridan, of Cooke, of Young, and of Kemble are as fresh in our mind's eye as if each of those great men stood out this moment visibly before it. But we never heard any *Macbeth* talking of 'gootes of blood,' till this gentleman came from Waterford to improve our pronunciation.'"

"He lies!" cried Billy, "like a son of a Shoreditch, as I doubt not that he is. John Kemble calls it 'gootes.' I heard him myself, within the last six months, in Crow-street, with his own most sepulchral and tremulous emphasis say—

> 'On thee* blade and dudgeon *gootes* of blood,
> Which was not so before.'"

"Very good, Billy! bravo, Billy!" shouted all the company; "Kemble could not do it better."

"Yes, it is very good," said our modest friend; "and yet this knave talks as if it were *Kain's* jawbone that did the first murther!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Bravo, Billy! Good again," were the acclamations which rewarded this happy iteration; and elated by the praise bestowed upon him, he added, with a successful imitation of Mr. Nicholas Jones, who did commonly enact *Banquo*,

> "See how our partner 's rapt."

The partner alluded to was Dan Looby, a square-built sophistic from the metropolitan city of Clare, who stood with the jagged ends of a scanty and much embrowned academic robe tightly gathered round his arms, which were folded across his breast. Dan had been for some time observed to affect this attitude, with his feet in what dancing-masters call the third position, his shoulders brought forward in an ungraceful manner, and both his hands plunged into an aperture of his waistcoat, like one who was groping there desperately for something which it would be anything else than decorous or agreeable to the company to bring to light.

That was the true *King Richard* posture, which the portraits of the great tragedian had brought very generally into vogue. In all parts of our town, when people stood still for any length of time, as in churches, or in the Four Courts, young men were to be seen rounding their backs after the same fashion, and pursing their eyebrows fiercely together over the half-closed lids; while the organ of which those misused features were the very unnatural protectors was only permitted to peep out askance from a corner at any object that happened to fall within the range of its oblique glances.

Hoarse mutterings, too, were occasionally suffered to escape from their protruded lips; during the utterance whereof the hands seemed to be

* Kemble usually pronounced the possessive pronoun "thy" as the Quakers do, and as its more familiar correlative "my" is used in common conversation.

Digitized by Google

engaged in active duty over the midriff, as air-pumps, useful to condense the sound, and make it extra human.

Sometimes, if one of those *stage-yrites* inquired the way to an apocryphal street or by-way (and they were constantly making such inquiries at apple-stalls and of small stationers, for the opportunity which the common reply afforded), he would, upon being assured that such a place was unknown, thrust his face close up to that of the astonished costermonger, and whisper with asthmatic and most ironical vehemence, "Well, as you guess!" At other times, peaceable elderly citizens, hobbling homewards after the troubles of the day, thinking only of their corns, and quite unconscious of offence, would be startled from their reveries by a canine yell and a grin of terrific ugliness, which were intended to convey the complimentary assurance, that they were "white-livered r-r-r-runnagates."

The fever which, many centuries before, had afflicted the city of Abdera, upon the acting of Archelaus, appeared to have broken out afresh in our western climate, and set all the patients babbling scraps of blank verse, even as the countrymen of Democritus had run mad with spouting Euripides.

In some such mood seemed Dan Looby, in his fourth year after matriculation, when he should have been diving into Burlamaque, instead of endeavouring to pluck out the mystery of Shakspeare and Colley Cibber. Whatever portion he might have of the diviner mind within, his appearance was not that of a man likely to be run away with by the imagination, and, least of all, by the imagination that he could ever make a great actor. His figure was somewhat squat and shapeless, being about the same in girth close under the arms and round about the waist. His body was longer than his legs, and the latter considerably bowed about the knees. He had large feet, enormous hands, a big head, a short neck, and his whole height was about five feet six inches. Nor was his face more suggestive of a hero than the rest of his person. Wide staring eyes of a whitish grey ("oyster-eyes" our friend Billy used to call them), a forehead as low as his cheekbones were high, a heavy mouth over a receding chin, and a nose not unlike that of the Knave of Clubs beetling over both, a round purple jaw, unrelieved by even the promise of a whisker, and very bushy eyebrows, to compensate for the want of capillary attractions elsewhere—such were the principal facial beauties of Daniel Looby.

And this man aspired to be the rival of Edmund Kean! He had never seen Kean; but he had seen Young, and Holman, and Harry Johnston, and Conway, and the two Kembles (John and Charles), all of them (save one) remarkably handsome men. Yet he considered himself cut out by nature to eclipse them all. Self-love is truly described as being blind; but Dan had an additional excuse for his blindness: he was not master of a looking-glass, and he had seldom an opportunity of judging of his fair proportions unless when he could "spy his shadow in the sun."

For many weeks the notion had held possession of this young man's fancy that his feet were made for the buskin; and he had been storing his memory with the noblest passages of our tragic poets, until his conversation smacked of nothing else. Remind him of any trivial circumstance—a tradesman's name, for instance—and he answered with a sigh, a careless waft of his hand, and a long pause in the middle, "I do remember—an apothecary." Invite him to drink tea with you after commons, and he would assure you, with a mysterious under-growl, frowning at you most menacingly the while, and laying his forefinger alongside of his nose, that it was his

"Custom sometimes of an afternoon."

To the question of a thoughtless *Gib*, who asked him where the plague he had picked up such a wrinkled hag for a bedmaker, he heaved a deep groan and answered, "My mother had a maid called Barbara."

He was requested one evening, as he went out into the town, to call a car for three or four of his fellow-students, who were in full dress and prepared to set out to a party in Stephen's Green. But no sooner had he passed through the outer gate than he began to sing out, like Stentor, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse:" and was forthwith marched off ingloriously on foot to chide the tardy-gaited night in St. Andrew's watchhouse.

In his intercourse with the "servile ministers," as he thought fit to call the porters and various orders of menial attendants, he was equally dramatic. A ludicrous misunderstanding occurred between him and the immortal Foley, who walked into the room one morning to prepare the table for breakfast, and found him strutting about in his shirt-sleeves, with one slipper on, and storming at an ideal *Desdemona* about the handkerchief.

"The handkecher?" said the skip of skips, "what handkecher?"

"The handkerchief!" bellowed Dan, grinding his teeth and rushing towards Foley, who stood scratching his head in great amazement.

"Lord save us!" cried Foley: "why, where would it be?"

"Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak! is't out of the way?" screamed the Moor of Ennis.

"It is not lost;" said Foley, in the very words of *Desdemona*, but quite unconscious that he was filling so distinguished a *rôle;* "but it is out of the way at present, sure enough. Don't you know yourself you sent it to the wash on Monday morning?"

"Away!" cried Dan, with ineffable disgust, gathering up his other slipper and retreating in confusion into the bed-room to finish his toilette.

"What a fret and a fush about an ould handkecher!" grumbled Foley, as he first wiped down the table and then overspread it with the same napkin; "but this will always be the way till you have a pair, one for the pocket while the other is in the tub. 'Tis often I tould you so."

A more serious collision was that with his college woman, the far-famed Anne Horan, whom he addressed in a tone she would scarcely have

Digitized by Google

brooked from her *Magnus Apollo*, Doctor Wall, and ordered her to go to a nunnery; asking her in the same breath "why she should be a breeder of sinners?"

Now Anne prided herself beyond all academic females of her time on being an honest woman; not one of her name and lineage had been driven to take refuge behind the grating of a nunnery from the other alternative alluded to. Such advice, therefore, and the indelicate inuendo appended to it, she construed as a direct impeachment of her character, which she retorted accordingly upon the breed of the Loobys with prompt and liberal interest. "There might be more properer candidates for a nunnery," she intimated, "among his own blood-relations; and she would recommend him to keep his *goxther* for them, again he went home to the Christmas."

The same unguarded habit of declaiming out of season had well nigh committed him on several occasions with the heads of the University; as when buried in a profound reverie during one of Doctor Prior's prælections on Thucydides, he suddenly ejaculated—

"Oh! fool, fool, fool!"

Fortunately, the lecturer did not hear the interjection distinctly, but he heard the titter which it provoked in the class, and fined half-a-dozen students a shilling each, supposing that they laughed at *him*.

Another time, rushing out of the examination-hall at the sound of the breakfast-bell, and

"On hungry thoughts intent,"

he found the way blocked up by the late Doctor Wilson, who was the most unlikely person in the whole University to quicken his pace or step aside to humour any one's impatience.

Away, slight man!" cried Dan.

The Doctor reddened, as he was wont when anything vexed him; but then, glancing at his legs, one view seemed to satisfy him that he could not possibly be meant by such an epithet; and so he plodded his heavy way as before.

Doctor Nash, the censor, had him up one morning for a breach of discipline, and by way of a memorandum, commanded him to get by rote the Scholar's Oath.

"Nay," said Dan, with bland expostulation, "when thou would'st bind *me*, is there need of oaths?"

Nash, who understood nothing of poetry, and could still less comprehend the nature of a joke, stared and vowed that he would allow of no exceptions; if gentlemen, or scholars of the house either, forgot their oaths, they must be reminded of them. "I don't mean you in particular," he added, "but scholars in general are lax upon the point."

"Recollect, sir, if you please," said Dan, "that it is Latin, a language hard to be understood or committed to the memory. Let me entreat you, in the words of a great Princess—

'O good my lord, no Latin!'"

"You have your choice, sir," said the stern censor, who was getting tired of this impertinence, "either perform your exercise, or be reported to the Board as contumacious."

"Oh, propose the oath, sir," said Dan, "propose the oath, upon the Vice-Provost's sword, or in any form that is necessary; I have sworn it before, and

'I'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal Gods that hear me.'"

"Take care what you say, sir," said Dr. Nash, staring at him as if he thought him crazed, and would be glad to get him out of the room. "You may have a heavier burden laid upon your conscience than I am now about to impose upon your memory. You know what Scott says—"

"Oh, Scott!" said Dan, "are you there with me? Scott's a fine poet:—

'The sun shines fair on Carlisle's walls.'

Can anything in the way of description be more gorgeous than that? Yes, Dr Nash, Scott *is* a great poet."

"I don't speak of poets, sir," said the censor, "I allude to Scott's 'Force of Truth.' But, good day, sir; you need not stay any longer; good day." And the doctor edged over to the fire-place, where, though it was midsummer, he began to play with the poker.

"Ah; that's another thing," cried Dan—

'For Truth is strong her rightful cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth so.'"

Then, as he walked slowly down stairs, he soliloquised thus with himself: "I will commit it to the table of my memory; yea, get the better of it. I've sworn it; but

'To keep such oaths were more impiety
Than Judas, when he scarified his daughter.'

Soft you, though; was it Judas who did that? No; he had no daughter

'Villain, if he had—'

I'm certainly out of the proper cue here; it was somebody else that did it. Jephson? 'Aye, there's the rub.' Jephson was the man. He and Agamemnon both scarified their daughters; and Jephson wrote 'Braganza.' Yes,

'Jephson, when he scarified his daughter.'"

It will be readily believed that Melpomene was very hard at work in the *pia mater* of our friend when this scene occurred. It was just about the same time that the habitual sleepers of the Old Brick-square were disturbed by a noise which came booming at midnight from the piazza under the library, and continued at intervals to murder sleep till half-past one or two in the morning. It was a human sound—there could be little question of that, and its cadence was varied with pause and emphasis, as if it were employed in articulate discourse; but the accents were withal so hollow and rumbling, that it was impossible to catch a syllable of the words which were spoken. Phalaris, when he was shut up in his own bull, might have uttered just such language. Not that the dialect deserved to be classed as altogether *Oxonian*, but it might have been taken for a muffled bellow, or the voice of one crying through the bung-hole of the Heidelberg tun.

Digitized by Google

The author of the disturbance was soon ascertained to be Dan Looby, who chose that lone and silent hour to rehearse some of the principal male personations of the tragic muse; and the echoes of the numerous arches in the piazza, combined with accents peculiarly howling and monotonous, had produced the hum which nightly startled our studious community from their slumbers. When the cause became known, it was agreed that if ever Dan Looby should personate the part of Clarence, the scene in the malmsey-butt must create a sensation unequalled by any *dénouement* in the whole range of the acted drama.

Dan, however, had higher notions for himself than that of making his exit, with his heels uppermost, through a beer-barrel. He had already decided upon the part which should introduce him to the public; and having with some difficulty prevailed on the manager of Cross-street to allow him a trial, it was at length confidentially announced to his friends that he was preparing to come out in "Alexander the Great."

"Alexander the Pig, you may as well say," said Billy Sheridan, to whom, amongst others, the secret was confided. "That phrase, as Fluellin observes, is only 'a little variations.' And when is this heroical essay to be attempted?"

"In a fortnight's time," said the expectant son of Ammon. "That is to say, if I can provide a dress in the mean time; for Jones won't supply me, excusing himself by saying that no part of the costume used by former Alexanders would fit me."

"Upon my soul, I do believe him," said Billy, with a horse-laugh. "The last Alexander we had was Conway, who stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet. But come; what have you to provide?"

"My chief want," replied the Macedonian aspirant, "is a helmet."

"Well," said Bill, "we must try whether any friendly Mambrino will come to our aid. Here's our old friend, Jack Sweetman, who is extensively acquainted among the dragoons. He will help us to a helmet, if any one can."

Jack was a veteran *debauchée* of a school, now happily extinct, of Irish humourists, who, with an abundant vein of mother wit, combined a deal that was coarse in language and vicious in life and morals. He sang a good song, but not always a decent one, and told stories with excellent dramatic effect, in which the manners and peculiar humour of low Dublin life were depicted with wondrous felicity. The Gamps and Todgerses of Dickens do not more perfectly represent the habits and modes of thinking and expression of the classes they stand for, than did the Mrs. Jewster of Jack Sweetman give the world assurance of a woman who, at the same time that she could not be mistaken in the hearer's imagination for any other individual of her species, presented all the distinctive features of the Dublin tradesman's wife, as they were to be seen developed, in thousands of instances, some sixty years since.

But all this is *apropos des bottes*, or rather *apropos* to a burnished helmet for *Alexander the Great*, which a certain tinman in Bride's Alley had lying upon his hands, since the performance of the private plays in Fishamble-street, during the merry times of the Duke of Rutland. This venerable casque Jack Sweetman promised to obtain on trial, to be kept at the seller's price by Alexander the Great, "if approved of;" and that condition, observed the negociator, may have two meanings, according as things turn out. It may signify that Alexander keeps the helmet if he is himself approved of, or if the thing is approved of; so that, in any case, he can send it back after having the use of it.

The next thing to be considered was a plume for the helmet, which, as Alexander is always represented in pictures as wearing a very imposing one, was a formidable part of the preparations. Here, too, the genius of Jack Sweetman was found serviceable. A son of his old friend Mrs. Jewster kept a hatter's shop in Dame-street, and amongst the *keimelia* of his upper shelves, relics of ancient finery which fashion with its strange mutations had left unsaleable, was the very thing which Dan Looby was in quest of. A noble marquis of the last century had bespoken a hat and feathers for an installation, at which he was to be invested with the Green Ribbon. But having voted in the interim against the Castle interests in the House of Lords, the intended honours were intercepted and given to another. Thus the hat and feathers became unnecessary, and were left with little scruple on the hands of the unfortunate hatter.

This plume, like that of the Prince of Wales, consisted of three ostrich feathers of the largest size, such as neither knight nor squire of modern date could wear. According to the report of Sweetman, whose imagination was often inventive in such cases, overtures had been made to purchase it, at a low figure, by Farrell, an undertaker of Cook-street. Its nodding beauty had caught the eye of that mortal apparitor from the street window, and he desired it to adorn the head of his black pony, on occasions when the grave animal should march in state before "the juvenile hearse," a pretty fancy toy which he had constructed for attracting the custom of very young ladies and gentlemen to his shop.

I know not whether this report of the undertaker coveting the plume was a pure invention of the old mime, to enhance the value of his services in procuring a loan of it for the use of the *King of Macedon*. But the importance of a handsome funeral equipage is still acknowledged to be very great in all parts of Ireland. Fine feathers make fine funerals; and I have before me the recent advertisement of a celebrated host in the capital town of our western province, soliciting tourists in search of the picturesque to make his hotel a resting-place; wherein, after enumerating the treasures of his larder and his cellar, the condition of his post-horses, and the comfort of his well-aired beds, he adds in a "*nota bene*" that he keeps "a beautiful new hearse, on reasonable terms, for the accommodation of his numerous and respectable patrons." Pistols at the bar are all that is necessary to make the arrangements for "snug lying" in that well-ordered establishment, the most complete, in every form, of any hotel in the United Kingdom.

Digitized by Google

But this has nothing to do with the crest of our hero, further than as we are reminded that, through the mediation of Jack Sweetman, it was fated to make a triumphal entry into the capital of the Chaldees upon the head of Daniel Looby, before ever it marshalled any one to the tomb of the Capulets.

The other equipments were obtained without much difficulty or expense, the manager kindly providing a sword and baldric, with a cuirass, and a javelin, moreover, for the murder of *Clytus*. The day being at length fixed for the rising of a new star in the Crow-street hemisphere, and the tailor having finished his part of the preparations, Dan made a full dress experiment in his chambers, before a few select friends, who were filled with admiration of his stately enunciation and the sweeping majesty of his action. Two or three of his more intimate associates read the principal subordinate characters in the drama, Billy Sheridan being peculiarly great in *Roxana;* and the banquet scene, on which the success of the hero is generally considered to hinge, went off so trippingly, that Jack Sweetman declared his solemn opinion, that it "bet *Punch*." This was no small praise; for, in Jack's known estimation, *Punch* "bet" everything else in the dram-matic world.

The evening at last arrived on which the town was led to expect, that a "young gentleman" would make a sensation on the boards of Crow-street, such as no "first appearance" had made in the minority of this now middle-aged century. A tolerable sprinkling of citizens, intermixed with a large concourse of students, repaired to the pit at an early hour, to secure places; the college men, in a body, occupying the benches in front, while a small detachment posted themselves at the other extremity, immediately under the boxes facing the stage, to enforce unanimity should it be necessary; and some dozen or so, who did not mind the ascent and found it convenient to save a shilling, mounted into the gallery, and took up a position from which they could render the most effective co-operation in ratifying, by a semblance of the public voice, the judgment of their impartial friends below.

"Alexander the Great" was once a prime favourite with the gods of Crow-street, and took his turn before them as regularly as "Hamlet" or "King Richard." No play contains a greater number of attractions for the Irish million. It begins with a duel, proceeds to its grand event through a most exciting series of rioting, feasting, drinking, plotting, and murdering; and finally brings its hero to "the floor," as majestically as the honourable and learned member for L——— himself could desire to arrive there. The principal personage was usually represented by the handsomest and finest looking man of the company, and, provided he was a good ranter, little more was required to insure success. The imposing effect of his first *entrée* in a car of triumph, surrounded by the gorgeous trophies of war, and attended by his victorious army, generally threw a *prestige* round the performer which a moderate degree of graceful action, and animated declamation, enabled him to sustain to the end.

But, by mischance, our friend, Dan Looby, stumbled upon the very threshold. His car was magnificent, and his "station," with a spear firmly grasped in his extended right hand, perfectly heroical. Right royally, too, did the late Mrs. Jewster's plume "come sweeping by," as his head moved in graceful accord to the music. Unfortunately, however, the stage floor, owing to the number of trap-doors and grooves for scenery which intersect it, is rougher than gentlemen who stand up in triumphal cars are apt, in the intoxication of victory, to recollect; and it so chanced that just as the last bar of "See the Conquering Hero comes" was dying away upon the lips of the singers, and whilst *Alexander* was acknowledging the plaudits of the house with his most condescending salutation, one of the hinder wheels hitched over a plank, and threw him off his centre.

In vain was he surrounded by guards. Though ready to do battle for his crown and dignity, they could not save him from the ridicule which so sudden an accident threw upon both. He struggled hard to regain his equilibrium, but his efforts, though perfectly natural, were the reverse of graceful, and, in the end, he was fain to precipitate himself out of the carriage, just as one who was less of a demigod might be supposed to do who felt himself ejected by a kick from behind. Then having scrambled upon the floor, he tottered several paces towards the stage-lights before he could recover an erect position.

The same accident might have befallen John Kemble, and very indignant it would have made him. But his face would not have swollen and reddened like a turkeycock, nor retained the flush so imparted for the rest of the night. It was, at all events, an awkward introduction of a figure like Dan Looby's to the public. As a *premier pas* his descent from the chariot was unlucky. It provoked a titter, which gave the tone for all the night to an audience at all times predisposed to seize the ludicrous points of an exhibition; and the "laughing devil," thus awakened, soon afterwards broke into a broad grin when his majesty began to extol himself as a "laiding god."

Whoever is a candidate for histrionic renown may depend on it, that if his first half hour of tragedy sets the boxes in a roar, his best action will be to drop the solemn mask instantly, and finish the play *en farceur*. That may get him a hearing some other time as *Scrub*, or *Grumio*, instead of being pilloried in the bills, as our friend Dan was the morning after his *Alexander*, by the sarcastic manager, as the *First Murderer* in "Macbeth." "The *First Murderer* (by particular desire) will be attempted by a young gentleman, his second appearance on any stage!"

But I anticipate events. The College *claque* performed wonders, considering the material it had to sustain, in keeping up its favourite for two acts. Several of his hits were pronounced to be splendid, his rants applauded to the ceiling, where, however, they met no echo, for the celestials sat in dumb wonder, waiting to see how it would all end; and even when he implored the Princess of Persia to "dhrop a tendher tear," although there was giggling in the boxes, and *Statira* herself took out her

Digitized by Google

muslin pocket handkerchief to wipe away a smile, the preponderance of approbation from the pitites drowned all other sounds.

Now and then, the envious sneer of a citizen would break through an interval of silence, to protest against the high hand with which we appeared determined to carry the question. So, when *Alexander*, comparing himself to the sun, complains that, "All find my spots, but none observe my brightness," an attorney from the upper boxes screamed, "Hear, hear!" three times before we could deafen him with a counter storm of plaudits; and, when he rushed out, at the conclusion of the second act, vowing that he would

"Greatly perish, like the son of Jove,"

he made his exit through the stage door, on purpose to catch the approving glances of two pretty girls in the box immediately adjoining. But as he looked full and rather fiercely at them for that sweet tribute, a youth who was seated between them leaned forward and thrust out his tongue at him.

"In all my misery," said poor Dan, "there was nothing so enraging as that. I stopped for an instant, clapped my hand upon the hilt of my sword, and was only restrained from drawing it out and running the puppy through the body, by the peremptory call of the prompter, to 'mind my cue, which was *exeunt omnes!*'"

His action afforded no small amusement. It consisted chiefly in throwing up both arms simultaneously, then pitching them forwards, and finally drawing them back, as one who uses dumb-bells to expand his chest. Frequently, when he was exasperating himself into a passion, he would push his clenched fist within a few inches of the offender's nose, accompanying the gesture with a spring and a yell, the same as when (before Father Mathew's day) the champion of a faction at an Irish fair used to invite any gentleman that thought proper only just to tread on the skirt of his coat.

We stood to our fellow student right loyally, and defended him as well as we could from the rising scoffs of the townsmen. We saw him making love with a frown, and denouncing death and torments with a smile. We heard him commanding a hundred bulls to be offered to the sun (pronouncing "bulls" so as to rhyme with "gulls!"); and we thundered applause, in three rounds, when, with his right arm encircling *Statira's* waist, he footed a *minuet* (not *de la cour*) to give emphasis to the line,

"While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground."

But when he came to the banquet, and began to bounce upon his throne, like a parched pea, at every taunt of *Clytus;* and when, having butchered that uncomplimentary member of his staff with a great many thrusts of a boar-spear, he was seized instantaneously with such vociferous remorse, that the violoncello in the orchestra cracked a string, and the Dog of Montargis, from a remote cellar, set up a howl that seemed a faithful echo to his grief; and when he so abandoned himself to the passion as to let his wig fall off, and expose his own red crop to the spectators, ere he lay down beside the body, flesh and blood could hold no longer. One loud and hearty laugh rose from the pit, cackled through the boxes, and rebellowed from both galleries; while Dan, re-adjusting his peruke; which in his confusion he had replaced awry, shook its awful curls at the three front rows of the pit, and lay down doggedly, like one who addresses himself to sleep, by the side of his slaughtered comrade.

"Ah!" murmured the prostrate autocrat, so as to be heard behind the scenes, "the real traitors are out there, beyond the foot-lights."

The rest of the performance was nearly all dumbshow and noise. As often as *Alexander* came on the stage, a good-humoured, but to him very disagreeable, course of bantering saluted him from the galleries. "Don't blush;" "Hould up your head, man;" "Who made your wig?" "Would you give us the pattheren of that speech?" and "*Encore, encore!*" with many a shrill whistle, attended his efforts to do justice to the mad poet's conception of a mad hero.

But Dan was game, and resolved to die so, Although he knew by these infallible signs that the hope of eclipsing Kean was at an end, he was not the man to "break off in the middle." He still buffetted the storm with great gallantry, ever and anon casting furious glances at his friends in the pit. Billy Sheridan was the object of his choicest vengeance, for he had overheard that sardonic wag, the first rant he uttered after the accident of the car, addressing him in a playhouse whisper, "*Cave ne titubes!*" It was a well-meant reminiscence; but tragedians are impatient of advice, and hold such as proffer it their foes. Although Billy then forebore to laugh aloud during the whole performance, and his countenance to the last wore an expression of shame and disappointment, the resentment of the mortified *Alexander* was more excited against him than against those volatile friends who, having first fooled him to the height by misjudged applause, ended with joining in the laugh against him.

Dan freely acknowledges his folly and injustice now; for he is yet alive, and flourishing as a medical practitioner in the country, being cured of his Thespian tendencies, save that he may be heard occasionally, as he jogs along the quiet country roads which conduct him to his patients, repeating snatches out of Otway, or shortening the way by addressing the astonished sheep and cattle which peer at him through the hedges, as "Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers."

He often recites whole scenes from his favourite *Alexander;* and in passing through a ford near his dispensary, invariably commands his horse (a foundered grey, which he calls Bucephalus) to "bear him across the billows," tapping him on the neck when he gains the dry land, and assuring him that he is "a noble baste."

Yet Dan will laugh by the hour at his total discomfiture on the Crow-street boards, and declare that it was so complete that, in his fall, he pulled down the tragedy along with him; for he asserts that "Alexander the Great" has never been enacted in Dublin since the night that he showed it up in its true colours as an extravagant farce.

Digitized by Google

DR. CHALMERS.*

John Foster, speaking of John Howard, remarked, "He who would do some great thing in this life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." And the observation might with equal propriety have been made with reference to Thomas Chalmers. There was an intensity exhibited in his exertions, the value of which ordinary spectators failed to appreciate. Like all great men, his purposes were few and homogeneous; and prosecuted with an intellect exhaustlessly fertile in expedient and untiring in zeal, his schemes could not fail to command a large measure of success. The elevation of the masses physically, morally, and spiritually was his one grand object through life. In the bold phraseology of Ebenezer Elliott, it might be said that, with holy importunity, his prophet-like cry was "The people, Lord! the people!" If he toiled night and day in the wynds of Glasgow, it was for the people; if he fought with the hydra-monster of pauperism, it was for the people; if he sought to cover the land with churches and schools, it was for the people; if he left the pulpit for the University chair, it was to shake the dust from the latter and to purify and animate schools of the prophets for the people; if he contended with the State as to Church discipline, and rent the establishment in twain, it was that the people might have a free Church. He was a man of high aims, of wide sympathies, of thorough earnestness, in one word, a true man, and as such he has taken his place in the view of posterity.

The new volume of his life, by Dr. Hanna, commences with his settlement as minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, in 1815. He was inducted into his charge by the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, father of the present Lord Moncrieff. Next year he was rewarded with the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity, a compliment so freely bestowed by the Scotch universities as to have ceased to be of much value. The subsequent title of Doctor of Laws, conferred by the University of Oxford, was a more solid honour.

His fame as a preacher had long preceded him in the western metropolis of Scotland; and Lockhart's famous portrait of him in that capacity, inserted in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," referred to a sermon preached in Glasgow before he became one of the ministers of that city; and amongst the many descriptions which have been given of Chalmers's pulpit appearances, this, amongst the earliest of them, may still be reckoned amongst the best. An engraved portrait accompanied the literary one; and although regarded very properly by the subject of it as an inferior production, was afterwards, to his surprise, the means of his being recognised in an English stage-coach. A fellow passenger furtively eyed him for some time. "You are from Glasgow?" he remarked at last. "Yes." "And your name is Chalmers?" "Yes"—no doubt he has heard me preach somewhere, might be the not unreasonable cogitations of the great divine. But no! "Know you from the portraits in 'Peter's Letters,'" continued the observant traveller.

Among Chalmers's great public demonstrations must be reckoned his sermon before his Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in 1816. He had previously spoken, as a member of the Assembly, on the subject of clerical pluralities, with such uncommon fervour of eloquence, that Jeffrey said of him, "I know not what it is, but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I have ever heard." And it was at the Commissioner's special request that he officiated before him on the after Sunday.

At so early an hour as nine o'clock in the morning a crowd began to gather in front of the High Church, which, long ere the doors were opened, was manifestly greater than any church could contain; so that when entrance at length was given, in one tremendous rush, hazardous to all and hurtful to many, pews and passages were densely filled. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Commissioner, the Judges, and the Magistrates reached their allotted seats. Dr. Chalmers's text on this occasion was—(Ps. viii. 3, 4)—"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Having strained every imagination to the utmost, by carrying his audience up to and abroad over those vast fields of space, teeming with unnumbered worlds, which science had brought within the circle of her discoveries, "What," asked the preacher, "is this world that we inhabit, in the immensity above and around it, and what are they who occupy it? We give you but a feeble image of our comparative insignificance when we say that the glories of an extended forest would suffer no more from the fall of a single leaf than the glories of this extended universe would suffer though the globe we tread upon and all that it inherits should dissolve." The infidel objection, grounded upon the unlikelihood that upon a theatre so narrow and for a race so insignificant such high and distinguishing attentions should be lavished as those which Christianity describes, was then stated in its full strength. Argument after argument in refutation of it was advanced. "The attention of the auditory," we are informed, "was so upon the stretch, that when the preacher made a pause at the conclusion of an argument, a sort of sigh, as if for breath, was perceptible

* Dr. Chalmers's Life. By Dr. Hanna. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

Digitized by Google

through the house." "Thirdly," said Dr. Chalmers, renewing, after one such pause, his theme, "it was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put Infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending. But about the time of its invention another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralise the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star—the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity—the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon—the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me that, beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory."

"At the end of this passage," one present upon the occasion remarked, "there ran through the congregation a suppressed but perfectly audible murmur of applause—an occurrence unprecedented in the course of the delivery of a sermon, but irresistible, in order to relieve our highly excited feelings."

Before referring to other celebrated occasions of pulpit eloquence, it may not be inappropriate to anticipate the historical course of the narrative, and glance at the after-development of this discourse into the well-known astronomical series. The "Astronomical Sermons" were delivered by Dr. Chalmers on the recurrence of his share of a Thursday evening service, conducted in rotation by the Glasgow city clergy; and the delivery of the course occupied all the Thursdays which fell to his share in 1816. Dr. Hanna's pen must tell how they were received.

"The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new discourse was a most singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room, where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering, quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the *Herald* or the *Courier* were for a while forsaken; and during two of the best business hours of the day the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont, indeed, upon these memorable days, to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercises of the spirit; and the low traffic of earth forgotten, heaven and its high economy and its human sympathies and eternal interests engrossed the mind at least and the fancy of congregated thousands."

We have some curious revelations as to the mode and the circumstances under which these famous orations were composed.

"I began," says Dr. Chalmers, "my fourth astronomical sermon to-day." "And in a small pocket-book," continues his able biographer, "with borrowed pen and ink, in strange apartments, where he was liable every moment to interruption, that sermon was taken up and carried on to completion. At the Manse of Balmerino, disappointed in not finding Mr. Thomson at home, and having a couple of hours to spare—at the Manse of Kilmany, in the drawing-room, with all the excitement before him of meeting for the first time, after a year's absence, many of his former friends and parishioners—at the Manse of Logie, into which he turned at random by the way, and found a vacant hour — paragraph after paragraph was penned of a composition which bears upon it as much of the aspect of high and continuous elaboration as almost any piece of writing in our language.

"I believe that literary history presents few parallel instances of such power of immediate and entire concentration of thought, under such ready command of the will, exercised at such broken intervals, amid such unpropitious circumstances, and yet yielding a product in which not a single trace either of rupture in argument or variation in style appears. Those ingenious critics who, on the first appearance of the 'Astronomical Sermons' in print, spoke of the midnight oil which must have been consumed, and the vast elaboration which must have been bestowed, how much would they have been surprised had they but known the times, and modes, and places, in which one at least of these discourses had been prepared?"

In ten weeks six thousand copies were disposed of; and in the course of one year from their first publication, nine editions, or twenty thousand copies, were disposed of. Three or four of the Waverley Novels had by this time appeared, and "Childe Harold" came forth during the same year; but the volume of Sermons kept its place in circulating libraries and in public demand, despite the

Digitized by Google

great attractions of new tales from the author of Waverley, and a new poem from the pen of Byron. Parenthetically, it may be remarked as a curious fact, that Scott and Chalmers, although long living in the same city, do not appear to have come into contact, or to be scarcely at all referred to in each other's writings. Chalmers visited the scenes of "Rokeby," and also those of "Old Mortality," but apparently before he had made himself acquainted with the latter work. Like many authors, Dr. Chalmers mistook where his greatest strength lay. He always considered the "Astronomical Sermons" as a premature production, and that his "Commercial Discourses" were a much higher effort of intellect; but to this day the former still continues to be most in demand of all his writings.

In 1817, he accepted an invitation to preach in London; and, on his way, he had interviews with Robert Hall, John Foster, and James Montgomery. Feeling a great interest in the missions of the Moravian brethren, he astounded the amiable poet of that excellent brotherhood by promising to raise 500*l.* for their funds. The poet doubtless regarded the pledge as Ossianic; but a long period had not elapsed when Chalmers remitted him a sum nearer 600*l.* than the one promised. In London, the great Scotch preacher had for auditors, at different times, Rowland Hill, Canning, Macintosh, Huskisson, Wilberforce, Lord Dudley Ward, and, doubtless, other celebrated men whose names have not transpired. His publisher, Mr. Smith, of Glasgow, who accompanied him on this expedition, thus describes his first London sermon:—"I write under the nervousness of having heard and witnessed the most astonishing display of human talent that, perhaps, ever commanded sight or hearing. Dr. Chalmers has just finished the discourse before the Missionary Society. All my expectations were overwhelmed in the triumph of it. Nothing from the Tron pulpit ever exceeded it nor did he ever more arrest and wonderwork his auditors. I had a full view of the whole place. The carrying forward of minds never was so visible to me; a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied all his paragraphs, and the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness."

On another occasion equally remarkable, the church was so crowded that Wilberforce and a party of ladies had to enter the church-window by a plank, and take their places upon the pulpit stairs. On individuals his oratory had often a singular effect. Dr. Hanna refers to the case of Professor Young, of the Glasgow University, whose admiration of eloquence, and susceptibility of emotion when under its influence, are described as having been extreme. He frequently attended in the Tron Church, and scarcely ever heard Dr. Chalmers without weeping like a child. Upon one occasion he was so electrified that he leaped up from his seat upon the bench near the pulpit, and stood, breathless and motionless, gazing at the preacher till the burst was over, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks. Upon another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself, perhaps, in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands in an ecstacy of admiration and delight. But a prophet is seldom honoured in his own country; and in singular contrast to the public testimonials to his powers as a speaker was the indifference displayed by his own immediate relations.

Amid all the excitement in London, which, of course, would be greatest among Dr. Chalmers's own countrymen, there was at least one Scotchman there who continued quite unmoved. His own brother James never once went to hear him preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir created had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house. "Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?" "Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him." "And what did you think of him?" "Very little indeed," was the reply. "Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "*when* did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born." Nay, his own father had such an extraordinary attachment to the old parochial economy of Scotland that, although the churches of Eastern and Western Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, he did not go to hear his own son preach, when his doing so would have carried him across the separating *burn* away from his own parish church.

But we must return with Dr. Chalmers to Glasgow. His labours as a parish minister appear superhuman, and can only be adequately appreciated by examining his biography. The secret of his success lay in his being at once a man of theory and practice. His plans were on the largest scale; but, instead of confining himself to ornate exordiums and perorations, he worked them out to the smallest possible ramifications. Like the elephant's trunk, which can double up a foe or pick up a needle, he was not more in his element stirring up the energies of peers and bishops in London, with his trumpet-tongued eloquence, than he was in arranging for the cutting of the hair of the boys in his school at the West-port, Edinburgh, at so much per dozen heads, or in allowing so many pounds of soap per week to their sisters for washing. We can point out hundreds of orators, and hundreds more of men of details; but the man who was both has left us. In the words, and quaint words they are, of an old Covenanter, "The renowned eagle has taken his flight to the mountain of spices."

The Tron parish of Glasgow consisted of 12,000 souls. Chalmers formed the resolution to visit each family once in a year. The ministrations could not, under such a system, be domiciliary, but they were district; and to this, like all his preconcerted plans, he rigidly adhered.

"Doctor," said an old and pious widow to whom he paid his usual brief visit, "you will surely not leave me without offering up a prayer." The practice, however, must be uniform—the established rule must not be broken; he refused, therefore, saying in his defence, "If I were to pray in every house I enter, it would take me ten years to

Digitized by Google

get through the work." That work was hard; the wynds were often close and filthy, the stairs narrow and steep, the houses vile and ill ventilated; yet cheerfully and resolutely did he carry it through, cheering ever and anon the flagging spirit of his companion, as they went along. "Well," said he, looking kindly over his shoulder upon his elder, who, scarcely able to keep pace with him, was toiling up a long and weary stair—"Well, what do you think of this kind of visiting?" Engrossed with the toils of the ascent, the elder announced that he had not been thinking much about it. "Oh! I know quite well," said Dr. Chalmers, that if you were to speak your mind, you would say that we are putting the butter very thinly upon the bread."

Here are the records of other two days of parish work:—

"*Tuesday.*—Studied till two. Quarter-decked along the south front of Mr. Harley's grounds. Came back to my beef-steak, and after it I had another round of visitation at the head of the Green; and, after going amongst the houses, drank tea with a Mr. M'Levey, and assembled the people in a weaver's, who came to the amount of a hundred and twenty-five hearers.

"*Sunday.*—Preached in the afternoon, and, having baptised *fourteen* children, took leave of Mr. Jackson."

Again on the same department of labour:—"I spend four days a week visiting the people in company with the agents of the various districts over which I expatiate. I last week overtook between 700 and 800 people, and have great pleasure in the movement. This I am generally done with in the forenoon, and then dine either at the vestry or in a friend's house. In addition to this, I have had an agency-tea every night excepting yesternight, and in a few evenings more I expect to overtake the whole agency of my parish. At nine I go out to family worship in some house belonging to the district of my present residence, where I assemble the people of the *land*, or close vicinity, and expect, ere I quit my present quarters, to overtake in this way the whole of that district. I have generally Mr. Newbigging, who lives on the opposite side of the road, to accompany me upon these excursions, in the capacity of precentor, and to drink a tumbler of rum toddy with me before I go to bed. I generally breakfast at home, so that tea and punch have formed the only manufactures I have yet required of my landlady.

"I furthermore have an address every Friday night, to the people of my vicinity, in the Calton Lancasterian School-room; and a weekly address will be necessary, for each of the four weeks in St. John's Church, to the people whom I have gone over in regular rotation. Add to all this the missionary monthly meeting held yesternight, and you will find that, without one particle of study, I am in full occupation. I study only on the Fridays and Sundays, and I am happy to say that the stock prepared by me in Kirkaldy is serving me out abundantly for my pulpit ministrations."

The "present quarters" above referred to was an apartment in the parish proper, which, for greater convenience, he had hired during the temporary absence of Mrs. Chalmers and his family.

"Over the whole of this parochial intercourse," Dr. Hanna remarks with much truth, "the charm of an open-hearted cordiality, and the light of a cheerful mirthfulness, were thrown. Entering the school-room in Macfarlane-street one Monday forenoon, he said to Mr. Aitken, 'My family, you are aware, are now at Kirkaldy; and as I wish to have an hour's easy chat with you and Mr. M'Gregor, will you just come up at three o'clock and have a steak with Mr. Irving [Edward] and myself in the vestry?' In company with Mr. Irving, he called as the schools were dismissing, and the two ministers and the two teachers proceeded to the vestry. The table was set, and John Graham, the beadle, officiated as waiter. Tales of the school and out of the school followed close upon each other. Mr. Aitken mentioned that Dr. Bell, from India (founder of the Madras system), had called the previous day, between sermons, designing to see the class-room.

"'I had a call from him,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'this morning. I was lying awake in my old woman's room, cogitating whether I should get up or not, when I heard a heavy step in the kitchen; and the door opening, and the speaker entering, a rough voice exclaimed, 'Can this be the chamber of the great Dr. Chalmers?'

"'And what did you say?' inquired Mr. Irving, who enjoyed exceedingly the ridiculousness of the question.

"With a quiet smile and inimitable archness, accompanied by frequent shutting of his eyelids, 'I even told him,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'that it was, and I invited him to stay and breakfast with me.'"

As a matter of course, Sabbath as well as secular school instruction occupied much of the time of Dr. Chalmers and his devoted band of adherents. In the locality of the Salt-market, rendered famous beyond the limits of Glasgow by the publication, in this very year 1817, of "Rob Roy," out of a population of 3,624, only 128 children attended schools of any kind; but in six months of the incumbency of the new pastor, 26 schools were in operation, with a staff of 33 teachers, and attended by 732 pupils. In the management of so many establishments, differences of opinion necessarily would arise. "On one point," says a coadjutor, "we had much discussion; namely, whether or not punishment should be resorted to in a Sabbath-school. Mr. Stow was very strenuous in condemning its introduction; I was rather inclined the other way. Among other strong cases, Mr. Stow told us of a boy who had been so restless, idle, and mischievous, that he was afraid he would have to put him away, when the thought occurred to him to give the boy an office. He put, accordingly, all the candles of the school under his care. From that hour he was an altered boy, and became a diligent scholar. An opportunity soon occurred of trying my way of it also. A school composed of twenty or thirty boys, situated in the east end of the parish, had become so unruly and unmanageable, that it had beaten off every teacher

Digitized by Google

who had gone to it. The society did not know what to do with it, and the Docter asked me if I would go out and try to reduce it to order. I was not very fond of the task, but consented. I went out the next Sabbath, and told the boys, whom I found all assembled, that I had heard a very bad account of them, that I had come out for the purpose of doing them good, that I must have peace and attention, that I would submit to no disturbance, and that, in the first place, we must begin with prayer. They all stood up, and I commenced, and certainly did not forget the injunction, 'watch and pray.' I had not proceeded two sentences, when one little fellow gave his neighbour a tremendous *dig* in the side. I instantly stepped forward and gave *him* a sound cuff on the side of his head. I never spoke a word, but stepped back, concluded the prayer, taught for a month, and never had a more orderly school. The case was reported at one of our own meetings. The Doctor enjoyed it exceedingly; and taking up my instance and comparing it with Mr. Stow's, he concluded that the question of punishment or non-punishment stood just where it was, inasmuch as it had been found that the judicious appointment of a candle-snuffer-general and a good cuff on the *lug* had been about equally efficacious."

The Tron parish was an old one, and those great obstructions to progress, "vested rights," "use and wont," "prejudices of corporations," &c. &c., prevented Dr. Chalmers from carrying out his peculiar views, and he resolved to accept the presentation to the new parish of St. John's, where he expected facilities for putting his theories into practice, and especially those connected with pauperism. The new district was still more plebeian than the Tron. Its population numbered some 10,000, but of such a humble grade were they, that in some parts of it there was only one domestic servant to every fifty-seven families. Not content with having 793 children at school in the new sphere, the Doctor adventured a deadly onslaught on its pauperism, and throughout life he never lost sight of the subject, or of his illustrative treatment of it at this stage of his history. Before 1700, there were but three parishes assessed for the poor; now there are about 700. At the period we are now referring to, in Dr. Chalmers's time, the cost of Scottish pauperism was 10*l.* to 15*l.* per 1,000 of the population; that of England, 500*l.* to 1,500*l.* per 1,000. There was, therefore, a very obvious necessity why the people's minister should cling to the Scottish system, believing, as he earnestly did, that with it was bound up the maintenance of the national morality and independence of its working population. More immediately under his own field of observation, he saw, in 1819, the royalty of Glasgow, with the system of assessment, groaning under a pauper weight of 1 in 27, at a cost per head of the whole inhabitants of 3s. 11½d., whilst the suburban locality of the Gorbals, which was unassessed, had only 1 in 178, with a cost per head of 3½d.! St. John's bore, as its share of the city wretchedness, 1,400*l.*; and Dr. Chalmers set himself to reducing it to 480*l.*, which amount he raised by voluntary collections. This feat was performed by a rigid scrutiny of all pretended paupers, which had the effect of driving that class of the community beyond the precincts of St. John's—by encouraging the parishioners to assist one another, not merely the rich bearing up the helpless, but, as William Thom, the Inverary poet, well expressed it, thirty years afterwards, "the poor keeping the poorer from begging"—and generally by active industrial and educational appliances.

The assessment party have always maintained, in reference to this Glasgow experiment, that the *prestige* of Dr. Chalmers's name accomplished results which no other man could by possibility have performed. Dr. Chalmers held, that any one using the same means could have produced a similar result. As Scottish pauperism was, in 1848, one pauper for every 11·51 of the inhabitants, and the cost 4s. 1¾d. per head, it is worth serious inquiry whether Dr. Chalmers was right or wrong in the matter.

All this turmoil about churches, schools, and paupers would necessarily occupy much time; but he had, in addition, his share of lesser and perhaps more vexatious annoyances. In those days he had almost daily to be one of the four clergy whose presence was reckoned essential at a respectable funeral; he was placed on committees and societies innumerable; he had to fall into processions, attend school examinations, eat public dinners, be the lion at private ones, besides a host of numerous other duties, the bare recital of which would fill a page. Take, as example of this, a journal extract:—

"*Glasgow, September 28th*, 1818.—*Monday.*—Composed. Had a party of six at breakfast. Was bothered with a proposal from Mr. H. about a school in Brussels. All right; but why must Dr. Chalmers be ever and anon the rallying point of every such operation? Why are they constantly running with all their plans and propositions to Dr. Chalmers? What idle, wandering, leisurely person is this Dr. Chalmers, who has so much time to spare for every enterprise that is conceived and set agoing by all the philanthropists of this our age?"

"This Dr. Chalmers," however, was not the "idle, wandering, leisurely person" to take all this coolly; and accordingly one Sunday, when many of his tormentors would come to church to have their itching ears regaled with his eloquence, he read them two severe and cutting, but well-merited, sermons on the great sacrifices of time and annoyances he was put to by the imposition of gratuitous labour. The world had heard of pastors being intruded on the people, but it now heard of a new grievance: the intrusion of the people on the pastor.

A report of these two sermons, and of the circumstances which had occasioned their delivery, reached the good town of Stirling when the first ministerial charge there happened to be vacant. Believing that the discomforts of his existing position might tempt him to leave Glasgow, the Town Council promptly resolved to offer the appointment to Dr. Chalmers. That their application

Digitized by Google

might bear upon him with the greatest possible effect, the Provost, and a select deputation of the citizens, visited Glasgow and invited Dr. Chalmers to dine with them at the Tontine. Everything was done by them to set forth the facilities which the offered situation would present for the furtherance of his cherished designs. They guaranteed an entire deliverance from all distracting external annoyances: in the city nothing but purely ministerial work would be required of him, and at home his hours for study would be sacredly guarded from invasion. The manse lay almost within the shadow of the Castle rock, and, if needful, the Castle guns would be turned upon the way which led to it, to drive back all disturbers of his time or tranquillity. The prospect of such perfect freedom and security was tempting, but, nevertheless, was declined.

Like many other disappointed suitors, the Stirling magistrates pouted at the rejection of their offer, and kept up a grudge for no less than two years. In passing through Stirling, "I breakfasted," the Doctor afterwards says, "with Provost Littlejohn, and met all the other members of the deputation; received much cordiality and attention; during the time that I remained saw the church, castle, and other curiosities; the Provost, who accompanied me, by expatiating on the beauties and advantages of Stirling, doing his utmost to put me in bad humour with myself and my determination."

The St. Mungo's authorities would probably cast an evil eye on their Stirling brethren for their conduct in this transaction; and, to defy competition from other quarters, they forthwith offered a free house, an increase in salary, and an assistant. The first two he declined—the last he took; and the man selected was the gifted but ill-fated Edward Irving, of whom more afterwards.

Much of the Glasgow intrusion ceased; but individual instances, ever and anon, occurred, and, with all deference to Stirling Castle and its guns, might have taken place in that ancient town as well as in Glasgow. We refer to the following:—

"*Glasgow, Tuesday, July 11th.*—Miss ——'s sister, a married woman, called with the object of delivering a long rigmarole invective against her sister. I was quite impatient. She spoke of my being in her sister's will, and of my having taken her down one day in my chariot from Kensington-place to St. John's, which was all true of the noddy. I got so desperately tired of her incessant volubility that I said I would listen no longer, and left the drawing-room for my bedroom, whither, however, she followed me, but I soon got the door shut against her; and I shall now insist that Miss —— puts my session out of her will altogether, for I am to have nothing to do with a set of cackling old maids." On another occasion, teased by a lady who kept him listening to her for a long and at a very inconvenient time, he said to a friend after her departure, when describing the infliction from which he had just escaped, "and it would have been nothing if she had been saying anything to the purpose, but it was a *mere gurgle of syllables.*"

Here is another and still more serious specimen of the troubles he experienced at the hands of the feminine gender:—

"Scarborough was his favourite Church tune, scarcely a Sabbath passing in which the precentor did not get specific instructions to close the services by singing it; and they were once opened by it in St. John's in rather a singular manner. A half-witted woman, who was a most faithful attendant on Dr. Chalmers's ministry, seized the opportunity, and as soon as the first line of the psalm had been given out from the pulpit, struck up the favourite melody. The precentor had no time given him to interfere, and so well and so powerfully was his office performed for him that he wisely let her singing stand for his own, and struck in at the second line of the psalm. This woman's extreme love for the ministry turned at last into an extreme love for the person of Dr. Chalmers, a love which became with her an absorbing passion. She firmly believed it to be returned. 'Mrs. Chalmers, folk said, was his wife, but she kent better, and so did the Doctor himsel'.' At first she had been perfectly harmless, and had been freely admitted to the church; but now, persecuted by all kinds of strange attentions from her, and alarmed as to what her singular passion for him might tempt her to do, Dr. Chalmers was seized with a nervous terror of her. One Sabbath, when the church was very crowded, she had got up to the top step of the pulpit stair. Dr. Chalmers entered the pulpit without noticing her, but, on turning round, there she was by his side. 'John,' said he to the beadle, shrinking back to the furthest side of the pulpit in extreme terror, 'John, I must be delivered conclusively from that woman.' She was now forbid access to the church, as the very sight of her disturbed him. Nevertheless, she faithfully attended in Macfarlane-street, and when she could not get near to him, she would stand wiping with her handkerchief the froth off the mouth of the horse which had carried him to church. At one time she was seized with the dread that he did not get enough to eat at home. Coming upon him once unexpectedly at the corner of a street, 'Come, Doctor, do come, and get a plate of parritch; I hae fine meal the noo.' As he would not take the food that she thought so necessary at her house, she resolved to carry it to his own. One evening, at Kensington-place, the servant, on opening the door, was surprised by a large round bundle, covered with a red handkerchief, being thrown into the lobby. On unwrapping it, it was found to contain oat-cakes and sheep's trotters, for the special sustentation of the minister. On his return to Glasgow, a year after, going to St. Andrew's, he entered the house of one of his elders in great agitation. 'Mr. Thomson,' he said, 'that daft woman is in pursuit of me. Can you not carry me to my brother's by some way that she cannot track our path?' Mr. Thomson undertook and executed the commission; but they had not been long gone when she appeared at the door with a large jug of curds and cream, nor would she be satisfied till Mrs. Thomson had taken her through all the rooms of the house to convince her that Dr. Chalmers was not there."

Digitized by Google

A more delicate, but perhaps to the Doctor an equally troublesome member of the sex, was a Clapham lady, whom he encountered some years afterwards in a travelling conveyance, and who, on discovering him, asked the favour of "a pretty little exhortation" before separating!

Before passing from the public life of this celebrated man, we quote one passage from his many journal entries, as explanatory of the systematic cause of the great amount of work he was able to accomplish:—

"*Friday.*—Rose a little after six. Got Janet to put paper, wood, and coals into the fireplace of my bed-room the night before. Have got a match-box, and lighted it on rising. This I propose to make my system all winter. Chip-wood is to be had for purchasing, and I shall have a sufficiency of waste-paper; so that, either in the study or the drawing-room, rather than in the bed-room, the air of which will not be so free, I shall light up a fire every morning."

This wholesome plan of early rising he continued till the day of his death; and with the mention of it we shall turn aside to view him in some of his home aspects. To Kilmany, the scene of his first ministerial labours, he ever cherished a kind and regretful feeling. Revisiting the manse, after his removal to Glasgow, he says:—

"I remarked that the large gate laboured under its wonted difficulty of being opened, and this circumstance, though minute, brought back the olden time with a gush of tenderness. Supped, showed the guests to the door as usual, but felt a coldness and a melancholy at the difference. Presided at family worship; was conducted to the best bed-room, where I indulged for some time in lively recollections, which carried a mournfulness along with them, and at length, by a sound and lengthened repose, repaired the whole sleeplessness of the preceding night."

And here we string together a few reminiscences.

"Dined in Mr. Cook's [his successor] with a large party. There is a sideboard opposite to the fireplace in the dining-room, and the table is set from the south window to the opposite wall, Mr. Cook sitting at the window as the head." o o o Thursday was claimed by Balmeadowside. The family were all at home. "I spent half an hour in the drawing-room, which is just the same as before, with its window transparencies, and mantelpiece gimcracks, and boarding-school performances. We had music from the three Miss N.'s and Miss R. I was much delighted with it; and we had three reels. After R. went away we had family worship, and I am now writing you from our wonted bed-room." Saturday evening afforded him his last look of the village of Kilmany. He had dined at the manse. "Mrs. Cook most kind and civil. After tea took a tender adieu of them all. As I went through the burn on my horse saw the wives of the 'long row' at their doors looking towards me. Passed the manse gate with the weight of feeling upon me that it was my home no more. The evening was beautiful, and sweetly did the declining sun shine upon all the groups of hamlet objects that were before me. The manse in a glow of luxuriance. I took many a look, *till it* sunk beneath the summit of the road."

In the fraternal, paternal, and conjugal relations he was exemplary in the highest degree. To his aged and infirm father he was uniformly kind, respectful and patient; and at the death of the old man the letters written to his numerous brothers and sisters, scattered over different parts of the world, attest the numerous home influences of which he was susceptible. Writing to his wife on the anniversary of his marriage, he says:—"I write under the impulse of the recollection that this is our marriage day. Nor can I refrain from expressing, not merely my ardent and unabated affection for you, an affection which I can assure you has suffered no decay, but is fresher, and livelier, and more determined than ever; but I also write to express my gratitude for your unwearied anxiety for all that could conduce to my comfort, an anxiety which you have ever kept up under all my perverseness, and all my peculiarities of habit and temper, and all the annoyances I have given you, and all the wilfulness with which I have adhered to my own taste and my own inclination, unmindful as I have often been of your feelings, and ever disposed to make my way take the precedence of your way. May God long preserve you a comfort to me!"

Of his children he was remarkably fond, and he was in the habit of addressing letters to them, not only suited to their capacity as regards composition, but in style of writing—the earlier notes being *written* in printed characters with his pen, a process which to one of his rapid caligraphy must have been laborious. We subjoin an extract from one of these fatherly epistles:—

"*Polmont, November* 10*th*, 1817.—My Dear Anne,—You want me to stay away only four days, but I must stay away nineteen days. However, by the time you have gotten this letter it will only be fifteen days. After I shook hands with you I went to Mr. Harley's and got my horse. Then I met Dr. Rainy, who wanted me to go and see poor Mr. A., who used sometimes to drink tea with mamma, and who was dying. He was so very ill that he could not see papa, and his sister was lying in a sofa, very sorry and crying because she was going to lose her brother. She was in great distress, insomuch that papa could say nothing to comfort her. Nobody knows when they are to die. I hope Mr. A. was a good man, and will go to heaven. And I should like Anne to be a good girl, so that when she dies God may take her to heaven too. He loves all good people, and Jesus Christ, His Son, will come down to the world and take them up with Him to the place where God dwells, and there they will always be happy and will never die.

"When papa saw that he could say nothing to relieve poor Mrs. B., he went away and got upon his horse and rode on to Cumbernauld. He has got no rain all this day, but the road was very, very bad, and his boots were very dirty. It was after one o'clock when he arrived at Cumbernauld, and his horse was very much tired, and he gave it a feed of corn, and he himself dined, and read a

Digitized by Google

book about the poor; but what he is very sorry for, he also read some of the small Testament and forgot to bring it away with him. But he has written to the master of the house to send it by one of his drivers to Glasgow. It was given him by Captain Gordon, and he would not like to lose it; so if it should come, you must see that it be taken great care of, and be ready to give it to papa when he comes back again."

The following will come home to every parent. "The children were up stairs," he says, describing one of his arrivals from Edinburgh, "while I settled with the porter in the lobby and went afterwards to my own bed-room. I heard them come down in a very gleesome style, but they had to wait in the lobby till I came out, which when I did, they positively danced and quivered with pure gladness. I felt the cat-and-kitten principle most powerfully towards them, and spent a very joyous and thankful hour with them." "Was greatly fashed," he writes again, about a week afterwards, "with the restlessness of the bairns on the sofa; at one time pressing in between me and the back of it; at another standing upright and comingly suddenly down upon me; at a third, sitting upon its elevated border, and repeating this threatening position, forgetful of all my biddings upon the subject, and, in fact, putting me into a perfect fry with their most incessant and ungovernable locomotion."

But of all the attachments which Dr. Chalmers formed, the most striking appears to have been his affection for Mr. Thomas Smith, the son of his publisher. This promising young gentleman received his first religious impressions from Dr. Chalmers, and ever after, up to the day of his premature and lamented death, a most tender affection sprung up between them. At times it reminds one more of the love of woman than of manhood. They saw each other daily, or wrote to each other as often in cases of separation. At Smith's deathbed Dr. Chalmers was not present, on account of absence from Glasgow. In his journal he says:—

"On my return Thomas Smith was dead. I have been thrown into successive floods of tenderness. On Sabbath evening I visited his corpse. O God, may this afflicting event detach me from time and carry my thoughts on to eternity!"

On receiving a ring with Mr. Smith's hair, he wrote, "I received with much interest the very touching memorial you have sent me of one with whom I have held sweet counsel on earth, and to whose society in heaven I look forward."

The ring thus sent, after being laid aside for many years, was resumed and worn for a month by Dr. Chalmers, during the year that preceded his own death.

Chalmers was essentially of a joyous nature, and his humour oozed out at all times; and we append some illustrations of this characteristic, which do not fall under any chronological order.

"*Monday.*—The Grand Duke Michael came to Glasgow late on Sunday evening, and this day went round the town. We were before him at the Lunatic Asylum, but did not wait his arrival there. On passing Mr. Harley's cow-house [a famous dairy] I saw the crowd collected about Michael's retinue, and I saw four gentlemen go into an open carriage, one of whom was Michael himself, but I could get nobody to point him out to me; so that I have seen Michael, and yet may be said never to have looked at him.

"*Tuesday.*—Busied myself with miscellaneous work in the forenoon. I dined at Mr. Allan Buchanan's at two. Michael and suite had proposed to visit their calender, but kept the men waiting, and did not come on Monday. Allan accompanies me to Mr. M'Vicar's proportion, and though Michael was still expected, he left the calender for me, nor could all my importunities prevail upon him to remain at his post. We afterwards learned that Michael did come, and Mr. William had to do all the ceremony himself."

"A curious circumstance occurred to me in the Gallowgate. A porter, half-drunk, came up to me, and stated that two men were wanting to see me. He carried me to a tavern, when it turned out that there was a wager between these men whether this said porter was correct in his knowledge of me. He told me before that he was a parishioner of mine, and I recollected him as one of those whom I had visited. But I was so revolted at this impertinency, that I made the ears of all who were in the house ring with a reproof well said and strong; and so left them a little astounded, I have no doubt."

On another occasion, while very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"

Some curiosity having been manifested as to who should preach in the High Church, Edinburgh, on the visit of George IV., Sir David Wilkie asked him whether Principal Baird, who had a habit of crying (*Scotice* greeting) in the pulpit, was to preach. "Why," said Dr. Chalmers, "I do not know; but if he does, it will be George Baird to George Rex, *greeting*."

Digitized by Google

Chalmers must have met many illustrious public characters in his time; but whether it was that, absorbed in his own all-engrossing pursuits, he had not leisure to observe peculiarities, or that, having observed them, and perhaps too freely, his biographer has not deemed it prudent to give such matter, we cannot tell; but certain it is, much illustration of this kind is not given. That the Doctor could hit off character briefly, and yet well, may be seen from what he says of Wilberforce:—

"He positively danced and whisked about like a squirrel. He insisted on taking small packages with his own hand to the carriage that was waiting us at the door, and skipped before us in such a way that I could not refrain from laughing outright. I have the utmost love for him, at the same time, and the utmost reverence."

Our last extract tells how Dr. Chalmers and Edward Irving came together, and is curious.

"At the commencement of his ministry in St. John's he had secured the services of the Rev. Edward Irving, then a licentiate of the Church. There were peculiarities both of thought and utterance which made Mr. Irving unpopular as a preacher. He had given up the prospect of a settlement at home, and had resolved to leave his native land, full of the chivalrous romance of Christianity. His intention was, relying simply upon such resources as he could open up for himself by the way, to go to Persia as a missionary, after a preliminary wandering over Europe. To qualify himself for the self-imposed office, he applied himself to the study of the modern languages, and buried himself among his books. 'Rejected by the living,' as he told a friend, 'I was conversing with the dead.' In the midst of his studies he was interrupted by a note from Dr. Andrew Thomson, asking him to preach in St. George's, and telling him that he would have Dr. Chalmers, who was looking out for an assistant, as an auditor. He complied with the request, and preached as he had been desired, without, however, having seen or conversed with Dr. Chalmers. Days and weeks elapsed without any indication of his preaching having made any favourable impression. His books were all packed up and despatched to Annan, while he himself set off on a farewell tour round the west coast of Ayrshire to see some friends ere his departure for the East. Loitering on the quay at Greenock, he stepped into a steamboat which was to carry him, as he thought, to Stranraer. It was only after her paddles had commenced to move that he discovered that she was bound for the Highlands. He leaped ashore, and treading, in no pleasant frame of mind, the Greenock quay once more, he resolved that, carry him where she might, he would embark in the next boat that sailed. It so happened that the vessel was bound for Belfast; and having just time to write to his father, saying, that if any letter came for him, it should be addressed to Coleraine, he crossed the channel and wandered for two or three weeks over the north of Ireland, sleeping in the houses of the peasantry, and in all its lights and shadows seeing Irish life. In due time he reached Coleraine, where there awaited him a letter from Annan, containing an inclosure, which his father told him he would have copied if he could, but he could not decipher a single word. It was a letter from Dr. Chalmers, requesting his immediate presence in Glasgow. He hurried there, arriving on a Saturday, when he found that Dr. Chalmers had gone to Fifeshire. As there was nothing definite in the letter, and as weeks had passed since it was written, Mr. Irving was about to give up the matter altogether, when told by a friend that Dr. Chalmers had just returned. He saw him, and was told it was his desire that he should be his assistant. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Irving, after the unexpected tidings had been communicated to him, 'I am most grateful to you, but I must also be somewhat acceptable to your people. I will preach to them if you think fit, and if they bear with my preaching they will be the first people who have borne with it.' He did preach, proved acceptable, and for the two years which followed —the busiest, perhaps, in all his busy life—Dr. Chalmers was refreshed and sustained by the congenial fellowship and effective co-operation of a like-minded and noble-hearted associate."

We have now to congratulate Dr. Hanna on the continued successful prosecution of his labours. His second volume is equally interesting with the first; there is the same skill in selecting the salient points from the masses of documentary matter which must necessarily have passed through his hands—the same taste and scholarly judgment in arranging and grouping narrative; and, above all, he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with contemporary persons, literature, and events, so that incidental allusions are placed before the reader with such explanations as to give the fulness of their original meaning. The publisher has also done his part in a style worthy of his hereditary fame.

Digitized by Google

IN MEMORIAM.*

Without assuming for the present age either an unprecedented sharpness of curiosity or an unparalleled acuteness of criticism, we may safely assert that the most unostentatious publication, the most exemplary secrecy, and the blankest title-page, could not long have kept the public in doubt as to the authorship of these poems. No one moderately conversant with the style, diction, and deep thought of the other works of the gifted writer could have read many pages without becoming aware of their parentage. No one endowed with a perception of what poetry is, could have closed the volume without a full conviction that it was the creation of the first poet of the day.

Such a trial of its merits was, however, not reserved for "In Memoriam." The thin veil was lifted by too curious hands. Before the lapse of twenty-four hours, the circulating libraries had advertised the new birth in large type. The attractive announcement of "Fifty copies of Tennyson's new poem this day in circulation!" undoubtedly paid its own expenses. The close of the first week brought with it the notices of the various Sunday papers; not, indeed, destitute of misconceptions and misconstructions, but all (except in one instance, where the literal tendencies of the critic discovered a female hand, and hailed the rising of a new poetical star in a widow's cap) assuming the notoriety of the authorship, and of all, or more than all, the facts connected with the production of these poems. On the whole, we do not complain of the premature solution of the mystery, as, in fact, it may be considered rather convenient than otherwise. That considerable portion of the public which is content to defer entirely to the influence of authority in matters of poetical opinion is, by the announcement of a well-known name, spared the thankless labour of exercising an unbiassed judgment, the expression of which might possibly hereafter have been found inconsistent with its received formulas of criticism. Those who are ready and willing to use the Protestant right of private opinion, and therefore are less liable to be prejudicially affected by this disclosure, have had their attention earlier drawn to the pleasure and profit which this volume had in store for them, than if the secret had oozed out more gradually.

Nevertheless, we are glad to record our full sympathy with the feelings which prompted the author to omit his own name on the title-page; and we feel it to be, if not our bounden duty, at any rate our better course, to treat this work as it appears, *per se;* to consider it without any unnecessary reference to his earlier poems; and, as far as is possible, without the *prestige* attaching to his established reputation. And we have no hesitation in saying, not only that "In Memoriam" contains finer passages of poetical thought than have been published for many years, but that it is perfect and unique as a whole, to a degree and in a style very rarely reached. It is one of the most touching and exquisite monuments ever raised to a departed friend—the pure and unaffected expression of the truest and most perfect love; and as such, it ought to be, and (unless some great and sudden psychological convulsion overlays and buries, throughout the whole human world, the present fabric of poetical sympathies and conceptions), will be, a memorial more lasting than bronze.

Taking into our account nothing beyond the facts which come out on the internal evidence of the poems themselves, and relying on these implicitly, the history of "In Memoriam" may be given briefly as follows:—A. H. H. was the dearest friend of the poet, and betrothed to one of his sisters. He was endowed with singularly clear and comprehensive intellectual powers: loved and revered among his college contemporaries for the truth and earnestness of his views, and by old and young alike for the irresistible grace and gentleness which clothed their expression. He had quitted college, and commenced the study of the law; his friends were anticipating a brilliant political future for the exercise of his noble talents; when, in the autumn of 1833, he died suddenly at Vienna. His remains were conveyed to England, and interred on the banks of the Severn.

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

It is the fate of many men of promise to die early—of many more to be prevented by bad fortune from attaining the eminence of which their powers were worthy, and for which the aspirations of their cotemporaries had already destined them; but to few of them is allowed the compensating glory of being associated in life and after death with the deepest and dearest thoughts of so great a writer. Indeed, the interest of such a memorial arises, not merely from the exercise of the highest genius, but from the irresistible truth and strength of feeling, arguing so forcibly the enduring impression made by the character and the continual influence exerted by the memory of A. H. H. on his friend. The Sicilian muses may begin and end the bucolic strain—the sisters of the sacred well may sweep the string loudly or lowly for their loved Lycidas; we must always linger gladly in the charm of their divine melody; but neither the Daphnis of Theocritus, nor "Mr. King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland," have for us any durable personal interest beyond the mere beauty of the elegies which are sacred to their *manes*. To this very day, the personality of "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of Shakspeare's sonnets," is an unresolved problem. Even the wonderful lyrical passion and prophetic melancholy of the "Adonais" of Shelley cannot enlarge our love and regret for Keats. The interest of Laura is entirely derived from her permanent influence on the character of Petrarch; and our vivid persuasion of the charms of Beatrice

* In Memoriam. London: Moxon. 1850.

Digitized by Google

(for we will not believe her to be Theology "whate'er the faithless people say"), from the sense that Dante's passion for her was the origin and life of the Vita Nuova, while it gave form and colour to the Divine Comedy. It is not only the momentary absorption of self in the contemplation of that which has been loved and lost, but the entire and enduring devotion to the self-imposed task of recording its excellences, which still has, after the lapse of five hundred years,

"Virtù di far piangere altrui."

We have said that, in reviewing "In Memoriam," we would not make any unnecessary reference to the earlier works of the same author; but we must begin by recalling to the attention of our readers one of the sonnets in his first collection, published in 1830. We mean that entitled "Love and Death." Love is turned out of the "thymy plots of Paradise" by Death, who, with the insolence of a mortal "man in possession," is talking to himself beneath a yew. Love submits to the temporary ejectment with a sorrowful but confident protest:—

"—This hour is thine.
Thou art the shadow of life; and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death:
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

Sun and shadow, love and death, yew-trees and thymy plots, are the contrasts of which the world is made. The sonnet of 1830, filled with the imaginative hopefulness of a young artist, passes lightly over the sting of Death, and the victory of the Grave, to dwell on the glorious end of the contest. The aim of "In Memoriam" is identical with the moral deduced in the youthful Paradise-picture; but the interval has turned the imagination of grief into the stern consciousness of experience. Years of toil and danger are required to change the recruit into the veteran; and the simple assertion of our "sure and certain hope" is very different from the actual struggle which must be gone through before overcoming the shock of pain and despair consequent on a sudden bereavement. It is one thing to deny a fear of ghosts, and another to face and lay the spectres of the mind.

In a late article, we had occasion to refer to Goethe as being in the habit of writing calm reviews of his past feelings, and even, in certain cases, writing himself deliberately out of a waning phase, in contrast to Wordsworth, whose practice it was to set down a pure and simple transcript of his then present mood. In the composition of "In Memoriam" we have to remark an intermediate principle, the result of which is the reconciliation and harmonious fusion of the two methods. Each separate poem of the series is a true expression of the particular shade of feeling under which it was written; but each poem is also a necessary link in the great chain of thought by which the progressive enlargement of faith is worked out. The various moods of hope and sorrow often contradict each other; but they all lead towards the same end. The despair of the moment is fixed and deep; but in its very depth there is a vague but irresistible longing to look forward. As the final state of perfect resignation cannot be immediately reached by a simple submission to reason, it must be gradually won by the actual workings of the feelings themselves; and it is only from the full and simple frankness with which these workings are confessed, and their inevitable contradictions grappled with, that we can unreservedly sympathise in the reconciliation of love and destiny. The process is slow, but sure; and to the very last the rights of the original feelings are asserted, so as to maintain satisfactorily what we may term the personal identity of the soul.

With such a text we might write many a sermon; but we prefer to illustrate our meaning by quoting the first poem of the series, in which the ground-plan of the whole is indicated. The author referred to in the first stanza is, as our readers will see, Goethe himself.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match—
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned;
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss;
Ah! sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

"Than that the victor hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast;
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn!'"

The general law enunciated by the German poet—that we may rise on stepping-stones "of our dead selves"—had been theoretically accepted; but the application of it to the practice of life must be modified by the opposition of our deepest and most divine feelings, or its proud logic will fail. The "large discourse" of sight with which we are made must not, in "looking before and after," stoically overlook the present; or we may run the risk of falling where we thought to rise. The higher the tower of intellect rises the broader moral base does it require. There can be no true security for the future where all the past "is overworn." But there are times when the blind despair of sorrow almost overpowers faith, alternating with the strong reaction of reason, which prompts the sufferer to "crush her like a vice of blood." The purely physical revulsions of feeling, from the weary passiveness of midnight to the stronger pulse of waking manhood in the morning, are drawn by the rigid hand of iron experience in the poem numbered IV. Under such pressure, it is an unmingled good for the overburdened heart to betake itself to the relief of song. It is the most natural substitute for the Gaelic moaning or the Greek wail over the dead. The best answer (if any is needed) to the objections of all who hold

Digitized by Google

that if a man is merry he should sing only psalms, and that his singing anything whatever is a proof of the unreality of his sadness, is to be found in the following lines:—

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel:
For words, like nature, half conceal
And half reveal the soul within.

"But for the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more."

Where so mutual an interchange of love had bound together the writer and the object of "In Memoriam," it is not wonderful that every familiar place, every returning anniversary, every strain of thought or feeling, should "breathe some gracious memory" of his friend. Each poem is a record of some single affectionate fancy, some tender detail of past years, some well-known picture in which the two friends had been prominent figures, some high or deep thought or yearning evoked by the terrible contrast of present circumstances. The subject runs through the whole diapason of human sympathy; the founts of sorrow and love are always flowing, for every one that thirsteth to come to the waters.

Here and there the poems naturally arrange themselves into smaller self-contained systems. The succession of feelings and fancies, while waiting for the arrival of the ship which conveyed the remains to England, forms the matter of a most beautiful and touching series. The mind, strained by indefinite expectation, falls into the most contradictory moods, of which, nevertheless, the music is as true and deep as that produced by the fusion of the clashing discords of Beethoven. The "wild unrest that lives in woe" alternates with calm despair; the longing which annihilates space spends itself in forming the most distinct pictures of the vessel sailing under southern skies, and dwells with magnetic attraction upon the sacred relics nearing their native land; till the reaction of fancy almost brings back the bitter-sweet hope that the present sorrow is a dream, and refuses to realise the mourner's loss, until the desperate certainty of vision has dispelled his affectionate scepticism. The sad aim and end of the voyage, the final resting-place of the remains, is indicated with a grand simplicity which will find its way to the bosoms of all whose losses have taught them to endow some particular spot with the attributes of a sacred city, the most frequent and revered goal of the heart's silent pilgrimage.

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more:
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

"The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow-drowning song.

"The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

It is through the assertion of these broad relations with nature—colouring with our individual passions the largest features of the universe—that we exercise our most direct (if our most unconscious) action upon the sympathies of our fellow-beings, who are creatures of time and space like ourselves. The simplest and most familiar images are those which flatter most our home-bred fancies, and, consequently, those through which the artist can work on us most easily. The illustration of the deepest feelings through the commonest uses of daily life, through the most necessary and primeval (and therefore the widest) laws of society, will awake the most distant echoes between "the slumber of the poles." The shepherd in the plains of Chaldæa, the ferryman over the waters of the Euphrates, the most untaught agricultural intellect that ever stepped behind an English plough, would all be able to see dimly and in part the beauties of the terrestrial imagery contained in the following verses:—

"Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun,
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done:

"*The team is loosened from the wain,*
The boat is drawn upon the shore:
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darkened in the brain.

"Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird;
Behind thee comes the greater light:

"*The market-boat is on the stream,*
And voices hail it from the brink:
Thou hears't the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

"Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed: thou art the same."

We should take especial delight in pointing out to the Chaldæan shepherd, whose astronomical tendencies are matter of the world's earliest history, how the simplicity of the local images prevents them from unduly interfering with the fixed contemplation of the star. The whole earth is reduced to a single point, on which the spirit may

Digitized by Google

stand while gazing through the heavens. To our present readers we need hardly remark the beauty of the love which enshrines its object in so glorious a likeness, or the imitation of the celebrated epigram of Plato—

"Thou, that did'st shine a morning star among the living,
Now shinest dead among the dead, the star of even."

The English poet carries the analogy one step farther; after the dusk of death, and the night of doubt, the serene hope of re-union brings back to its place in heaven the fallen star of the morning.

We have quoted these lines earlier than their place in the volume, or, indeed, their relations in time and feeling, may apparently justify us in doing, to illustrate the witchcraft that lies in the indication of landscape by a few broad touches. For a specimen of a very opposite manner of painting, where the infinities of perspective are drawn with a careful truth of graduation not surpassed by Claude, we must return to one of the earlier series, written during the homeward voyage of the sacred ship. We look beyond the forcible and characteristic foreground over the mellowing colours and blending details of the middle distance, back to the extreme horizon of the sea, where it is lost under the harmonious airy canopy which embraces all.

"Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chesnut pattering to the ground:

"Calm and deep peace on this high world,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

"Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

"Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

The same power of accurate delineation of the charms of an English landscape is visible everywhere through the volume; but the peculiar handling of this description of autumn strikes us as displaying a wonderful mastery over the materials of art. It is an almost unique instance of transferring into a word-picture the magic of the pencil. There is, however, a pendant to it, in the aerial perspective of the following "Frühlingslied:"—

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

"Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

"From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

We now return to an analysis of the story, for such, although the incidents are few, it may well be called; or rather a most intricate history of the growth of love and faith. The ship has reached the port; the mortal relics are interred in English ground; the vague dreams of an unwilling fancy have yielded to the stern certainty which accompanies the sound of the dropped handful of emblematic dust; but the mourner lingers still. He has no present aim in life, except to prolong the sad farewell—to sing to him that rests below. He takes no heed of the sneers or wonder of the unsympathising crowd, or answers them with the shortness of sorrow, strong in the rights of necessity:—

"Behold, ye speak an idle thing—
Ye never knew the sacred dust;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing;

"And unto one her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away."

He reviews the years of their sweet companionship, bright with the joy of youth and love; he recals in vain the happy trust in the goodness of all created things, the emulation of mutual fancy, the unwearied freshness of spirit, the gaiety of endless sunshine, which lightened the necessary burdens of life; but all the avenues of recollection converge to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is only by a firm but agonised clinging to the faith that man is made in the Divine image that he can reconcile his grief to the confession:—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The first return of Christmas, with its sacred household festivities, now so sad, or, at any rate, so changed, by the loss of the beloved partaker, as to raise the doubt whether they would be more honoured in the breach or the observance, excites mingled feelings in the mourning circle. The well-known games, songs, and dances are gone

Digitized by Google

through at first with the ghastly hollowness of pretended merriment, till finally the overwrought nerves are roused into the temporary exaltation of lyrical enthusiasm. The holly boughs and the yule-clog are at once melancholy reminders of the past, and vague whispers of a more cheerful future; but most of all, the village bells. That simple music, of which the associations stretch over the world—"the merry, merry bells of Yule"—brings to the troubled spirit "sorrow touched with joy." How should it be otherwise? In spite of all the songs, good, bad, and indifferent, that have been written and sung on the subject of village bells, there is an invincible freshness in their merry peal. In spite of the "Lied der Glocke," one of the few among Schiller's poems for which we can prophecy immortality, there is yet infinite and most excellent fancy to be drawn out of the inexhaustible theme. Ignorant as we are of the scientific mysteries of ringing, we yet feel a pathos associated with the very name of a triple bob-major. The unimaginative sailor in the calms of the tropics, and the *blasé* wanderer in the Syrian desert, hear the distant notes of the church-bells of England booming through the thin air, and are changed by the magnetic influence of the illusion into unalloyed masses of poetical feeling. Even those of our readers whose unhappy tympana have ever vibrated to the *scherzi, fantasie involontarie*, and general *charivari* of a Maltese festa, will pardon us for being slightly sentimental on the topic of village bells.

Between this Christmas and the next point in time which is distinctly marked, the first anniversary of the death, a calmer and more speculative element enters into the spirit of "these brief lays, of sorrow born." They touch on all the mysteries of life and death; they unfold "grave doubts and answers," proposed, not with the dogmatic confidence or irrefragable arguments of professed science, but by the blind inspiration and instinctive reasoning of the heart, which will not submit to the *reductio ad absurdum* of its holiest feelings. Their continuity of thought is often assisted by what is the greatest proof of their unfailing truth, the unsparing revision, in one poem, of the assertions or results contained in the one immediately preceding; as, for instance, in Nos. XLIX. and L. The natural yearning for the presence and aid of the loved spirit is the *motive* of the first; the severest self-questioning as to the sincerity and reality of this wish is expressed as follows in the second:—

> "Do we *indeed* desire the dead
> Should still be near us at our side?
> Is there no baseness we would hide?
> No inner vileness that we dread?"

when the heart justifies itself by the noble answer:

> "I wrong the grave with fears untrue;
> Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
> *There must be wisdom with great Death:*
> The dead shall look me through and through."

The same intense honesty and persevering spirit of inquiry is pre-eminent in the "Natural Theology" of the three poems LIII., LIV., and LV.

The touching and graceful modesty of all the comparisons drawn between the writer's self and the "nobler tone" of the soul which has passed away, reminds us again of the sonnets of Shakspeare. Whether he sighs in solitude, like the

> "Poor girl, whose heart is set
> "On one whose rank exceeds her own,"

or, like the old playmate of "some divinely-gifted man," who had risen from the "simple village green" to be "the pillar of a people's hope, the centre of a world's desire," stands musing in the furrow of the field of his childhood, within which the fate of his own manhood is as firmly bound,

> "Does my old friend remember me?"

or whether he looks upward in happy trust, like the simple wife of some great philosopher, who, while her husband's weight of learning and abstraction of thought rarely condescend to the expression of playful tenderness, still preserves a fixed faith in the depth of his attachment, and "darkly feels him great and wise;" we cannot but feel that, however dwarfed the living may appear to the dead, however small a point our own planet occupies in the realms of space, the earnestness of such love is a warrant for its being reciprocated on equal terms.

> "I loved thee Spirit, and love, nor can
> The soul of Shakspeare love thee more."

It is the soothing certainty of this return of affection which creates the calm cheerfulness amid general society, so exquisitely compared to the gaiety of the blind man, whose "inner day can never die." The stillness of night hushes the noise of every-day life, and lets us hear the whispered communion with the unseen world.

> "When on my bed the moonlight falls,
> I know that in thy place of rest
> By that broad water of the west,
> There comes a glory on the walls:
>
> "Thy marble bright in dark appears,
> As slowly steals a silver flame
> Along the letters of thy name,
> And o'er the number of thy years.
>
> "The mystic glory swims away;
> From off my bed the moonlight dies;
> And closing eaves of wearied eyes
> I sleep till dusk is dipped in gray;
>
> "And then I know the mist is drawn
> A lucid veil from coast to coast,
> And in the chancel like a ghost
> Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."

The *dies carbone notandus*, a chilly, stormy, colourless day of autumn, is quickly followed by the second Christmas. The regret for the fair guerdon of fame, which, but for the premature death, must sooner or later have "burst out into sudden blaze,"

Digitized by Google

is consoled by the trust that it "lives and spreads aloft" by the pure eyes and perfect witness of a higher judge. The old games no longer jar upon the sense: the tears of sorrow are dry, although "her deep relations are the same." The mind can afford to look forward to the springing beauty of the new year; to enjoy in anticipation the colour and scent of the woods, the fresh "ambrosial air," and the overflowing passion of the nightingale. But the re-awakening to a fuller sympathy with the outer world only strengthens and expands the inner life of love. The hunger for a nearer intercourse, for some picture more strong than that of memory, some inner sight more true than that conveyed by the fallible nerves of vision, grows with the growth of the summer, to an intensity which, at last, we are told,

> "By its own energy fulfilled itself,
> Merged in completion."

Towards the end of the second autumn, the family of the poet quit the home of their childhood. The memories of infancy are mingled with the traces of this departed friend into "one pure image of regret." It does not require any abnormal development of the organ of inhabitativeness to enter thoroughly into the feeling of the following picture:—

> "Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
> The tender blossom flutter down,
> Unloosed that beech will gather brown,
> This maple burn itself away;
>
> "Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
> Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
> And many a rose-carnation feed
> With summer spice the humming air;
>
> "Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
> The brook shall babble down the plain,
> At noon or when the lesser wain
> Is twisting round the polar star;
>
> "Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
> And flood the haunts of hern and crake,
> Or into silver arrows break
> The sailing moon in creek and cove;
>
> "Till from the garden and the wild
> A fresh association blow,
> And year by year the landscape grow
> Familiar to the stranger's child;
>
> "As year by year the labourer fills
> His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
> And year by year our memory fades
> From all the circles of the hills."

On the last night before leaving his first home the poet dreams a dream, into which the presence of his friend is interwoven, here described with the force and grandeur of Dante. The next Christmas is passed in "the stranger's land," and kept sacred by solemn thoughts alone, instead of song, or dance, or feast, for "change of place, like growth of time, has broke the bond of dying use." But in spite of the snapping of local ties, always most strongly felt at such a season, the merry bells of New Year's Eve ring out with a new vigour, and cause a more world-wide echo to thrill over the harp of faith. The prophetic enthusiasm which chants a noble accompaniment to the wild peal culminates in the last stanza:—

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

And so the story draws to a conclusion. The spirit has risen "to something greater than before;" but what he was is not overworn. The meeting with Death has not paralysed Love, but made him rise on stronger wings. Before the saying of the words which must at last be said, AVE, AVE, DILECTISSIME, he can express, as follows, the sum of his own infinity:—

> "Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
> Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
> Behold, I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee."

Only once more, after the lapse of some years, are the same chords touched; the appropriate occasion being the marriage of another of the writer's sisters. The poem which is placed as the preface to the whole series, written after another long interval, is, from its tone and subject, beyond criticism.

We are loth to mingle one or two slight hints of imperfection with the praise of such a book. For those who are content to read poetry only once, a great deal of its beauty must remain unintelligible; even those who are willing to study it as fully as it deserves must, after many readings, find some parts exceedingly hard. The thoughts themselves are not always adequately expressed in clear language, nor is their connexion always so fully within the logical view of the reader as to make him feel sure that all, as in some piece of art, "is toil co-operant to an end." There are one or two of the poems from which we should like to cut off the final stanza. The "grand old name of gentleman," referred to in CIX., has not only been "defamed by every charlatan," and "soiled with all ignoble use" of theatrical and other parodies of the original "good old song," but has even crossed the seas, and naturalised itself in Paris as *un vrai gentleman*, till, we fear, nothing can be done to retrieve its character. The agonies, and energies, and undulations of CXI. remind us too forcibly of the wounded snake that drags its slow length along. We should be glad to ask the Chaldæan shepherd, who should know (potentially) all about mythology as well as astronomy, (for the Chaldæans taught the Assyrians, who taught the Egyptians, who taught the Greeks, who taught the world), for the elucidation of a conceit, which, we fear, will otherwise take up its residence in that undiscovered country of Cloudland to which many of the pictures of Turner, with their unearthly limpets and black dogs, emphatically belong. What, O Chaldæan—*in te*

Digitized by Google

spes ultima, is the mystery of "the crimson-circled star" that falls "into her father's grave?"

These, however, are but small and almost invisible specks on the beauty of "In Memoriam;" and we can only conclude by repeating what we have said before, and what we trust the feeling of our readers, and of all who already know or may hereafter become acquainted with the work itself will justify, that it is the finest poem the world has seen for very many years. Its title has already become a household word among us. Its deep feeling, its wide sympathies, its exquisite pictures, its true religion, will soon be not less so. The sooner the better.

THE TALISMAN.

A YOUTH had done a genie a good turn
  At Teflis; and it is the common burden
Of fairy tale or song that all men earn,
  Who serve such masters, some sufficient guerdon:
Hence, in acquittal of the debt he owed,
Mine on the youth a talisman bestowed.

A talisman hath turned a flying host;
  Nay, hath done all that the possessor willed:
This, as its only wonder, showed the ghost
  Of any one that any one had killed:
The spirit watching at *his* door by whom
The body had been hurried to the tomb.

Rare gift! But neither Omar's man or Ali's man,*
  Curd, Christian, worshipper of fire, or Jew,
Could understand the purpose of this talisman,
  Or guess what kind of good it was to do.
For, should you put the question widely, most
Would say, "they should not like to see a ghost."

This is so true, that those who've had a seasoning,
  And seen one, fear to see a ghost again;
A fear which, were it founded upon reasoning,
  And not on feeling, I should say was vain.
For if a spirit is the death of me,
Doing his worst, I am no worse than he.

Though from such idle terror free, with wonder
  His wages strange and new the stripling saw;
But, for he thought there might be something under
  The cards, and of the giver stood in awe,
He of this *necroscope*, with large profession
Of thanks, and seeming pleasure, took possession.

That which may help or harm can no man tell:
  (So blind or so short-sighted is our skill!)
A mistress worshipped by the youth, then well,
  A short time afterwards was taken ill;
And—as a warning not to choose a fool
Or knave for leech—the gift might be a rule.

Armed with his talisman, he sought a doctor,
  Seeking—as well may be supposed—the best;
But, having reached his house, before he knocked, or
  Rang, took the precious touchstone from his breast:
And lo! a ghastly, ghostly troop of men,
Women, and children, thronged their murderer's den!

Again his talisman the lover pursed,
  And sought him next in name; and lo! a band,
Though thinner than what swarmed about the first,
  Crowded the doctor's door on either hand!
Thus he, in seeking all whose fame was vaunted,
Found one and all in like proportion haunted.

And now despairing utterly to find
  A mediciner more prompt to cure than kill,
He heard of one who (it was said) combined,
  Though young and modest, learning, tact, and skill:
To him he went, resolved to test his lore,
And only found one spirit at his door.

Him courteously the learned host saluted,
  And asked withal his purpose and his name.
These said—he next subjoined: "that hearing bruited
  His many merits by recording Fame,
He came his needful succour to beseech;"
And told the lady's case: to whom the leech:

"If it be true my merits are recorded
  By Fame (he spoke with some degree of pet),
I cannot choose but think them ill-rewarded;
  Since but one patient have I had as yet."
No more the astounded lover hears; but posts
To his first choice, the man of many ghosts.

---

* The Mahometan world is divided into the two sects of Omar and Ali.

Digitized by Google

THE DEBATES ON THE GREEK QUESTION.

The great Palmerston debate in the House of Commons appears to be already well-nigh forgotten. To the intense excitement with which it was contemplated while impending or in progress has succeeded apathy, if not oblivion. The shock communicated to society by the appalling suddenness of Sir Robert Peel's death may in part account for this. As in a painting a glaring light kills a less strong one in immediate juxta-position, the profound and startling emotions awakened by the loss of the foremost statesman of the age absorb and neutralise those which were excited by a keen party contest. But this incident alone is insufficient to account for the rapid transition from eager interest in the controversy regarding the foreign policy of England to cold disregard. The ephemeral duration of the excitement shows that, although the question at issue was of vital importance, the feelings of the disputants were aroused less by it than by the personal objects to which its discussion was made accessary.

The truth is, that, with a very few exceptions, the parties in the fray, on both sides, attributed an importance to the controversy which, however due to its essential merits, was exaggerated in so far as their estimate of it was concerned. Lord Stanley and his coadjutors might have expressed dissatisfaction with Lord Palmerston's proceedings under any circumstances, but their main objection to them was that they were Lord Palmerston's proceedings. The coercion of Greece, and the general tones adopted by the Foreign-office in its intercourse with Continental powers, were regarded as a plausible pretext for incriminating the Whig Ministers in general, and Lord Palmerston in particular; and this was the reason why they were so ostentatiously and perseveringly denounced. On the other hand, the personal friends of Lord Palmerston—and there are few among our public men who have so many warm and sincere friends—were roused by his apparent danger, and the whole host of office-holders and office-hunters were goaded to exertion by the tottering condition of their party and patrons. On both sides the great aim was to secure a majority by any means. The question at issue was one which suggested *ad captandum* declamatory appeals, suited to bring into temporary coalition men of the most discordant views. The inheritors of the aristocratical and domineering policy of Burke were in a condition to talk about the duty of preserving peace with an unction that even Exeter Hall could not withstand; and the surviving colleagues of the late Earl Grey, who took office on the ground of "non-intervention" in foreign affairs, found appeals to the lovers of constitutional liberty ready to their hand, which even a Quaker might have found it difficult to resist. All parties found it convenient to be hypocrites for the time being, and, regardless of the vitally important question on which the Legislature was ostensibly called upon to sit in judgment, to garnish with fine sentiments and flowers of oratory an inveterate selfish struggle for power. From this imputation we cannot, after the most cautious scrutiny, exculpate above a dozen of the members of Parliament who joined in the discussion. An excitement such as we have attempted to describe is in its very issue ephemeral. Its interest ceased with the vote. The assailed gladly banished the past danger from their memories; the assailants turned to look for other weapons. The death of Sir Robert Peel has only accelerated the dismissal of the topic to the languid region of historical reminiscences.

Yet the questions raised by Lord Stanley in the House of Lords, and by Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons, are of no ordinary practical moment, and deserved a more searching scrutiny and more definite judgment than they have received. The reversal of the Lords' decision, on appeal to the Commons, is what civilians would call a mere interlocutory judgment, decreeing that Lord Palmerston and his friends shall retain *interim* possession of the offices and emoluments staked on the issue of the plea. On the merits of the operations at the Piræus, or of the general deportment of the English Cabinet towards the great European powers, the Legislature has pronounced no such judgment, fortified by such reasons as may serve for a precedent to guide future Ministers in similar circumstances. It is this consideration that has induced us to undertake the all but hopeless task of inviting attention to a few remarks on a topic which seems by common consent to have been dismissed from the minds of all.

The best text for this purpose will be Lord Stanley's motion in the House of Lords. In it certain facts are at least asserted, certain doctrines propounded. The very general terms of Mr. Roebuck's motion make it a mere expression of the dissent of the Commons from the decision of the Lords. The vague generality of Mr. Roebuck's motion was intentional; and the aim of the honourable mover was to avoid coming to close quarters. He sought to give the majority in the House of Commons an opportunity of declaring that in the main they preferred Lord Palmerston, as a Foreign Secretary, to Lord Aberdeen. Well knowing the heterogeneous and discordant materials of which that majority is composed, he evaded a specific declaration either on the Greek or the European question. He so framed his motion that members of the Peace Society might vote for it on the plea that they preferred a Whig to a Protectionist Cabinet. The gentlemen who went out into the lobby with Mr. Roebuck, merely expressed an opinion thereby that Lord Stanley's censure of Ministers was unnecessarily severe—that Ministers might, with perfect decorum and strict constitutional etiquette, retain their places, notwithstanding the sanction of the Lords. To understand what Ministers were

Digitized by Google

accused of, and what weight is due to the accusation, the terms of Lord Stanley's motion must be kept steadily in view.

Lord Stanley's motion involved two distinct and specific averments, one particular and the other general. The particular averment related to the proceedings of Mr. Wise, at Athens. Lord Stanley asserted that the grounds upon which Mr. Wise proceeded were insufficient; that the measures adopted by Government to support him were on a scale of greater magnitude and expense than the occasion warranted, even if the grounds of action had been tenable; and that Mr. Wise and his principal, Lord Palmerston, conducted their operations with culpable and dangerous discourtesy towards the French and Russian Governments. The general averment in Lord Stanley's motion is connected with the particular through the medium of the third branch of the latter. Lord Stanley affirmed that the dangerous and culpable discourtesy evinced towards France and Russia in the affair of Greece was habitual—part of the system of the Foreign-office. He maintained that Lord Palmerston and his colleagues had, throughout the late revolutionary movements on the Continent, persisted in a partisan and propagandist policy, opposed to the rights and interests of established Governments, and calculated to alienate these Governments and endanger the permanence of peace in Europe. It was this alleged partisan and propagandist policy that Lord Stanley denounced. He dwelt, it is true, upon what he represented as features of injustice, undue harshness, and discourtesy in the Greek operations, with a view to discredit the judgment of Ministers; but he used that case mainly as illustrative of his more general charge. He accused Ministers of systematically taking part with disaffected subjects against their Governments, and of thereby exciting a hostility against England that might at any time involve this country, and Europe in general, in a war of principles, and that even in time of peace deprived England of her due weight and influence in the councils of nations.

Having thus fairly stated Lord Stanley's assertions and opinions, let us now as dispassionately examine the truth of the one and the soundness of the other.

First, as to the validity of the grievances upon which Lord Palmerston and Mr. Wise acted. If there be one principle of inter-national law more self-evident, more universally acknowledged, than another, it is the right and duty of Governments to protect their subjects engaged in the pursuit of legitimate avocations in foreign countries. The exercise of this right, the discharge of this duty, must be regulated by the social and civil condition of the country in which each individual case arises, and by the nature of the case. When Dr. Bowring was illegally and oppressively incarcerated by a French Government, Mr. Canning at once demanded his liberation, with the applause and sympathy of all. Had the injury suffered by Dr. Bowring been, as in the cases of Mr. Finlay and Pacifico, the retention of his private property, or the evasion of payment of a just debt, Mr. Canning would unquestionably have left him to prosecute his claims by due process of law in the courts of the country. But he would have done so because in France, as in England and the United States, there is a fixed and equitable system of law administered by independent and intelligent judges. In countries where the system of law and its administration are less advanced, even questions of private property cannot be left to what is called the law of the land. The practice of all European nations has established the right of Governments to interfere for the protection of their subjects resident in countries where justice is imperfectly comprehended and ill-administered, even in matters of private rights. The consular privileges in the Levantine ports are one illustration of this principle; our own consular privileges in China another. In countries where no such arrangement exists, the Foreign Government, when subjects are aggrieved, must act in each particular case as the circumstances dictate. Now, it is not denied that in Greece there is no protection afforded to foreigners either by the law or the tribunals of the country. If the complaints of Messrs. Finlay and Pacifico were well founded, their case was one which demanded the interference of the British Government. And that Mr. Finlay's complaints were well-founded we have the authority of Lord Aberdeen, who interfered in his behalf; that Mr. Pacifico's were equally substantial we have the authority of Sir Robert Peel, in his last dispassionate and weighty speech in the House of Commons.

Still it is possible that the injuries sustained by Finlay and Pacifico may not have been of sufficient importance to warrant the strong and costly measures adopted to obtain redress. Here two considerations must be kept in view. In the first place, the cases of Finlay and Pacifico, though the only ones ripe for action, are not the only ones in which the conduct of the Greek Government has grievously compromised the interests of British subjects. Prompt action in these cases may and will prevent the necessity of having recourse to extreme measures in others. The systematic faithlessness of the Greek Government, originating in vulgar and dishonest frivolity, and confirmed by a confidence in the impunity resulting from its own contemptible weakness, called for such a lesson. The other consideration to which we have adverted relates to the force and cost of the armaments employed. It must not be forgotten that the fleet which visited the Piræus was despatched to that neighbourhood for other and infinitely more important reasons. Little was added to the cost of the expedition to the Dardanelles by the *détour* made to Athens on its return. An opportunity of giving the faithless Government of Greece a practical demonstration of the power it vainly provoked, at so little cost, was not likely soon to occur again. Any doubts that might have existed as to the expediency of fitting out a fleet to bring the King of Greece and his Ministers to their senses were removed when so powerful a fleet was there, at any rate.

There remains, in so far as the special question

Digitized by Google

of Greece is concerned, only the allegations of disrespectful treatment of the allied, or at least not openly hostile Governments, of France and Russia. This point presents more difficulties than the two to which we have already adverted. It is complicated by indiscretion on all sides, not to say bad faith in some quarters. It is unlucky that Mr. Ward's questions regarding the two islands on the coast of the Morea were, or were allowed to appear to be, mixed up with Mr. Wise's claims at the outset. It is unlucky that Mr. Wise should have been so lax in the discharge of his duties as not to have accepted the offer of the French envoy to show him the despatches received by M. Vauban. It is unlucky that General Lahitte committed himself by the rash and unprecedented step of denouncing the English Minister to the French National Assembly before he was fully master of the facts of the case. It is unlucky that, in the correspondence between the Russian and English Ministers of State, there was a want of temper closely bordering upon petulance. From first to last the negotiations were conducted with a looseness and predisposition on the part of all to suspect each other of dishonest underhand intrigues of which none of them have reason to be proud. So much has been explained away on all sides that there is little to be gained by investigating this complicated quarrel. The utmost that can be alleged against Lord Palmerston is, that in sending Mr. Wise to Athens he employed an agent as destitute of tact and firmness as the governor he supports in Malta is destitute of still more important qualities, and that in the course of his discussions with Russia he allowed his temper to be ruffled. Seeing that he was right in the main, that he acted upon just grounds and in a proper manner, such secondary aberrations even supposing them to be substantiated, might be passed over unnoticed but for the attempt to associate them with an alleged systematic antagonism to the great powers of Europe.

The proof of this general averment of Lord Stanley has singularly failed. The deportment of the English Government during the revolutionary movements on the Continent may safely challenge the narrowest scrutiny. France expelled its king and established a republic; the English Government promptly recognised the *de facto* authorities, and evinced its cordial feelings towards the French people—its respect for their right to organise their internal government according to what fashion they pleased. In Italy the accredited agents of the English Government have never interfered between sovereigns and subjects, except to recommend moderate and humane conduct to both, and even that only when they were invited by the former. In the case of the expedition to the Dardanelles, the English Government only threw its weight into the scale of an ally, the integrity of whose territory was threatened, because it refused to violate a principle of international law, by which alone the victorious party in civil contests in a neighbouring State can be prevented from such sanguinary excesses of violence as render political struggles interminable and internecine. It was no easy part that Ministers had to play. On the one hand, they had frankly to avow the constitutional principles of the Revolution of 1688; on the other, they had to abstain from all propagandist attempts to favour the establishment of institutions resembling the British in foreign and independent States. This, fairly construed, is the full extent of their actions, upon which Lord Stanley sought to found a charge of hostility to established sovereigns, and systematic propagandism of English institutions.

Viewed by the light of these facts, Lord Stanley's general conclusion will be found utterly inadmissible. He maintains that the course of policy pursued by Lord Palmerston and his colleagues has been of a nature to irritate and alienate foreign Governments, and thus to curtail England of its due influence in time of peace, and to render the risk of war imminent. That the policy of the English Government should be of a nature to render other powers hostile must in any circumstances be matter of regret; but to make it culpable, it must be of such a kind as other powers have a right to be angry at. There is no doubt that Russia and Austria, with their creatures, the reactionary Government of France, and the petty despots, lay and clerical, of Italy, are, at this moment, hostile to England and its rulers. But the causes of their hostility are these: the English Government has aided the Sultan, by strictly legal means, to snatch the Hungarian patriots from the hangmen and assassins of Austria and Russia; the English Government has refused to take part in, or countenance, the vain and degrading intrigues of the reactionary faction in France; the English Government, while repudiating all sympathy with Socialists or Red-Republicans, has spoken of constitutional struggles in the only language befitting the Ministers of a Government based on the Revolution of 1688. The hostility which the English Government has incurred could only have been avoided by compromising the sentiments and opinions it ought to cherish and act upon. It is a hostility which the common sense of those who entertain it must convince them is unwarranted as soon as they have leisure to reflect, seeing that the English Government has only acted in accordance with the necessity of its constitution and position. By acting otherwise it would have forfeited its hold on English opinion, its only legitimate source of power. It might have gained the transitory good will of the Austro-Russian politicians, but at the expense of their permanent respect. Above all, by acting otherwise it would have impaired its influence in the general councils of Europe. The weight which one Government possesses with another depends mainly upon its enjoying the confidence and good will of a powerful party in the State ruled by the latter. To this end, the envoy of one despotic Government at the court of another strives to ingratiate himself with the party which is, for the time being, the uppermost. The nature of the British Government denies it the power to conciliate influence by such means. All despotic powers must necessarily recoil from a Government which is the creature of a people's will. They fear it, because they know that their subjects respect

Digitized by Google

in it an incarnation of the popular principle. But this very fear makes them treat it with external respect, and judicious abstinence from meddling in their internal affairs inspires them with confidence in its honesty, though not with affection for it. This is all that British Ministers can or ought to aim at in their intercourse with such Governments as those of Russia and Austria. They must be satisfied with cold respect alternating with brief passages of irritation. Their part is to earn the love and confidence of peoples, not of princes, by deserving it. English Ministers playing such a game as Lord Stanley, to judge by the terms of his motion, would approve of, would cut about as creditable a figure as a vulgar *millionaire* who had contrived to toady his way into Almacks, and with about as much profit to themselves or their country.

The present moment seems to call urgently for the assertion of these truths. The sound principles of English foreign policy are assailed from two very different quarters: from the high, or rather the exclusive, aristocracy, and from Exeter Hall. The former would revert to the mistaken policy of Lord Castlereagh, when he allowed England to be bowed and complimented into discreditable subservience to the views of the Holy Alliance. The latter, with a humane horror of the cruelties of war, and a not unreasonable contempt of the conventionalities of diplomacy, in their ignorance of the actual constitution of society aim at promoting peace by means that are not unlikely to increase our wars. They would abolish the very name of soldier, forgetting that, in the hands of a constitutional Government, an army is less bellicose and less cruel than an armed people. They would carry the doctrine of non-intervention so far as to establish a Chinese system of non-intercourse between their own and foreign Governments; that is, they would put a stop to all communication and negotiation between Governments at the very time that they are proposing to substitute arbitration for war. The crude views entertained on questions of international policy by these two extreme sections of society increase our regret that the discussion raised by Lord Stanley was decided, almost exclusively, on personal considerations, irrespective of its merits.

Not that we have any inclination to deny that the character of Lord Palmerston is an important object of investigation, or his continuance in office a matter of political importance. Widely different in all other respects from the late Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston resembles him in having been almost the only official statesman of these later days who is (or was) a power in himself. Without denying the possession of high qualities to Lord John Russell, Lord Grey, Lord Stanley, and others, it must still be conceded that their power is derived, at least, quite as much from their connexions as from their personality; but Peel and Palmerston have owed their positions to themselves alone. Men yield to the leadership of Lord John Russell or Lord Grey because they bring their clans along with them, but Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston brought nothing but themselves. Sir Robert Peel won men's confidence by judgment and prudence; Lord Palmerston's means to that end have perhaps been more questionable. He made himself of use to the party in power, under the old system of sham representation, as a glib utterer of plausible pretexts. He was one of that class of rising young men of whom Lord Malmesbury complains in his diary, that they fancy they can settle everything by a jest. Since Lord Palmerston worked his way into high office he has developed worthier qualities. He is an able and accomplished man of business in the highest sense of the term. His sentiments are always just and generous; but he retains, in a great degree, one defect of the school in which he was trained—a liking to say striking things for the sake of effect. We merely repeat the words of many who are enthusiastically and devotedly attached to Lord Palmerston when we say that it is deeply to be regretted that his ever just and generous views of policy are not always carried out with that cautious and conciliatory spirit which would render them infinitely more effective.

The position of Lord Palmerston, as the one man who depends on his own measures and personal influence, in a cabinet so clannish as the present, is peculiar. It is generally understood that there is no great love between him and the Grey section of his colleagues. This suspicion accounts for the selection of Lord Palmerston as the butt of the most vehement assaults of the Opposition. He is regarded as the loose stone in the wall which may most easily be picked out, but whose removal would render the whole insecure. The estimate of the effect of his removal is well-founded. Lord Palmerston has a way of dealing with men that conciliates many whom the deportment of his colleagues would long ago have alienated. Again, many of the independent Liberals have a confidence in the justice and generosity of his sentiments that leads them to repose a confidence in the Cabinet so long as he is a member, which would be withdrawn were he removed. There is good reason to believe that he has been the principal obstacle to certain coalitions between the conservative Whigs and conforming Conservatives which were some time ago looked for with considerable apprehension. The removal of Lord Palmerston, which must have been the inevitable result of his defeat on the late occasion, would undoubtedly have precipitated the dissolution of the present Ministry. Whether his remaining in office can long preserve it remains to be seen. Meanwhile the result of the debate has established that he is what it has become the fashion to call "a great fact."

In this result, however, those who are free from party ties, and seek only the recognition and establishment of sound principles of politics, find little to console them for the debate on the Greek question having gone off upon a secondary and subordinate point.

Digitized by Google

THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

We attempted last month to present our readers with a connected outline of the recent wars in Italy. We have now to call their attention to a contest which created a still more profound sensation throughout Europe. Since the days of Napoleon, no event has awakened so lively a sympathy throughout the civilised world as the Hungarian struggle for independence. The popular movement at Presburg and Pesth began under auspices more promising than in any of the Continental States. The voluntary enfranchisement of the peasantry by their feudal masters furnished a convincing proof of the progress of opinion in Hungary. This just concession was not the result of fear; for the internal tranquillity of the nation remained undisturbed; and the order and regularity of the proceedings of the Diet, and the promptitude with which their first acts were recognised, and even approved, by the Supreme Government, seemed to augur well for the future peace and prosperity of the Hungarian people.

The policy of the Court of Vienna, however, during the remarkable month of March, 1848, is now clearly understood. Pressed by urgent demands for constitutions and reforms by every portion of his vast dominions, the imbecile Emperor was instructed to grant all and to promise all that was asked. Italians and Hungarians, Sclaves and Germans, all received the same reply. Each separate nationality was recognised in all its pristine dignity and independence, and from the whole was to be reared—that wildest of all the dreams of 1848—an united Austria. Need we observe that these ridiculous promises were made with the sole object of gaining time? The House of Hapsburg bent wisely to the revolutionary storm, only until the chapter of accidents should open up some prospect of escape from the dangers by which it was surrounded.

As far as Hungary was concerned all went smoothly for a time. The constitution of March was promptly recognised; and a Hungarian Ministry, composed of the most distinguished members of the Diet, was duly installed in office. That Ministry embraced the names of Louis Batthyani and Szechenyi, of Paul Esterhazy and Kossuth. The highest rank and the highest talent in the State were intrusted with its internal administration. For the first time for three centuries the Maygars beheld at Pesth a truly national Government; and, forgetting ancient grudges, the whole kingdom was filled with loyalty and devotion to their hereditary sovereign. This frank and gallant people never appear to have doubted the good faith of Austria until the proofs of her perfidy were written in blood It was only in self-defence that the Diet was finally induced to raise the standard of resistance; and to this step it was impelled by a deliberate course of treachery and fraud which, we believe, is without a parallel in modern annals.

In order clearly to comprehend the conduct of the Austrian Government during the summer of 1848 we must bear in mind a leading maxim of its policy. *Divide et impera* is the rule by which the various nationalities which compose that empire have long been held together. Other mighty States have usually striven to blend and fuse in one undistinguishable mass the different populations which they may contain. It has been reserved for Austria alone to foster the antipathies of races subject to her sway; and, by stimulating the worst passions of our nature, to preserve a just equilibrium of jealousy and hatred among the great divisions of her sovereignty. We know that she has pursued this policy with considerable success; and this circumstance affords a ready clue to her otherwise inexplicable conduct during the period to which we now refer.

No sooner had the just claims of Hungary been recognised than the cabinet of Vienna began to consider how the newly-granted privileges of the Magyars could be wrested from them. One mode of effecting this object speedily suggested itself. The Sclaves had been for some time dreaming of an united empire, and the idea of flattering their hopes, and then employing them to crush the newborn liberties of Hungary, was an idea which readily occurred to the successors of Prince Metternich. The Sclavonic people of the empire were envious of the success of the Hungarian movement, and thus became more readily the dupes of their Imperial masters. We all remember the sanguinary insurrection in Prague in May, 1848; but we were not at that time aware that it had been secretly fomented by the Court, with the infamous object of inciting the people of Bohemia against their fellow-subjects of Hungary. The Austrian politicians speedily found, however, that they could not control the movement which they had themselves begun; and the bombardment of Prague by Windischgratz utterly extinguished all hopes of aid from this quarter of the empire.

In the south, however, they were more fortunate. The Baron Joseph Jellachich had been, during an early period of the revolution, won over to the interest of the Court, chiefly, it is said, through the influence of the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the present youthful emperor. Jellachich was at this period colonel of a Croat regiment of horse; and he possessed qualities which eminently fitted him for a popular leader. He had a handsome person and a ready wit; and he was a brave soldier and an eloquent speaker. Subsequent experience proved that he possessed no great capacity either for civil or military affairs; but he was a ready and willing instrument in the hands of his unscrupulous masters, and his sudden elevation to the dignity of Ban of Croatia was a substantial proof of the value at which his services were estimated. The promotion of this lucky adventurer, however, seemed to cause the Hungarians no uneasiness, and it was not until the objects of his

Digitized by Google

proceedings in Croatia became apparent that they laid their complaints before the Emperor. Jellachich employed all his eloquence, which was undoubtedly great, to incite the Serb and Croat population against the Magyars. He collected troops along the frontier, whom, in his boastful proclamations, he promised to enrich with the spoils of Hungary; he even threatened to march to Pesth with his "Red-mantles," the wildest of those robber hordes by whom he was surrounded, and to dissolve the Diet by force. Suspicions naturally began to be entertained that the Ban of Croatia was secretly backed by the Imperial Court. To such unworthy imputations, however, Louis Batthyani, who was then Prime Minister of Hungary, refused to listen. This highminded nobleman would not permit himself to entertain a doubt of the Imperial good faith. He did, however, visit the Court of Innspruck in the beginning of June, and he there formally complained of the outrageous proceedings of Jellachich. It is scarcely credible, but such is the undoubted fact, that in consequence of these representations the Ban of Croatia was, by a proclamation, deprived of all his titles and publicly declared a traitor! This precious document is dated the 10th of June, 1848.

The fears of the Hungarian Diet were for a short time lulled by this despicable trick. The agitation on the Croatian frontier, however, still continued, and the marauding bands whom Jellachich had drawn together committed the grossest outrages on the defenceless inhabitants of the Lower Danube. The few Austrian regiments which were quartered in that district offered so feeble a resistance to the insurgents as to revive all the suspicions of the Magyars. Before the end of June the true intentions of the Court became apparent. The Serbs and Croats were no longer denounced as rebels and traitors; an Imperial proclamation was even issued, approving generally of their proceedings. The time had now arrived for openly displaying that force which had been collecting in secret for the suppression of Hungarian freedom.

So far the Austrian politicians had been successful. They had blinded for a time a gallant and unsuspicious people as to their true intentions. They had raised up a powerful army, thirsting for plunder and adventure, which was ready, at a moment's notice, to be let loose upon their peaceful neighbours. All this the advisers of the Emperor had done; but they had not calculated on the danger of tampering with a people who, after a long and arduous struggle, had acquired their just political rights. Roused to a sense of the imminent danger which threatened them, the Diet at length took effective measures to resist any attempt which should be made against its liberties. Towards the middle of July, Kossuth, as Minister of Finance, in an elaborate address proposed that funds should be immediately provided for raising an army of 200,000 men. The following passage from this important speech will, we believe, prove interesting to many of our readers:—

"All circumstances taken together impel me to say that the nation is in danger, or rather that it will be in danger unless our resolution be firm. And in this danger where and with whom are we to look for protection? Are we to look to foreign alliances? I will not form too low an estimate of the importance of relations with foreign States, and I think that the Cabinet would be guilty of a dereliction of duty if, in this respect, we were not to exert ourselves to the utmost of our power.

"In the first moments of our assuming office we entered into correspondence with the British Government, and explained that Hungary has not, as many have attempted to promulgate, extorted rights and liberties from her king, but that we stand on common ground; with our lord and king we have further entered into an explanation of the interests we have in common on the Lower Danube. On the part of the British Government we have received a reply such as we might have expected from the liberal views and from the policy of that nation. In the meanwhile, we may rest convinced that England will only assist us if and as far as she finds it consistent with her own interests.

"As for France, I entertain for the French, as the champions of liberty, the most lively sympathy; but I am, nevertheless, not inclined to see the life of my nation dependant upon their protection and their alliance. France has just seen a second 18th Brumaire—France stands on the threshold of a Dictatorship; perhaps the world may see a second Washington; it is probable that we shall see a second Napoleon arising out of the ashes of the past. This much is certain. France can give us a lesson that *not every revolution is for the interest of liberty*, and that a nation striving for liberty can be placed under the yoke of tyranny most easily *when that liberty exceeds proper bounds*. It is indeed a most deplorable event for such a nation as the glorious French nation undoubtedly is, that in the streets of Paris the blood of 12,000 of her people has been shed by the hand of their fellow-citizens. May God preserve us from such a fury! But whatever form the affairs of France may take—whether that man whom Providence has placed at the head of that nation becomes a second Washington, who knows to reject the crown, or a second Napoleon, who, on the ruins of the people's liberty, erects the temple of his sanguinary glory—one thing is certain—that France is far from us. Poland relied on French sympathy; that sympathy existed, but Poland is no more!"

After next casting a glance at the then troubled condition of Germany the orator continued:—

"The danger, therefore, is great, or rather a danger threatening to become great gathers on the horizon of our country, and we ought, above all, to find within ourselves the strength for its removal. That nation alone will live which, in itself, has sufficient vital power; *that which knows not to save itself by its own strength, but only by the strength of others, has no future.* I therefore demand of you, gentlemen, a great resolution: Proclaim that, in just appreciation of the extraordinary circumstances on account of which the Parliament has assembled, the nation is determined to bring the greatest sacrifices for the defence of its crown, and of its independence, and that in this respect it will, at no price, enter into any transaction which might in the smallest degree infringe the national liberty. But, in order to realise this important resolution—either by mediating, if possible, an honourable peace, or by fighting a victorious battle—the Government must be authorised to raise the effective strength of the army to 200,000 men."

After very briefly explaining the details of the proposed scheme he concluded his address in these words:—

"This day we are the Ministers of the nation; tomorrow others may take our place: no matter! The Cabinet may change; but thou, O my country! thou must for ever remain, and the nation, with this or any other Cabinet, must save itself. But, in order to do this, the nation must develope its strength. To avoid all misunderstanding, I declare solemnly and expressly that I demand of the House 200,000 soldiers, and the necessary pecuniary grants."

At this point the whole of the members of the

Digitized by Google

Diet, including the Opposition, started to their feet *en masse*, and "We grant them, we grant them!" was shouted from every quarter of the Chamber. No such scene of enthusiasm and unanimity had occurred in Hungary since Maria Theresa had appealed, with her infant in her arms, to the chivalry of the Magyars.

"This, gentlemen, is my request," continued the triumphant orator. "You all have risen to a man; and I bow before the nation's greatness. If your energy equals your patriotism, I will make bold to say that not even the gates of Hell shall prevail against Hungary."

Both parties were now in earnest. Austria had resolved at all hazards to retrace her steps, and Hungary was no less determined to maintain her long-lost nationality. From this time it was evident that all further negotiation was fruitless; and the Imperial Cabinet prepared to carry out its scheme of invading Hungary from the south. For this purpose the "traitor Jellachich" of the 10th of June was, on the 4th of September, reinstated in all his dignities and titles, and on the 9th of the same month he crossed the southern frontier of Hungary with an army of upwards of 60,000 men, composed partly of Austrian troops but chiefly of irregular bands of Serbs and Croats, with whom the heroic Ban declared that he would march direct to Pesth and disperse the Diet. Before he could make good his boast, however, he suffered a signal defeat from the army of Hungarian volunteers which awaited his approach in the vicinity of the capital. After this discomfiture he made the best of his way with a remnant of his force to Vienna.

Serious events had occurred meanwhile in that city. The discovery of the treachery of the Court to the Hungarians, which was fully explained in an intercepted letter from Count Latour, the Minister of War, to Jellachich, caused a sudden and unexpected explosion of popular indignation. The Imperial family was compelled a second time to fly, and Count Latour fell a victim to the fury of the insurgents. At Presburg, Count Lamberg, who had been sent, previous to the defeat of Jellachich, to take the military command in Hungary, but whose appointment without the sanction of the Diet was wholly illegal, had met a similar fate. By means of these lamentable occurrences the breach between the Diet and the Imperial authorities became materially widened; and both parties actively prepared for the deadly struggle which was now inevitable.

In the great contest which followed, public interest has been mainly concentrated upon two of the Hungarian leaders, Kossuth and Gorgey. The wonderful ascendancy which the former had acquired over the minds of his countrymen enabled him to develope in an incredibly short time the resources of the nation, and he wielded them with an energy which is not less surprising. We are inclined to regard Gorgey with still greater curiosity, less from the splendour of his military successes than from the unfathomable character of the man. Of an ancient but decayed family in Northern Hungary, he had in early youth entered the Austrian army, in which he rose, in the space of six or seven years, to the rank of lieutenant. The slowness of his promotion, and the poverty in which he found himself among richer comrades, appear to have disgusted him with his profession, and he abandoned it, contrary to the advice of his family and his friends. He removed to Prague, and there devoted himself to the study of chemistry. His poverty at this period of his life was extreme. Francis Pulszky, his schoolfellow, informs us that he resided in a garret, and that his usual dinner consisted of a piece of bread and a cold sausage. An opportunity of making a wealthy marriage occurred at this time, but he declined it, it is believed through pride, and he subsequently married a governess, who was as poor as himself. The death of a relative shortly after this event placed him in possession of a small estate in his native district; and he was residing there in retirement and obscurity when the revolution occurred at Vienna in the spring of 1848. Kossuth, to whom he was known, appears to have entertained the highest opinion of his abilities; and when the country was arming to resist the Croatian invasion, he offered him a major's commission. It was accepted; and a few months later Gorgey, being then but thirty years of age, found himself commander of the army of the Danube. The event proved that Kossuth had not miscalculated the military talents of the young General.

In the month of December Prince Windischgratz entered Hungary at the head of 130,000 men. On the advance of this great force the Diet retired from Pesth and established itself at Debrecin, to the eastward of the Theiss, behind which river Gorgey concentrated his army. A sufficient force was stationed in Southern Hungary to keep in check the Ban of Croatia, whose lying bulletins had now ceased to inspire alarm. Bem was sole master of Transylvania; having with singular rapidity, and with very inadequate means, cleared that country of Austrian troops. The great invading army of Windischgratz, therefore, formed the chief point of interest throughout the winter. The *Times* had, day by day, assured its credulous readers that this descendant of the mighty Wallenstein was to march from one end of Hungary to the other without finding an enemy who should dare to oppose him. Month elapsed after month, however, without any decisive tidings from the theatre of war; and it was admitted that the Imperial army had suffered much from the hardships of a winter campaign, as well as from the guerilla attacks of its opponents. All, however, remained uncertain until the beginning of April following, when events took a very sudden and decided change on the side of the Hungarians.

Gorgey, having inured his raw levies to discipline and danger throughout the winter, at this time suddenly abandoned his defensive tactics, and, crossing the Theiss at several points, made a vigorous attack upon the lines of the Austrian Field-Marshal. His strength in numbers must have been greatly inferior to that of his opponents, for he does not appear at any time to have had under his command more than 50,000 men. His first efforts against the Austrian lines were successful, and he

Digitized by Google

instantly followed them up by a fresh attack. During the next ten days there was a continuous series of battles, which terminated generally to the advantage of the Maygars. Windischgratz retired slowly before his impetuous adversary, who drove him, without a day's repose, from one position to another until he reached Godollo. Near to that place the Austrian General entrenched himself along a range of wooded heights, which, being thickly planted with artillery, he deemed impregnable. But he was mistaken. Gorgey advanced immediately to the attack. The Austrians fought with their proverbial obstinacy; but nothing could withstand the furious charges of the Hungarian horse, which, breaking through every obstacle, made their way to the heights, and silenced the enemy's artillery. The victory was complete; and the Austrians retired in confusion from the field.

Kossuth was present at this engagement, the last and the most decisive which Gorgey fought with Windischgratz, and at this time the two leaders of the revolution appeared to be upon the most amicable terms. The success which had attended their joint efforts was indeed astonishing. Kossuth by his activity and address had maintained the utmost unanimity of purpose, not only in the Diet but throughout the nation, and in the short space of ten days Gorgey, with his volunteers, had annihilated the great Austrian army. After his last discomfiture, Windischgratz was removed from the command; and Welden, who was sent to succeed him, immediately evacuated Hungary with the wreck of the Imperial forces.

We now approach the critical point of this great struggle. A few days after the decisive defeat of Windischgratz the declaration of Hungarian independence was issued by the Diet. It does not appear that Gorgey objected to this measure; but from this time we perceive in his conduct a manifest desire to thwart the views of the Diet, or, to speak more accurately, those of Kossuth. After the retreat of the Austrian army, Gorgey was strongly urged by Kossuth and by Dembinski, who had now arrived in Hungary, to march directly upon Vienna with his victorious troops. Certain it is that at that moment no adequate force could have been assembled to oppose him, and it is equally certain that he would have been heartily welcomed by a large party in the capital. It is more than probable that if Gorgey had at this time listened to the opinions of his superiors the independence of Hungary would have been secured. Instead, however, of directing his steps towards the Austrian capital, he marched upon Buda, which was still held by the Imperial troops, and closely invested that ancient seat of royalty. This was the first great error which Gorgey committed. Whether he erred wilfully is a question we shall not undertake to answer.

He did, indeed, succeed in capturing Buda after an obstinate defence, but each precious day wasted before that city strengthened the arms of his opponents. The war in Italy had now been concluded by the decisive defeat of the King of Sardinia at Novara, and a considerable force could be spared from that quarter; while from the north the Russian columns were fast approaching the Hungarian frontier. Notwithstanding the dangers which then threatened his country, Gorgey remained immovable at Buda. He was seemingly without a plan of any kind, calmly watching the progress of events. As week after week passed away, and the certainty of a Russian invasion became apparent, Dembinski, having failed to induce him, after the defeat of Windischgratz, to march upon Vienna, now urged him to move northwards, to meet the Muscovite invaders. It was in vain, however, that the Polish general pointed out the manifest advantage of occupying the Carpathian passes, and of carrying on a defensive warfare throughout the great northern barrier of Hungary. For nearly two months Gorgey remained wholly inactive upon the Danube. It seemed as if he was incapable of forming a resolution except in the actual presence of his enemies.

It may be asked why this perverse chief was not removed from his command, but the question is not difficult to answer. Gorgey had brought to a brilliant conclusion the first campaign, and the army adored their young general, who never failed to lead them to victory. The bitter sarcasms which he was in the habit at this period of venting against Kossuth, even upon public occasions, may, however, explain in some measure the cause of his insubordination and his inactivity. His ambition seems to have been of an intensely selfish kind, and it is not improbable that he had looked for the Dictatorship of Hungary as the natural reward for his services. We shall not, however, pause to speculate upon his motives; but it reflects little credit upon the character of Gorgey that in the days of his success he should have openly exhibited the most violent hatred of the man who had first raised him from obscurity. It is lamentable to think that the fate of a great and gallant people should have depended upon the wayward passions of this capricious soldier; but such, alas! was undoubtedly the case during the spring of 1849.

The summer campaign commenced under the auspices of a new Austrian leader. Haynau was appointed to the chief command in Hungary. He arrived on the banks of the Danube hot from the slaughter of Brescia; and being strongly reinforced from various quarters of the empire, he lost no time in commencing active operations. The new Austrian commander had boasted that he would put down the Hungarian "rebellion" before the Russian armies could take the field; but he was glad, nevertheless, to await the arrival of a strong division of these potent auxiliaries at Pressburg before venturing to assume the offensive. On the 20th of June he at length engaged the army under Gorgey, near the confluence of the Waag and the Danube. The Austro-Russian army was greatly superior in point of numbers to the Hungarian force; but after several days' hard fighting, and great loss upon both sides, no decisive result followed. On the 2nd of July a vigorous attack was made upon Gorgey's intrenched camp, near to Komorn. The combat lasted the whole

Digitized by Google

day, but the assailants were at length repulsed, with the loss, according to General Klapka, of 3,000 men. Gorgey, who had fought at the head of his troops throughout the day, was severely wounded upon this occasion, a circumstance which probably prevented him reaping the full advantage of his success.

"When I called upon him in the evening," says General Klapka,* "I found him in bed, and in the hands of the surgeons. He seemed in good spirits about the courage and perseverance of the troops, and the result of the battle. As to his wound, he did not seem to care for it."

On returning to his quarters the same night, Klapka found, to his surprise and dismay, a despatch from Kossuth, informing him that Gorgey had been removed from the post of commander-in-chief. That the Diet had strong grounds of complaint against this self-willed general there can be no doubt. But their decision came at a most unseasonable moment; and we have too good reason for believing that it hastened the catastrophe which followed so shortly afterwards. The language which Kossuth employs respecting Gorgey in this letter leaves no doubt as to the state of feeling which at this time existed between the two leaders of the revolt. One passage runs thus:—

"Perhaps Gorgey will refuse to obey. That would be infamous. It were treason—as indeed the breach of his word, and his blind submission to Colonel Bayer's influence, is akin to treason."

The news of Gorgey's deposition caused the utmost excitement in the army. From the General himself the intelligence was for some days withheld, as he was suffering from an attack of fever, the result of his wound. When it was at length communicated to him by Klapka he received the information with perfect calmness and self-possession. No expression of surprise escaped him. He was silent even to the most devoted of his adherents; but we believe that from this moment all hope of a reconciliation with Kossuth and the Diet was at an end. From this time all Gorgey's movements showed a resolution to isolate his fortunes from those of the insurgent Government, and we may add of his country.

The struggle now drew rapidly to its conclusion. Gorgey, finding it impossible to make head any longer against the Austrian and Russian armies on the Danube, resolved to fall back upon districts which he had occupied during the winter, behind the Theiss. Leaving General Klapka with a large garrison in the impregnable fortress of Komorn, he commenced his retreat about the middle of July. By the rapidity and skill of his movements he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his enemies, and once more found himself on the left bank of the Theiss, at the head of a considerable army. He now moved to the southwards, with what object did not appear, for he thus placed himself between the army of Haynau and that of the Russian General Rudiger, who were both advancing upon central Hungary. But the catastrophe was at hand.

On the 11th of August he had an interview with Kossuth at Arad. The two chiefs met alone, and what passed at this meeting is unknown to us. The result, however, immediately appeared in a public proclamation, issued by Kossuth and his colleagues, resigning the whole of their powers into the hands of General Arthur Gorgey, whom they nominated Dictator of Hungary. What was his motive in accepting this nominal dignity—whether to avenge the slight he had received during the previous month, or to give more effect to the step he meditated—we shall not venture to decide. Certain it is that two days subsequent to his elevation he made an unconditional surrender of his forces, consisting of upwards of 30,000 men and 144 pieces of cannon, to the Russian commander, at Villagos. In a proclamation issued immediately afterwards, he recommended the rest of the Hungarian chiefs to follow his example, and trust to the generosity of the Russian Czar.

This event, so sudden and unlooked for, has been very generally branded as an act of deliberate treachery, and it will prove a difficult task for General Gorgey and his friends satisfactorily to refute this serious charge. With an army such as he commanded, and amidst a population enthusiastically devoted to his cause, resistance was a sacred duty. He tells us himself that he might have protracted the contest, but that he preferred peace at *any price*. If that was his view of the case, why had he not surrendered to Windischgratz or to Haynau? Why did he take up arms at all? But we shall allow him to explain his conduct in his own words, which he does in a letter addressed to General Klapka, dated the 16th August:—

"*Great Warasdin, 16th August.*

"My Dear Friend Klapka,—Events which, though by no means unexpected, are still decisive, have happened since I saw you last. The jealousy and the selfishness of some members of the Government have brought affairs to the crisis which I prophesied to you they would bring them to.

"When, after many an honest battle with the Russians, I had crossed the Theiss at Tokaj, I found that the Parliament declared that they desired me to take the chief command.

"Kossuth appointed Bem. He did it secretly.

"The country believed that I was Commander-in-chief, for Kossuth returned a jesuitical reply to the motion of the Parliament.

"This piece of knavery was the source of all the later events. Dembinski was beaten at Soreg. Bem's troops were routed at Maros Vasarhely.

"Dembinski retreated to the walls of Temeshvar. Bem hastened to the same place. He arrived on the field of battle at Temeshvar, and succeeded in restoring the fight for a few hours. But afterwards he was so fearfully beaten, that of 50,000 men (according to Kossuth's calculations), only 6,000 remained in the ranks. Vecsey informed me that all the rest were dispersed.

"The Austrians advanced meanwhile between Temeshvar and Arad. The War Office had instructed Dembinski to retreat, as of course he ought to have done, upon our own fortress of Arad, and not upon Temeshvar, which was held by our enemies.

"Dembinski—Heaven knows why—acted in opposition to this order. There are a great many facts which make me believe that he acted from motives of jealousy. He was jealous of me.

"The consequence was, that I stood alone with the forces which I took from Komorn (*minus* the serious losses

* Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary. By General Klapka, &c., &c. C. Gilpin, London. Vol. i. p. 140.

Digitized by Google

I had at Waitzen, Retsag, Goromboly, Zsolna, Geszthely, and Debrezin). From the south I was threatened by the Austrians, and from the north by the *gros* of the Russian army. I might, indeed, have retreated from Arad by way of Radna into Transylvania, but my affection for my country, and my desire to restore it to peace, *at any price*, induced me to surrender.

"But before taking that step, I convinced the Provisional Government of their inability to save the country, and of the certainty of a still greater ruin if they continued to remain in office. I induced them to resign.

"They gave all the powers of the State into my hands. Time pressed, and I took the resolution (rash though it seems, it was maturely considered) to make an unconditional surrender to the troops of his Majesty the Czar of Russia.

"My brave and gallant troops gave their assent. All the detachments in the vicinity of Arad volunteered to surrender with me. Damjanitsh commanded in Arad: he declared that he would follow my example.

"Up to the present, the treatment we have met with was such as a brave soldier has a right to expect from a fellow-soldier.

"Consider what you can do, and what you ought to do.

"ARTHUR GORGEY."

We much fear that this letter will go but a small way towards clearing the character of Gorgey in the eyes of Europe. He tells us that the way to Transylvania was open to him; and it is scarcely necessary to add that, with the aid of the warlike natives of that mountain district, the war might have been prolonged indefinitely, or, at all events, until some terms had been made on behalf of his struggling countrymen. It would appear, however, from this letter, that hatred and jealousy of Bem and Dembinski, and, above all, of Kossuth —of every one, in short, who stood or who might stand in his way, was the pervading sentiment of his mind when he penned it. Klapka and Francis Pulszky, both of whom were intimately acquainted with the ex-Dictator, agree in thinking that in surrendering his army he was solely actuated by these unworthy motives. There is no doubt, however, that he is now in the receipt of an Austrian pension in his retreat at Klagenfurt, and this circumstance will not tend to diminish the very common suspicion entertained of his premeditated treachery.

The true cause of the fall of Hungary may therefore be traced, not to Austrian discipline or to Russian gold, but to the unhappy dissensions of her own leaders. Without unity of purpose a contest of this nature must necessarily fail. Hence the success of an armed struggle against constituted authority usually depends upon the character and energies of one acknowledged chief, who can act in the field as well as plan in the council. Robert Bruce, and Cromwell, and Washington, all achieved success in their respective enterprises; but each of these great men combined within himself the character both of warrior and statesman. A leader of this stamp might, and probably would, have brought the Hungarian contest to a happy termination, in spite of every obstacle. But the sympathies of this brave people, instead of being concentrated upon one acknowledged head, were distracted and divided by the feuds and jealousies of two rival chiefs, whose claims upon the nation were of nearly equal weight. Kossuth and Gorgey had each in their respective sphere displayed the highest talents, and rendered the most vital services. But unfortunately the statesman and the orator was not a soldier; and the pride and ambition of the soldier could not brook the superiority of the civilian. The united energies of these two men might have defied the world; the mean passions of one of them have inflicted upon the cause of European freedom by far the heaviest blow of modern times.

With the surrender of Gorgey the contest was virtually at an end. The greater number of the Hungarian chiefs followed his example, trusting to the vague assurances of safety which were held out to them by their favourite general. We cannot, for the honour of humanity, suppose that Gorgey could have anticipated the doom to which, through his example and advice, so many hundreds of his comrades were consigned. We shall not, however, dwell upon the sickening details of Austrian vengeance; but there was one act of atrocity to which we cannot refrain from alluding, we mean the judicial murder of Louis Batthyani, the first Prime Minister of Hungary under the constitution of March, 1848.

The high rank and character of this distinguished nobleman had secured him this elevated post. He was, moreover, a stanch advocate of Austrian connexion, and had laboured zealously throughout the summer of 1848 to prevent a rupture with the Court. With this object he made several visits to the Imperial family, to one of which we have already alluded, and was invariably received with the distinction due to his station and his services. When matters at length came to a crisis, by the invasion of Jellachich, he resigned his office of Prime Minister, and retired to his estates in the country, still entertaining the hope that an amicable arrangement might be effected. He refused to join the insurgent army which was formed in the autumn, and when Windischgratz invaded Hungary, he voluntarily presented himself in the Austrian camp with the view of mediating between the hostile parties. He was immediately arrested by order of the Austrian commander; and was detained a prisoner until the conclusion of the war. On the 6th of October last, the anniversary of the insurrection in Vienna of the previous year, he was publicly executed at Pesth as a traitor. From what we have stated, it is pretty obvious that no overt act of treason could be laid to his charge. It was alleged, however, as appears from the sentence of the court-martial which condemned him to the gibbet, that he had remained a member of the Diet after it had been dissolved by the Emperor, and, moreover, that he had committed acts "which tended to loosen the legal union, as established by the Pragmatic Sanction, between Hungary and the Imperial and Royal hereditary dominions, and which eventually caused the most threatening dangers, and the overthrow of the Constitution of the State." The meaning of these vague words was, that he had instigated the insurrection in Croatia! Such was the principal count in the indictment against Batthyani. His assassins had the inconceivable effrontery to lay to his charge a crime for which, all the world now knows, they

Digitized by Google

themselves are alone responsible. We allude to the expedition of Jellachich and his armed banditti against the Diet. No wonder that the news of Batthyani's death created a thrill of horror in every capital in Europe; and that even the warmest supporters of the Imperial cause regarded it with avowed indignation and disgust.*

It would be a waste of time to speculate upon the future prospects of Hungary. Fallen though she is, however, and writhing in the grasp of her remorseless oppressors, we cannot believe that her condition is one of hopeless degradation. The progress of a people who are capable of the heroic struggle which they so long maintained against the overwhelming powers arrayed against them cannot be arrested by all the arts that tyranny can devise. One important result, at least, of the late movement still remains. The abolition of the feudal privileges of the nobles, and the consequent elevation of the great mass of the people, cannot fail to conduce to the future welfare of this unhappy country. In spite of imperial armies, the germs of civil liberty have fairly taken root in Eastern Europe. The growth of this precious seed may be slow and difficult, but, thanks to the stirring memories of the past year, it can never be extinguished.

* We have heard, upon excellent authority, that the Emperor of Russia wrote, with his own hand, upon the despatch which contained the account of Batthyani's execution, "C'est infame et dégoûtant." Nay, even the *Times* informed us, that men who could make so scandalous a use of their victory "had conquered in vain."—*Times* of 17th October last.

LITERATURE.

Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia. London: John Chapman.

The title-page does not inform us from whose pen these two tales have issued. It is not, however, an unskilful one, and probably will drop its incognito in the course of no long time. The style in which they are written is easy and natural, and in spite of the epistolary form—a form which, next to dialogue, we have always found the least attractive—our interest is kept alive from the beginning to the end. One very obvious objection to the tale being told by the letters of imaginary correspondents to each other is the great difficulty of preserving distinct shades of character in the writers. If they be very strongly marked the story suffers a good deal as a narrative; for, strictly, the same events ought to be observed in different points of view by different minds in fiction as in real life, and then the continuity of the impressions of the reader is necessarily disturbed. If, on the other hand, the same turn of mind appears in each of the supposed letter-writers, the desired illusion, whatever may be its advantages, fails to be attained; and the device of separating the narrative into unconnected morsels appears no less clumsy than unnecessary. Another and hardly less serious objection to this method of telling a story is the necessary absence of veri-similitude that results from the appearance of sentimental *exaltation* in a letter of one friend to another. How many things we may and do say in unrestrained friendly intercourse which we feel it would be quite out of place to put upon paper and send by the post! When people are together, much that is of itself trivial, or perhaps exaggerated, is excused by the tone of feeling that subsists for the moment among those who are conversing together. The same observations, when transferred to paper, would often make their originator blush for his or her idleness in transcribing them, should they be reproduced in black and white after the interval of a few days. Hence a writer of fiction, who chooses the epistolary to the narrative form, is always liable to expose his heroes and heroines to the imputation of being somewhat puerile or pedantic, if he wishes to notice in their imaginary letters those trifling incidents and casual observations which make up the sum of the character of each individual. In spite, however, of the form which we protest against, we have no hesitation in preferring "Hearts in Mortmain" to "Cornelia." The tale is simpler and more probable, and, we should say, from the greater elaborateness bestowed on its execution, that it was the author's favourite.

The story opens with a scene at an English country house, the owner of which, Mr. Beauchamp, is rapidly sinking from the effects of concealed but incurable disease. Conscious of his approaching death, he summons to his bedside an old and trusted friend, Mr. Hamilton. He has a serious disclosure to make, and an important charge to commit to him. His daughter Ethel is growing up in close intimacy with her so-called cousin, Edward Beauchamp, who is also an inmate of Longbrooke, the family residence. The dying man reveals that, though in truth his nephew, Edward is the natural son of a deceased sister. Her seducer, years before the commencement of the story, had been a wooer accepted by herself, but rejected by her family. He avenged the slight by inducing her to elope with him. Her brother followed in pursuit, vainly for some time, but at last he succeeded and found the object of his search. A duel ensued, with a result fatal to the principal wrong-doer. Shortly afterwards Edward was born, and his mother, upon her death-bed, commended the orphan to the care of Mr. Beauchamp, with the injunction that upon no account should an union hereafter be permitted between Edward and the daughter of a man whose hands were stained

Digitized by Google

with his father's blood. Mr. Beauchamp when on his deathbed repeated the solemn injunction, and added, moreover, the necessity of concealing from Edward the dreadful secret of his parentage. Mr. Hamilton is not the only person to whom this confidence is made. To Ethel it is also imparted, and she undertakes to fulfil her dying father's request. Time wears away, and the two young people grow up without any diminution of their mutual affection. The young man at length goes to travel for a time, and a neighbouring gentleman, a Sir Charles Herbert, pays unmistakeable attentions to the heroine. She has now a severe trial to encounter. Not only does her boy-lover write ardent and affectionate letters to her from abroad, but he arrives in person at the time when the courtship of Sir C. Herbert is drawing to a close. The agony of Edward at parting with her makes her ill and miserable, but she remembers her duty, and the marriage takes place. She goes with her husband to Italy, and Edward remains in his comparatively deserted home. Eleanor Osborne, however, a young friend of Ethel's, has remained there after the marriage, on a visit, and Edward is surprised into a marriage with her, in consequence of the ordinary courtesies of life being construed into the semblance of pointed attentions. From this time everything gets worse and worse. Discontented with himself, and consequently with all other things, Edward becomes negligent of his wife, and gladly seizes the opportunity of accompanying her to Rome, that he may be in the neighbourhood of Ethel, who, with her husband, has settled for a while in the Eternal City. Here, however, upon his arrival, his smouldering love bursts out in all its pristine intensity. Eleanor is sinking under anxiety and jealousy; Edward frets and pines away visibly, when at last it becomes indispensable to explain to him the sad and secret history of his parentage. Upon hearing the sad tale, all his doubts about Ethel's love and the straightforwardness of the dealings of those, whom in his disappointment he accused of separating him from her, receive an explanation. But the peaceful calm he begins to experience comes too late to a heart long broken and a shattered frame. He dies, the victim of hopeless passion and the mystery which was kindly designed to spare his feelings.

Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland. By Hugh Miller. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

Since the days that the insignificant little districts of ancient Greece produced heroes, sages, and statesmen, who made their native townlets a world's wonder for all time, never has a small patch of land had a more zealous and affectionate historian than Cromarty possesses in Hugh Miller.

And in good sooth if Cromarty, though of the enormous territorial extent of twelve miles by four, and engaged in a lively, if not very profitable, North Sea commerce for one or two centuries, had counted the production of Hugh Miller's head, hand, and pen, as its greatest achievement, Cromarty would have done enough to entitle itself to the esteem and sympathy of mankind. Never was the history of Scotland and Scottish character more freshly and delightfully illustrated than by the tale of the little microcosm before us. There is the sturdy Saxon working out his way to heaven in every page, dogged, thoughtful, and invincible. His reliance is on God, and, if we may use the rather hackneyed but ever noble words of Racine, he fears nothing else. Not, however, without warmth of kindly feeling towards man is the son of Cromarty. Next to the almost heroic self-sacrifice of the stout farmer, who loses his "bonnie rigs" knowingly by voting against the landlord's presentee to the benefice, and the "puir lost lad," who returns a Baptist to his native place, and wears out the remainder of his days in the pious unrequited toil of instructing those whom none other cared for, and in the practice of every evangelic virtue—next to these, we say, in power, and perhaps before them in attractiveness, we have tales of affection, tender and true, of the loving heart yearning for the bride wooed and trustingly self-promised in childhood, and the successful adventurer in distant parts, who sends home substantial tokens of a lively and grateful memory to the humble friends of his earlier life. It is all Cromarty, it is true; but both to the writer and the reader Cromarty is the world for the time being. The latter can hardly divest himself of the notion that he too is a Cromarty man; in other words, the author knows well both his craft and the material he works upon. A diamond will cut a diamond. Human hearts, though still more precious jewels, are not less effective in reciprocal action. It is with regret that our space precludes us from dwelling longer upon this reprint of Mr. Miller's book. That such a charming work should obtain a reprint, after a lapse of sixteen years, shows how slowly even great merit obtains recognition from the public. It shows, however, at the same time, that a writer who deserves may also obtain something more than a mere ephemeral popularity in an age which (the complaint is as old as Hesiod) ever runs after the newest song.

The Year Book of the Country. By William Howitt. London: Colburn.

We are informed by the preface that this work is designed as a companion to "The Book of the Seasons," and that the two books *must* go together to complete a round of subjects. A portentous piece of information, take it as you will! We are sorry that the "Book of the Seasons," though enjoying "the favour of the public," will have to put up with such a dismal barren old maid as the "Year Book" for a *companion*, and we utterly deny the necessity of two foolish things to complete a round. One is surely enough in all conscience, if a round is to be completed, and we can assure our readers that the process can be effected as satisfactorily with one as with both. The process of going *forward* is utterly hopeless with either of them.

There is, in truth, however, a certain function to be performed in the literary world, and this we will cordially admit is well performed by both of

Digitized by Google

the books in question. There is an empty vacant class of minds which must have its literature. Any trivial twaddle will serve the turn. Stupid anecdotes, whether well or ill told, cockney babble of green fields, stupendously stale truisms, helpless drivel about "the rights of labour," a string of botanical names, that peculiar kind of pathetic writing which is technically known as mawkish, furnish the fusionless mess which delights those who do not hunger for strong meat, and could not digest it if they partook of it. Such will find that the "Year Book" "suits their complaint" to a nicety. Those, however, who may have exercised their observation ever so little upon things as they are, were, or ought to be, will find little in this very appropriately green-bound book that will repay them for perusing it. We have, for instance, the ridiculous but stereotyped delusion of "good old times" cooked up in many forms, but certainly not much improved by the operation. We have, too, most absurd and impossible characters. *The Old Squire*, a bad, coarse copy from the hero of "Bracebridge Hall" (itself but a copy of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley), is exhibited as a type of elderly country gentlemen at the present day. There is a young squire as a counterpart, equally unknown in the regions of fact or possibility. There are also some pathetic tales in which the pathos is fortunately prevented from affecting us too powerfully by their overwhelming dulness. There is political philosophy, too, which is clearly the production of neither politician nor philosopher; and a good deal of talk about progress, though the author is sadly behind. There is, moreover, a good deal of *talking to Bunkum* about British labourers, mechanics, and so forth—the ordinary stock-in-trade of a philanthropist. But how they are wronged and how their wrongs could be remedied, is, of course, another and a very unimportant question. As a relief to these difficult subjects, the author, having exhausted his emptiness in England, carries us off to Germany for an autumn trip; and here, we confess, our expectations were raised. Nothing is more amusing than a cockneyfied account of a foreign country. We were, however, sadly disappointed. If Mr. Howitt is dull in England, he enjoys a double portion of stupidity when he approaches the cradle of our race. We closed his book gasping with fatigue. What can be the reason that this rubbish is printed? thought we. Alas! the answer comes but too readily. The people are half educated, and read (those who can) such stuff as this because they know no better. The opponents of education, those pious people who lock up the alphabet unless we consent to take it with their shibboleth and such hymns as,

> "God bless the squire and his relations,
> And keep us in our proper stations"—

and our excellent Chancellors of the Exchequer, who keep an excise on paper for the benefit of Prince George and Hong Kong establishments, have much besides Mr. Howitt's nonsense to answer for.

The following publications have been received:—

Recollections of Sydney. By B. C. Peck. John Mortimer, Fleet-street.

The Working Man's Friend. London: John Cassell, 335, Strand.

South Africa Delineated. By Rev. Thornley Smith. London: John Mason, 14, City-road.

The Working Classes of Great Britain. By Rev. Samuel G. Green, A.B. London: John Snow, Paternoster-row.

Sailings over the Globe. London: John Cassell, 335, Strand.

Two Speeches in the House of Commons on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. W. D. Christie, Esq., London.

The Garland. London: Groombridge and Sons.

The Bible of Every Land. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster-row.

The Poems and Songs of William Hamilton, of Bangour. By James Paterson. Edinburgh: T. G. Stephenson.

Memoir of the late James Halley, A.B. Third edition. Glasgow: David Bryce.

Prize Essay on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare. London: Wickham and Yelland, Strand.

A Guide to German Literature. By Franz Adolph Moschzisker. London: J. J. Guillaume, Chester-square.

The Mound Improvement. By Robert Fleming Gourlay. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

The Edinburgh Christian Magazine. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. London: Charles Knight.

An Essay on the Tendency of Mental Cultivation in Science and Religion. By James Saville, Birmingham. London: Partridge and Oakey.

A Brief Sketch of the Republic of Costa Rica. By F. M. London: P. P. Thoms.

The Catholic Series; Religious Mystery Considered. London: John Chapman.

The Baths of Rhenish Germany. By Edwin Lee. London: James Churchill.

ASSURANCE OFFICES.

West of Scotland Guarantee Association.—The Fifth Annual Meeting of Shareholders of this Association was held on Wednesday, the 3rd ult., in the Star Hotel, Glasgow. Andrew Galbraith, Esq., one of the directors, was called to the chair. Mr. S. M. Penney, the manager, read the report, which was a most comprehensive one, embracing everything of importance connected with the Association from its commencement, and among other matters the fact that the shares of the Association never having reached a premium, there had been no room for speculation was stated, and from this the inference may be drawn that the original shareholders generally hold their shares still. The opinion of the Directors was expressed, that although there is a liability to a certain extent still attached to the Association, in common with unexpired bonds, still from the measures they had adopted no loss was likely to arise; but until the liability was at an end, which would be in February next, the balance of capital would not be repaid. It

Digitized by Google

was proposed to divide the rest fund among the shareholders next month. The present Directors to continue in office till the dissolution, for which steps were to be taken in terms of the constitution of the Association. A pause ensued, which seemed to indicate either that the spirit of peace prevailed, or that the shareholders had come, expecting to hear that they were to get their money immediately, and were disappointed, as might be inferred from the elongated faces of some of them during the reading of the report. It seemed also as if they felt disposed to let the Directors do as they liked without their help, and the Chairman was obliged to ask one shareholder to move, and another to second, the adoption of the report, which was done without a single comment. The Chairman then said that Mr. Penney would answer any questions that might be put to him; and Mr. Penney put an extra smile on his bland countenance to encourage those who might be disposed to ask questions; but beyond a good-humoured "Ye'll pay us our money!" which came, we believe, from the seconder of the report, and which was answered by the Manager, of course affirmatively, no questions were put; and some of the Directors, by putting on their hats, gave the signal that the meeting was at an end, and the shareholders made their exit. Now, it does appear to us that the Directors of this concern have done themselves justice. Having brought matters nearly to a close in so satisfactory a way, we think they ought to have got Auditors named from the general body of shareholders, and a Committee to wind up, so that not only their prudent direction but the good management of Mr. Penney might have been duly acknowledged. And in these times, when so much bad management prevails and is chronicled, it certainly is much to be desired that a record should be kept of those who have done their duty. Had we held shares in this concern, we would have moved that the Directors retain a sum to purchase a fitting testimonial for Mr. Penney, to be inscribed—"Presented to S. M. Penney, Esq., Manager of the West of Scotland Guarantee Association, by the shareholders, upon the dissolution of the Society, as a memorial of his good management, by which, while other Companies have had heavy losses, *they* have received back their capital without diminution.

Legal and Commercial Fire Assurance Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held, at the Company's Offices, 73, Cheapside, on Thursday, July 4th, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Lawrence in the chair, who, having stated the object of the meeting, called upon the Secretary, Mr. Bowser, to read the following Report:—"The Directors have much pleasure in again meeting the Shareholders, at this Annual Meeting, and in being enabled to present an encouraging Report of the affairs of the Society. The past year has been one of considerable trial, in consequence of the formation of several new Offices, some of which have in some degree interfered with the connexion originally attached to this Society, and particularly in consequence of the reduction by the older establishments of the extravagant rates charged on warehouses and other extensive premises, and the more active competition with this Society which resulted therefrom. Your Directors, however, have the satisfaction to Report, that this competition, while it has proved most beneficial to the public, has not had the effect intended of inducing the Assurers with this Society to abandon those by whom their interests have been so greatly promoted. Your Directors have the satisfaction to report the appointment during the past year of 138 new agents, during the same period 2,413 new policies have been issued, averaging 858*l.* each; and that the income of the Society has increased from 7,265*l.* 1s. 8d. to 8,228*l.* 9s. 5d. Your Directors again refer to the principle on which this Office is conducted, viz., the exclusion of all extremely hazardous risks, and the experience of the past year has fully confirmed them in their reliance on the soundness of this principle, inasmuch as during the past year your Directors, adhering to this rule, have thought it their duty to decline several properties offered for insurance which have since been destroyed by fire, whereby a loss of about 4,000*l.* has been avoided. The general character of the risks undertaken may, however, be better judged of by comparing the gross receipts of premium for the past three years with the claims for fire within the same period. The amount received for premiums has been 18,482*l.*, the claims paid, 8,482*l.*, leaving a surplus of 10,000*l.*, after defraying all the preliminary expenses, the amount paid for interest to the shareholders, the current charges of management, and the expense of establishing agencies, there remains still a disposable balance of 1,034*l.* 3s. 7d. This balance would have been much greater but for the large expenses necessarily incurred in the formation of the Office, and in establishing about 510 efficient agencies in all parts of England, Wales, and Scotland. Much of this expense will not arise again; and so much of it as consists in the establishment of agencies your Directors are convinced will prove to be a good investment of the funds of the Society, as by those means the business is daily increasing. The progress of the Society may be further manifested by a comparison derived from the Parliamentary Returns of the duties on Fire Insurances paid to Government by this Office during the last three years:—In 1847, the duty was 2,043*l.*; in 1848, 4,246*l.*; in 1849, 6,460*l.*; and an inspection of the returns will also show that the rate of increase to the amount of duty paid by this Office is greater than that obtained by almost any other establishment of however long duration. By the terms of the deed of settlement, the following Directors go out of office in rotation, viz.:—William Cook, Esq., Robert Ellis, Esq., William Elliot, Esq., M.D., Frederick James Hall, Esq., and John Gladstone, Esq., being eligible, offer themselves for re-election. Your Directors beg to recommend that interest at the rate of 5 per cent. should be paid to the shareholders on the amount of the paid-up capital. It only remains to impress upon every shareholder the great importance of his using the utmost exertion among his friends and connexions to promote the interest of the Society. Your Directors acknowledge with much satisfaction the strenuous efforts of many of their constituents, and they cannot doubt that the past success of the Society will stimulate them to renewed activity and perseverance. The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, entered into a lucid statement in explanation of some points bearing on the position of the Society, of a most favourable nature, and general satisfaction was expressed by the shareholders. The report was adopted, and the retiring Directors, whom it was stated had given an average attendance at the office of fifty-nine times each during the year, were elected. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. was declared on the paid-up capital of the society. After thanks to the Directors and Chairman, the meeting separated.

Atlas Assurance Company.—On Wednesday, the 10th ult., the 42nd Annual General Court of Proprietors of the Atlas Assurance Company was held at the Office of the Company, in Cheapside, John Oliver Hanson, Esq., Chairman, presiding on the occasion. The objects of the meeting having been stated, the following Report of the Court of Directors was presented to the meeting:—"The Directors beg to call the attention of the proprietors to the circumstance, that the first period of five years, for the declaration of a bonus on the life policies of the company, conformably with the new regulation made in 1848, by which quinquennial were substituted for septennial division, expired at Christmas, 1849, and they have again great satisfaction in communicating to the Proprietors the result of the Actuary's valuation of the assets and liabilities of the life branch of the Company's business, up to the last mentioned date. The total life surplus, or profits, for Great Britain and Ireland, together for the *seven* years, up to Christmas 1844, amounted to, 262,472*l.* 14s. 8d.; while a like surplus for the shorter term of *five* years, just ended, amounts to nearly as much, namely, to 246,995*l.* 6s. 2d. The surplus in each case being actually realised and not anticipatory. Of the surplus up to Christmas last the Directors have appropriated to the life policies in Great Britain and Ireland respectively the sum of 193,364*l.* 14s. 11d. retaining 53,630*l.* 11s. 3d. as a cautionary reserve, kept back to be improved at compound interest for the exclusive benefit of the Policy-holders. The effect of this large measure of success will be to award to Life Assurers in Great Britain an amount of bonus of which there are few examples at the present time; and as in the Atlas Office parties have the option of applying the bonus either in adding to the sum assured or in reducing the premiums, they can realise the great advantage of obtaining their assurances at very low rates of premiums, with all the security that comes from adopting, in the first instance,

Digitized by Google

those rates which insure a high degree of security for the fulfilment of engagements, which it seems to the Directors so important to place beyond the risk of disappointment under any ordinary circumstances. In asking the proprietors, therefore, to use their individual assistance in sustaining the present high position of the Atlas Office, by promoting a constant accession of new assurances, they have an advantage which they are persuaded is possessed by very few Courts of Directors, namely, that they believe a substantial benefit would be conferred on all persons who can be made to recognise the now generally admitted duty of resorting to the practice of Life Assurance as a sure protection to their families against the miseries of poverty or of dependance, which so often follow the death of those who are placed in the responsible position of heads of families. Those proprietors who are willing to act on this latter suggestion of the Directors will be very greatly assisted by being able to state the following very important facts, viz., that there are now accumulated funds from life premiums alone of 1,353,436*l.* 6s. 6d., and that the annual income of the life branch of the Company's business exceeds 170,000*l.* The progress of the Company will be exhibited by stating that when the bonus system was adopted by the Directors in 1816, the accumulated life premiums amounted to no more than 69,349*l.* 1s. 4d., while, as before mentioned, they now exceed 1,353,435*l.*; and that the annual income of this branch, which in 1816 was about 22,674*l.*, has now increased to upwards of 170,000*l.* The addition to the new policies issued during the last five years have varied with the ages of the parties, but the average addition has, for Great Britain, been nearly two per cent. per annum on the sum assured; while for policies which have been in force from 1816, the additions have been much larger, as is shown in the table printed in the Office proposals. The premiums on new life policies effected with the Company have been greater in amount for the last than in many preceding years—a feature most favourable to see realised, taking into consideration the great competition which still exists in this branch of the Company's business, and which they trust may be properly regarded as evidence that the general principles of business which have guided them in their transactions are recognised as sound in themselves, and that they have been administered in a manner which has made the Atlas Office stand well in the estimation of the public." The Report appeared to give general satisfaction, and the usual routine business having been transacted, the meeting separated.

Norwich Union Life Insurance Society.—The Annual General Meeting of the Members of this Society was held at the Office, in Surrey-street, on Friday the 12th ult. At twelve o'clock, the President (Major-general Sir Robert John Harvey) took the chair, and called on the Secretary, Samuel Bignold, Esq., to open the business. Mr. Bignold then observed that the meeting had been convened in the usual way by advertisement, which had been inserted in all the Norwich papers After reading the advertisement in question, he proceeded:—He should now lay before the meeting the annual statement of the accounts for the past year, ending on the 30th June, 1849. These accounts had been submitted to the Directors, and by them fully sanctioned and approved. He might also state that they had undergone the usual revision by the Auditors, (according to the deed of settlement,) who reported that "they had examined the accounts from 30th June, 1848, to 30th June, 1849, and had found them correct." The first was an account of the receipts for the twelve months, and on the other side the disbursements during the same period. By this account it appeared that the income for the financial year amounted to the sum of 257,482*l.* 2s. 11d., of which 169,671*l.* 14s. 4d. had been received on account of annual premiums upon policies. By the second account it appeared that the assets of the Society amounted on the 30th June, 1849, to 2,120,000*l.* 12s. 8d. This sum was invested under various heads, consisting of the public funds, mortgages, loans to insurers on their policies, agents' and bankers' balances, and policy stamps; and was divisible under two heads—first, the general capital of the Society amounting to 1,945,675*l.* 19s. 2d.; and second, the reserve fund, amounting to 174,324*l.* 13s. 6d. —Account No. 3 exhibited the aggregate liabilities of the Society, classified under the heads of whole life policies, special contracts, policies for terms, and endowments; also the aggregate of the sum payable to annuitants, whether to males, females, or under special contracts. Account No. 4 exhibited the total number of life members under their respective ages, such number amounting to 6,892; also the number and ages of the annuitants, making a total, males and females, of 763.—As regarded the general business, he observed that they had three classes in the Society—first, insurances on lives; secondly, endowments; and thirdly, annuitants. Endowments did not require to be scheduled under any table of mortality; but, in the case of life insurers and annuitants, it was necessary to keep a strict mortality table. At the present time there were 260 male annuitants, the youngest of whom was 24, and the oldest 90; and 503 female annuitants, the youngest being 17 years of age, and the oldest, he was sorry to say, 101. They were, however, obliged to take the rough and the smooth together. A short time ago a gentleman sunk several hundred pounds in annuity, and did not live many days after; and it was the profits arising from short lives like this that had to be set against the long ones. The annuity branch of the business, although not very profitable, yet, from the most careful calculation made a short time since, had been shown not to be a losing one, and it was one which they could not do without in an institution like this. The fifth head of the account exhibited the business for the last twelve-months; an account that always possessed great interest, inasmuch as it evidenced the temper of the public as to the estimation in which the Society was held. This account gave a comparative statement of new business for the years 1849 and 1850, showing the total number of policies on lives for the former year to have been 400; total sum insured, 178,029*l.* 16s. 8d.; amount of premium, 5,651*l.* 15s. 9d. In the latter year (1850) these sums were increased thus: number of life policies, 449; sum insured, 204,236*l.* 14s. 4d.; amount of premium, 6,482*l.* 18s. 9d. Number of polices to annuitants in 1849, 69; in 1850, 72. Amount sunk in 1849, 19,177*l.* 2s. 5d.; in 1850, 29,083*l.* 15s. 3d. This statement showed an increase of 49 in the policies, and nearly 30,000*l.* in the amount assured in the department of life insurance contrasted with the former year. There had also been an increase in the number of annuitants, 68 to 72, as compared with the previous year. He trusted that they should go on increasing, and that every year would show the same satisfactory results. After some discussion as to the expediency of retaining so large a sum as 170,000*l.* in reserve, and the desirableness of appointing more agents in the present state of the Company's affairs, on the motion of Mr. Steward, seconded by Mr. Jay, the warmest thanks of the meeting were voted to the Directors and the Secretary, for their valuable services to the Society, and the business terminated.

The Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The half-yearly general meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, the 17th ultimo, at the London Tavern, for the purpose of receiving the report of the Auditors for the six months ending the 30th of June last, to elect five Directors, and one Auditor, and for other special objects. Mr. J. Mollett was in the chair. The debit side of the account presented by the Auditors showed a total of 28,961*l.* 6s. 3d., including the items of 13,522*l.* 17s. 6d., the amount of premiums on renewed assurances, and 1,563*l.* 17s. 9d., being the amount of premiums received on 68 new assurances. The balance in hand on the 30th of June last, after payment of all liabilities up to that date was, 4,777*l.* 7s. 9d. The report of the Auditors was received and adopted. The Chairman announced that since the last half-yearly meeting the Society had lost the services of Mr. Hardy, their Actuary, who had entered the service of another company, and that the vacancy had been filled up by the appointment of Mr. S. Brown. The following gentlemen retiring by rotation, were re-elected Directors:—Mr. S. E. Beck, Mr. W. F. A. Delane, Mr. V. Knight, Mr. Richard Morris, and Mr. J. Whiskin. Mr. J. Reeves was re-elected an Auditor.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

THE PRELUDE.*

FAMILIAR, like most of his contemporaries, with Virgil, and filled with an idolatrous veneration for Homer, whose works he piously installed in his library, though hopelessly ignorant of ever understanding the language in which they were written, Petrarch determined to compose an epic which should make his name immortal. The result was a poem on a subject utterly devoid of interest to his own or any succeeding age, and in a language from which all living power had departed, never to return. The august pages of "Africa" are accordingly now seldom disturbed, except, in very idleness, by such *virtuosos* as incurred the just sarcasm of Sterne and Sydney Smith. Trifles in their author's estimation, and written in a language which he considered ephemeral, remain, on the contrary, unharmed by lapse of centuries, and preserve the memory of the loves and lives of Petrarch and Laura as fresh as, and perhaps more widely diffused than they were in the poet's own generation.

Allowing for the discrepancies of age and country, there exists something of an analogy between the friend of Rienzi and the "Corycian old man" of Mount Rydal, as far as regards their aspiration for poetic fame, and the means they contemplated to secure the attainment of their wishes. Wordsworth, while habitually pouring forth those "wren-like warblings," which in their truth and nature find a far more certain welcome in men's hearts than is vouchsafed to more ambitious strains, was, as he tell us, continually haunted by the notion that he, being a poet, must and ought to compose a poem—a poem which should live, and morally and intellectually deserve to do so. Sometimes he fancied some old romantic tale, by Milton left unsung; sometimes he longed to relate how the dauntless, though vanquished, Mithridates passed northwards, and became Odin the Scandinavian, the father of a race by whom the Roman Empire perished; or how the followers of Sertorius settled in the Fortunate Isles, and left descendants who wasted away when the resistless European came in after ages, for they might not live except in liberty; or the wild adventure of Dominique de Gourgues, who went across the Atlantic alone, to avenge upon the Spaniards the cruelties they had inflicted upon the French in Florida. Gustavus in the Dalecarlian mines and Wallace struggling for Scotland close the list of glorious themes that suggested themselves. It was, perhaps, fortunate both for the poet and the world that none of these were ever attempted. The task he ultimately undertook was to describe in a connected work the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement, and to this "The Prelude" is the introduction. It professes to record the origin and progress of his own powers. It was to be followed by "The Recluse," of which the first part is as yet unpublished, though complete; the second part consists of "The Excursion;" and the third has never been executed, though much of its intended material has been worked up in smaller poems. Of the whole, he says, in the preface to "The Excursion," with his usual fondness for fancied affinities, that "The Prelude" and "The Recluse" may be considered to be in the relation to each other of a Gothic ante-chapel and chapel, and that the minor pieces may be likened to little cells and oratories.

We have already observed, in a previous paper (vol. 17, page 395), that we entertain, like many other devotees, a decided preference for these little cells and oratories, as compared with the more extensive and ambitious aisles; and, though we now have an opportunity of carefully perusing the ante-chapel, we see no reason to alter our judgment. As "The Prelude" is not, nor pretends to be, a tale of stirring interest, and as it is also of very considerable length, it necessarily requires all legitimate aids of poetic art to sustain the continued attention of the reader. Unfortunately, Wordsworth never attributed to these their just importance; and, accordingly, in "The Prelude," as in all his longer pieces, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the bard is sometimes prolix, and sometimes careless, in the selection of his phrase, and still more often we find his humbler themes become almost trivial from his want of that nameless tact possessed in so high a degree by Addison and Cowper.

Having thus warned the reader that "The Prelude" is not "a faultless monster," we may betake ourselves to the more agreeable task of giving a sketch of the very delightful volume before us.

The poem, which throughout is addressed to

* The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind. An Autobiography. By William Wordsworth. London: Moxon.

Digitized by Google

his friend Coleridge, opens with a description of the author sallying forth from London, in which he had long been a discontented sojourner. He welcomes the fresh wind of heaven that blows upon his cheek, and he determines to return no more to the great city. He selects, therefore, his far-off hermitage, and arrives, after a three-days' journey, at his destination. From a subsequent portion of the book, it appears that a friend named Calvert had bequeathed him a sum sufficient to enable him to follow his own pursuits; and this, therefore, may be conjectured to have been a very material element in the resolution of the Recluse.

After the first self-gratulations upon recovered liberty were passed, it naturally occurred to him to select some work on which he might employ himself. The themes to which he first addressed himself we have already anticipated. In some there was an inherent imperfection, with others he felt himself incapable of grappling, and he discarded them all with the feeling that he was

> "Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
> Like a false steward who hath much received,
> And renders nothing back."

After this introduction, the memoirs begin from the Derwent, that rippled to him in his nurse's arms, and proceed to describe the poet's boyhood. At five years old, he used to bathe livelong summer-days by himself in a mill-race, and at ten laid springes for woodcocks, sometimes, alas! taking the birds snared in other boys' nooses. Another confession, viz., of want of stedfastness in saving pocket-money, in conjunction with a young friend, to buy the "Arabian Nights," is made in a subsequent part of the work; but, on the whole, the bard and his playmates seem to have formed as good and genuine a group of young bird-nesting, kite-flying, skating, and boating mountaineers, as either poet or philosopher would wish to contemplate. Their game of cards, as given in the first book, is a curious counterpart to that in the "Rape of the Lock," and bears tolerably distinct traces that the Recluse had done due homage to the chief of the school against which his poetic theories were aimed.

As the schoolfellows grow older the sphere of their amusements enlarges. More copious supplies of pocket-money enable them to make excursions to visit the ruined Abbey of St. Mary in the Vale of Nightshade, and bowling-green at the Lion on Windermere. The poet selects a chum with whom he walks, and finally accomplishes his seventeenth year, happy in the geniality of his social disposition, and barely less so in the enjoyment he derives from the solitary contemplation of the beautiful scenery around him.

The three opening pages of the third book describe the settling of the young student at St. John's College, Cambridge, and perhaps are the least satisfactory of any in the poem. They are, in fact, very prosaic both in diction and feeling, and can only be accounted for by the very limited interest that Wordsworth took in Cambridge and its pursuits. With regard to the latter he informs us, indeed, that he was much disposed to neglect them altogether, and that he passed his undergraduateship most idly though innocently. Though however the young mountaineer was unlike most Freshmen as far as regards the indifference with which he viewed the change in *his own* prospects and position in life upon coming to the University, it was utterly impossible for his reflecting and poetic mind to remain entirely uninfluenced by the genius of the place. The following lines, especially those which conclude the extract, express a sentiment which is often felt by collegians, but, as far as we are aware, has never before found so distinct an utterance:—

> "I could not print
> Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
> Of generations of illustrious men
> Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
> Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
> Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,
> That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
> Place also side by side of this dark sense
> Of noble feeling, *that those spiritual men,*
> *Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,*
> *Seemed humbled in these precincts, thence to be*
> *The more endeared. Their several memories here*
> *(Even like their persons, in their portraits clothed*
> *With the accustomed garb of daily life),*
> *Put on a lowly and a touching grace*
> *Of more distinct humanity, that left*
> *All genuine admiration unimpaired.*"

Nothing can be more true than this description of the facility with which the imagination of a College student is enabled to realise to itself his illustrious predecessors. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Bacon and Newton are still felt to be members of the College by those who have succeeded them at Trinity.

Following the train of thought, the Recluse gives the following graceful conception of Milton as an undergraduate:—

> "Yea, our blind poet, who, in his later day,
> Stood almost single, uttering odious truth,
> Darkness before, and danger's voice behind—
> Soul awful (if the earth has ever lodged
> An awful soul), I seemed to see him here
> Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
> Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth,
> A boy—no better—with his rosy cheeks
> Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
> And conscious step of purity and pride."

The result, however, to which this veneration of the bard of "Paradise Lost" led his inexperienced admirer is singular enough. A friend who happened to reside in chambers which tradition pointed out as having been Milton's, invited the young poet to pour libations in that hallowed spot to the memory of its illustrious occupant, and upon this, as he says, solitary occasion, the fervour of his zeal was more than matched by that of his potations.

Of the discipline of the place, so far as it involves a compulsory attendance at chapel, he speaks in a tone of just and decided reprobation. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that a really earnest

Digitized by Google

and religious mind, like that of Wordsworth, could endure such a desecration of the forms of worship. The following lines may, perhaps, do good service in promoting the institution of a healthier and truer system :—

> "But spare the House of God. Was ever known
> The witless shepherd who persists to drive
> A flock that thirsts not to the pool disliked?
> A weight must surely hang on days begun
> And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
> Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
> Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
> At home in pious service, to your bells
> Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
> Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air.
> And your officious doings bring disgrace
> On the plain steeples of our English Church,
> Whose worship 'mid remotest village trees
> Suffers for this."

Of other cant and hollowness of collegiate life the bard speaks in much the same strain. He sighs for some visionary sanctuary for the youth of the country, but, except the abrogation of some few formal and obsolete observances, it is difficult to see what improvements he would suggest. Under any system there will be superiors to be quizzed for their peculiarities by lively, ready-witted lads, even as Wordsworth laughed long and heartily at the quaint College elders of sixty years since. There will be a little microcosm of ambitious students displaying all the passions which animate more important struggles in the great world; and wherever power to enforce discipline is vested there will be occasionally "Blind Authority beating with his staff the child that might have led him."

In his first long vacation the reader finds the poet has really come back to his home, not merely in person, but in heart and feeling. His joy in revisiting familiar scenes and faces, after an eight months' absence, is genuine and touching. The ferryman at Windermere, the old dame, and the country neighbours, great and small, all come in for a share of his affectionate greeting—even the poet's dog is not forgotten. This dog, by-the-bye, though of humble lineage, was a dog of no ordinary acquirements. One of his important functions was to accompany his master in his walks, to be patted and caressed when a happy thought or phrase occurred to the poet, and to warn him of the approach of other wayfarers, lest his declamation and gestures, while in the furor of composition, should be mistaken by prosaic people for downright craziness. In revisiting these cherished scenes of his boyhood, the visionary tendency that they had fostered in the poet's mind naturally receives some additional strength, though the young collegian's genial temper diverts him sometimes from his solitary musings to the ordinary recreations of his time of life. Of the latter he speaks in a tone of somewhat unnecessary regret. It *was* wholesome, right, and reasonable that a lad of nineteen should occasionally have passed—

> "The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
> With din of instruments, and shuffling feet,
> And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
> And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
> Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
> Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,
> When transient pleasure mounted to the head,
> And tingled through the veins."

As Wordsworth dwells so long and so fondly over the sports and occupations of a genuine and healthy *childhood*, it seems almost inconsistent that he should dismiss the just objects of ambition and equally reasonable enjoyments of *youth* with indifference and contempt. Perhaps the reason for this may be found in the circumstance that the recollections of earlier days are more intimately blended with those external appearances of Nature upon which his mind was ever wont to dwell with the greatest pleasure, while the memory of the beginning of adult life is, on the contrary, far more mixed up with those complications of social existence which the poet considered difficult, and at the same time hardly worth while, to unravel.

Before we conclude this part of our sketch, we cannot forego the pleasure of extracting the following account of the author's view of his task as far as it has hitherto gone :—

> "As one who hangs down, bending from the side
> Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
> Of a still water, solacing himself
> With such discoveries as his eye can make—
> Beneath him, in the bottom of the deep,
> Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes, flowers,
> Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more;
> Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
> The shadow from the substance—rocks and sky,
> Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
> Of the clear flood—from things which there abide,
> In their true dwelling. . . . .
> Such pleasant office have we long pursued,
> Incumbent o'er the surface of past time."

Between the vacation we last noticed, and the subsequent return to Cambridge, a chapter entitled "Books" is interposed, which at first sight seems difficult to reconcile with the hitherto uninterrupted course of the narrative and its attendant reflections. It is, however, in truth, but a kind of postscript to what has preceded, and supplies the omission to give some account of the influence which books had in forming the mind of the child and the youth. Parenthetically, Wordsworth here enters his protest against calling forth precocious power by over-education, and pleads vigorously in favour of a certain amount of liberty for the self-development of character in the earlier stages of life. The old school of education—child-like self-forgetfulness and the simple fables like those of Jack the Giant-killer and Robin Hood—tending to cherish the imaginative faculty, he contemplates with a far more favourable feeling than the specious elaborate training which some teachers undertake to supply in their ignorance of the real science of the formation of character. For his own child-like childhood and untrammelled youth the

Digitized by Google

poet never wearies of expressing his gratitude much in the same spirit as Cobbett mentions the sand-hill near his father's cottage, to clamber up and roll down which the sturdy old Radical used to assert was the wholesomest education that he could have received.

While discussing books and their influences, a thought of the destructibility of these records of the noblest efforts of human reason introduces an account of a dream, so wild and fanciful as to resemble a phantasmagoria of his friend Coleridge far more than any of his own more sober poetry. We give it nearly at full length—

"I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void;
And as I looked around distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side an uncouth shape appeared
Upon a dromedary, mounted high,
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes.
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with unerring skill
Would through the Desert lead me; and while yet
I looked, and looked, self-questioned what this freight
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone
Was Euclid's Elements; and 'This,' said he,
'Is something of more worth,' and at the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,
In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant, in an unknown tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A long prophetic blast of harmony—
An ode, in passion uttered, which foretold
Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song than the Arab, with calm look, declared
That all should come to pass whereof the voice
Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury these two books:
The one that held acquaintance with the stars,
And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;
The other was a god—yea, many gods;
Had voices more than all the winds, with power
To exhilirate the spirit, and to soothe
Through every clime the heart of human kind.
Far stronger now grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man; but when I prayed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on,
Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,
For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
Grasping his twofold treasure. *
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed;
And, looking backwards when he looked, mine eyes
Saw over half the wilderness diffused
A bed of glittering light; I asked the cause:
'It is,' said he, 'the waters of the deep
Gathering upon us.' Quickening then the pace
Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
He left me. I called after him aloud,
He heeded not; but with his twofold charge
Still in his grasp before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
With the great waters of the drowning world
In chase of him; whereat I waked in terror."

Of Euclid's "Elements" we have some further honourable notice when the bard returns to Cambridge; his other college studies he considers too desultory to deserve any special mention.

The second long vacation is occupied by a tour in search of the picturesque and the beautiful, and in the society of his sister; the third is employed in a journey with a college friend to the lake of Como, through France and Switzerland.

After the termination of the undergraduateship at Cambridge, and still undetermined what course of life to select, our autobiographist betakes himself to London, where he resides for a twelvemonth. London, however, is hardly better than Cambridge. The hum of millions and the sights of the metropolis amuse him for the time, but he has no real sympathy for them. He enjoys the theatres and Burke's speeches in the House of Commons, but only as a pastime. The sight of a young and beautiful child on a refreshment-table in the saloon of a theatre, contrasting in its freshness and innocence with the weary dissipation and pollution around it, touches his heart more than Siddons on the stage in the zenith of her power. An artisan sadly bending over his sick baby, while sitting on a dwarf wall surrounding a square, whither he had brought it for an airing, interests him far more deeply than the grave or gay who hurry through the streets or lounge in public walks; and he concludes by giving an account of Bartholomew Fair in all its discordant din and multitudinous confusion as almost an epitome of life in the metropolis.

Between the termination of the residence in London and the beginning of another journey to France a chapter is interposed, with the rather portentous title of a "Retrospect—Love of Nature leading to Love of Man." We may here as well warn the reader not to be alarmed. The metaphysics it contains are of the mildest, if not of an absolutely homœopathic, character, and some of the descriptions, as, for instance, those of a village fair, shepherds of pastoral imagination, and their contrast, the real mountain-shepherds of the lake district, are as beautiful as any in the book. It is the consciousness alone of having already quoted so largely that restrains us from extracting some of these charming passages.

To France, now convulsed by the struggle which ultimately placed Robespierre in the undisputed possession of power, the autobiographist takes his way, with the intention of fixing his residence for a while at Blois. In passing through Paris, he visits, of course, the site of the Bastile, then recently destroyed. He gathers up a stone from the rubbish as a relic; but as his sympathies have not as yet been very strongly excited with reference to French politics, he honestly confesses that he affected more emotion than he felt, and that the "painted Magdalene of Le Brun" seemed to him to recompense the traveller for his pains more than all the strange sights of Paris in that terrible revolution. He

Digitized by Google

had, it is true, been living in the same unconsciousness as the rest of his fellow-countrymen of the real importance of what was passing. In our own time, notwithstanding a far greater intercourse between the two great nations, separated only by twenty miles of salt water, it is very nearly the same thing. This ignorance, however, was, in Wordsworth's case, destined to be soon dispelled by the information he very easily obtained from associating with some of the actors and sufferers in the great national tragedy then performing. At Blois he fell among a set of military men of the old *régime*, whose whole souls were bent upon undoing what had been done. The worst for them was already past, and they counted all exertion lost and thrown away that did not tend to the accomplishment of the one great object in view. Of one of these, as a type of the class, Wordsworth gives a powerful and most interesting sketch. He was in the prime of manhood, reckoning age by years, but mental agony had contracted his handsome features and bowed his form. His temper was equally spoiled and blighted.

> "With the hour
> That from the press at Paris duly brought
> Its freight of public news, the fever came,
> A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
> Disarmed his voice, and fanned his yellow cheek
> Into a thousand colours; while he read
> Or mused his sword was haunted by his touch,
> Continually, like an uneasy place
> In his own body."

These unhappy men were, at the time of Wordsworth's arrival, anxiously awaiting the moment to emigrate, that they might join the army then on the frontiers, and about to invade France. It tells well for their national urbanity that they kindly received the young stranger and endeavoured to win him over to their cause. The circumstances of his life, however, made him a most unlikely proselyte. In his native mountain country there was no class venerated for factitious rank, and here he does Cambridge the justice of confessing that it is a little republic in which each works out his own distinction. To the idols of his military aristocratic acquaintance he could not and would not bow. On the contrary, he found a congenial spirit in Beaupuis, an officer of as noble birth as the others, but who had espoused the revolutionary side. It is well that it should have occurred to Wordsworth to enshrine the memory of this man in English verse. The history of the French Revolution, whether by a native of that country or of this, is generally so written that we rise from its perusal with something like a feeling of indignation at having been decoyed into wasting our time upon a legend of pedantic *farceurs* and sanguinary lunatics. A representation of the class whom Beaupuis typifies is, therefore, necessary to recall to memory the fact that there was, in the body of the nation, that earnestness, gentleness, and real virtue for which we seek in vain the melo-dramatic annals of the time. We do not, nor probably would Wordsworth, assert, that men of the stamp of Beaupuis had not their judgment often blinded by their wishes; but when we are utterly shocked and disgusted by the more than Turkish ignorance of government, owing to which the Mountain deluged France with torrents of innocent blood, and, in the name of Liberty, established the most ignominious slavery ever known to man, the account of the bard's conferences with his military friend tend in some degree to dispel our despair of humanity, and assure us that, even in the worst of times, there is an abiding leaven of goodness which may prevent total and irremediable social ruin. Of the real feeling which sustained the Revolution among the good, one incident (which, by-the-bye, Wordsworth was sure not to miss) gives, perhaps, as good a conception as might be derived from any other source. It would be a pity to give it in any other than the graphic words of the poet:—

> "And when we chanced
> One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
> Who crept along, fitting her languid gait
> Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
> Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
> Its sustenance, while the girl, with pallid hand,
> Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
> Of solitude; and, at the sight, my friend,
> In agitation, said, 'Tis against that
> That we are fighting!'"

The poet proceeds to say that he fully entered into his friend's sentiments, and at the time he certainly would have sat very far to the Left if he had belonged to a French Legislative Assembly, though he loathed and abhorred from his very soul the shameless and degrading tyranny of Robespierre.

After, as it would seem, a sojourn of nearly two years at Blois, Wordsworth separated from his friend Beaupuis, who perished afterwards in battle, fighting against the insurgents of La Vendee. The bard passed through Paris, on his way home, while it was still reeking with the massacre of September, but his faith in the Revolution was unshaken. His soul was for once stirred up from its lowest depth by that great social movement. The Slave-trade question, which might otherwise have enlisted his sympathies, failed to make any impression upon him, so convinced was he that if the cause of mankind prospered in France all minor matters of human progress would naturally become subordinate to it and be insensibly righted. Entertaining as he did these feelings, the declaration of war by England was a terrible blow to him, and he confesses that he was unable to repress his exultation at the defeats of his fellow-countrymen.

From this opinion of the impolicy of the course then taken by the British Government, both with respect to English interests, and also looking to the pretext which it afforded for an increase of the atrocities of the Terrorists in Paris, he seems never to have swerved at any subsequent period; and now his sentiments are shared by an infinitely larger portion of the public than he could ever have anticipated, as adherents to the views he entertained. The political fate of France, however, the only politics in which he ever took interest, was a continuous source of disappoint-

Digitized by Google

ment. The young Republic, indeed, put out its herculean strength and throttled the serpents about its cradle, and so far it was well. But once released from danger it became an oppressor, and sank to voluntary slavery; the climax of degradation was an Emperor crowned in Paris by a Pope. The announcement of the downfall of Robespierre was a transient consolation, and the time and place when it was made to him are duly and most characteristically recorded by the poet. About to pass "o'er Leven's estuary," and while waiting for the guide, he is addressed by a traveller coming from the opposite side "in the familiar language of the day," crying, "Robespierre is dead."

This part of the poem concludes with an address to Coleridge, who, at the time of its composition, was wintering in Sicily "among the fallen of nations," and is somewhat remarkable for a curious error to which the poet has, we must say, clung rather wilfully. A friend of his, who, by-the-bye, is our informant, met the Recluse some twelve years since when taking one of his poetic walks in his own loved lake district, and in reply to an inquiry as to the distance of Syracuse from Etna, reported it to be somewhere about forty miles or so. It was then observed that the information was desired for the purpose of ascertaining whether the distance was short enough to admit of a poetic possibility of the mountain casting a shadow *over* the town; and if we may judge from the lines as they stand in "The Prelude" *that* was discarded. The poet, however, would not tolerate for a moment the other equally important geographical fact that Etna stands due north, or nearly, of Syracuse; and accordingly, in defiance of the solar system, the passage still runs—

> "When Etna over hill and valley casts
> His shadow, stretching *towards* Syracuse."

The remaining portion of "The Prelude" gives little more of distinct biography. In two books he discusses how imagination and taste may be impaired and restored, and parenthetically deprecates the exclusive attention now given to Political Economy and its kindred studies. He also vindicates with knowledge and justice the virtue and intelligence of the humbler classes. In the "Conclusion," after mentioning that the influence of his sister had done much towards subduing the sterner tastes and feelings (no difficult task, we imagine, when a nature so kindly and genial as his was to be dealt with), he finishes with a brief retrospect of the foregoing pages.

Such is the record of the thirty-four first years of his life, which Wordsworth recommends as a posthumous child to the attention of those who survive him. His name alone is sufficient to obtain for it, within a few years, a reverential perusal in every quarter of the globe where the English language is read and spoken; and we may add, the work itself will be a charm and a solace to tens of thousands. Egotism is, of course, to be expected in every autobiography; nay, it were idle to complain of its appearance in works specially destined to record the thoughts and actions of the writers. It is only when it appears deformed with selfishness or absurd vanity that it becomes repulsive. From these it is superfluous to say that Wordsworth and his writings are entirely exempt. Whether, on the one hand, he did not err in judgment, both as to the functions of a poet and his own capability to fulfil them, may be doubted. It is a just observation of Goethe's, in "Wilhelm Meister," that the enthusiastic and exclusive devotion of the young amateur to his conception of "Hamlet" was a sure token that he was not designed by Nature to become an accomplished actor. To perform that part correctly would doubtless prove the possession of a peculiar kind of genius, and that, too, of no common order; but to dwell fondly upon that study only would be tolerably certain indication of the absence of versatility of power, with which no great actor can dispense. The walk which Wordsworth selected was very limited, though by no means unworthy. He is the poet of the external phases of Nature, but only in her milder moods. He cannot make, as Byron did, "the live thunder leap from crag to crag," but he serenely gazes with artless joy on the sun sinking behind the dark outline of a Cumbrian fell, and his soul hovers in rapture over the silvery mist that fills the vale at daybreak. In dealing with human passions, the noblest, in fact the only real theme of song (for the external imageries of the visible are but accessories deriving their interest only from their relation to the sentient soul of man), the power of Wordsworth is voluntarily confined to tales of simple pathos and subdued sorrow, or tranquil enjoyment. The texture of his compositions is in general eminently artless. From multiplicity he shrinks as from confusion; and in no instance does he summon thoughts and feelings from various regions to converge like troops in a campaign, and to bear with irresistible effect on a point long since predetermined. His is the ripple of the brook, and not the collective might of waters slowly gathering to break in one huge billow on the shore.

There is, however, a charm about Wordsworth that amply compensates for the absence of those vivid and passionate passages which stir us powerfully in more vigorous poets. Much of our life is work-a-day and weary; we are daily racked by the apprehension of real calamities, and in our struggles to avoid them our moral nature has a tendency to become soured and perverted from very suffering. It is in these phases of mind that Wordsworth's gentle pages cast a soothing influence upon the troubled spirit, and supply that invigorating repose which enables us to withstand the recurring fever of life's turmoil. In this respect "The Prelude," as we have seen, a tale of childhood, boyhood, and youth, tranquil, happy, and innocent, will minister to minds diseased as effectively as its predecessors have done.

We cannot, however, dismiss the poem before us without noticing the marked deviation from Wordsworth's usually tranquil flow of feeling which it exhibits in his allusion to the French Revolution. That a kindly mind like his should be so stirred up and exasperated as to rejoice when thousands of his fellow-countrymen were slain, is

Digitized by Google

a moral phenomenon which in these days seems hardly credible. But for his deep conviction that the English armies were sustaining the cause of unmitigated wrong, such a sentiment might be summarily condemned as shocking and revolting to the last degree; even as it is we can hardly reconcile ourselves to its justification. There is no stronger instinct in our nature than the sympathy which we feel for the fortunes of men of our own race and country; and even the school-boy turns with pain from tales of national discomfiture, whatever may be the justice of the cause maintained by English armaments. After all, however, in a true and earnest heart, everything must give way to the great principle of "Fiat Justitia," be the sacrifice what it may; and the pages before us bear evidence that with Wordsworth it was not a slight one. It was with pain and grief that he examined his inmost feelings, and discovered that his love of right led to treason to his nationality. Up to the last moment of his life it does not appear that he repented of having entertained these sentiments, though he still looked back with sorrow upon the events that occasioned them; and at no period, notwithstanding the untoward fate of nations during the last half century, did he swerve from the hopeful faith that, under Providence, the different peoples of Europe would work out institutions in accordance with the proper rights of humanity. In this respect Wordsworth must, at all events, be considered to have been far happier than his friend Southey, whose apostacy drew upon him a most harassing literary persecution, which he felt deeply; nor would it be too much to say that the unshaken convictions of the simple-minded bard might have been a just subject of envy to the restless and subtler Coleridge, whose genius seems to have deserted him when he advocated submission to authority at the expense of free thought and will.

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Struck down amid the thick'ning throng of life's
Strong hopes and strivings; when his name had grown
A word of speculation in the land,
On which sage burghers talked, and statesmen planned,
And hopeful hearts beat high—as one foreknown
To learn Time's teachings, through the long-waged war
Of health and labour, which from day to day
Wastes Europe's strength, and leaves her many a scar—
As one of whom his country's page might say
That he had led her safe in freedom's onward way.

The promise is no more, and with it sleeps
The toiling millions' trust. The bigot sneers
At lore he could not read, because late learned,
Though bravely was it told and dearly earned
Through friendship's losses and the storms of years.
Yet woe for his land's loss; not only where
Her chiefs take counsel, or by board and hearth
Will he be missed and mourned for as few are
That walk the world's high places; but on earth
He was the muse's friend in dimness and in dearth.

Therefore her glory on his grave will rest,
In that far time whose sons may count our days
The childhood of the nations, when they prized
But gilded toys and trifles, and despised
The solid riches sought in manly ways.
And one whose laden memory reckons this
Among the blessings missed in life's career,
That niggard time or fortune left no space
To speak deep thanks and wishes, offers here
A tribute to the tomb the isles may hold so dear

Frances Brown.

Edina, 1850.

Digitized by Google

THE ORIGIN OF EPPING HUNT.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

It was a desperately hard frost at Vienna on the 20th of December, A.D. 1192, so cold, indeed, that most folks found it much pleasanter to push more fuel into their stoves and make themselves snug at home than to wade through the snow-drifts which clogged the streets of the then little capital of the Hereditary States. The Germans, especially in the South, are the most good-natured and easily satisfied folks in the world; and accordingly there were many pleasant though compulsory home parties on the day in question. None, however, if one might judge from appearances, was more decidedly determined to be merry than that which occupied the little *sanctum* of Hans Wurst, the worthy proprietor of the White Horse, a small but thriving hostel in the suburbs. Loud and joyous conversation, interrupted by every variety of laughter, from the titter and "La! I never," of pretty little Gertrude Strickstrumpf, the innkeeper's niece, to the deep horse-laugh, and "Well, that's a good un" of mine host himself, proved beyond question that hearty Mr. Hugh, the commercial traveller, as he called himself, for the London house of Holsters and Sabretache, was a pleasant and welcome guest. Mr. Hugh was indeed a remarkable and captivating man. Upwards of six feet high, admirably proportioned, both for strength and grace, with a handsome open countenance, it was not to be wondered at that he should divert little Trudchen's eye very frequently from the stocking she was knitting. In fact, the stocking had no chance at all that day; the stitches were taken up or dropped quite at random, and the little workwoman could do nothing but titter, giggle, blush, and laugh at the funny and roguish remarks which the stranger would every now and then address to her.

Her uncle was equally well pleased after his fashion. Mr. Hugh told endless stories, and had a whole budget of news about the war in Palestine, politics, tricks upon Turks, and the like; but most of all the good innkeeper was delighted to hear him order a second flagon of his best Tokay, and desire that the legs, the only remaining portion of a huge turkey he had dined on, should be devilled forthwith. Worthy Hans Wurst might indeed have thought that the hearty appetite of his guest was somewhat inconsistent with the excuse of ill-health, which he offered for not attending the table d'hote. But he had had a glimpse of Mr. Hugh's purse, and his suspicions were lulled by the frank and jovial manners of its bearer.

At length, when the second flagon of Tokay was nearly empty, and he had made Hans laugh immoderately at a comic song about Saladin and his hundred wives (which, by the way, sadly embarrassed poor Trudchen, who couldn't help tittering, though she knew she ought to frown or get up a blush), the traveller suddenly observed,—

"What on earth can make that vagabond Tim so late. He had only to buy half-a-dozen lemons for the English punch which I want to show you how to manufacture, and he has been gone three mortal hours by my watch."

"Aye, that he has," said the innkeeper; "but, bless us and save us, look there!"

He pointed to the window as he spoke, and Hugh's countenance fell when he saw the sight to which his attention was directed.

A sergeant, followed by thirty tall grenadiers in white uniform, with bayonets fixed, was coming down the street towards the White Horse. Between the two first soldiers, in the clutch of a detective in plain clothes, was the unfortunate Tim, walking with difficulty, apparently in great pain, and blubbering as if his young heart was breaking.

"*Ach! es ist die Polizei!*" burst from the lips of Hans and Trudchen, when the guard halted at the door. Hans cast a terrified look at Hugh, and retreated two steps backward; Trudchen advanced with a look of sorrow and pity, as if instinctively to help the stranger. Hugh eyed them both fixedly for a moment, and then said slowly and gloomily, "All may yet be well, my friends; admit these fellows, and be silent for your lives." The door opened as he spoke, and Tim, with the detective, the sergeant, and half-a-dozen soldiers, crowded the little snuggery of Hans Wurst.

"You are the gen'leman as is wanted," said Grabz, the detective, to Mr. Hugh.

"I!" answered the stranger haughtily; "fellow, beware of what you do. I make not nor meddle with the Austrian police."

"We'll soon see that," said Grabz doggedly. "Wot's your name?"

"Hugh," was the brief and stern reply.

"Ockypation?"

"A merchant."

"What do you do business in?"

"Pipeclay."

"Well, sir, I don't want for to go to be uncivil; but all that ere's gammon."

"Ha! miscreant," shouted the stranger, rising suddenly with clenched fist and flashing eyes.

"Come, come," said Grabz, "it ain't no good cutting up rough. I knows you well enough; your famly name's Plantagenet, and your *halias* is Cœur-de-Lion, and here's the warrant for the harrest."

"Nabbed, by Jingo," muttered the disconcerted monarch—for it was in truth no other than the lion-hearted Richard of England himself. The mousing owl had hawked at and stricken down the soaring eagle.

"Hans, my good fellow," he continued, "here is half-a-score of byzants, which will save you the trouble of making, and me of reading, thy reckoning; and Trudchen, my pretty lass, buy a cap-

Digitized by Google

riband with this, and keep it as a remembrance of Hugh, the English merchant."

Poor Trudchen had her apron to her eyes, and could neither see nor hear distinctly, but she said, "Yes, sir," to the kindly words with which the King accompanied his gift, and "Oh! sir," when he kissed away a tear that was stealing down her comely cheek. Hours afterwards she unclenched her hand, and found she had received a golden English sovereign, that bore the features of its generous donor.

Having thus acquitted himself towards his humble friends, the King bade the satellites of Duke Leopold lead on, and, surrounded by them, strode with a slow and stately step to the police-station. It was a noble sight to witness his dignified resignation. His step was firm and his courage high as when he charged with nine knights only into the countless squadrons of Saladin at Jaffa; he was, in short, though in adversity, every inch a king. He could not, however, help saying to his youthful page as he passed along, "Oh, Tim, Tim, thou little knowest what thy heedlessness has done!"

The mournful tone of his master's voice cut the poor boy to the heart, and he blubbered out in reply, "that it warn't he as was to blame," so piteously as almost to melt the heart of the sergeant commanding the detachment.

Tim's view of the matter, however, was hardly in exact accordance with the real truth. The little fellow (he was just fifteen, and as tidy a miniature tiger as ever swung behind a cabriolet) had sallied out into the streets with his pepper-and-salt work-coat carefully brushed, his buckskin unwhisperables faultlessly white, brilliant top-boots, and cockaded hat to match, and had swaggered most outrageously. He had demolished by the quickness of his repartee every German groom and coachman who answered his impudence, and taken sights at every quiet respectable burgher who forbore to reply to him. He might have got the lemons he was sent for by paying eighteenpence, but he must needs fling down a sovereign, and quiz the shopman for not having change. The sovereign was sent to the barber's next door, and, as ill luck would have it, there sat Grabz, the detective, undergoing the process of being shaved. The incognito livery of the Royal family of England, and the unusual English coin so boastfully presented, aroused the suspicions of the policeman. He divined at once that the principal enemy of his master Duke Leopold was in Vienna, and instantly took poor little Tim into custody. At the station-house the unhappy tiger resisted for a long time all the endeavours of the police to make him betray the whereabouts of his master; but the Austrians were in earnest. The pepper-and-salt frock coat tails were raised; the little buckskins depressed, and under the unsparing application of the lash by policeman Haynau, the agonised groom at last sobbed out the fatal words, "White Horse."

We have already seen the result of the confession thus cruelly extorted, in the arrest of the princely champion of Christendom. Worse, however, soon followed; for in this, as in many other cases, Misfortune seemed never tired of persecuting her victim. When the royal prisoner was searched at the station-house, a copy of Guy Rardin's newspaper was found in the pocket of his dalmatic; and in this scurrilous journal, next after the leading article, there appeared, in glowing, leaded type, the bitterest lampoon upon Archduke Leopold that Cœur-de-Lion had ever penned. The discovery of this squib threw the mean-spirited and vindictive Austrian into such a paroxysm of fury that he gave orders directly for a gentleman from the Home-office to attend, on the part of the Coronet, to watch the proceedings before the police magistrate. There was, however, little need of this precaution: Richard's own imprudence gave his dastardly enemy every advantage. When he was called upon to answer to a charge of vagrancy, he folded his arms, and drew himself up to the full height of his martial figure, while, looking ineffable scorn at Herr Beek, the worthy Amtman, he replied, in a voice of thunder, "What! answer before thee, thou wizen, minikin, horse-hair-tiled Rhadamanthus? Marry, that were sport indeed. Hark ye, fellow! when Richard of England pleads his cause, the jury shall be of crowned kings, and God shall be the judge."

Herr Beek would fain have replied, with grave, mauling sarcasm, that as such courts rarely sat, either on circuit or in term time, his majesty might as well take it for granted that a tribunal which had power to punish had also jurisdiction to try; but the words died away upon his lips. No living man could see the flashing eye of Cœur-de-Lion and not quail beneath it; none could hear his voice and not tremble. His worship Herr Beek was, in short, thoroughly muddled and frightened, and, as is usual with police magistrates in similar circumstances, took both counsel and courage from the clerk of the court. After a whispered conference of some minutes, in which the words "five pounds" and "fourteen days" were occasionally audible, an assenting nod from the magistrate indicated that his subordinate had succeeded in making up his mind for him. It was then announced from the bench that the prisoner stood committed for contempt of court, and a warrant was accordingly made out, consigning him to a prison, termed, in the idiom of the age and country, the Archducal Austrian Fortress of Durrenstein.

Dismal and dreary were the days now passed by the captive monarch in his dungeon. Escape was out of the question. The bars and bolts were carefully looked to by Baron Hadmar, the ever-watchful governor of the gaol, and the black and yellow liveried turnkeys were but too faithful satellites of the petty tyrant whom they served. At first, however, the spirits of the prisoned warrior were kept up by the assurances of Blutegel, the Radical attorney. According to that sanguine practitioner's opinion, a judicious application under the Habeas Corpus Act would infallibly secure his client's instant liberation. But, alas! hope told a flattering tale. Advocates Clarkin and Bodson were indefatigable in moving the Duke's Bench, the Common Fleas, and the Checker, besides the Chance-seller's, and the other Iniquity Courts. It

Digitized by Google

was all in vain; those tribunals were inexorable. As soon as either of these gentlemen opened his mouth, down came the cut-and-dried formula from the bench—"That the Court which commits for the contempt is the only proper tribunal to decide upon the essence and incidents of the contempt;" and then counsel would invariably answer, "Yes, my Lord," and sit down and scribble hastily on the brief and hand it over to the attorney.

The last mentioned worthy, as may be supposed, had a hard time of it when he related those repeated failures in successive ten-and-sixpenny conferences with his client. Generous and liberal even to a fault as Cœur-de-Lion habitually was, he could not but perceive that his money had nearly all melted away, and that he was still as far from his liberation as ever. At last, when it was announced that the Common Fleas had answered his application as all the other courts had done, his impatience and indignation knew no bounds. "Fore Gad," he cried, in the extremity of his distress, "they are all in a tale. But thou, caitiff!"—and he eyed Blutegel moodily.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Blutegel, as he was making for the door, "you 've had quite enough for your money, I'm sure;" and the ill-fated man so far forgot himself as actually to put on his hat in the presence of the Plantagenet.

A heavy fall and a piercing shriek summoned Baron Hadmar and a couple of turnkeys to the dungeon. Grim and terrible as in the field of battle, Richard of England stood in the middle of the cell; at his feet lay Blutegel, bleeding and senseless. The jailor and his men drew back in dismay. "How now, my masters," said the King in bitter irony; "by St. George, ye lack not *outrecuidance* who dare disturb a privileged communication between client and attorney. But away with him; put cataplasms on his bloody cockscomb. The Lion of England preys not upon carrion."

The reckless conduct of the exasperated King upon this occasion proved eventually more prejudicial to his interests than he could have anticipated. He not only forfeited the good wishes of both branches of the legal profession and the liberal party in the Duchy, but his violence served as a pretext for transferring him to the criminal ward. Heavily fettered, in a convict's dress, with the number of his cell sewed on it, his hair cropped by the prison barber, and wasting away upon the regulation-diet of five ounces of sour crout and a pint of gruel daily, varied by a crust of black bread and two ounces of German sausage on Sundays, lay for weeks and months the *preux chevalier* of the Crusades, and, what he valued more, the first gentleman in Europe. He might, indeed, have obtained some relaxation of his present hardships and interested the religious party in his behalf, if he had behaved himself properly in the prison-chapel, and listened attentively to that excellent lady the Freifrau Von Klappam, who devoted herself to visiting and preaching to the prisoners. But Cœur-de-Lion's nature was ever frank and open; he abominated compulsory attendance at chapel as much as if he had been an undergraduate at Cambridge, and took no pains to conceal his sentiments. He was almost rude to the good Freifrau when she came to his cell, and peevishly told her he had killed Saracens enough to make him quite easy in his mind, and therefore begged she would give herself no trouble about him. Accordingly, neither as a model prisoner nor as a suffering martyr did the noble Cœur-de-Lion obtain any comfort inside or any sympathy outside the prison walls.

He might, indeed, have languished there unheeded to the end of his days if the Emperor Henry VI. had not taken a fancy into his head, that the captive King might be considered in the light of a bill of exchange, payable at sight by the people of England. The Archduke was no less sordid than vindictive, and was easily persuaded to enter into the Emperor's views. A short negotiation was concluded, as is generally known, by the latter discounting the illustrious captive.

As soon as the sixty thousand pounds had been paid down to Leopold, a *pursuivant*, in the black, red, and gold livery of the empire, arrived with a prison-van and a warrant for the transfer of Cœur-de-Lion. "Anything for a change," said the captive, gaily and hopefully, as he jumped into the van. "All right," shouted the policeman officiating as conductor, and the carriage drove off bearing Plantagenet away from Durrenstein for ever.

The dreary dungeon he thus left is still shown to travellers, and one interesting memento of the minstrel monarch is still to be seen there, after the lapse of six centuries and a half. Immediately over the head of the bed some one of his predecessors in affliction had scrawled in doggrel German,

"Wenn einer nimmt was nicht ist sein
So schliesst man ihn in kerker ein."

Below these rude lines, and signed with the initials R. P., the graceful couplet which has now become part and parcel of our popular poetry is distinctly legible—

"He who prigs what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched must go to prison."

In the imperial castle of Trifels in the Vosges, to which Richard was now transferred, his captivity was somewhat more tolerable than it had been previously. Instead of being in a dungeon his apartment was in the third story, and commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. The change was at first delightful; but days and weeks wore away, and though the succeeding seasons varied the loveliness of the landscape, Cœur-de-Lion soon found by experience that an open window is a miserable compensation for a shut door. Aware, too, of the nefarious transaction between the Archduke and the Emperor, his mind was haunted by the suspicion that there might have been some demur on the part of his people to accept him when tendered to them by his present holder.

If such were the case, not merely his own hopes but the credit of his adored England were irretrievably ruined, for there was, he well knew, no

Digitized by Google

other party to whom application could be made "*in case of need.*"

Such a state of things, however, had no existence except in the desponding fancy of the captive hero. The men of England were as loyal and as solvent as ever; the real difficulty lay in the position in which the Emperor found himself. He was, in fact, in precisely the same circumstances as the lover of curiosities who stole Byron's last letter to Scott from the vase at Abbotsford. He possessed a jewel of great price, but to acknowledge its possession would be to confess himself a scoundrel. In addition to this consideration, the character of Viscount Palmerin, the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, made it still more necessary to proceed with caution. That able Minister was no less remarkable for his enthusiastic sense of national honour than for the energy with which he enforced and vindicated the rights of his country in all parts of the world. In Sicily, for instance, the contemptible Tancred detained the jointure of Queen Joanna, the widow of his predecessor, King William, and sister to Cœur-de-Lion, besides having most disgracefully falsified his promise to observe the Sicilian constitution. A despatch from Viscount Palmerin sent King Richard, with fifty gallies of the line, to Messina; and in spite of the countenance afforded by Philip, King of France, Tancred was obliged to satisfy the British claims by a heavy disbursement and a reluctant apology. Much the same kind of thing took place in Cyprus, where Isaac, the Greek king, had plundered some British subjects. Off went King Richard with his fifty gallies of the line. Port Lymesol was unexpectedly blockaded, and King Isaac was obliged to knock under, notwithstanding the storm of diplomatic notes which the French ineffectually pelted at Viscount Palmerin. Again, when Princess Berengaria had been just brought out by her father, King Sancho of Navarre, and was about to be snapped up by a needy relative of the French king, who wished by this alliance to extend his influence in the Peninsula, Viscount Palmerin saw through the scheme in a moment. Off went a king's messenger with despatches, and the intelligence that Cœur-de-Lion had settled the Spanish marriage question by marrying the lady himself, came like a thunderbolt upon the Sieur Guy Sot, the French diplomatist, who had fondly flattered himself he had no equal in fingering red tape, cooking an equivocal assurance, or tossing up a protocol. It was also owing to Viscount Palmerin that the French had the wind so effectually taken out of their sails at St. Jean d'Acre. That gallant nation besieged it for months and months in vain. Emir Djezzar within the fortress, and Soldan Saladin outside, openly talked of making the French king a cook in their Saracenic kitchens, and cutting up the Oriflamme into what Mr. Leigh Hunt calls a "gentle armour" for the ladies of the seraglio, when Richard of England suddenly landed upon the coast. The Soldan immediately fled into the desert; Djezzar capitulated; and the Union-jack waved triumphantly over the battlements of Acre. The jealous French and Austrian Governments were terribly vexed at these masterly moves of Viscount Palmerin; but grumbling was to no purpose. He snapped his fingers at them, and told them what was undoubtedly true, that he was an English Minister and not theirs.

Now it was clear to the Emperor that unless he proceeded very carefully, the active Foreign Secretary would be a thorn in his side when he set about realising his heroic captive. On the confines of Germany were the Hungarians, proud of their recent victory over Walter the Penniless; there were the heathen Prussians who successfully resisted the charitable efforts of the Teutonic Knights, and who accordingly remain with a dash of heathenism about them to the present day; there were the Polacks, recovered, under the indolent reign of King Claudius of Denmark, from the severe defeats they had experienced from his brother, King Hamlet; and, above all, there was the King of Bohemia, who as yet scorned to adopt the motto "Ich dien," and had so strengthened his celebrated seven castles, that they might have bidden defiance to the Seven Champions of Christendom. A despatch from Viscount Palmerin would have fallen, like a spark upon tinder, among all these warlike nations. The Emperor saw his danger, but not the means to avoid it; and while he was deliberating, the anxious subjects of Cœur-de-Lion knew nothing of their beloved monarch's captivity. In vain had they advertised in the *Times*, day after day, and week after week—"Missing, a young man, aged between thirty and forty. He is upwards of six feet high, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair, curling naturally. When he left his home, he had on a crimson silk tunic and purple silk dalmatic studded with silver crescents; a mantle of ermine, and golden spurs. Whoever will give information that may lead to his discovery will receive a liberal reward." In vain did Chancellor Longchamp carefully put at the top of the second column, "If this should meet the eye of R. P., he is implored to return home to his disconsolate subjects, and any arrangement he desires shall be effected." The secrets of a German prison are as the secrets of the grave. It was by accident alone that the incarceration of Cœur-de-Lion was discovered.

The London season was so bad in the absence of the court, that Blondel de Nesle, the most distinguished *artiste* in the orchestra at His Majesty's Theatre, was unable to obtain an engagement of any kind whatever. He made up his mind, accordingly, to a professional tour upon the Continent; and hence it came to pass that on a beautiful May morning the ears of the imprisoned sovereign were saluted by the notes of the most exquisite hurdy-gurdy in Europe. The minstrel played a well-known air. The touch of the artist, the tune, the song, were familiar to Cœur-de-Lion. At the end of the first verse, his deep mellow voice took up the *réfrain*:—

> "Buffalo girls, will you come out to night,
> And dance by the light of the moon."

"St. Cecilia be my speed," muttered the troubadour, turning pale and setting down his instrument; "I misdoubt me there is some glamour here." As

Digitized by Google

he paused, "Encore!" was repeated by the same voice, from a window in the third story.

"Nay, then, it is he indeed," said Blondel. "If thou be'st not a fiend sent to mock me, oh, speak to me, my royal master!"

"Alas, my gentle Blondel," said Plantagenet, who now appeared at the window, "it is but too true that I am he whom thou callest thy master. Better were it, I trow, to be a lowly peasant dallying with the village maidens of Buffalo than the liege lord of merry England, enthralled by a dastard German, and forgotten by faithless subjects."

"Nay, gracious lord," said Blondel, "wrong not the noble realm whereof thou art anointed king. In every minster, abbey, church, and chapel thy people pray unceasingly for blessings on the head of their noble Cœur-de-Lion."

"Pray for me!—pish! will they pay for me?" muttered the King testily; and then added aloud, "'Tis well, my good Blondel. St. George forbid that I should doubt my trusty lieges. Now, mark me! Thou must hie thee hence with the utmost speed of man and horse—thou must take ship for London at the nearest port; and if thou bearest speedy tidings to Longchamp, my mother, and De Bohun, the troubadours of Provence shall sing that never was king more grateful than Richard of England, or minstrel better guerdoned than Blondel de Nesle."

"My ever noble master," cried Blondel, putting his knee to the ground, "the Saints forfend that I should ever wish a dearer guerdon than to have done my *devoir* to the knightly and kingly Cœur-de-Lion." With these words he slung his instrument upon his shoulder, and after making a lowly reverence to the King, strode rapidly down the hill. Richard watched him till he disappeared, and then with a sigh returned to the sonnet he was composing when interrupted by the music of the troubadour. The sonnet, which has been preserved in its original French, was an imaginary address to a sparrow flying past a prison-window; and the *concetto* lay in the beautiful reflection that a sparrow could fly where it pleased because it had wings, while the captive monarch, in consequence of not having them, was obliged to stay where he was.

It was no easy task that had fallen to the lot of Blondel. Many a rugged mountain, and many a treacherous morass, deep rivers, and a stormy sea, were to be traversed before it was accomplished. During ten long days he neither slept nor halted. Onward, onward he struggled, till on the eleventh day morning his haggard and wasted form was seen slowly tottering through the ancient court of Lincoln's Inn. The Chancellor was passing to the judgment-seat surrounded by his apparitors and macers. Blondel summoned up his strength for a last effort; he rushed through the throng of wondering attendants, whispered a few words in a hoarse, exhausted voice to Longchamp, and fell fainting to the ground. "By our Lady," said the Chancellor, turning pale, "but this is passing strange. I must to the Queen-Mother forthwith. See this fellow be cared for. The court will not sit to-day."

The conjuncture of circumstances at that time demanded, indeed, most serious attention. Richard's absence had operated on the national mind as closing the Temple of Janus was supposed to do upon the ancient Romans. Civilisation indeed had made rapid progress, and the old military spirit of the country seemed fast dying away. The wise and wealthy burghers, when they met the Norman cavaliers, whose lances had borne down everything before them, from the Thames to the Euphrates, would jeeringly call them "tailors' blocks," and bid them go work; and so averse to violence was a large and increasing body of the lieges who were wont to meet at Exeter-hall, that they altogether abolished the penny that had been immemorially paid by the parish for the destruction of a hornet's nest, and cavilled at the right of anybody to kill one of those insects, unless it were previously shown to have stung some of the parishioners. Their games, too, had undergone an alteration in the same spirit. There were still bulls from Spain, aurochs from Germany, and bears from Russia, to be baited; but instead of attacking them with the fierce and silent mastiff of true English breed, they plied them unceasingly with little dogs that had come into fashion in one of the northern palatinates. The sport, it is true (if such it could be called), was innocent and humane enough. A pack of the little dogs was brought together, and when the word was given, one of them was trained to jump on a raised bench and bark very loudly at the bears and other animals. The rest of the pack would chime in with a tremendous bow-wow at intervals, and this was called "exerting a moral influence on," or "crumpling up," the wild beasts.

Such a state of feeling in the people was not likely to suggest any vigorous efforts for the liberation of their imprisoned king. In the Government matters looked still more unfavourable to his fortunes. By the perfidious intrigues of Prince John and the French, Viscount Palmerin had been driven from office and replaced by a northern Earl of a very different character. The latter was a good and inoffensive man, who drew his salary quarterly, and never gave any trouble to the enemies of his country or anybody else. Whether from phlegmatism or want of spirit, it was observed that though he might be receiving the severest kick from behind, nobody would conjecture from his face that he was undergoing either pain or insult. He was, therefore, with much justice considered very dignified and decorous.

Things were in this state when the sordid Emperor ascertained from his spies that the ruling sentiment in Great Britain was, "that if an Englishman were sojourning in a foreign land, it was most politic to leave him to the tribunals of the country and take no more trouble about him." The hint was not lost upon Henry. It was possible that Viscount Palmerin might return to power, and it would then be of some importance to have thrown some semblance of legality over his unjust and vindictive incarceration of Cœur-de-Lion. The princes of the empire were accordingly assembled in Diet, at Hagenau, and Plantagenet

Digitized by Google

stood in judgment before that august tribunal. He was not altogether unprepared to conduct his own cause. Since his quarrel with Blutegel he had learned to dispense with the costly aid of the sons of Themis. He had acquired experience, and exercised his ability with repeated success in several actions which he had himself instituted against scribblers who libelled him in his exile. It was, therefore, with a keen and practised eye that he perused the indictment preferred against him for having been accessory to the assassination of Conrad of Montferrat. His face beamed with honest triumph when he observed that the word "feloniously" had been omitted in all the material parts of the long roll of parchment on which his fate depended. Gracefully and majestically, as if he were opening the Parliament of his native land, did he point out the nullity of the indictment in consequence of the omission, and the hall rang with a loud burst of applause when he concluded a speech which had rivetted breathless attention for upwards of six hours. He was unanimously declared to have been foully wronged and calumniated, and ten thousand exulting voices ratified the verdict. Unfortunately, however, the laws of the German empire made no provision for the discharge of a prisoner after his acquittal; or perhaps it might be more correct to say, that a law had existed in that country from time immemorial, giving anybody who had the power to make a prisoner a perfect right to keep him as long as was found convenient. It was therefore of little avail to Richard that his princely and knightly fame was declared to be as bright and unsullied as the noonday sun. His liege subjects, in blissful ignorance of the peculiarities of foreign law, fondly flattered themselves that the imperial tribunals were doing ample justice to him. The Emperor was in no hurry to present him to his people. Even when that was done, it was doubtful whether they would take him up, and the royal captive groaned in spirit as he returned to Trifels under the melancholy anticipation that he might end his days in that secluded nook, the incarnation of a castaway, dishonoured bill.

It was not, however, decreed that the sun of the Plantagenets should set in darkness and disgrace. Negotiations were at length commenced, and, owing to the dexterous diplomacy of Protocol de Bilk and Bête l'Attaché, it was ascertained that a hundred thousand pounds was the very lowest figure that Henry would take for his illustrious captive. Even at this, said that avaricious prince, he was literally giving him away.

Now there were in England sixty thousand freeholds, or, as they were called in the language of the day, knights' fees; and in these good old times they were rateable only when the king's eldest son received knighthood, when his eldest daughter married, or when the sovereign himself was to be ransomed from captivity. This last contingency, as we have seen, had now taken place; and Cœur-de-Lion congratulated himself upon the excellence of British institutions and the wisdom of our ancestors, when he gave orders that the freeholds should pay a pound apiece: the rest of the money might easily be made up by charity sermons and penny subscriptions. A difficulty, however, presented itself, which utterly upset an arrangement apparently so practicable and simple. Nine tenths of all taxes in those days were absorbed by the expense of collecting them.

To supply the deficiency, the Parliament, which in the Dark Ages consisted exclusively of great lords and great landowners, set to work in earnest to tax everybody else. All necessaries of life, accordingly, from an attorney to a pot of porter, were subjected to a heavy excise; and when the middle and poorer classes complained of these exactions, they were naturally considered as presumptuous as the poultry in the fable, when it claimed to deliberate upon the question of what sauce it should be dressed with.

At last, however, these prodigious sacrifices produced the desired result; and Richard Cœur-de-Lion set foot on his native land in the month of March, A.D. 1194. But, alas! it was no longer the merry England he had left. All classes were ruined by taxation, or, what comes to the same thing, thought they were. The great landowners, to be sure, had paid nothing to speak of, and, indeed, it would have been unreasonable to expect they should. In that age, as in this, no occupation was so desperately ruinous as to be the proprietor of eight or ten thousand acres of fertile English land; and, accordingly, in the first speech that Richard made at the opening of Parliament, he deplored the distressed state of agriculture with such pathetic eloquence, that the great landowners, in sheer pity to themselves, unanimously agreed to raise their rack-rents a good deal higher, and reduce the labourers' wages to a point below starvation level. The traders and mechanics, as we have seen, had been completely drained; and even Sir Giles Mopus, the able Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought it would be useless to demand from them a sixteenth-fifteenth of their personal property by way of subsidy. Parliament, indeed, would have voted it, but Mr. Cokker, an old clerk at the Treasury, said it would be useless, and that settled the matter. "Yette peradventure Cokker erred therein," says Le Cypherer, one of the contemporary writers on political economy; "for methinks it were as easie to paye sixtene fifteneths for a subsidie as to pay seven and twentie shillings for a guinea, and that wolde men doe ofttimes in ye Frenche war, yea, though it were forbidden by an estatute of ye reaulme."

It was in vain, however, to discuss the abstract question, whether people could pay more than all they had in the world. Richard found himself reduced to great straits, and lamented bitterly that the religious zeal of his people had deprived him of the assistance he might have obtained from gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. That enterprising and intelligent class of his subjects had unfortunately been pillaged and massacred to such an extent that, with the exception of a few pauperised wretches who still lingered about Holywell, they might be said to be altogether exterminated. Foreign Jews, however, were still to be found; and accordingly it was to

Digitized by Google

Isaac of Cordova, the wealthiest of his tribe, that Cœur-de-Lion betook himself in his difficulties.

From a Portingale argosy, deeply laden with generous wines and golden oranges, that princely merchant first descended upon English ground at the Custom-house Stairs; and though vaulted and tapestried halls had been assigned to him in the city, proceeded to take lodgings with his persecuted brethren who dwelt in the pretty little village of Holywell, then about midway between Westminster and London.

The Londoners crowded the thoroughfares, and their pretty wives the casements, to see the procession as it swept through their narrow streets to the battlemented and purtcullised archway of Ludgate. It was indeed an interesting sight. First came a lovely band of Andalusian Gitanas, singing wild but sweet songs, in their native language, to the lively accompaniment of castanets and tamborines. For among the diseases of the realm which Isaac was called upon to heal was the dangerous schism that divided the Opera; and the timely reinforcement he now brought of chorus-singers and figurantes enabled His Majesty's Theatre to hold its own against the seceders, who had found their *mons sacer* in Covent Garden. After these blithe maidens came the rich Jew's favourite mountebank, or jongleur, as he was called, now jumping up, then falling down, and playing the strangest gambols. Even to the present day the name of the "Spanish active" is remembered in the Stock Exchange with affectionate regret. After him came twelve venerable bearded seniors in turbans and oriental robes, bearing before them boxes of real Turkish rhubarb. In the midst of them, on a sorrel mule, and in earnest conversation with Sir Giles Mopus, rode Isaac de Cordova. The richness of his apparel, the chains of gold that hung about his neck, the diamonds that sparkled and flashed fire from his fingers and girdle, and above all his snow-white beard and dignified bearing, made the citizens of London marvel whether the sage they saw could be of the same race as the abject wretches whom they were wont to turn out for their sport on Easter Monday, and mercilessly knock on the head when exhausted and run down. As he rode along the words "scrip and discount" and "bonus fifty per cent." were occasionally caught up by eager listeners; and as they observed Sir Giles Mopus to wince when these mysterious terms were repeated with some emphasis by the venerable stranger, they ignorantly supposed that the business for which the Jew came was in reality for the propagation of his peculiar creed in merry England, and more especially to entrap the souls of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other political personages. The procession was closed by some two score of Hebrews of all ages, bearing dusky bags on their shoulders, and making the streets ring with the plaintive melody of their national anthem, "Clo, clo!"

Richard Cœur-de-Lion, as is well known, was the flower of chivalry and knightly courtesy. Even had he been otherwise it is not improbable that policy would have dictated the course he now took. To a guard of sturdy beefeaters, with bright and sharp halberts, was intrusted the duty of watching over the safety of the monarch's guest. The sacristan of St. Clement Danes was in constant attendance to absolve the sentries, when relieved from their post before Rabbi Tubal's house, in which Isaac was sojourning; and lest the latter should be offended by the spectacle of a Jew being hunted by the citizens on Easter Monday, the time-honoured festival of the season was prohibited by royal proclamation, under the severest penalties.

After all, however, Richard had far underestimated the deep religious feeling of the people. To hunt a Jew was, said the churchmen, symbolic of the national opinion prevailing with respect to Judas Iscariot. To refrain from doing so would necessarily imply a contrary view of conduct, which even mild Mr. Justice Ion emphatically said "he did not approve." The Conservative party, with its usual consistency, talked about the danger of innovation and the wisdom of their ancestors; and the Londoners, with more logic and sincerity than either, complained that they were to be deprived of an invigorating and manly sport that served agreeably to conclude the dull monotony of Lent. In this state of the public mind it was not to be wondered at that a sermon or two from popular preachers should throw the whole town into a ferment. The excitement was prodigious.

One interesting instance of the spirit of the times was to be found some years since in the noble anthem composed for the occasion, by Walter de Mapes, the Canon of St. Paul's, and St. Ernulphus, surnamed the Execrator. It is now destroyed, with other valuable records, by the rats in the Chapter-house at Westminster; or, as some say, in the stable of Carlton-house, where valuable public documents are deposited for safe custody. It ran thus:—

Smouchicum, quocunque sit, maledicat affatim:
Saint and angel every one, and may the devil laugh at him.

Smouchiorum tota gens est abominabilis:
Damnable their dirty beards, damnable their gabble is.

Semper odiosa plebs obstat ambulantibus:
Offering their oranges while you wait and want a buss.

Obsidebant essedas publicas identidem:
Poking penknives at us till the new police prevented 'em.

Et juvant diluculo sæpè somnum rumpere:
Crying Clo! as if you'd rise at six to sell your trumpery.

Ergo sint anathema—lampades prosternite:
May the Jews be thus put out and stink—to all eternity.

The effect of this magnificent anthem, set to appropriate music, by Fitz-Fugue, the organist of St. Paul's, and closing with a grand diapason, while the Maledictine Brethren extinguished and threw down their smoking torches as if to clinch the imprecation, may be easily conceived. The multitude, however, which thronged the aisle contented themselves by observing, in their native dialect, that it was "monsous fine," and then moodily withdrew to their Lenten meal. It was a little boy

Digitized by Google

from the Charter-house innocently singing the infantine hymn, mentioned by Mr. Leigh Hunt, "He is risen—all the Jews must go to prison," who proved the spark that was to set the populace in a flame. "Ha! say'st thou so, my little man?" said a burgher among the bystanders. "Thou wert best take heed that the Jews treat thee not as they did young Hugh of Lincoln, for they are mightier than we poor Christians now-a-days." "Never, never!" responded a hundred angry voices; and in a few moments a large number of men and boys, armed with such weapons as first came to hand, poured tumultuously through Ludgate on their way to Holywell.

It was between six and seven in the afternoon of Easter Monday that Cœur-de-Lion betook himself to the withdrawing room in his palace at Westminster, after making his usual hearty dinner —for, as a crusader, he had had a standing indulgence to eat what he pleased during Lent; Queen Berengaria being at this time at her beautiful villa of Nonmiricordo, on the banks of one of the Italian lakes, her place at the table was supplied by the lovely and accomplished Lady Falconbridge. The spacious chamber was thronged with the royal party; and shortly after tea had been handed round, Blondel, the troubadour, took his seat as usual at the piano. The company listened in breathless silence to the old romaunt—

Autrefois
Etait un roi
Crême de la crême
Qu'en baptême
On nomma
Cophetua.
Et tout près
De son palais
Une pauvre fille,
Mais bien gentille,
Mendiait
Et criait:
Charité! charité!

As the romaunt proceeds in a similar strain to the length of several hundred verses, it was no small relief to the courtiers to hear the impatient monarch interrupt the troubadour at this point. "A murrain," he cried, "on thy musty French ballad of Cophetua and the beggar-girl. Romaunt me no romaunts, but sing me somewhat English, an thou knowest aught of the tongue of my brave burghers and stout yeomen."

In point of fact, Richard himself not merely detested English music as all persons of exalted rank naturally do, but his fine Norman taste was offended by the very sound of the vulgar Saxon language. In the present instance, however, he wished to show his sympathy and condescension to the most numerous portion of his subjects, from whom, through the disinterested Parliament we have mentioned, he intended to obtain a subsidy of fourteen fifteenths of all their personal property for the next twenty years.

"So please your Majesty," said Blondel, "I have conned an English *sirvente*, but, I misdoubt me, it shall hardly be to your royal liking."

"Nay, sing as thou listest, I will bide the venture," replied Plantagenet.

Now it may here be observed that, in spite of Richard's magnificent promises, and the indefatigable zeal which Blondel had shown in his service, the poor minstrel, who had pawned even his matchless hurdy-gurdy at Frankfort to raise funds to carry him to England, was now literally starving. When he applied to the King, he was sent to the Treasury; the Treasury referred him to the Foreign-Office, and the Foreign-Office to the Home-Office, till he became desperate from repeated disappointments. When he mentioned the ill-success of his solicitations to the King, it was worse still. He met with imperious rebuffs when the monarch was harassed and exhausted by business; and when he was in sportive mood, Richard would somewhat thoughtlessly rally him on "his acquiring habits of *application*," or make some trite allusion to the romantic attachment which Poverty is supposed to entertain for Parnassus. As a last resource, the poor artist bethought him of imitating the dexterous manœuvre of Gil Blas, when, for much the same reason, he administered a neat and appropriate apologue to the Duke of Lerma. Cœur-de-Lion was in hopes of speedily effecting a loan from Isaac of Cordova, and therefore in high spirits and good humour; and Blondel accordingly thought it was a favourable opportunity for him to sing the following stanzas to a simple and touching melody which keeps its place even in our modern orchestras:—

Blondel's Song.

Vainly did the Lion fret,
He was tangled in a net,
Out of it he could not get,
Heigho! heigho!

As a Mouse came tripping by,
"Help me!" did the Lion cry;
And the Mouse replied, "I'll try."
Heigho! heigho!

"Mousey, if you nibble these
Meshes, you shall feast on cheese,
Bacon-rinds, or what you please."
Heigho! heigho!

Mousey nibbled, Mousey did
As was by the Lion bid;
Of the net he got him rid.
Heigho! heigho!

Afterwards, a week or so,
Mousey said, "My funds are low,
And you talked of cheese, you know."
Heigho! heigho!

Terribly the Lion frowned,
Terribly his voice did sound,
And he said, in scorn profound—
Heigho! heigho!—

"Mouse, if you take my advice,
You will vanish in a trice;
Impudence I hate in mice!"
Heigho! heigho!

Digitized by Google

A titter went round the room as the troubadour concluded. Unfortunately for Blondel, the quick ear of the King caught it directly. He felt that it was aimed against himself, and it stung him to the quick. "Methinks," he said, slowly but distinctly, "Master Blondel is somewhat out of voice to-day. 'Twere pity that March winds should mar such a dainty minstrel. Le Flunkey, Master Blondel's carriage!"

"Nay, sire! gracious master!" cried the unfortunate troubadour, throwing himself at the monarch's feet; but the King turned on his heel, and Blondel slunk away with the conviction that he was irretrievably ruined. He did not deceive himself: Cœur-de-Lion never forgave him. Even years afterwards, when he was passing through Calais on his last unfortunate expedition against the Castle of Chaluz, and received from poor Blondel, who was living in extreme poverty at that sea-port, the humble tribute of a bottle of brandy and a pound of snuff, the inexorable monarch merely observed to his suite that he wondered how *that* fellow could get such brandy and such snuff, and took no further notice of the unhappy donor. It is in reference to this passage of Richard's life that Geoffrey de Villehardouin justly observes, "Jamais ce nobil roy n'oubliaict ses amys, aussi il ne oomptaict jamais ses creaunciers parmi ses amys."

As some gloom had been cast over the party by the ignominious expulsion of poor Blondel, Cœur-de-Lion endeavoured to dispel it by putting forth all that princely affability and power of fascination in conversation which had long obtained for him the appellation of the first gentleman of Europe. He even outdid himself on this occasion, and crowned his success by volunteering the following song, which he said he had composed in his captivity:—

PHASES OF SOCIAL EXISTENCE.

A POEM OF THE IMAGINATION.

When I'm rich I rides in busses,
When I'm poor I walks and cusses;
When I'm rich my tailor 's civil,
When I'm poor a dunning devil.
Tralira, la, la, la!

When I'm rich I bets on osses,
When I'm poor for browns I tosses;
When I'm rich friends asks assistance,
When I'm poor they keeps their distance.
Tralira, la, la, la!

When I'm rich cigars I uses,
When I'm poor it's quids I chewses;
When I'm rich the girls all kiss me,
When I'm poor they cut and quiz me.
Tralira, la, la, la!

"Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!" said Lady Falconbridge, as she played the last note of the accompaniment.

The King was about to answer the laughter-loving dame in the same strain of graceful badinage, when a loud tumult in Westminster Hall interrupted the conversation.

"What may this uproar mean, Snaffles?" said the King to an equerry, who now hastily entered with a look of blank dismay upon his countenance.

"Despatches from Holywell, so please your Majesty," was the reply of the kneeling courtier.

The red spot was on Richard's brow as he hastily perused the paper transmitted by the captain of the Beefeaters. "The picquet at Shoe-lane driven in—a *reconnoisance en force* retiring from St. Dunstan's—Holywell beset by the insurgent citizens! Ha! by St. George, we must take order with this rabble rout. A horse, a horse, Snaffles! Let the gentlemen pensioners march upon Holywell forthwith, and all who love us follow."

In a few minutes the hoofs of Cœur-de-Lion's *destrier* were heard thundering through the little village of Charing. In a few moments more the noble animal was suddenly pulled up at Rabbi Tubal's door. It was a melancholy sight enough, though Cœur-de-Lion's worst fears had not been realised. Isaac of Cordova had been protected from violence by the dogged determination of the Beefeaters; but the house of Moses Makepeace, on the opposite side of the way, had been gutted by the mob; and the embers of the fire which had consumed his household goods were smouldering in the middle of the thoroughfare. The rabble had disappeared when its object was effected.

"'Tis well it is no worse," muttered the King. "Isaac, at all events, is safe."

"Aye, Sire, and returns to Cordova to-morrow," said a voice at his elbow.

Richard started as he turned and saw the stately figure of the foreign merchant before him.

"Why, how now, man!" said he; "though these London knaves be somewhat malapert, it were shame to our royal hospitality that thou should'st make so short tarry in our realm."

"Alas!" said Isaac, "it were greater shame to me to abide in a land where my race is marked for ignominy and oppression. The blood of Jocen and the six hundred who perished with him in the dreadful holocaust at York still cries to Heaven for vengeance, and the King's peace, which protects the vilest of thy Christian subjects, is as nought to the Londoners when they would hallow Easter by the murder of a Jew."

Cœur-de-Lion was deeply touched by the pathetic tone and words of the old man, sorrowing for the degradation of his race; and the reflection that no loan could be negotiated unless Isaac were pacified affected him still more painfully.

"Enough, good Isaac," he replied thoughtfully; "be of good cheer, tomorrow we will take counsel with our Parliament. When the King of England says, Let right be done, neither Jew nor Gentile can impeach our justice."

In accordance with his promise, Cœur-de-Lion directed that the matter should be referred to Parliament on the following day; but he soon found that he had undertaken a task more difficult than the extermination of a thousand Saracens. Parliament then, as now, was a remarkably religious body, and still more desirous of showing that it was so. Accordingly, its members were accus-

Digitized by Google

tomed to take the strangest oaths, such as "that a dead jackass can't, shan't, and don't ought to kick the British Lion;" and as it is of no use to be religious unless you can abuse somebody else for being the contrary, the Jews had always been favourite objects for Parliamentary aversion.

Lord Fitzderby, in this truly Christian spirit, made his brother peers roar with laughter by his humorous description of Moses Makepeace as a hybrid Jew, and his funny allusions to a four-post mahogany bedstead which was destroyed when the rabble sacked the poor upholsterer's house.

Sir Alroy d'Izzy, who was known to be of Jewish lineage himself, turned dunghill, as was expected, and hardly ventured to say a word for his persecuted kinsfolk.

Sir Robert Hari de Oxford went on, hour after hour, monotonously repeating that England was a Christian country, and would cease to be so if the Jews were not persecuted; and even Lord John de Roxil, who had won the prize at the septennial game of Catch-who-catch-can, by standing on the shoulders of a stout Jew called Reuben Redshield, was so ungrateful as to suggest that the matter should be postponed till next year.

As, however, the King was very much in earnest, the matter was decided to be a ministerial question, and a compensation for his losses was secured for Moses Makepeace. Isaac of Cordova, however, was still unsatisfied, and insisted that the custom of the Londoners on Easter-Monday must be abolished before he would enter into negotiations for a loan.

The poor King was at his wit's end. Parliament was bad enough, but the Londoners were absolutely sublime in their attachment to their ancient privileges. It was in vain to observe to the Aldermen and Common Council that the sport was cruel in itself, and that many persons were knocked down and injured by the tumult it created, and that traffic was interrupted by it. They replied, that *they* never saw any cruelty, that *they* were never annoyed, that their fathers had never taken notice of any cruelty or annoyance, and the pastime in question was the *glory of the metropolis*. When they were informed that such things were never permitted in Paris, or any other well-regulated town, it was worse still: their John Bull spirit was roused, and they proudly said, that it was not the wont of Englishmen to take a lesson from Frenchmen.

Cœur-de-Lion's patience, never very great, was soon exhausted, and with a terrible frown he reminded them that they had broken his peace, and must expect a heavy benevolence to be levied on them in consequence.

The citizens trembled at these words, and now, with bated breath, humbly represented that they were ever wont to give their prentices a holiday on the day in question, and that they feared the young folk would sadly miss their accustomed sport.

"Is that all, my masters?" said the King, who now recovered his good humour. "St. Hookey Walker be my speed! for I would not that the brave boys of London should remember Cœur-de-Lion as a spoil-sport. The fair of Greenwich and the stage-play of George Barnwell shall be their pastime hereafter as heretofore; and, that they may be cunning of woodcraft instead of their narrow streets and alleys, we, of our royal bounty, grant them our goodly forest of Epping, as a hunting-ground, yea, and yearly a stag of ten for their chase, that shall try their speed better than ever yet did dog Jew, though he, too, ran for his life."

It is hardly necessary to observe that this unexpected liberality of the King was received with boundless applause by the citizens. A great day for them was the next Easter Monday, and those which succeeded for centuries after.

Epping Hunt still continues to afford a humane pastime to holiday folks. Year after year they enjoy a laugh at the huntsman who blows what is technically termed "a yard of tin," while a tame stag, with a label round his neck, amuses himself by running about the gingerbread booths, accompanied by three or four dogs, with whom he is on the best of terms.

The custom of Jew-hunting now only survives at Athens, under the protection of the Bavarian Otho and his enlightened Government.

Digitized by Google

NASEBY.

BY P. P.

The merits and demerits of the remarkable man whose presence contributed so much to the success of the Parliamentarians on the memorable field of Naseby are still as warmly canvassed as ever. Usurper, hypocrite, dissembler, man of blood, arch-regicide, are epithets still as lavishly and as indiscriminately bestowed upon him as in the days of his power. None, however, have ventured to assert that he did not possess, in common with all the conspicuous Parliamentary leaders, a more than ordinary share of courage and resolution, or that he ever shrunk from danger in the most perilous emergencies.

But it is not our purpose to write a panegyric upon Cromwell; eulogy or apology are equally beyond our design. It is enough for us to know —and history furnishes us with examples abundantly—that Providence is not wont to effect harsh and violent changes by the agency of the mild and scrupulous. To measure Cromwell by the ordinary standard of mortality is as futile as it is absurd; our business is simply to review the events of a battle in which he performed a conspicuous part, and in which he encountered danger and death without shrinking.

This memorable conflict furnishes another to the many comments on the text, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." If we had not something like a parallel in the hard-fought field of Waterloo in our own days, we could scarcely credit the fact, that in the middle of the seventeenth century a body of hastily raised and undisciplined troops, led by men but imperfectly acquainted with the art of war, and especially unpractised in command, should put to the rout an army composed of well-trained soldiers, led by officers experienced in military tactics and bred to arms. The fact, however, is on record, and has never been questioned.

On reading the account of the movements of the two armies previous to the conflict which ended in the rout of the Royalist forces, as it is given in our histories of England, one is at first perplexed with the apparent inconsistencies. That two considerable hostile bodies should be near each other for several days together, and yet be mutually misinformed as to each other's movements, seems utterly impossible, even allowing for the false reports which rumour raises on such occasions, and the fears which might have influenced the country people to pervert or suppress the truth.

This apparent inconsistency seems to be explained by Larrey, who assures us that Cromwell reckoned not on trifling successes, his sole thoughts being directed to the achieving something decisive against the collective strength of the Royalists; and this opportunity was now to be afforded him. In this view he was supported by the two Houses. He accordingly had just previously caused it to be given out that he had marched for Scotland, purposing to join the army of the Covenanters; and, setting forward, crossed Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, giving notice to Fairfax to follow in his wake, but, at the same time, hang by the way, so that the King's army might be provoked to follow him, while the two divisions of the Parliament's forces might, in emergency, readily effect a juncture. The feint succeeded. Cromwell had soon the gratification to find that the King had followed on his traces, encamping at no great distance from Naseby; and, communicating immediately with Fairfax, resolved to try at once the issue of a battle. The Parliamentarians marched all night, and on the 10th of June came into the neighbourhood of the King's camp. Charles, with his proverbial incautiousness, had been spending some days in hunting, and the first positive intelligence which the army of the Parliament obtained of his exact whereabout was that the King's army was in no order, the soldiers straggling about, and the horses of the cavalry at grass!

Colonel Hammond had been sent post to London with letters to the House, praying that Lieutenant-General Cromwell's absence might be dispensed with for a short time, as a battle was hourly expected. He returned with an approving answer, and with a commission for General Cromwell to command the horse under the Lord General Fairfax. Though each party menaced the other, the Parliamentary leaders feared to hazard a battle until the remainder of their foot, which the cavalry had outmarched, had arrived. Fairfax was, as usual, active and vigilant: from midnight till four in the morning he visited the posts. At day-break he was challenged by a sentinel, of whom he demanded the word, having himself forgotten it. The sentinel answered firmly, that his instructions were, to take the word from all who passed, but to give it to none. The General's memory was treacherous, and the rain, which fell heavily at the time, rendered his detention the more unpleasant; but the sentinel was a Commonwealth soldier, and knew his duty. At length the captain of the guard came to his relief, the word was furnished, and Fairfax, rewarding the soldier for his firmness, continued his round.

About the same time the Royalist horse were seen in motion, or rather commotion, on Borrough Hill, the contiguity of their enemies having apparently been discovered, and caused them some surprise; while the King's carriages were observed drawing off towards Harborough. A council of war was hereupon held by the Parliamentarians, who, while thus engaged, were greatly refreshed by the arrival of Cromwell with six hundred horse, doubtless men of his own selection, a sample of those "honest young men" of whom he speaks so significantly in some of his letters. A party of cavalry was at once ordered to push forward in the direction of Daventry, and, if possible, obtain

Digitized by Google

intelligence of the Royalist movements, while Ireton was directed to fall with his horse upon the flank of the enemy, if an opportunity were afforded him. The main body of the Parliamentary army flanked that of the Royalists on the way to Harborough, and, on the night of the 13th of June, came to Gilling. Here they learnt that Ireton, in pursuance of his instructions, had fallen upon the Royalist quarters in the town of Naseby, where he took several prisoners and spread much alarm. The King moved precipitately out of the town and made for Harborough, in great consternation: here he found Prince Rupert in bed. The impetuous Prince, by Charles's orders, was roused from his slumbers, and a council of war was held immediately. The result of their deliberations was to give battle to the forces of the Parliament whom they by far outnumbered, especially in cavalry, on which they greatly depended. A strange story is told of the King's irresolution and unwillingness to fight, arising from a dream which he had at Daintry, in which the Earl of Stafford's ghost had twice visited him, and warned him not to engage Cromwell, telling him there was one among the Parliamentarians whom he would never overcome.

On the following morning, Saturday, the 14th day of June, Fairfax, at daybreak, left Gilling and advanced towards Naseby; by five o'clock his army rendezvoused near the town. The Royalist army now made its appearance on the summit of Harborough hill. It is said that they had been deceived by false intelligence, and had been misled by stories that Fairfax was moving off in the direction of Northampton. Making all haste to pursue him, they left behind them their ordnance—a circumstance which deprived them of a considerable advantage—and the sight of Fairfax drawn up in good order, in a large fallow-field northwest of Naseby, convinced them, when too late, of their error.

The Royalist main body was led by the King; the right wings by the Princes Rupert and Maurice; the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale; the right-hand reserve was assigned to Lord Bard, and the left to Sir George Lisle. On the Parliamentary side, Fairfax and Skippon had charge of the main body; Cromwell commanded the right wing and Ireton the left; Rainsborough, Hammond, and Pride, had charge of the reserves. The watchwords of the Royalists were "Queen Mary;" and those of the Parliamentarians, "God our strength." The conflict began with great vigour on both sides. Rupert charged the right wing of the Parliamentarians with characteristic gallantry; and though for some time strongly resisted, succeeded in driving all who opposed him in the utmost confusion off the field, pursuing them to a great distance. Ireton, in the rout, was wounded in the face and in the thigh, and fell into the hands of a Royalist soldier. This, however, was the only advantage gained by the King's party that day. Rupert followed up his impetuous charge by pursuing the flying Roundheads almost to the town of Naseby; and there, flushed with the success he had achieved, led his men to plunder the train of the enemy. Here, however, he was disappointed; the party left to guard the train answered the summons to surrender with so sharp a volley, that the Cavaliers were constrained to abandon their hope of pillage and draw off precipitately. Puritan John Vicars, in that strange chronicle of his, entitled "The Burning Bush not Consumed," gives a curious and graphic account of Rupert's summoning the trains. "The leader," says he, "was a person somewhat in habits like our Generall, in a red Montero, as our Generall had; he came as a friend, and our commander of the guard of the train went with his hat in his hand and asked how the day went, thinking verily hee had been our Generall. The Cavalier (who we since heard for certain was Rupert) asked him and the rest if they would have quarter, whereupon they cried No, gave fire instantly, making him flie for his life and his companions." Oldmixon says the Prince also visited the carriages, where there was some good plunder, and with which he and his followers were for some time occupied. In the mean time, however, Cromwell had forced the left wing of the King's army from the main body, and broke them and their reserve with terrible slaughter, then, supported by two or three regiments of infantry, attacked the main body and surrounded their foot, who, finding they were unsupported by the cavalry, threw down their arms and yielded themselves prisoners. The King, seeing the day was lost, rode off on the spur by the Leicester road, pursued by the Roundhead cavalry, and appears scarcely to have halted until he reached Cheshire, whence he proceeded into Wales. It is said that Charles, at the most trying moment, placed himself at the head of his guards to lead a charge, when Dalzell, Earl of Carnwarth, seizing the bridle of the King's horse, exclaimed, with a round oath, "Will you go on your death on the instant?" The words spread a panic through the ranks and paralysed the last efforts of the Royalists.

Rupert, returning to the scene of the conflict, found to his dismay that the day had been won by the Parliamentarians; a vast body of the Royalists prisoners, and the field showed evidence of the short but sanguinary encounter. To re-form his men, disordered by the long pursuit, and their horses blown, was found impossible. He immediately fled precipitately, followed by about three hundred horse, and succeeded in reaching Bristol. His escape, as well as that of the King, may be marvelled at when it is considered that the rout of the Royalists was so far complete, but may be accounted for in the fact that a body of Cavaliers, with great gallantry, refused to quit the field, remaining drawn up in order, and defying the efforts of the Parliamentarians to break them.

Fairfax, bare-headed (his helmet being struck off in the *mêlée*), was never more active. Being entreated by the colonel of his life-guard, D'Oyley, not to expose himself to needless danger, the Colonel proffering his own helmet, the General replied, "It is well enough, Charles," and continued his way. Observing the body of horse alluded to, Fairfax demanded the reason why they were not dispersed. D'Oyley replied that he had charged

Digitized by Google

them twice and had failed to break them. "Then," said Fairfax, "try them again in front while I fall on their rear." The order was promptly executed. The charge was sounded; the Roundheads met in the centre of their enemies, and the last resistance of the Royalists was crushed; but not without a few minutes of desperate hand to hand fighting, in the course of which Fairfax himself killed a cornet. The standard was snatched up by a dragoon of D'Oyley's regiment, who boasted that he had killed the bearer; but the Colonel, who witnessed the exploit, severely rebuked the fellow for his lying and boasting. Fairfax, with great modesty, bade the Colonel cease, observing that he had obtained honour enough, and could afford to let the trooper boast. History has hardly done justice to the devoted band of Royalists thus destroyed, and who, too proud to fly, and scorning to yield without a struggle, thus, when the day was lost, sold their lives dearly and died gloriously.

That Cromwell was in the thickest of the fight we know from an anecdote which has been preserved to us. Advancing at the head of his men, a Royalist captain, who knew his person, singled him out, and, as they closed after exchanging pistol-shots, with a dexterous drawing cut severed the strap of his morrion, which he succeded in tossing from Oliver's head; but, before he could strike the meditated blow, the Captain either fell by another hand, or, what is not improbable, passed his adversary in the charge, and, in wheeling about was prevented coming within sweep of him again. A helmet, hastily tossed to Cromwell by a trooper, was clapped on his head the wrong way in such haste that the hinder part flapped over his eyes during the remainder of the fight.

The loss of the Royalists on this fatal day was aggravated by the consequences of such a rout. Besides their cannon, ammunition, standards, horses, &c., the *King's cabinet* was found among the spoil, and the letters it contained fell into the hands of his bitterest enemies. On the bad faith and duplicity which these letters disclosed enough has been already said; his apologists will find a palliative in the accursed "kingcraft" of the preceding reign. It is said that there was also found a grotesque wooden image, which the Royalists carried about with them, and even paraded with profane ribaldry just previous to the battle, calling it "the god of the Roundheads."

Ireton, taking advantage of the turn of the tide of battle, offered the man who held him prisoner his liberty if he would carry him off safely, an arrangement which appears to have been effected to the mutual satisfaction of either party.

About three thousand Royalists sealed their loyalty with their blood on that fatal day, four lords were mortally wounded, and Rupert and Sir Jacob Ashley escaped with severe contusions, their helmets having been beaten from their heads, good evidence that they were no skulkers from the fray.

An old man, named Warren, living about thirty years ago at Naseby, used to tell of his grandfather's recollection of this battle. He (the grandfather) was then a boy about ten years of age, and was keeping cows in the fields at the time of the fight. He was afterwards present at the burial of the slain, which was performed by the country people, who came in from the town and all the neighbouring villages, but, in some cases, in a very slovenly manner, the graves being too shallow, and crammed full. This, on the decomposition of the bodies, became very offensive, and caused the grass to grow rank on those spots, which the cattle cropped close for several years afterwards. These graves are still visible, the earth having subsided, so that in the rainy season the wet stands in them. Occasionally, the gravel-diggers have found human bones in the neighbourhood; it is not, however, quite certain that they are the evidence of this sanguinary and unnatural conflict, and they may probably be traces of earlier interments in earlier and peaceful times. Cavalier and Roundhead thus found the same rude and unblessed grave, the well-dressed being stripped of their clothes. Among the latter was the body of a man with a wound in the breast, which was about to be consigned to the earth, when a young woman, the daughter of an apothecary, observing the hands, exclaimed, "This was certainly a gentleman, and his pulse still beats." By her direction, wrapped in her underpetticoat, the body was conveyed to a neighbouring village, and the wounded man, whose name was Mansell, recovered. It is said that his preserver lived with him as his housekeeper until his death, when he left her a handsome annuity.

About a week after the battle the prisoners, amounting in number to nearly five thousand, were paraded through London with the fifty-two standards taken in the field of Naseby, as far as St. Martin's-lane end, where they were delivered to the custody of the green and yellow trained bands of the city, and different localities assigned them. Some bore their lot with fortitude and in silence, others vented their loyalty in abuse of their Roundhead captors, while some protested that they were pressed men, and had been dragged into the service of the Royalists against their inclination. It is due to the triumphant party to add that they did not abuse their victory by the ill-treatment of these men, but that two hundred pounds were allotted for bread and beer to be served out among them.

Digitized by Google

A BRUSH WITH PIRATES OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

I HAD a delightful run of seven days and a half from the Lizard to the mole at Cadiz. The "Bay," as we crossed it, was as smooth as a Highland loch, with the exception of a heavy swell from the Atlantic, which tended much to the discomfort of Stewart, one of my companions. Gordon, however, enjoyed the cruise much, and as he says that he never feels thoroughly happy except when at sea, I take peculiar pleasure in his society, and regard him as one after my own heart.

Poor Stewart, on the other hand, though a most excellent fellow and a "sound lawyer," is certainly no sailor, and I believe is never more truly miserable than n a fresh breeze afloat; yet he fancies, after some months' confinement to his chambers, varied only by the dismal and monotonous routine of attendance at Westminster, that he gets a certain "stock of health" in a shorter time on board ship than he could in any other way, and is accordingly not averse to avail himself occasionally of a berth in a friends yacht.

You should see him the morning after a blowy night, in order thoroughly to understand how little he is suited to adapt himself to the circumstances about him; he will make his appearance about ten or eleven in a black frock coat, and with as spotless a white tie on as if he were just going into court. I often wonder that he does not always go about in a wig and bands. "Well, Stewart, how d'ye do? What sort of a night, old fellow, eh?"—"Oh, very indifferent indeed; I scarcely slept at all; I don't feel at all well."—"Well, never mind; take a slice or two of that Spanish ham, or some of this vol au vent, or a little of yonder 'dindon aux truffes;' you'll find them tolerable in their way."—"Oh, dear me! how awkward this table is, swinging about. No, no, thank you; I won't eat anything. I'll just take a cup of weak tea, with a little lemon in it." Shortly after imbibing this curious beverage he dives back into his own cabin, when at intervals strange sounds are heard, resembling the abortive efforts of a drunken man to imitate the crowing of a cock. You go on deck, and if you return below in a couple of hours you find the poor fellow as pallid as his own neckcloth, stretched at full-length on one of the sofas, wedged up with a lot of pillows for 'dunnage,' intently poring over divers ominous-looking large blue pamphlets. You approach, imagining, perhaps, that they are new magazines or some light periodical, and find to your dismay that they are the last five or six numbers of "Dowling and Lowndes's Reports," which he is diligently studying. "Good God! is it possible that a man can sit down in cold blood and study 'practice cases' at a time like this? Why, man, we are just half across the Bay of Biscay, and here is a fine French corvette about a mile to leeward trying to hold her own with us; but it won't do. She's a clipper, too. Come on deck, Stewart. Here, take the glass, and have a look at her; you may go a long way before you see a prettier model than she is."—"Corvette! corvette! I don't want to see one; I'm very comfortable here; only let me know when you see *land*, that's all."—"Why, how pale you look; I believe you've eaten nothing all day. Here, steward, bring out one of those patés de Nantes we laid in at Cherbourg."—"Yes, sir."—"Oh, no, thank you, no; the very sight of it—Oh, no; if you'll allow me, I'll just take a bit of toast, and a glass of soda-water or a little lemonade."—"Bless the fellow! Why, I believe he never thinks of anything but lemons. No wonder you're ill; why, you'll kill yourself, as sure as fate."

We spent a few days at Cadiz very pleasantly; and what with lionising in the town, and making some excursions into the interior, sketching, and so forth, the time sped pleasantly enough. Stewart was reviving, and actually began to show symptoms of convexity and rubicundity; he became proportionably more talkative and cheerful, and spoke in raptures of the Bay of Biscay, and of the delights of a marine excursion!

Poor fellow, he little knew what was in store for him within the next week, or he would hardly have shipped himself on board the schooner again. Having taken care to provide an ample supply of Spanish wine, Bayonne hams, and other needful commodities, we got once more under way, and stood to the southward, intending to "bring up" for a brief space under the "Rock;" but we had not left Cadiz many hours when a tremendous gale came on, accompanied with violent and incessant rain, and the most vivid lightning I almost ever beheld; this storm lasted six and thirty hours, during which time the wind shifted from N.N.W. to N., and from N. to N.E. and by N. As we were bound for the Mediterranean, we had consequently, after having been driven by the gale to the southward of the Straits, to make a dead beat to windward for more than a day and a half; and as most of us on board had had, since we left Spain, a pretty good spell of work, I determined, now that the wind had moderated very much, to run along the African coast until we discovered a convenient place for anchoring.

Having been unable for some time to determine our course and distance, except by dead reckoning, which, under recent circumstances, was necessarily liable to error, I was very glad to seize an opportunity which offered itself of ascertaining our position by surer means, and I accordingly found the longitude to be 3 deg. 34 min., and the latitude 35 deg. 46 min., whereupon, shaping a southerly course, in about three hours the look-out gave the first intimation of land on the "lee bow."

In another half hour it was discernible from the deck, and even Stewart manifested an unwonted

Digitized by Google

degree of activity and eagerness in order to catch his first glimpse of the shores of Africa.

As we neared them, the appearance they presented was singular, and certainly unlike that of any European coast I know. Bounding the intensely blue sea over which we were rapidly skimming was a long narrow dusky line, which was gradually lost in the hazy distance both to the west and east; long low undulating plains of bright verdure extended beyond the sandy shore, which agreeably surprised us, as we had naturally anticipated little more than arid deserts, and wild, interminable rocky wastes. Beyond the green plains, lofty granite, or more probably limestone mountains, with jagged peaks and craggy sides, arose; and as their hue of pale azure blended with the rosy tints lent them by the setting sun, they formed no unpleasing feature in the grand and novel scene which was developing itself before us.

The first point to which we were enabled, by reference to the chart, to give a name, proved to be Cape Quillates, or, as the Spaniards call it, Caba Quilatas; but almost at the same time, but further to the northward and westward, we "opened" a little island called the Isle of Alboran. It is little better than a rock, about a mile in length, lying N.E. and S.W., and not rising in the highest part much more than fifty or sixty feet from the water. The lead here giving us no indication of danger, and the wind having lulled very much, I determined to bring up for the night under the lee of this rock, the latitude of the centre of which I subsequently found to be 35 deg. 58 min. 3 sec., longitude 3 deg. 1 min. 7 sec. It lies about midway between the very prominent headland Caba de Tres Forcas and Quilatas, that is to say, about twenty miles from either; and as the land to the southward forms a convenient bay, very tolerable shelter may be procured here in ordinary weather.

After getting things in order, and repairing some trifling damage which we had sustained during the last few days, I landed, with Gordon and Stewart, taking half-a-dozen hands with us, for the purpose of trying our luck with the "seine," for which there is on one side of the island a little creek admirably adapted, the shore being sandy, quite devoid of rocks or weeds, and sloping with a gradual descent; our first haul was most successful, for we captured some fifty or sixty fish, chiefly red and grey mullet, weighing from two to six pounds each, and, amongst other varieties, some resembling ordinary smelts, but far superior to them both in size and flavour; two succeeding hauls supplied us with more than we could consume in the next two days, although there were the cravings of four and twenty mouths to satisfy; and even Stewart revelled in anticipation of the red mullet, which, he correctly hinted, would prove delicious with a little cayenne and *lemon!* On returning on board, we found that he had actually provided himself at Cadiz with a small chest of his favourite acetous fruit, the juice of which he was constantly imbibing.

We had that day a grand sunset, such a one, indeed, as one rarely beholds out of the tropics; and long after all, save the watch on the forecastle, were hushed in repose, I remained with Gordon, lingering on deck, unable to tear myself away from the contemplation of the beautiful scene.

As we were thus pleasantly, if not profitably, employed, Duncan, one of the anchor-watch forward, stepped up to us, and, touching his hat, said that he thought he had observed, for some time past, a supicious-looking boat hovering about at no great distance; the other men could not make anything out; yet I fancied that, after gazing intently in the direction indicated, I could just perceive some dark object on the surface of the sea; but it appeared either motionless or moving very slowly. As, however, I was well aware of the nature of some of our present neighbours along this wild coast, I had already directed a sharp look out to be maintained, and now sent Duncan with a night-glass to the crosstrees for further information. In the course of five minutes, he reported that he could distinguish three large long-boats low in the water, the crews apparently lying upon their oars, and scarcely showing their heads above the gunwales: they were not much more than a mile and a half off. A Scotch lad, who was remarkable for his quicksightedness, now suddenly called our attention to something approaching in the opposite direction; we were not long in satisfying ourselves what this object was. It proved to be a low sharp-built boat, almost approaching in form to a canoe, and manned by two hands; they were pulling stealthily towards us, as if for the purpose of reconnoitring. I immediately desired every man to conceal himself beneath the bulwarks, while I took up my station behind the mainmast, steadily keeping a glass fixed upon the canoe. Seeing nothing about the schooner to indicate that any one was awake, the little boat, whose oars were muffled, paddled up to within twenty feet of our bowsprit end, where I noticed them rapidly interchanging remarks in an inaudible whisper; but their remarks were aided by rather significant gestures, clearly satisfying me of the nature of their visit and of the object of their scrutiny.

As no living thing could be detected on board, and as they seemed determined to satisfy themselves fully as to what we were, they gradually pulled close round us, and yet so noiselessly, that, had I not been watching them intently the whole time, I could not have credited that the oars which impelled them were in motion.

After the lapse of little more than five or six minutes our inquisitive visitors, seemingly satisfied, departed; and we saw them now join the three larger boats.

It became at once pretty evident what sort of gentry we were likely soon to have to deal with, and Gordon fully coincided with me in my opinion. As there was not the slightest breath of wind stirring, to get away was, of course, impracticable; and consequently the only thing to be done was to make as rapidly as possible such preparations as the nature of the warning suggested, and as the short time which might probably be allowed us would admit of; and as it may possibly occur that the details of those arrangements may be serviceable

Digitized by Google

on other similar occasions, I will state fully what we did.

The first thing was to turn all hands upon deck, to tell them that in a very brief space of time we were likely to have a piratical attack made upon us, and that I expected and required every man to co-operate in repelling it. To this proposal all cheerfully agreed, except Stewart, who, lawyer-like, began to argue upon the probabilities of the case, to weigh all the different pros and cons, and to urge what he considered strong objections against assuming a hostile attitude, and began referring to Vattel, and proceeding to quote several passages therefrom, to prove that we had no right to do what he called "an act of war." I, however, quickly silenced him by turning to page 302 of that work, wherein it is stated that "Those to whom an injury is *done* or *intended* have a right to make war." "As for the conclusion of the argument," I added, "we will postpone that till to-morrow, having now to act and not to talk."

As we still had the seine (a new strong net) hanging to dry, it struck me that it would form a very useful substitute for a boarding netting, and I soon had it accordingly doubled and triced all round us, giving it, by means of oars and spars, an elevation of about six feet on both sides above the bulwarks, and supporting it securely in that position by lashing it to the forestay and shrouds. I then had all the spare sails dragged out of the sail-room stowed and firmly lashed to the top of the bulwarks, so as to protect my men as much as possible, and render still further abortive all attempts at boarding. Our defensive arrangements being thus disposed, it became necessary to consider what could be done in the offensive way. Between the masts I had, more for ornament than anticipated use, a long French 12-pounder field-piece, purchased almost at the price of old metal at Brest; and for our amusement we had fitted it with an oak-carriage and a small traversing platform, after the present approved naval model. The gun, though bearing Napoleon's initial, had never been much used, and being richly and elaborately chased all over from the muzzle-ring to the cascabel, had been, perhaps, originally intended more for a present to some potentate rather than for actual service; however, as we now were fully determined upon rendering it available, I began to examine into my stock of ammunition.

Fortunately, sometime before leaving England, I found that the yacht wanted additional ballast aft, and to supply the deficiency had purchased about two tons of old lead and about three of iron, the latter almost entirely consisting of iron-shot of various sizes; and as this was all immediately under the cabin-floor, it was speedily accessible. It proved, however, to be mostly either of a much larger or smaller calibre than our 12-pounder required; indeed, the greater part were 6lb. and 32lb. balls. From amongst the former we soon selected enough for our use, and, wrapping them in oakum to diminish the windage, we determined to give good weight to our customers by putting two of these to each charge, cramming in a canvas-bag-full of leaden balls on the top, with a junk-wad over. Of powder there was abundance, and we speedily filled a few extemporary cartridges, delivering them into the custody of Campbell, an old man-of-war's man, who was dubbed gunner for the occasion, and, in common with the rest of the crew, was in a state of inexpressible delight at the notion of a "brush." To them, indeed, neither the force, character, nor numbers of the attacking party seemed of any moment; they looked upon the whole proceeding as a capital bit of fun, only hoping that the alarm would not prove a false one, and not considering that, if our anticipations were well founded, we should probably have a hard struggle for life.

Slung on either side of the cabin were a dozen good serviceable percussion carbines, about as many pistols of the same bore, an equal number of bright boarding-pikes and short cutlasses, and our own well-used fowling-pieces. While I had been engaged on deck, Gordon had taken down the fire-arms, wiped them out, loaded them carefully, and distributed them amongst the crew, which, including steward and cook, numbered twenty-two men and two boys. As the cook was not a very pugnacious looking person, he was ordered to get his fires alight, and his coppers filled without delay, for a purpose which will be apparent in the sequel; the two boys and the steward were directed solely to load the fire-arms for the others as they were discharged; while Stewart, who did not at all seem to relish the fighting part of the business, was requested to prepare linen, bandages, and restoratives for those who might chance to be hit. The available force thus comprised nineteen of the crew, Gordon and myself—that is to say, twenty-one hands. Campbell and three others were stationed at our long gun, five other men were deputed to serve two little brass signal guns of about two inches bore, which we had loaded with musket-balls, and were likely to be of some little utility at close quarters, though their appearance, it must be owned, was not very formidable.

Having made all these dispositions, which did not altogether occupy much more than half an hour, I hailed the man aloft for information as to the movements of our expected foes. To our surprise, however, he said that he had for some time wholly lost sight of them; that the four boats seemed to have disappeared, and that nothing was discernible on the surface of the sea around but the island before mentioned. This puzzled us much, but appeared to relieve Stewart's mind greatly; and he even commenced joking upon the absurdity of all "our warlike demonstrations against a parcel of poor, harmless, and unarmed fishermen." "I told you so," he said, "but you wouldn't believe me; and here, instead of having been comfortably in bed all this time, you've been harassing the sailors and knocking yourselves up, loading guns, sharpening pikes, and other absurdities of that sort. Come, *I* shall turn into bed; I've had enough of this. Good night."

So saying, he disappeared into his cabin, and in ten minutes was snugly coiled between the sheets. I was beginning to think that he might be right,

Digitized by Google

after all, and was debating as to the expediency of sending all hands below, with the exception of the watch; but Duncan dissuaded me strongly, saying that he had reason to know well the character of the maurauding villains along this coast, having, seven years previously, been desperately wounded in an attack which they made, not many miles from our present position, upon a merchant-vessel in which he was, and which they surrounded, when becalmed at night, between Restinga and the Zalfrin Islands. I determined, therefore, at any rate to profit by the old man's experience, and not to be caught napping; so, after a conference with Gordon, we agreed to keep on our guard for another hour at least; and, as the moon was still high, nothing could approach us unperceived, and we felt pretty confident as to our capability of giving the rascals a warm reception if they succeeded in getting alongside.

Meanwhile, as every man thus at quarters was lying on the deck, I thought no harm could arise, so long as we kept a keen look out, in serving round to all a ration of cold beef and a stiff glass of grog; in accordance with the old proverb, "that an Englishman never likes fighting on an empty stomach." This seemed a welcome mandate, and the hungry fellows disposed of the provender almost as fast as it was served out, so eager were they for the fray. It gave both Gordon and myself much pleasure to observe the confidence and total absence of apprehension on the part of all on board, and to reflect, at the same time, that we had effected all that could have been done in the way of preparation, and must now, under Providence, calmly abide the issue. I took the opportunity of addressing the men, disclosing my plan of operations, and winding up by reminding them that if I found a contest inevitable, it was my intention to defend the yacht to the last, as there was no chance of quarter from those piratical knaves, who never either grant or expect it.

Scarcely had I concluded my observations when one or two voices forward announced that five large boats had just appeared from the opposite side of the island, and were pulling towards us under its shade; but this did not conceal them long, for as they emerged into the open moonlight we could distinctly perceive that they were each impelled by the stroke of ten stout oars, and contained from five-and-twenty to thirty men a-piece, whose long glittering matchlock-barrels we could now plainly count. It was pretty clear, therefore, that, after scrutinising our appearance, and satisfying themselves as to our defenceless state, they had been, under cover of the island, concerting their scheme of attack, anticipating an easy booty.

However, as my craft, which had cost me a few thousands, was not going to be given up without "a few remarks on the part of the defendants," as Stewart would have said, I now issued my final instructions, peremptorily commanding every man to lie down out of sight, until I gave the word to fire, after which they were especially enjoined not to throw away a shot.

Gordon now whispered that he made out, with the glass, 127 heads. "Heavy odds, is it not?" he added, "and they seem all armed to the teeth, too; never mind, we shall see what the morning will bring forth."

The hostile band approached, for some reason, much more slowly than I could account for; they pulled a very short, measured stroke, and, foolishly enough for themselves, but most luckily for us, the five boats were all in a cluster together, and advancing in the direction of our starboard-bow.

Meanwhile, all was as yet tranquil on board the schooner, the matches for firing the three brass guns were slowly burning concealed in tubs; the cabin-light had been long since extinguished, and every man was reclining at his length on deck, as breathless almost as the dead.

I now, however, motioned to one of the hands to hoist up a few feet of the net so as to enable me to take a steady aim with the twelve pounder, which, with the assistance of Gordon and two others, I had got to bear beautifully upon the enemy, depressing the muzzle with the elevating screw at the breech as they neared us, and covering with the sight the leading boat. "Just take a glance, Campbell," I said; "I think that we shan't waste much powder this time, at all events." The old seaman ran his keen grey eye along the gun, leaning at the same time with one hand on the carriage, and chuckled with inward satisfaction as he whispered, "Capital; oncommmon; that'll do, sir, that'll do; shall I fire?" "No, no," I replied: "let them come within one hundred yards, so that as soon as we've given them two rounds from this brazen serpent, the carbines will come into play. Silence there, men, for your lives!" It was, I own, a strange and singular emotion that animated me at that hour. The fact that one was about to consign a number of one's fellow-creatures to a bloody death—that there, beneath's one hand, were reposing a few cold motionless globes of iron and of lead, which, in a few seconds more, would be rending flesh, and crashing bone, as soon as my lips should utter the fatal word, was for a moment certainly a painful thought; but all other considerations were in an instant banished when I reflected that the lives of all around me were at the same time hanging on a thread; that I was acting under a grave and serious responsibility, and that, if my means of defence failed, every throat on board the yacht would be cut, including that of a most inoffensive yet loudly snoring barrister below. Moreover, I was satisfied beyond a doubt that those who were thus audaciously proceeding against us were merciless robbers and wholesale murderers, whose foul deeds of crime had doubtless merited capital punishment long since.

Then succeeded the pleasurable feeling that all must have experienced who have known the delight of outwitting a villain who has been plotting their ruin; the hope, moreover, that one was shortly on the point of avenging the fate of hundreds, perhaps, whom these monsters had consigned to a horrible doom, and of ridding the world for ever after of the baneful presence of some of these pirates; and, finally, came those memorable and conclusive words to mind which a gallant captain

Digitized by Google

uttered to his men, as he pointed to their advancing foe: "Remember, my lads, if you don' tkill them, they'll assuredly kill you."

Without the slightest compunction, therefore, and without the smallest regard to the opinion either of the Peace Society or the Aborigines Protectionists, I renewed from a flask in my hand the priming of the twelve pounder, and gave the long expected word, "Fire!"

A bright, clear, thin column of flame flashed simultaneously from the vent, vertically through the night-air; a broader, wider, ruddier, and more dazzling flash burst from the muzzle, illuminating the whole scene, far and near; the little schooner heeled over to the recoil, and the deep, loud, clear ring of the metal, mingled with the boom of the report, rolled echoing and reverberating over the placid water as the white smoke curled over our heads.

True, steady, and sure had been the aim. A shriek, a piercing shriek of pain; a yell of agony and of despair; of baffled rage and howling curses, mingled with the crash of timber, the splash of water, and the whistle of the shot—burst upon the ear, and reached us ere a few seconds had elapsed, together with some dozen or two of ill-directed musket-balls, that passed harmlessly above us between the masts.

The twelve pounder was speedily loaded again, but this time with one 6lb. ball only, together with a bag containing about as many pounds of musket-bullets.

"Shall I tip 'em this lot, sir?" said Campbell.

"Yes, aim well at the 'brown' of them, and fire."

This shot and the first had evidently done great execution, for one boat was sinking fast, and another could hardly be kept afloat; but the rest showed no symptoms of retiring, and, as the group were not now much more than eighty yards from us, we saw the unwounded scramble from the boat that was fast settling down into the others, and point with gestures of defiance at ourselves.

"Now mind, my lads, be steady!" I cried; "the worst is yet to come. These rascals still number five to one, and you may rely upon it they'll fight like devils; so ply them well, don't throw a shot away. I see two of you have just fired at least four feet too high. Now, watch my aim. You see that pair of dingy-looking fellows pulling the bow-oar in the leading boat?"

I raised my trusty double-barrel at the moment, and, taking a steady but rapid glance at the aforesaid objects, soon saw that they were hit. One man started as the ball entered his back close to the spine, and, giving an agonising shriek, dropped his oar, and fell forward upon his fellow-victim, in whose guilty head the other bullet had apparently lodged, for he betrayed not the slightest symptom of motion. "Now, Gordon," I said, "there are my two first shots; let me see what you can do!"

The loss of the two oarsmen, and the well-directed peppering of the carbines, seemed to stagger the party in this boat, and they remained stationary at about five-and-forty yards' distance for a brief space, affording a capital mark. Our men's practice improved visibly, and their shots were telling most admirably. Every now and then, as they observed a pirate fall, they gave a thundering cheer, laughing all the while at the awkward way in which the enemy tried to reload their clumsy matchlocks in the crowded boat; but *they* were no contemptible marksmen, and if our bulwarks had not been so well protected, we should have had many more casualties. As it was, three men were already wounded, though but slightly; and the balls were rattling past us merrily and in rapid succession.

"I think," said Gordon, "one round from the 'long Tom' will finish that boat;" and, waving to our men to fall back, he fired full at her broadside, which was just exposed. Unluckily, the muzzle had been too much elevated, and the round shot bowled harmlessly over the heads of the people in her, though a handful of the grape evidently stung them smartly. Campbell now tried his hand, and with signal success, for he cut her right in two, driving fifteen feet of her gunwale into the air beyond. The three uproarious cheers which greeted this performance were hardly silenced, when our attention, which had hitherto been directed towards the boat thus happily destroyed, was called to the port side of the schooner by a shout from one of the men, who roared out, "Holy Father of Moses! but here's more of the dirty rascals, and bad luck to them! Do they think that we've got nothing else to do but to be blazing away at their ugly carcases all night? It's little mercy I'll show 'em, anyhow, for murdering my night's rest."

True enough it was. Two boats, crowded with grim-looking vagabonds, were straining every nerve to surprise us, keeping all the time almost in a line with our bowsprit, so that we could not anyhow get the brass gun to bear upon them. Finding they were discovered, they bent their backs to the quivering oars with redoubled energy and loud cries.

The two remaining boats, which were apparently stronger than any of those which we had already disposed of, were rapidly approaching, and I observed that one actually had a small gun, apparently about the size of a four-pounder, mounted in the bows; close behind which stood a gigantic coal-black rascal, with one foot balanced on the gunwale, and holding the lighted match in his hand: he was evidently waiting just before they boarded to drive in our bulwarks, and thus make an opening for his comrades. "A sovereign," I cried, "for the man who picks me off that villain!" He offered an excellent mark, as he was not more than thirty yards off, and his inky carcase stood out in bold relief beneath the unclouded moon: two carbines exploded as if pulled by one trigger; and the sable varlet, falling backwards, disappeared with a splash. "Hurrah!" shouted the schooner's men; and a yell of mingled grief and rage was the death-dirge with which the pirates saluted their sinking messmate.

Matters were now beginning to look serious, for, at the same instant, the two pirate boats closed with us on either bow, their occupants yelling like

Digitized by Google

so many angry demons, and delivering a deadly fire as they grazed our stem. Two of my men fell to this discharge—one, I am sorry to say, never to rise again; and Stewart, who had been standing near the companion, evidently bewildered and horror-struck at the whole affair, received a bullet through his night-cap, which so terrified him that he dived into the cabin, like a rabbit into his hole, and showed no more that evening.

I must own that I was greatly amazed myself at the audacity of our assailants, who, though we had destroyed three of their boats and slain some thirty or forty of their number, still fought on as desperately and savagely as ever. I believe at this crisis it was the netting alone which saved us from destruction, for though they strove hard to cut it, to force themselves through it, and to tear it down, so well had it been secured, that it resisted all their endeavours, and held them at bay while we worked at them from behind it with boarding-pikes and cutlasses.

One or two had already contrived to crawl up to the bowsprit, and were hacking furiously at the netting when they were luckily picked off by the small arms; but it seemed as though we could not much longer continue to hold out against such numbers. They were provided with a quantity of slender but exquisitely sharp spears, from twelve to fourteen feet long, with which they thrust very effectively through the netting, and annoyed us greatly. Two of my men were already killed and eleven wounded. Gordon had had a spear thrust through the left arm, which pained him very much; but he was singularly and providentially protected from a much more serious mishap. He was in the act of taking aim with a carbine at a fellow who was much too active with his spear, when a matchlock ball, discharged from a villain in one of the boats, whizzed close past my face and buried itself in the gun-stock at his shoulder!

We interchanged a momentary but significant glance, as he cried, "Who fired that shot?" The miscreant was pointed out; and in one second more Gordon's carbine-ball was buried in his chest.

Notwithstanding all these hints, however, the vagabonds showed no symptoms of making themselves scarce, but seemed bent upon coming on board, at all hazards.

Campbell, hitting upon a fortunate device, happily came to my aid; and, rushing below, hastily tore up part of the loose cabin-floor, and dragged from amongst the ballast a couple of thirty-two-pound shot; watching his opportunity, he hove them dexterously through some of the large rents in the net, and they plunged through the thin bottom of one of the boats, which, in a few minutes, filled and went down, The fellows in the remaining boat, embarrassed by the attempts of their drowning companions to save themselves in the only boat now left out of the five, ceased firing, and sheered off to a short distance, whilst we plied them remorselessly with shot and missiles of every description.

Some of those in the water made frantic efforts to clamber up into the chains and shrouds, but the cook intimated that this could not be allowed; for, appearing opportunely on deck with a couple of buckets of boiling water from the galley fire, he dispersed the scalding liquid liberally over them, and they fell back screeching into the deep.

All parties seemed by this time to have had enough, and our discomfited assailants manifested at last a disposition to retire, which the men on board the yacht no sooner perceived than, exasperated as they were by the murder of their shipmates and the atrocious conduct of the pirates, they loaded and fired at such a rate that I really thought some accident would have occurred amongst themselves in consequence; however, I did not attempt to restrain them, as I considered no punishment too severe for these truculent savages.

This warm small-arm practice had the advantage of quickening their movements, and we soon had the inexpressible delight of watching their disappearance behind a knoll which rises to a height of some sixty feet at the south-west extremity of the little island of Alboran, feeling pretty well assured that they were not in a state to molest us more after the severe chastisement just inflicted.

The next important duty which devolved upon me was to attend without delay to the condition of the wounded. Two of my best men, as I mentioned before, were slain, and we now laid them, for the present, side by side, throwing an ensign over them; a third had been shot through the lungs, the ball having traversed his chest and lodged apparently either in or near the spine.

Even with the little knowledge of surgery which I possessed, I saw that his case was hopeless; he was writhing in great agony, breathing heavily, with a strange wheezing or sobbing noise, unable to articulate, and his contortions were most painful to behold; I had him carried into my cabin and laid upon the bed; but he signed to us that he could not bear to remain in a recumbent position, and we propped him up with pillows; but it was clear that, in addition to the desperate injuries which he had sustained, internal hæmorrhage was going on, and that he must inevitably soon succumb. We did all in our power to mitigate his sufferings, but the only thing which seemed to give the slightest relief was laudanum, administered in large doses, and I have been more than once astonished at the quantity of this powerful narcotic which a person in a state of acute bodily pain can take without its being attended with the ordinary consequences. On the present occasion I gave our poor patient a large wine-glass full, which did not even bring on sleep, but simply produced a temporary soothing effect.

He lingered, to our surprise, until the evening of the next day, when he sank into a state of collapse, from which he never rallied.

Our other cases were, happily, far less serious, though there were some ugly stabs, gashes, and contusions, which we treated in the simplest manner; and I am glad to say that in a few days all were going on most favourably. The men themselves, though much affected by the loss of their messmates, made light of their own ailments, and joked each other about their bandages, plasters and patches.

Digitized by Google

SCOTTISH DRUNKENNESS.

"His hero was a desperate and *Scottish* drunkard!" This startling expression, making "Scottish" the climax even of "desperate" in matters drunken, is that chosen by the calm and judicial Wordsworth, to express at once his sense of Burn's courage in presenting such a hero as Tam O'Shanter, and his appreciation of Scottish failings.*

We might, perhaps, have never thought of quoting such a savage remark, save for the purpose of indignant denial, or even fierce retaliation, in accordance with the Scottish motto and practice, "*Nemo me impune lacessit;*" but, strange to say, our client and country insists on pleading "guilty," and does so in tones so loud and peremptory, that there seems really nothing for it but to take "our auld respected mither at her word." The whole history of the confessional does not furnish an instance of sin being acknowledged with such fullness and readiness—we might say, exaggeration and eagerness—as the sin of drunkenness has been confessed with, for several months, by the press and public meetings of Scotland. Orators have contended with orators, and editors with editors, who should make the strongest assertions regarding the enormity of the national drunkenness; and the stronger and more sweeping the accusation, the better was the nation pleased. All through the speeches delivered at a series of meetings lately held, the eye catches things like this:—"Scotland, ladies and gentlemen, is the most drunken country in Europe. (Great applause.)" Even those who ordinarily hold up Scotland as an example to the world have been, in this case, smitten with the prevailing epidemic of self-accusation. The very organ of the party that usually speaks of all Christendom, save only Scotland, as lying in idolatry, infidelity, and wickedness, is now crying out (*Witness*, newspaper, Dec. 28, 1849), "Scotland is at present the most drunken nation under the face of the sun."

How is all this? Can it be that, after all, there is no meaning nor feeling of *self*-accusation in the case—that in accusing "Scotland," the accusers mean nothing against themselves, but only against the country generally, of which they are but the redeeming salt? Surely not; for these being, as they claim, the men who sway and represent public opinion, they cannot be held blameless of the sins of the public over whom they exercise such control; and so, by all their accusations, they accuse themselves of having at least failed, on one great point, to exercise their influence aright and effectively. Or can it be that these self-accusatory and denunciatory wailings have in their motive something of the Maworm spirit, "I likes to be despised." Impossible. Mawormism is a thing unknown north of the Tweed. Be the motive, however, what it may, there can be little doubt—or, if there is any, we are about to try to dispel it—that these confessions are, in the main and in substance, melancholy truths. Perhaps we shall not be thanked for this concurrence. It is Hannah More, we think, who tells a story about a prayer or "revival" meeting, at which a leading local saint, having openly and loudly declared to Heaven that he was a great sinner, a cheat, a profligate, and everything that is vile, an honest farmer, who had happened to drop in, stepped forward to say that, in case his neighbour's word should be doubted, he could conscientiously corroborate every word that Mr. So-and-So had just said about himself, for he had lived beside him twenty years, and never knew a more accomplished rascal; in return for which corroboratory evidence, the humble and contrite penitent knocked the witness down, and afterwards prosecuted him for slander. It is to be hoped that no such return will be made for the corroboration we now offer and proceed upon—that though we Scotch have been stupidly magnifying our transgressions, and going obstinately astray as to a remedy, yet we really are, as regards this vice, a bad set, and much in need of mending.

Before proceeding to examine what is the real degree of our guilt, as compared with other countries, and to consider in what direction we may look for a remedy, a few hasty words seem required on the point, whether the use of intoxicating beverages—*i. e.*, beverages that intoxicate if you

---

* Although not quite strictly *à propos* of our present purpose, we are tempted, in the confidence of so contributing a mite to the reader's amusement, to point out the ludicrously cruel manner in which the late laureate, in the little-known passage from which we have above quoted, maltreats the glorious lines of Burns, dulling his humour, prosefying his poetry, and twaddleising his vigour. "Who but some impenetrable dunce," he truly and admiringly asks, "or narrow-minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which Burns has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam O'Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset that his hero was a desperate and Scottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities:—

"'For, frae November till October,
Ae market-day he was na sober.'

This reprobate sits down to his cups while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion:—

"'The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast,' &c.

The night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise:—

"'The nicht drave on wi' sangs and clatter.'

Laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate:—

"'An' aye the ale was growing better.'

Conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence:—

"'The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious.'

Selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality:—

"'The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.'

And while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within:—

"'The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.'"

It is impossible to perceive what use Wordsworth could think there was in thus bringing the worst part of himself into juxtaposition with the best of Burns; but the *amusement* that is in it does not require pointing out.

Digitized by Google

take *too much* of them—is of itself a vice, an evil that should be struck at; or whether all that we should trouble ourselves about is the abuse. When one comes more closely than usual to reflect and observe, the way to a decision on this point is not so easy and clear as to most persons it seems. To the one side we are dragged by the sanction and authority conferred by the custom of all nations and ages; by the immortal strains of poetry by which that custom is commemorated and associated; by certain delights, and even medicaments, it at least *seems* to bring, till, spite of the ravages caused by its excess, we persuade ourselves that it is a blessing which we have scarcely a right, even could we find the inclination, to cast away from us. To the other side we are dragged by the spectacle of the miseries which its abuse inflicts on individuals and communities, till, spite of teetotal folly and bigotry, we almost come to regard it as a thing accursed, to be tee-totally abhorred and abandoned.

There cannot be a doubt that, whether or not circumstances may ever call for the users to abstain for the possible benefit of the abusers, the use of stimulating liquors has something in it pleasing to the heart of man. It not only invites by immemorial usage, pleasant association, and the absence, at least, of any religious prohibition, but it seems to supply a natural and universal craving or appetite. The very earliest portion of sacred history records instances of its abuse, yet always speaks of its use as universally prevalent, and never with a prohibition, sometimes even with a commendation. How the heart of man, surely not merely because it is desperately wicked, warms to the kindly injunction of the Preacher, Ecclesiastes, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart." How remarkable, too—how suggestive of the duty to approach the consideration of the whole question with caution and charity—is the fact, that the Scripture speaks of stimulating drinks as specially, or almost exclusively, a medicine and comfort for the poor and wretched. "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart; let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." These references are not made so much by way of adducing Scripture ordinances or even permissions for the use of wine and strong drink, but rather to show that even among the fathers of the world the custom existed much as it exists now, for the same uses and with the same occasional abuses, affording the irresistible deduction, that the love of it is planted in the heart of man, if not also the need of it in his physical frame.

Its uses and effects in rousing, for the moment, some of the better feelings of our nature, such as courage, kindliness, and frankness; and dispelling some of the bad, such as frigidity, moral cowardice, and subserviency, have been sung by all the poets and experienced (we believe) by all drinkers. Nowhere is this set forth with more vigour and truth than in the fine lines of Ovid, which Dryden rather excels than translates:—

> "Wine warms the blood and makes the spirits flow,
> Care fly, and wrinkles from the forehead go;
> Exalts the low, invigorates the weak;
> Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek;
> Bold truth it speaks, and, spoken, dare maintain,
> And brings our old simplicity again."

Very similar to this are many passages in Burns, who, if a warning as to the abuses of drink, may also be admitted as an authority on its uses; such as the fine and well-known one, "Leeze me on drink," or this—

> "Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
> Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
> Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
> At's weary toil;
> Thou even brightens dark Despair
> Wi' gloomy smile."

Another testimony to the same effect, more modern than Ovid's, more unexceptionable than Burns's, and memorable for the decisiveness of its opinion and the fervour of its expression as well as for the unsuspected, and, we may safely say, as regards most readers, the unexpected quarter from which it proceeds, is that of Edmund Burke ("Thoughts and Details on Scarcity"). "As to what is said, in a physical and moral view, against the consumption of ardent spirits, experience has long since taught me very little to respect the declarations on that subject. Whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence 'is hurled on *gin*,' always I am thunder-proof. The alembic, in my mind, has furnished the world a far greater benefit and blessing than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chemistry, and, like Midas, we could turn everything into gold. . . . . Ardent spirits is a great medicine, often to remove distempers, much more frequently to prevent them or drive them away in their beginnings. It is not nutritive in any great degree. But, if not food, it greatly alleviates the want of it. It irrigates the stomach for the digestion of poor meagre diet not easily alliable to the human constitution. . . . . Let me add—what justices, inspired with champagne and claret, will turn into ridicule—it is a medicine for the mind." Evidence like this is not to be thrust aside; benefits like these, arising from the use, must be set-off against the evils arising from the abuse.

Apart somewhat from the general question, it may fairly be assumed that there are causes at work in Britain inducing a freer use of stimulants here than in almost any other country. Something must be ascribed to the humidity of the climate, the comparatively shy and sombre temperament of the people, and their habits of long and exhausting work. We have heard many Scotchmen, who could not enjoy themselves at home without their "toddy," declare that when they went to Paris, or other continental cities of good climate, they felt no desire for it, being raised by the mere atmosphere to about the same pitch of exhilaration as they reached only by at least a couple of tumblers at home. This may be ascribed partly to the climate, but partly also to the absence from business and care. There cannot, however, be a doubt that in England, and even more in Scotland, social meetings are all stiffness and tacitunity till the stimu-

Digitized by Google

lant begins to tell. Spirits are required as a "solvent," not merely in manufactures but in society, thawing the iciness and dispelling the *mauvaise honte* of us frigid islanders. In Scotland, where people are ordinarily sour and shy, almost beyond parallel, they are vivacious, loquacious, and even boisterous over their liquor; and most people of the middle class in Scotland would feel constrained to admit that they had found their chief social enjoyment—

> "But owre a glass of whiskey punch
> Wi' honest men."

Now, in the case of a habit so deeply and anciently rooted, and which the bulk of men feel or believe to be not wholly evil, is it good policy to seek to reach the real evil, which is the abuse, by assailing the whole system, stigmatising moderation as a vice, and insisting on abstinence as a duty? It is with some reluctance that we come to the conclusion that such a policy is unsound and hopeless; for it would be better that there were no drink than that there should be so many drunkards. But we are led to the conclusion that to attack all use of stimulants as an evil is, besides being untrue in point of fact, unsound, or at least useless, in point of policy; mainly by two reasons: First, the classes or individuals who at present use in moderation will *not* be persuaded to abstain from what they feel to be a pleasure, if not a benefit, because others tell them that it is an evil; and it is at all times a dangerous thing, although much in vogue in these days, to place in the category of vice things which natural feeling, the immemorial usage of mankind, and the ordinances of Scripture have placed elsewhere, or left free to every man's taste and conscience. Secondly, suppose that the moderate users, or any considerable portion of them, were, for the sake of example, or any other motive, to become total abstainers to-morrow, the influence on the immediate users would be trifling or nothing. The desperadoes of the Cowgate do not get drunk because the respectabilities of the New Town sip sherry and claret; they drink not from imitation, but appetite; and, if all the world beside grew total abstainers to-morrow, would go on drinking as before. The root of the evil, therefore, is in the appetite; the disorder of body or of mind, or both, which delivers up such multitudes of our poorer and more ignorant to the demon of intemperance; and if we strike at anything but that, or persist in striking even at that, with instruments which reason shows, or experience proves, to be unfitted, we shall be but losing time and wasting strength.

The question next to be considered is the extent of the evil—in what proportion does Scotland excel her neighbours in this evil? meaning by her neighbours the two sister kingdoms, and not the continental nations, with whom (one perhaps only excepted), neither Scotland, England, nor Ireland would advantageously compare. As we have already said, we are more than bad enough, but not so bad as we have of late been calling ourselves. Some persons—men, too, of note and influence—have gone so roughly and eagerly about it as to look only at the quantity of spirits distilled in each of the three countries; and then, looking also at their respective populations, begin to exclaim about how very many gallons more are drunk by the Scotch than by the Irish or English; forgetting that a great deal of what we distil our English and Irish friends drink; that, in short, the disparity about which they cry out arises in great part from our being not worse drunkards, but better distillers. Some take a somewhat less inaccurate and irrational course, though, as we shall show, also involving some gross fallacies, taking not the quantity of spirits distilled, but the quantity *consumed* in each country, and still finding a very large moral balance against us, forgetting, among other things, that man does not get drunk by whiskey alone. This latter is now the established and accepted mode of stating the case, and has, during summer, figured in Scotland in a hundred articles, pamphlets, and speeches. A sort of consolidation and direction have been given to the loose talk on the subject by means of the meetings and other machinery of "A Society for Suppressing Drunkenness in Scotland." Everybody now has at his or her finger-ends the figures. The quantity of home-made spirits entered for consumption in each of the three kingdoms in 1849 was, in England, 9,000,000 gallons; in Scotland, 7,000,000; and in Ireland, 7,000,000; which, according to the proportions of the population, gives, for every man, woman, and child, about half-a-gallon in England, a whole gallon in Ireland, and two gallons and a half in Scotland; or, taking male adults only, in England about two-and-a-quarter gallons, in Ireland, three-and-a-quarter, in Scotland, eleven! All this is true, but it is not the whole truth; and the whole truth, though it does not improve the position of us Scotch, viewed positively, does alter it materially for the better viewed in comparison with our neighbours, though still, perhaps, leaving Scotland as the chief sinner.

The amount and distribution of foreign and colonial spirits is another point erroneously handled. In a paper read to the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, in the beginning of the last month, Mr. G. R. Porter allotted the consumption of rum and brandy in equal proportions to the population of the three kingdoms. This is a decided error, there being, beyond all doubt, much less rum and brandy used, per head, in Scotland than in England; of Ireland we cannot so positively speak. There are returns from which Mr. Porter's error could be demonstrated; but the effect on the gross results are so small that we do not feel justified in troubling our readers with a detailed correction. The total consumption of rum and brandy in 1849 was little above 5,000,000 gallons, while the consumption of home-made spirits was 23,000,000 gallons, so that it is plain that the smaller proportional share Scotland may take of the former can have little effect as a set-off against the larger share she is convicted of taking of the latter. The article of wines, also, is ordinarily left out of the estimate, although it will not be denied that "toddy," to a greater extent in Scotland than in England, is used as a substitute. These omitted

Digitized by Google

considerations would reduce the balance against Scotland by a considerable fraction; but we adduce them scarcely so much for that end as to give a specimen of the eager and unfair way in which the case is stated against us, especially by ourselves. In reducing the balance, as ordinarily stated, we can afford to dispense with such small sums, having an enormous sum yet to adduce, which it has of late been usual to leave altogether out of the account of which it really forms one of the principal items. In estimating the comparative drunkenness of the three kingdoms, our orators and pamphleteers are actually in the habit of leaving out of their reckoning the article of "beer"—ale and porter—although beer is as much the national drink of England as whiskey is of Scotland. We shall now see what effect the correction of this great blunder has on the results.

There are no quite direct or simple means of getting at the extent to which the prevalence of beer-drinking in England is a set-off against the prevalence of whiskey-drinking in Scotland; but by means of a little arithmetic and a good deal of search, we think we have got pretty near the truth. The number of quarters of malt paying duty in the United Kingdom was 4,750,000. Mr. Porter, in the paper already mentioned, does not state how the consumption is distributed through the three kingdoms, nor does he attempt any nearer approach to stating the proportions used in beer and in distillation, contenting himself with stating the quantity used by licensed brewers, and not reckoning the quantity used in making home-brewed. Although, so far as we can find, there are no recent official figures on either of these two points, nor indeed can be, as regards the latter of the two, we have means of getting sufficiently near the truth for all practical purposes. In 1833, the number of quarters that paid duty was only 82,268 less than 1849; and its distribution stood thus:—England, 3,958,721; Scotland, 458,096; Ireland, 250,794. There is no reason to believe that the proportions have materially altered since; but, for simplification and brevity, we shall leave Ireland and her proportion out of the calculation altogether, state the English proportion at four millions, and (which shows that we are willing to make even more than liberal allowances) shall suppose that the consumption of malt in Scotland has, since 1833, increased about 10 per cent., and has now reached half a million. Having got the total quantity of malt consumed in each of the two countries, the only but perfectly satisfactory way we have of ascertaining the quantity used in each case in the manufacture of beer is, by setting down as so used all that is not used in the manufacture of spirits. Owing to none of the spirits made in England being what is called "malt spirits," which in Scotland are manufactured principally from malt, the calculations for the two countries must proceed on different bases, which, however, can be fixed without much risk of serious error. The number of gallons of proof-spirits made in *England* in the year ending January, 1850, from grain, as distinguished from sugar or molasses, was 5,365,600, which, though called "grain-spirits," are made (about) four-fifths from grain and one-fifth from malt. Each quarter of the material mixed in these proportions produces about 16 gallons of proof-spirits. Dividing the number of gallons (5,365,600) by 16, we find that the total quantity of grain, malted and unmalted, used in England in the manufacture of spirits, is 335,338 quarters, of which one-fifth, being the quantity of *malt* used, is 67,067. Deduct this last sum from the 4,000,000 quarters, which is the total amount of malt used in England, and we come to the conclusion that 3,933,000 quarters is the quantity of malt used in England in the manufacture of beer. Or, for simplification sake, we may say that the quantity used in England otherwise than in the manufacture of beer is so small as not to be worth reckoning; and that the quantity made into beer may, for the present and all practical purposes, be stated at the whole, viz., four millions quarters.

The number of gallons of proof-spirits made in *Scotland*, in the same year, was 10,846,634. Of these, 6,000,000 were made from *malt only*—an important fact as affecting our present purpose. The quantity of proof-spirits usually obtained from a quarter of malt in Scotland (taking Highlands and Lowlands together) is about 15 gallons; consequently, the quantity of malt used in the manufacture of these 6,000,000 gallons was 400,000 quarters. Scotland also produced 4,800,000 gallons of "grain-whiskey," in which the admixture of malt is in about the same proportion as in the article manufactured in England. Applying, then, the same divisors to these 4,800,000 gallons, as we did to the quantity manufactured in England, taking the grain as 1-16th of a quarter to every gallon and the malt as 1-5th to every quarter, we find that other 60,000 quarters of malt must have been used in the manufacture of "grain-whiskey." Adding this to the 400,000 quarters used in making malt-whiskey, we have 46,000 quarters used in the manufacture of both kinds of whiskey, leaving only 40,000 quarters of all the malt paying duty in Scotland to be manufactured into any kind of beer.

The quantity of strong ale or porter procurable from a quarter of malt is about sixty-two gallons. The quantity of malt, therefore, made into strong beer and the quantity produced (assuming that the exports of the article from one to the other nearly balance) stand thus:—

	Quarters of Malt.		Gallons of Beer.
England . .	4,000,000	producing	240,000,000*
Scotland . .	40,000	"	2,480,000

Allocated according to population, the consumption of strong beer in the two countries, reckoning the population over head, man, woman, and child, stands nearly thus:—

England	14 gallons.
Scotland	2 ditto.

These figures are of themselves sufficient to convict of nonsense the speakers and writers who have of late been making comparisons between

* We have taken 8,000,000 off this sum, on the ground of 4,000,000 quarters of malt being rather more (see above) than the quantity actually used in making beer.

Digitized by Google

the two countries, without reckoning this element at all. They might almost as rationally have omitted Scotch whiskey as English beer.

A very important point, however, remains to be settled before this part of the subject is completed. What proportion, as to intoxicating effects, does strong beer bear to proof spirits? The ordinary calculation of brewers and distillers is, that in an equal quantity of strong ale and of whiskey the proportion of *spirit* is about twelve or fifteen in the former to a hundred in the latter. This calculation accords accurately with the popular faith, that a gill of whiskey is about equal in intoxicating power to a quart of ale, which will be found regarded as an established fact among experienced and intelligent topers.

By dividing, therefore, the quantity of beer by *eight*, we shall, so to speak, commute it into spirits. The 240,000,000 gallons of beer consumed by England contain 30,000,000 gallons of spirits, which, added to the 9,000,000 consumed *as* spirits, gives 39,000,000 as the total spirituous consumption of England. The 2,480,000 gallons of beer consumed by Scotland contain 310,000 gallons of spirits, making, with the 7,000,000 she consumes *as* spirits, 7,310,000 gallons as *her* spirituous consumption.

Giving these figures in a tabular form, and allocating them according to population, here is the result which, it will easily be seen, is the main point in the question:—

SPIRITS CONSUMED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

	No. of Gallons.	Per head of population.
England	39,000,000	2¼
Scotland	7,310,000	2½

The arithmetical mode of stating the case is thus, it will be seen, very different from the oratorical.

We give the above result only as being as near the truth as figures and authenticated facts enable us to get. We do not deny that various things may tend to invalidate its perfect accuracy, and that the balance of these probably tend to establish Scotland more firmly on the bad pre-eminence which our figures show her but dubiously entitled to. To avoid cavil, therefore, we do not mind throwing in another fraction, and saying that Scotland, per head of population, consumes half-a-gallon of spirits more than England, or *one-fifth*.

This, speaking comparatively, is no great matter. Let us not be abased. While esteeming ourselves the most enlightened, moral, and especially the most religious nation on the face of the earth, we are—though, to be sure, stating the case positively, we consume at the rate of nearly three gallons of whisky annually per man, woman, and child, and nearly twelve gallons per man—we are, we say proudly, only one-fifth more drunken than other people.

The question next in natural order is as to the cause and cure of this state of things. For some information on these points, we turned—we do not affect to say with much hope—to the "Report of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, by their Committee for the Suppression of Intemperance; with Notes of Returns made to a Circular issued by that Committee, by 478 Kirk Sessions." The document is a crude undigested mass, or rather a collection of little lumps, without coherence or consistency. The patient reader, if he wades steadily on, may find here and there a thing to laugh at from its simplicity, or its intense conceit and bigotry; but very little, indeed, to make him wiser as to either facts or suggestions. This is not entirely the fault of the 478 Kirk Sessions; but arises partly from the want of clearness and method on the part of the committee, and partly from the facts not admitting of being precisely or intelligibly stated in the form adopted. For instance, every man has a meaning of his own for the word "intemperance," from the puritan who thinks that to drink is to be drunken, to the latitudinarian who holds that no man can be called drunk till he is seen trying to light his pipe at a pump; and thus, when we are told of "intemperance" prevailing in one parish and being almost unknown in the other, it is certain, from various facts and symptoms, that the same thing is meant, though opposite things are said. Then, as to the probable remedies, there is immense crudeness and discordance. On only three things is there any approach to concurrence—in condemning the teetotallers, and doing so in a jealous spirit, and on insufficient grounds; in recommending extended ecclesiastical machinery and funds; and in asking for legislative or judicial means of suppression, such as refusal of licenses, severity of inquisition and regulation, and increase of taxation. There are, of course, exceptions; some unintentional, and some very amusing. Thus, while all his brethren are crying out that more of themselves is the only and certain cure, one reverend gentleman (Parish 239) lets off this telling, though chance, shot amongst them:—"Since the secession of 1843 intemperance has been alarmingly on the increase!" that is, since an event that added seven hundred zealous and laborious men to the clerical force of Scotland! Again, while his brethren are crying for dearer whiskey and a dearth of publicans, another reverend gentleman (Parish 379) offers the following profound and rather striking suggestions:—

"It has long been my belief that intemperance is owing to the expensiveness of whiskey.

"Forbidden fruit is pleasant, and stolen waters are sweet. When young lads and lasses meet at a market, at present, they must have a dram, and the more it costs the greater the honour connected with the meeting.

"If the whiskey and malt duties were abolished, there would be very few instances of drunkenness after a few months.

"When two dealers meet to make a bargain, they must, at present, give 6d. or 1s. to the devil for his blessing.

"But they would not think it worth their while to give him a *penny*."

If the reverend reporter's parishioners are as immoderately addicted to poteen as he is to paradox, No. 379 must be a jolly parish. There are, however, exceptions to the general tenor of the reports, which, so far as concurrence of sentiment exists at all, tends to these two propositions of cure—increase and trust to the religious or clerical influence, and render intoxicating drinks dear and otherwise difficult of access. These form, in fact, the panacea of all the declaimers. Let us see how far reason and experience justify us in such reliances.

Digitized by Google

The proposal of which we now hear so much, to diminish drinking by diminishing the number of houses in which drinking is carried on under authoritative surveillance, is, as we think, not only founded on a false and foolish principle, but has been repeatedly tried, and as often failed. The remark made by Adam Smith ("Wealth of Nations") sixty years ago, sets forth both the folly and the antiquity of the notion. "It is not," said that most sagacious of men, though here little sagacity would suffice, "it is not the multiplication of ale-houses that occasions a general disposition to drunkenness among the common people; but that disposition, arising from other causes, necessarily gives employment to a multitude of ale-houses." That is the whole kernel and common sense of the question. It is the demand for drink that makes public-houses, not the public-houses that make the demand for drink. In towns, at least, it cannot possibly matter whether the number of public-houses within the compass of a few hundred yards is sixty or forty, twenty or fifteen. It is possible, indeed, to imagine that in rural districts men may occasionally drink, when there is a public-house, who might have refrained if there had been none; or a few persons may occasionally, from friendship to a publican, drink when there are two public-houses, who might have refrained had there been only one. But these are rare and comparatively unimportant cases; there is a set-off against restrictions, even under such circumstances, in the fact that these are generally imposed by the local authorities, magisterial and clerical, from motives of personal or party favour or antipathy; and the agitation is directed, not to this point, but to the licensing system generally. One source of this blind and inconsiderate rushing towards a violent and inapplicable remedy is, doubtless, in the spirit now abroad for "putting down." When people now-a-days set themselves to attack any moral evil, they almost invariably try to proceed by legally "suppressing" it—a means of action at once the most difficult to obtain, and the most worthless when got.

Another source of the cry for reducing licensed houses is undoubtedly a hasty and ignorant notion of what "licensing" means and intends. From the way that a number of people speak and write, a foreigner would be led to believe that licensing means some power bestowed by the law on the trade in spirits. Such phrases as "the odious laws that encourage drinking," are now stereotyped; but the simple truth is, that there are no laws affecting drinking, save such as are intended or fitted to *dis*courage it—to reduce the amount, and rigidly regulate the manner. The law, indeed, deals more with the spirit trade than with any other trade, but it deals only in the spirit of enmity, as a burdensome tax-gatherer and an inquisitorial policeman. Everybody seems to have forgotten that 16,000,000*l.*, or almost one-third of the whole annual national revenue, is derived from taxes on liquors. Is that encouraging drinking? It seems to be forgotten, too, that a "license" amounts only to this, that the spirit-trader has to ask leave and pay a tax for carrying on his trade, while other traders are free, and to keep his house open to the intrusion of the police, while other traders' houses are their castles. By what violence to words and sense is *this* called "encouragement?" If even prohibiting instead of taxing, and even extinguishing instead of restricting, would put down the passion and practice of drinking, we could understand such language and such a policy as are now popular on platforms; but reason surely makes it plain, if reason can demonstrate anything at all, that when dealing with an appetite so strong and a practice so ancient and inveterate, if you will not permit the means of gratification to be made under a bearable burden of taxes, and used under reasonable police surveillance and restrictions, the only effect will be that it will be made and used free of taxes and police.

But reason is not the only guide in the case—we have experience, old and new. Attempts to carry the taxes and restrictions beyond reasonable limits have been made over and over again, and have on every occasion not only failed, but aggravated the evil, as, so far as the agitators have succeeded, is the case at this moment. Take a remarkable instance, which we recommend those who make an outcry for dearer drink and fewer licensed drinking-shops, to read at greater length and leisure in the Parliamentary history, stretching from 1736 to 1743.

In 1736, an agitation was got up precisely the same in complaints and demands as the present; so precisely the same, indeed, that most of the speeches and petitions of 1736 might be delivered in 1850 with great applause, though not, we hope, with the same disastrous success. The petition of the Middlesex justices, presented to the Commons on the 20th of February, 1736, so compendiously states the grounds on which the agitators of that day moved and the Parliament of that day were persuaded to legislate, that we give its chief passages. It humbly showed "that the drinking of Geneva and other distilled spirituous liquors had, for some years past, greatly increased, especially among the people of inferior rank; and that the constant and excessive use thereof had already destroyed thousands of his Majesty's subjects, and rendered great numbers of others unfit for useful labour and service, debauching at the same time their morals, and driving them into all manner of vice and wickedness; and that that pernicious liquor was then sold not only by the distillers and Geneva shops, but many other persons of inferior trades, by which means journeymen, apprentices, and servants, were drawn in to taste, and by degrees to like, approve, and immoderately to drink thereof; and that the petitioners apprehended the public welfare and safety, as well as the trade of the nation, would be greatly affected by it, as that practice was dangerous and mischievous to the health, strength, peace, and morals, and tended greatly to diminish the labour and industry of his Majesty's subjects." The Scottish Association for the Suppression of Intemperance might adopt this petition as the "form," almost without altering a word. But to proceed with the history of 1736; Sir Joseph Jekyll brought in a bill imposing on

Digitized by Google

all retailers a license duty of 50*l.* per annum! and a duty of 20s. on every gallon retailed! with proportionate penalties. Walpole, then minister, saw the absurdity and mischief of the measure, but the pressure among the parliamentary and magisterial class was so strong that he did not resist. Pulteney opposed it with just such arguments as we are using now, but it passed. Well, here were taxes and restrictions more severe than any one at present even asks; and what were the results? Not only utter failure, but immense mischief! We read this in Coxe's 'Life of Walpole:—"The populace showed their disapprobation in the usual mode of riot and violence. Numerous desperadoes availed themselves of the popular discontents, and continued the clandestine sale of gin in defiance of every restriction. The demand of penalties which the defaulters were unable to pay filled the prisons, and, removing every restraint, plunged dealers into courses more audaciously criminal. It was found that a penalty and duty so severe as to amount to an implied prohibition, were as little calculated to benefit the public morality as the public revenue." And in Smollett:—"Though no license was obtained, and no duty paid, the liquor continued to be sold in all corners of the streets." In a few months the London gaols alone contained 350 persons committed under the new act, of whom 75 died in prison! Within two years 13,000 persons were convicted in the metropolis alone. Not above *two* persons in the whole kingdom (so we find stated in a speech by Lord Bathurst) took out a license! In 1743 the Government, finding, according to Smollett, that, among other evils, "the consumption of gin had considerably increased every year since the heavy duties were imposed, brought in a bill reducing the license duty from 50*l.* to 20s., and the duty per gallon from 20s. to 6d. "This bill," says Smollett, "passed through the House of Commons with great precipitation; but in the House of Lords (and Bishops) it met a fierce opposition." Lord Hervey (Pope's "Sporus") declared that if the bill passed "This evil will destroy the poor labourers we have and prevent the procreation of any to succeed them!" This is but a sample of the sort of argument used on that side throughout the fierce and protracted debates which followed. The argument on the other side is fairly instanced by such passages as this from one of the speeches of Lord Bathurst:—"The bill was designed as a total prohibition of the retail trade, and actually proved a prohibition of any fair trade in that way; but every one knows it did not diminish the consumption, nor prevent the excessive use of spirituous liquors. They were clandestinely retailed in every coffee-house and ale-house, and in many shops and private houses; and the consumption rather increased than diminished, as appeared from the amount of duty for these last two years." Throughout the debates we do not find these conclusive facts denied, the advocates of the "suppression" confining themselves to declamation, just as they do now. The facts, however, were too strong—and the attempt at suppression was abandoned as a failure and a curse.

Many other and more recent attempts, including the one now in progress, so far as it has gone, have failed in the same way. The evidence before the late Committee of the House of Lords, on the "Sale of Beer," is full of unwilling and unconscious testimony to this effect. The superintendents of police, and such witnesses, complain that since stricter regulations have been imposed on licensed houses, illicit houses, called "hush-shops," have come into existence; and that beer is also sold in coffee-houses and other places where the police have no entrance. Here is an instance, from the evidence of a witness from Bolton:—

"Has the late bill, further limiting the hours of sale, had a very good effect?

"A very good effect; it is one of the best bills that has been passed; but the very fact of that bill has increased the hush-shops, because on Saturday night it turns the people out of the public-houses as well as the beer-houses. Now the publicans are compelled to turn the people out at twelve o'clock, and therefore they go into the hush-shops.

"How would you propose to put down the hush-shops?

"Giving the police the same power over the hush-shops that they have over beer shops would have some effect."

The remedy here proposed is simply to give the police the power to enter private as well as public-houses—a remedy it will be rather difficult to get, and unpleasant to bear. There are a great many testimonies to the same effect, also unwilling and unconscious, in the returns (above-mentioned) made to the General Assembly of the Kirk. The reverend reporters, while in act of crying out for more restrictions, make frequent admissions that the restrictions already in existence cannot be effectually enforced. The fact is notorious; and the only reasonable wonder is, that anything else should ever have been expected.

The attempt of 1736, it will be seen, was an attempt against *retailing;* for, though it imposed a heavy duty, it levied it not at the still-wealth, but on the retailer's counter. It may be replied, or imagined, that, if levied at the distillery instead of the shop, a similar attempt might have been successful. In reality, however, the law of 1736, though worked through the retailer, was, as regards the enormous tax of 20s. the gallon, a tax on the manufacture. The retailer evaded it; that is, the article was sold by those who neither possessed the license nor paid the tax. If the law had been sought to be worked through the distiller, *he* would have evaded it; that is, distillation would have been driven from licensed distilleries to unlicensed cellars and huts. That such would be the effect of attempting to increase the present duties by not 20s., but even 1s., is a truth proved about a dozen times over by the results of attempts made even during the present generation. Every reader, ordinarily conversant with the history of the country during the current century, knows that, especially in Ireland and Scotland, frequent attempts to levy heavy duties on spirits have led only to smuggling, demoralisation, the increase of drunkenness, and the decrease of the revenue. Up to 1811, when the Irish duty was 2s. 6d. a gallon, six millions and a half of gallons paid duty annually; in 1822, when the duty had been raised to 5s. 6d., less than *three* millions of gallons paid; but the Revenue Commissioners reported that at least six

Digitized by Google

millions of gallons were manufactured by unlicensed stills, and another million fraudulently supplied by the licensed makers, besides which the populace had become more drunken, and desperate riots attended the efforts to enforce the law. In 1823, the Irish duty was reduced to the former amount, and the amount paying duty rose in 1823 from less than *three* to more than NINE millions, all parties being benefited except the smuggler. Another attempt, though to a less amount, was made to raise the Irish duty in 1830, with a similar bad result; then the attempt was again abandoned, with a similar good result. In 1842, Sir Robert Peel again tried the Irish with a single additional shilling; and next Session retreated, admitting that the revenue had lost and only the smuggler gained.

The history of excise in Scotland is one series of similar lessons. Up to 1823, under a duty of 5s. 6d. per old wine gallon, the smuggling was notoriously enormous, and the drunkenness much greater than now. The present Lord Medwyn stated at that time in evidence before the revenue commissioners, that, according to his information, the quantity annually smuggled in the Highlands alone was at least 2,000,000 of gallons. This is proved by the returns of legally manufactured whiskey for the years preceding 1823, compared with those following that year, in which the duty was reduced from 5s. 6d. to 2s. In 1822 the total number of gallons paying duty for consumption in Scotland was only 2,000,000; in 1825 it was 6,000,000. Now this did not arise from any decrease in price; the price did not fall off the gallon; in fact, the retail price was not affected at all, although the quality was considerably improved, the fair-trader having previously been forced to resort to adulteration in order to keep his ground against the smuggler. Neither did it—how could it, when the price was unaltered?—arise from increased consumption. None, even of the "suppression" advocates, deny that, bad as we are, we are better than we were thirty years ago. The increase arose entirely from the smuggler being beaten out of the field, and his place taken by the legal manufacturer, or he himself being forced to become legal. It is well remembered that, after the reduction, the smugglers emerged from their hiding-places in scores, and "entered" their stills to the excise. Besides the manufacture and consumption of liquor being, by the reduction of duty, now carried on under the eye of the law, and the quantity consumed being, proportionally to the increase of population, less than before, the immensely demoralising influence of smuggling has now been almost entirely got rid of. Those clergymen among the Assembly's reporters who are resident in districts where smuggling was practised (and that was wherever it was practicable) under the former duty, report in great numbers, and in decided language, that orderliness and sobriety have greatly increased since smuggling ceased, through becoming unprofitable. For instance (Parish 115), "Intemperate habits are not so prevalent as they were formerly, owing to the suppression of smuggling;" and (Parish 230), "The people have been much more temperate for the last fifteen years, since smuggling was annihilated." In other words, much more temperate *since the duty was reduced.* And yet even some of those who make the statement—surely without seeing its meaning—cry out for a restoration of high duties; and on the same page are found such kindly and national counsels as this (Parish 178), "*I would recommend high-priced liquors and low wages.*" If such remedies had never been tried before it might be possible to excuse their harshness and intolerance, on the ground of the importance of the end sought; but having been tried a score of times, and in every one disastrously failed, it is impossible to excuse their absurdity on any other ground than that those urging them have entered on the crusade without learning the facts or considering the difficulties of the subject on which they talk so loudly and propose so confidently.

In a Temperance Prize Essay, by —— Syme, a journeyman stonemason of Lancashire, we find a passage so clearly and concisely stating the common sense of this portion of the question, that we give it by way of summary:—

"Every attempt which has been made to promote the practices of temperance which has not been based upon general, moral, and intellectual improvement, will be found to have been a decided failure. The history of this great cause affords abundant proof to the world of the truth of this position. Whenever the temperance advocate has contented himself with merely pulling down the machinery of intemperance, his attempt has failed. Instances will be familiar to the minds of almost all, in which the public-houses of a place have been reduced by refusal of license without being followed by the smallest diminution of intemperance, because the destruction of the mere store-houses of the drunkard's material does not uproot the appetite on which the habits of intemperance are founded. No method of advocating temperance has more signally failed than that of merely decrying the machinery of intemperance; such as slandering the landlord, and mocking and ridiculing the drunkard—this itself is indeed a species of intemperance."

But there remains the other specific relied on by the agitators, and specially commended by the General Assembly's Report: the exercise and increase of religious influences and machinery. There is no danger, we hope, of being misunderstood, in saying that there are some things that no amount of clerical machinery and zeal can accomplish, and that the reduction of Scottish drunkenness is, demonstrably, one of them. If a large supply of clergy, possessing an influence equal to that of any priesthood in the world, save, perhaps, those of Ireland and Spain, could have saved or cured Scotland in the matter of intemperance, our statistics would have been more creditable. The number of clergy in Scotland (all working pastors, remember—no pluralists nor sinecurists) is nearly as follows:—

Establishment	1,200
Free Church	750
United Presbyterian	500
Independents	120
Episcopalians	150
Roman Catholics	100
Cameronians	35
United Original Seceders	35
Other bodies (Baptists, Methodists, &c.)	110
	3,000

Digitized by Google

Taking the population at 3,000,000, which is considerably above the truth, we have at least a minister and a church for every 1,000 men, women, and children, which is just double what was asked as the proper proportion, even by the fervid Dr. Chalmers. Yet, with all this, we are "the most drunken nation on the face of the earth"—with all this, the most drunken and wretched stationary population that even Mr. Chadwick, who has seen the worst and dirtiest of everything in Europe, ever beheld, "was that which he saw in the wynds of Edinburgh and Glasgow." The fact—and we must not shrink from mentioning it—is, that, whether it be that the clergy have not given this and similar matters their due importance, or whether they have found it easier to rouse and interest the people on other subjects, the clerical influence has not been brought to bear, or, at least, has not borne effectively, on this evil. If you wish to see on what subjects the clerical influence is exercised in Scotland, look at the meetings and petitions of a bold and active minority on such subjects as stopping railway trains and letter-deliveries; and, still more at the cowardice of the majority, who, angry and contemptuous, never make an open and organised resistance. If you want to see on what subjects that influence is exercised, or ineffectual, look at the statistics of drinking and kindred vices. It is also a most remarkable coincidence (we do not say it is worse), that those districts in which the clergy are most influential are those where this evil most abounds. There is a marked difference in several respects, as is well known, between the east and the west of Scotland. In the east, the people are more given to literature, to music, to amusements; in fact, are more refined, and breathe a much freer intellectual atmosphere. In the west, they are graver, busier, coarser, with less liberty of opinion, and more imperative ecclesiastical control. What city can vie with Glasgow in the matter of religious meetings and in petitions against people being allowed to transport themselves or their letters on Sundays? What city does not far outshine her as to the every-day virtue of sobriety? A distinguished foreigner, writing in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, describes forcibly the wonder with which he was struck with the Sunday aspect of Glasgow:—"A monastery, a tippling-house, a brothel, all in excess, and in the coarsest forms." But we need not go to Frankfort for evidence, when we have that of Glasgow's own sheriff (Mr. Alison, the historian), delivered at the Edinburgh meeting of the Association for the Suppression of Intemperance. "There are," says he, "2,000 tippling-shops, in which are consumed 2,400,000 gallons of whiskey for a population of 400,000 persons, which gives six gallons, or thirty-six bottles per annum, to every individual in the community, including infants at the breast"—which, he adds, "is more than is consumed even in the Pandemonium of Sydney and Botany Bay." We take a passage, containing some remarkable and lamentable facts, from a pamhlet called "The Moral Statistics of Glasgow," by William Logan, a city missionary:—

"A number of both sexes had been in attendance at Sabbath-schools for three, four, five, six, seven, nine, and even ten years. To prevent anything like deception on this point, we cross-questioned them respecting the locality of the schools, the names of the teachers, &c. We likewise called upon a number of the parents and relatives, in different parts of the city, and the replies given by these parties to our inquiries fully corroborated the statements made by the convicts themselves. The number of prisoners who were tried at the Glasgow Assizes in March, 1849, was 27. We visited 25 of them. 20 of the 23 who could read were old Sabbath-scholars.

"When visiting the Glasgow Police Office on the 15th October, 1848, we met 13 female prisoners, 12 of whom were old Sabbath-scholars. On the 26th of the same month, the 'Fast Day,' we conversed with 12 female prisoners, 9 of whom had been connected with Sunday-schools. One of the girls, 19 years of age, had attended, for five years, the Bible-class of a celebrated professor of divinity to one of our Presbyterian denominations. On Sabbath, the 29th of October, the 'Glasgow winter sacrament,' we spent three hours in the Central Police-office; the number of prisoners was upwards of 100. Out of 52 with whom we conversed, 14 of the males, and 23 of the females, total 37, were old Sabbath-scholars. The females, with two or three exceptions, are leading an abandoned life; 21 of the 23 are from 15 to 25 years of age. A friend of ours, who frequently visited the Glasgow Police-office, resolved, before entering it on Sabbath, 18th April, 1847, to question all the juvenile prisoners on this point, and the result of the investigation was, that every one of the 17 boys and girls then and there confined had been connected with Sabbath-schools for a longer or shorter period. The same gentleman informs us that on many other occasions he met with numberless instances of a similar kind; and the result of our weekly observations in the same office, for a period of four years, tends to establish the same conclusion."

Things to the same effect might be quoted from the Assembly's report, as this (Parish 29):—"It is a melancholy fact, that almost all the noted drunkards attend public worship regularly, some of them making unusually strict professions of religion." Glasgow, however, is not a sinner above the other towns and districts of the west country, which—excepting, perhaps, Ayr—all agree in their main moral features. Our eye this day encountered, in a west country paper, a paragraph commencing "On Monday last (5th August) a unanimous meeting of the inhabitants of Kilmarnock was held, to memorialise Government against the opening of the Post-office or the running of mails on the Sabbath-day." At p. 70 of Mr. Logan's pamphlet will be found statistics proving arithmetically what everybody knows in a general way. The people of Kilmarnock, who are unanimous upon shutting the Post-office, must be pretty nearly unanimous also in drinking every year as much whiskey as it is possible for the human stomach to imbibe in 365 days.

What, then, is to be done? Let us, we reply, have no less religion, but more of other appliances. Animalism and ignorance are the roots of the evil; let us combat them by fostering more innocent and refined descriptions of amusement, and more practical and comprehensive kinds of education. Let the masses of our population, besides being made learned in all manner of polemical theology, learn that there are pleasanter and cheaper, as well as less hurtful, means of excitement than whiskey, and that drunkenness destroys the body and the intellect, as well as ruins the soul. It is a truth, lying very near the root of the evil, that our Scotch

Digitized by Google

population, for several strata above the lowest, have no idea of amusement unconnected with drinking; and it is also a truth, and not far from the root, that there is a tendency, especially among the magistratical and clerical orders, to give discountenance to all manner of amusements of an open or public character. The contrast between the English and the Scotch population as regards the first of these points has been brought forcibly before us in reading the evidence given to the Lords' Committee on the Sale of Beer. The English beer-house keepers, finding that the labouring population will not frequent them for drink's sake alone, add attractions in the shape of music and games. One of the magistrates who gave evidence says, "A man cannot withstand the skittle-ground and the quoits, and the dominoes and the cards, and the bagatelle, and the various appliances with which those places are almost universally provided." Another, "Great allurements are held out in the shape of music; there are itinerant musicians, and young persons are engaged there in games, and in many attractions." Now, in Scotland we have got to a lower depth than this. In the matter of drinking we need no temptation, and ask no disguise. Our publicans do not require to offer us music or skittles, the casks suffice. We go only to drink, and we do nothing else. The Englishman makes his draughts of beer but the interludes of his skittle-playing; the Scotchman proceeds at once to deep and serious drinking without waste of time—

"And hastens to get drunk, the business of the day."

In most of the more populous districts of England, also, cheap concerts on a monster scale, large and cheap excursions to the country by railway, and similar appliances, have been instituted, and with the happiest and most extensive effect. The following is from the evidence given before the Lords' Committee by Mr. Dowling, the Chief Commissioner of Police at Liverpool:—

"Have you found of late years that any change has taken place in the habits of the people of Liverpool with regard to the pursuit of amusement?—I have, very much; we have evening concerts at a very cheap rate in Liverpool, which are attended generally. There is one building which is devoted to it principally; I should say that on the average, three times a week, there will be from 1,000 to 1,500 persons of that description who are admitted at 3d. and 6d. a-piece; they pass the evening there with very great seeming pleasure, and of course it prevents them from going to bad and improper places; I think it has a great effect upon that description of the population."

Similar testimony is given regarding Birmingham and other places. Now, why is it that in Scotland, where the disease is more advanced, such remedies are never proposed? The only occasion on which we have seen such a thing even hinted at from a position of authority was in some remarks made by a Bailie Dreghorn, from the police-bench of Glasgow, in connexion with the announcement that the fines upon persons for being drunk, exacted at that office, amounted to 280*l.* for the month:—

"I lately had occasion to spend a month on the continent, and during that time visited the principal towns in Germany, and in these towns almost all the places of public resort; but during the whole period—from the time I landed till the time I left—not one single instance of intemperance came under my observation. This led me to inquire whether any and what means were adopted by the authorities or others for accomplishing this state of things. Although I am not prepared to say that the authorities, otherwise than by their example, have had any influence upon the habits of the people, yet I am bound to admit that their association with all ranks of society in their public amusements, and these public amusements, as such, have a most beneficial effect. In all German cities places of public resort, such as gardens, musical entertainments, and works of *vertu*, are accessible to all ranks, either gratis or at a small charge, and thus a love of music and the fine arts is cultivated, and the *taste* of the working classes raised. In these places the peer and the peasant may be sitting in almost the same group, and the latter is content with an innocent and non-intoxicating refreshment."

We have not the gratification of knowing anything about Bailie Dreghorn, but one, save that he is a man of sense and worth, although it is probable he has by this time been denounced as an "infidel" and "enemy of religion." For it is a Scottish or north-country custom so to denounce every one who looks for the cure or palliation of a moral evil anywhere but in more preaching. Bailie Dreghorn, in Glasgow, is "as a sparrow on the house-top alone." Those who sway the opinion and actions of that district will give no support to "such dangerous doctrines." Did anybody ever hear of a Glasgow clergyman promoting concerts, or such means of amusement and refinement? or, indeed, doing otherwise than denouncing them as vanities? or speaking otherwise of railway-trains than as snares, especially as "leading men away from the house of God?" But surely the time is coming, nay, now is, when they are bound to reconsider the whole of this class of questions—taking as one of their data the undoubted facts that those professedly for whose sake they denounce "vanities" are already sunk in vices, and that those whom they affect to fear may by railway-trips be led away from the house of God, at present frequent only the house of Bacchus.

Digitized by Google

O'REILLY'S IMPROVEMENTS.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.—NO. IX.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The diocese of Killmore, which is best known to history as the bishopric of the pious and philanthropic Bedel, whose efforts to obliterate the hereditary enmity between Celt and Saxon were so successful in his day, till, as he declared, the iniquitous administration of Lord Strafford broke his heart. The lands of the see are situated in one of the most fertile and cultivated districts of the County Cavan, in Southern Ulster, and it is named from a small village standing in the midst of a pleasant English-like landscape, studded with handsome though antiquated villas, and possessing little to interest the passing stranger except a rather rustic cathedral, in which the good bishop is said to have preached in their native tongue to the Irish.

In that old country church, before (to use the peasant's phrase) "Buoneparte had ris the rents an' ruined Irelan intirely," there worshipped for many a-year—all unconscious and, it must be added, unimitative, of Bedel's history — a respectably-dressed, stout-figured, ruddy-faced bachelor, with more than half grey hair and a soberly, self-important manner, who was known to his neighbours as Mr. Lacy Hamilton. The Mr., indeed, was not always annexed; for, though reckoned rich to a miracle, Lacy was descended from a line of save-alls, a character, by the way, generally inspiring the reverse of popular respect in Ireland. They had lived, and gathered, and died, in the same old and rudely-built farm-house, every generation adding to their possessions, not only by their own savings, but sundry bequests from unmarried relatives, till, on the death of his father, a considerable property in land, and some thousands in the Ulster bank, which rumour of course doubled, reverted to Lacy.

It was the concern of his mother's widowed days to increase this heritage, and guard her son from unprofitable matrimony. In the last endeavour she succeeded wonderfully, with the help of another property, which Lacy had not received from his ancestors—namely, an extraordinary amount of vulgar pride, partly in himself and partly in his riches. When, at length, in his thirty-fifth year, death closed the eyes and set at rest the hands of that busy and watchful dame, it was exhibited in a singular fashion. Lacy levelled the old farm-house to the ground, and erected at some distance a new, square, and rather imposing mansion, the large rooms of which he furnished in an expensive but imperfect manner, promulgated the plan of a lawn in front, a garden in the rear, with farm-yard and offices to match; but there his energies suddenly relaxed; and for twenty years the great house stood alone on a bare rising ground, with docks and nettles growing thick about its walls and wretchedly incongruous offices in the rear.

Travellers from the sister isles, who occasionally passed it on coach or car, were apt to remark that nothing similar could be seen out of the green land; but Lacy's neighbours had familiar solutions for the problem. They knew that he had hopefully waited for his mother's departure in order to make his money available in securing a place among the surrounding gentry, into some family of whom he had determined to marry, and leave the peasant ranks for ever behind him. But being an instance of that powerless ambition which has the will but not the way to rise, Mr. Lacy's manners and education belonged so completely to the class in which he was born, that the poorest of the superior caste could not be induced to associate with him, and their general contempt and ridicule rewarded all his endeavours after gentility. From that adverse field Mr. Lacy had retired to live in solitary pride at his new-built mansion, which he made many an ineffectual attempt to have called Hamilton House, and rarely left except for the church, the market, or his surrounding farm-fields. Debarred the gentry's society, he would put up with nothing less; and the neighbouring farmers recalled many a tale of his family's money-griping and hard-working ways, by way of comment on Mr. Hamilton's brief replies and haughty salutations. Similar doings of his own were gradually added to the list; for it seemed that unsuccessful outlay of his money had taught him more abundantly the value of what remained; and the elderly woman who constituted his entire in-door establishment, as well as the labourers of his farm, could testify to his profiting by that lesson. Lacy had also tenants able to corroborate their evidence. Besides the hundred acres himself cultivated, he was the proprietor of sundry small farms, which, being bishop's land, were held by leases renewable for ever; but he and his predecessors, in common with most small Irish proprietors, preferred letting them only to tenants-at-will. One of these, which lay nearest Hamilton's own domain, and far exceeded it in cultivation, had been called O'Reilly's farm long before he or his family became its landlords. Carrol O'Reilly, its occupant at the period of our story, averred that some of his people had lived and laboured on it since the County Cavan was called O'Reilly's country, concerning which golden age of his name the man had many a strange tradition.

Such matters were, however, but the entertainment of leisure hours, and few and far between did they come to Carrol. He was a more strong than ordinary specimen of the native Ulster peasant. Tall, active, and somewhat dignified in appearance, despite a life of labour, and the humblest education, Carrol had the ready wit and tireless energy, with a clearer judgment and a larger portion of worldly

Digitized by Google

wisdom than generally fall to the share of his countrymen. Moreover, Carrol was regarded by his neighbours as emphatically a just man, whose motto was to owe no man anything. He was even charitable according to his means; but the man had a regard for his own rights, of which his priest had more than once complained, as rather beyond his management, and a temper whose enduring fierceness warned off provocation.

Carrol's estate consisted of ten acres—reputed the worst land in the parish, under the management of many a preceding O'Reilly. Their last lease had expired when it came into the jurisdiction of Lacy's father, and Carrol commenced life on his own account with such an addition to the rent as the practice of those times allowed. Carrol had toiled upon it in all weathers since then; he had laboured in other men's fields and expended the proceeds on his own; his brothers had lent their assistance, his sons had taken early lessons of industry there, and marvellous was the change produced by their united exertions. Fences rose where such had never been before; drains were made of which nobody had dreamed; and O'Reilly's farm had at length fields whose fertility the neighbouring gentry strove to emulate in vain. Carrol was bordering on fifty-five, and had been twice married, the statement of which fact he was wont to conclude after a singularly pious fashion, with, "The Lord's will be done." His first helpmate had been the mother of a large family; they were early wedded, and, it was said, lived happily till the eldest of the eight children was almost grown, when the typhus fever entered his cottage one summer and took the mother from them. Carrol's grief lasted longer than that of the widowed in general, but if he didn't find comfort in the ten acres, they afforded him the next best thing, namely, occupation. Out of them he settled his eldest son on a neighbouring farm, with what he called "a little girl of fortin'," made the second a priest, fitted out two for emigration to America; married a couple of daughters respectably in their father's station, and placed the two younger at good service in Castle Crosby.

Being alone in his cottage after these varied achievements, Carrol one day brought it home a second mistress, in the shape of Alley Flannigan, the bonnet-maker of Killmore. Alley was an orphan cousin of the parish priest, to whose advice Carrol particularly attributed the match; though his reverence averred it was the first time he had ever known counsel to take effect on him. The strength of her kindred were, a stepmother who had remarried, and some half dozen of brothers and sisters, with large families of their own.

Alley had learned her trade in Cavan, and maintained herself by it, in a manner. All the parish knew her to be honest, careful, and desirous of well doing, but that was the bound of Alley's abilities; for energy, invention, or foresight she had none. A poor and a lonely life had the woman led, with her bonnet-blocks, to a certain age, at which she looked still neat and comely, though it was believed that Alley never had an offer except from a recruiting-sergeant who was quartered in the town about ten years previous. Alley was young then, and did not like a seat on the baggage-cart, or thought the sergeant, who was a gay, dashing young fellow, insincere; but ever after her neighbours were unanimous in the opinion that Alley rued the non-entertainment of that proposal. None of them were therefore surprised, when Carrol paid his addresses, at his almost immediate acceptance. The pair stept quietly one evening to the house of Father Flannigan, who made them one with the celerity of a practised hand; and Alley was found next morning making things neat about the cottage.

The Irish peasantry entertain strong prejudices against second marriages, and Carrol's children were no exception to that rule. They showed little liking for their stepmother, inoffensive as she was, which Carrol said was but natural; adding, that "He nivir intinded to put any man in the place ov the woman that wis in heavin; but seein' that the house wis lonely, and Alley dissolute, he thought it well to purvide a conforter for his ould days, and lave her the farm improveminta whin he wint to meet his blissid Norah."

That farm was a spot in which poor Carrol took no little pride; its fields with the hedge-rows, and the fruit-trees he had planted among them, lay so pleasant round the neat white cottage, whose rose-wreathed windows and pretty curtains within rivalled the rustic homes of England. All was the fruit of his own labour; but Carrol had yet to learn that more admiring eyes than his were upon it.

That quiet wedding was scarcely a month over when the solitude of Mr. Lacy's large house was also enlivened by the arrival of a young man, who bore a diminutive resemblance to himself, and was called his nephew. Master Charles Hamilton had been brought up at Swanlinhar; he was a low-set, impudent-looking fellow, whose aim was to be a country beau, and whose habits and manners were such as might be expected from one reared among the lowest of the peasantry, but taught to value himself on some advantageous connexion. Old gossips accounted for all by recollecting that, subsequent to the death of Mr. Lacy's mother, a maid whom she had specially kept for fine spinning had privately retired from her household, under rather equivocal circumstances, to the above-named locality in her native Connaught; and that ever after Mr. Lacy had obscure but frequently recurring business to transact in that quarter.

"Troth, his nose tells the whole story on the ould sinner," said Alley, as she and her husband made the circuit of their own fields, by way of walk, in a July evening, when, as Carrol remarked, there was little to do but see the corn growing, and Mr. Lacy stood earnestly talking to his nephew at the mairing ditch, or boundary of his own farm.

"What can he be pointin' here for, Alley?" interrupted Carrol. "Come away, woman—they'll think we are listenin';" and the spirited peasant turned homewards; but there was a story between Lacy and his nephew that evening which the latter's nose did not reveal to the O'Reillys.

As the harvest drew on, the looks of both were more frequently directed to Carrol's fields, as if

Digitized by Google

estimating their worth and fertility; and at length, as the husband and wife were shearing together at the earliest of their corn, Master Charlie, who had grown familiar of late, opened his mind in the following manner:—

"It's a wonder to me, Mr. O'Rilly, that you slave yirself wid so much lan', an' all yir childer away. Man, the farm's far too big for ye; but if ye wud like an easy change, I'm sure my uncle could give ye a nice bit of three acres down in the stoney craft," and he pointed to the opposite extreme of Hamilton's property.

"Masther Charlie," said Carrol, looking sharply up at him, "a hive no objections, in case I'm well paid for my improvements; there's many a year's sweat an' sore bones of mine in thim. Yer uncle has always got his rint honestly from me; and I hope he'll understan' that I know the rights of a tinint."

"Yer only a tinint at will, Mr. O'Rilly, a'm thinkin'," said Master Charlie.

"That's what we'r all in this worl', me young man," responded Carrol. "Bit justice is unmutirable, as me son the preisht says; an' thim that takes my farm, widout payin' for the labour it cost me, 'ill get their reward, either here or hereafter." With which warning words Carrol seized his hook, and Master Charlie sneaked home to tell the tale.

The conversation that ensued between the O'Reillys was low and earnest, varied by outbursts of indignation from Carrol, as the Hamiltons' designs on his farm recurred to him in all their iniquity, till it was suddenly interrupted by a challenge from the next field, given by Jamie Sullivan, a neighbour's son, whose cherished wish had long been to rival Carrol's well known abilities in shearing; and he now inquired if "Mr. O'Rilly wud hive the condiscintion to try him for a stook." Carrol never refused a challenge of that kind; and a contest immediately commenced, which called the attention of many a reaper, thronged as the fields around them were in that sultry August day, to the rival shearers.

The stipulated twelve sheaves were soon cut down, but, to the discomfiture of the challenger, Carrol maintained his wonted superiority. Jamie, however, was not to be foiled easily; he insisted that his loss of victory was by reason of a cramp in his fingers, "bad cess till it," and loudly demanded another trial. Stook after stook was thus reaped, Carrol always winning, and Jamie renewing the combat with perseverance worthy of a prouder cause. The style in which he would take the conceit out of Carrol on the harvest ridge had been his boast throughout the preceding season; and his neighbours were now proportionably amused, not only by his repeated defeats, but the various apologies he found for them. Now it was his hook; then the cramp; and again the sun shining on the corn. Some took part with him, some with Carrol; but all encouraged Jamie to persevere, fun having, as usual in Ireland, taken the place of every other consideration. Hooks and sheaves were left in the surrounding fields—man, woman, and child, within hearing, having gathered to the scene of contest. It happened to border on the highway, and, amid the shouts of applause and laughter which accompanied Jamie's efforts, no one took note of a passing traveller, who stood leaning his arms on the fence, and gazing earnestly at Alley, as that undisturbed spirit sat, hook in hand, on the new cut ridge, enjoying her share of the sport.

"Throth, ye may give up, Jamie, wid a clean conscience," said Carrol, finishing the last stook, and wiping his brow, which had not been dry for hours past. "There's the sun settin', shame a stook I'll shear more;" and the old man, now covered with dust and perspiration, threw himself on the ridge beside Alley.

"Well," said Jamie resignedly, "since you won't give me another chance. Bad luck till this hook ov mine, I'll break it in flinders when I go home."

"Buy one that 'll shear ov itself, Jamie," responded Mrs. O'Reilly; and her remark was followed by a general laugh, in which the traveller joined. He was a man of Carrol's fashion, but some fifteen years younger, with a face that had seen foreign climates, certain military reminiscences about his dress, and that air of somewhat reckless gaiety and freedom characteristic of the Irish soldier. A closer inspection might also have discovered that half the fingers of his left hand were wanting, that he walked with a partial lameness from an injury in the right knee, and had a sly, cunning look, which the world's ways might have taught him, about the eyes.

"A pleasant evening, sir," said Carrol, addressing the stranger.

"Very fine, Mister O'Reilly," answered he in the tone of one determined to create a sensation; "and it's my surprise that you hav'nt failed one sheaf in the shearing since I had the pleasure of seeing you last."

"Dad, then it's long ago," responded Carrol; "for the thransackshin has escaped my memory."

"I'm sorry for it," said the stranger, growing suddenly subdued; "but time makes great changes. Maybe you, nor nobody else here, can recollect Sergeant Allison?"

"Murther!" said Carrol, springing to his feet and seizing the traveller's both hands, "it's you that's welcome back. Oh! werr-anthrue, are two ov yer fingers clane aff? Don't a min' when ye wur courtin' Alley, now Mrs. O'Reilly here? an' troth she was a great fool not to take you!"

Carrol's welcome, even to its last clause, was confirmed by the bystanders, including Alley herself, who added by way of softener, that "ther' wis a fate in them things," an' she must go home to get on the supper.

"No doubt of it," said Carrol, in response to both her observations; and Sergeant Allison entered the field by general invitation, and proceeded to satisfy his old friends' curiosity, by explaining how he had been for years in India—how he lost his fingers and partly the use of his knee-joint in a battle with the troops of Hyder Ali, on which account having obtained a pension, he had returned to his native village, in an adjoining county; but his parents were dead, his brothers

Digitized by Google

and sisters all married; and, finding himself, as he expressed it, a stranger in the place, he was on his way to see his old acquaintance in Killmore.

"It's late," said Carrol, when the sergeant had assisted him to bind and arrange the sheaves for the night. "Blessins on ye for helpin' me! shure I nivir was as tired. But won't ye take a bed at the house? Alley and me has it all to ourselves now."

The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and they spent a marvellous evening with the sergeant's exploits and adventures; but all that night Carrol tossed and groaned—in the morning he was unable to go to the harvest field as usual, and it was soon evident that the over-exertion which vanquished Jamie Sullivan in that burning day had brought on a rapid form of that disease known as pleurisy. Some half-score of rustic remedies, including sundry decoctions of herbs, and a charm from the wise woman of that district, were successively put in requisition; still Carrol grew worse, and the village doctor was at length sent for; but his appointed time was come, and in less than eight days' illness he went the way of all living, leaving most of his children, whom sorrow had reconciled to Alley, weeping with her round his bed, and a will in favour of her and his two unmarried daughters, witnessed by Father O'Flannigan and Sergeant Allison; the latter having, to O'Reilly's gratitude, remained to take charge of the harvest.

Poor Alley's grief, though sincere, was not excessive. "Shure he took me whin nobody else wud!" was her plain-spoken lamentation, to which consoling neighbours replied, "Troth, ye may say that, not to mintion his lavin' ye share of the improvements."

Carrol's children did not dispute the will, which was, on the whole, equitable, as all had been previously provided for excepting the younger girls, who expected their portions off the farm. How valuable it had been made by poor Carrol's exertions was well known; and the O'Reillys were in doubt whether to dispose of his improvements and tenant-right to the highest bidder, and divide the proceeds at once among the three legatees, or endeavour to retain them in the family, by uniting to manage the farm for the behoof of their sisters and step-mother. Sergeant Allison, whose counsel was now heard as a tried friend of the family, gave his opinion in favour of the latter measure, which certainly was the most profitable, and also reminded the O'Reillys that it was necessary to consult their landlord.

Mr. Lacy kept studiously aloof from his tenants in that season of trial. Neither he nor his nephew had graced the wake or funeral with their presence—an instance of neglect which caused no little scandal in the neighbourhood, and provoked sundry comparisons of their respective progenitors by no means favourable to the Hamilton line. Besides, Alley had misgivings in her mind regarding Master Charlie's last conversation with her husband, which she communicated confidentially to her eldest step-son and the sergeant, they being the family's accredited deputies, under the joint command of her cousin, Father O'Flannigan, and the Reverend Terence O'Reilly, who had left his distant parish on the first intelligence of Carrol's illness. By those chiefs of the house it was therefore arranged that the eldest son and the sergeant should wait on Mr. Hamilton (that worthy proprietor being in the habit of exhibiting his Protestantism by a marked incivility to all Catholic priests whatever), explain to him the wishes of the O'Reillys to retain the farm, and learn his opinion on the subject.

The kitchen and one or two minor apartments were the only inhabited portions of Mr. Lacy's house. There were tales in the neighbourhood of velvet tapestry hanging from the ceiling, and costly furniture, covered with dust and mould, in its superior rooms, which had been kept fast locked ever since his notable disappointment in the matter of a ball, to which all the neighbouring gentry had been invited, and every one sent apologies. That was now twenty years ago. Old family habits had more than re-established their sway over Lacy's heart and home; and his household had sat down to breakfast in the kitchen as usual, the farm servants at one table in the centre, and, at a convenient corner—for the double purpose of seeing that they did not consume too much time at the meal, and of superintending his housekeeper in its distribution—he and his nephew sat at another, when Tim O'Reilly and the sergeant made their appearance.

"I hope we'r not disturbin' yer honour? Mucit comfort may ye have in what's before ye!" said Tim, considering it his duty to open the pleadings. "Shure its fine weather for the harvest—thanks be to Him that sint it!"

"It is, my good man; but what might your business be?" replied Hamilton, in angry surprise at being caught off his greatness by a Catholic tenant.

Tim had not anticipated that salute, and it roused the slumbering wrath of the O'Reillys within him, touching the disrespect shown to his father's wake. His answer was accordingly brief and careless, merely informing Hamilton of the family's desire to cultivate the farm among them, and promising the accustomed rent in the name of his step-mother.

"I intend taking that farm into my own hand," interrupted Mr. Lacy, "for my nephew here. Your father was very foolish to marry at his time of life, but I will allow the widow twenty pounds in case she goes out quietly at November.

Tim darted upon him a look of fire, and the sergeant burst out with, "Twenty pounds wouldn't pay for Carrol O'Reilly's labour on one field, as you well know, Mr. Hamilton. There are still two daughters, as well as his wife, to be provided for, and it is to be hoped you won't take the weight of wronging both the widow and the fatherless on your conscience."

"Come away," cried Tim. "The curse ov greed's on him! God rest my father in his grave! but its hard to expect he wud stay in it, when the farm his strength was spint on is a takin' from his own."

With these mild words the deputation retired; but there was woe and wrath, not only among the O'Reillys, but throughout the whole parish, when

Digitized by Google

the result of their mission was known. The act was one of such penurious yet glaring injustice that proprietors of every class united in declaring against the paltry pittance assigned to poor Alley and her step-daughters; while to the peasantry it appeared as it really was a taking of the fruits of O'Reilly's labour to bestow them on his nephew. Neither the remonstrance of the one order nor the indignation of the other had the least effect on Hamilton; besides his hereditary love of money, there was in his character a vein of unreasoning obstinacy strengthened by many bachelor years. He refused to add a single shilling to Alley's liberal jointure. The widow was regularly noticed to quit at the ensuing term, and Master Charlie publicly signified his intention of cropping the farm next spring. Alley said that "nothing could go wrong wid thim that had justice on their side;" and while the O'Reillys raged and threatened, while Master Charlie provided himself with pistols, and his uncle talked of a constabulary force to protect Hamilton House, she continued to inhabit the cottage in composed propriety, assisted in the management of the poultry and dairy by an orphan girl she had taken by way of servant, and consoled by the occasional visits of Sergeant Allison, who had now taken up his residence in the neighbourhood, and acted as the widow's man-of-all-work.

So the winter passed. But this state of things was not for duration; an ejectment was served on Alley at the spring term, and some further attempts at negotiation, which were made at the instance of the sergeant, being rejected by the Hamiltons, to the surprise of the whole parish Master Charlie one morning entered the fields with his uncle's plough and horses, and fairly commenced tillage for himself. The chief wonder was, that the O'Reillys should look so quietly on this premature invasion. The sergeant, indeed, had been heard to mutter that he and the old miser might get a fright, but all the rest of the kindred kept silent and distant, and seemed determined to leave Alley to her fate.

Matters were in this posture when Killmore was edified by a rumour to the effect that a certain agent, who stood high on his distant relationship to a bishop, and remote connexion with an M.P., had lately made striking advances of civility to Mr. Lacy, on account of some five hundred which he wished to borrow. They had met once or twice at church and market, and, in token of further friendship, as well as to settle the preliminaries, Mr. Davis, it was said, after some difficulties with his lady, invited both uncle and nephew to dine at his house about six o'clock on a breezy March evening.

It was asserted by those best informed on the subject, that things were arranged rather advantageously for Mr. Davis towards eleven o'clock, when his courtesy was so far extended, perhaps owing to the necessity of the case, as to send his guests comfortably home in his own vehicle, kept in token of special gentility, and denominated in Ireland an inside car. It was driven by no less a personage than Jamie Sullivan, who, after having mourned over the death of Carrol, and especially the fact that he "had nivir got time to take the consate out on him," entered Mr. Davis's household as a kind of general servant, to leave, as he expressed it, more room for the other nine on his father's four acres.

"Faith a'll drive yez in style," said Jamie, mounting the seat of power, as the last "good nights" were exchanged, and the host and his friends separated like loving brothers; and in style, according to his own appreciation, he did drive them, in spite of threats from the nephew and entreaties from the uncle, making them acquainted in the most practical fashion with every stone and rut in the road; and in those days they were not few. The distance between Mr. Davis's residence and Hamilton House was not more than five miles English, and the way led past the now newly-ploughed fields and pretty cottage owned by Carrol O'Reilly.

As they approached that part of the road Jamie's driving became, if possible, more furious; but, unfortunately, he managed the whip better than the reins, and utterly forgot that there was a deep and dirty ditch separating Carrol's farm from the highway, till one of the wheels went in, and nothing but immediate pulling up saved the whole party. "Leap out, for the Vargin's sake!" shouted Jamie at the top of his voice; but both uncle and nephew, being now thoroughly angry as well as intoxicated, thought it beneath their dignity to stir, and both replied with a volley of wild curses on his careless driving.

The moon had been bright, but was now covered with a cloud, and as it passed away Jamie uttered another cry; but it was his prayers poured forth in a mingled stream of creed and ave, where he sat holding back the horse with all his might from the ditch, and staring into the adjoining field. The Hamiltons instinctively followed that gaze. The field had been just prepared for sowing. It was one on which Carrol had expended great pains and taken much pride; and now, in the broad moonlight, a man stood in the garments of the grave, sowing broad-cast on its ridges. The trio gazed for a few seconds, and the figure moved towards them. But Jamie could endure no longer; and uttering a still louder cry to the Virgin for protection, he jumped from box and reins, flying at full speed to his father's house, as, with a cry that startled the country, the inside car and the Hamiltons went down into that muddy ditch. When, about an hour after, a sufficient number of the neighbours could be collected by the terror-stricken Jamie to search for them there, the car was found dirty and broken, the poor horse still struggling in the harness, but Mr. Lacy and his nephew had been received in a fearful plight by the housekeeper, whom their knocks and cries awoke from her first sleep. Of course the inside car was sent home next morning; and the Hamiltons never cared to enter into the particulars of that night; but several of the neighbours testified to having seen that ghastly sower, though Alley said, "Glory be to goodness, he never frightened her;" and Jamie Sullivan, when minutely recollecting his appearance, was wont to remark that

Digitized by Google

"the other worl' had made a great change on Carrol, for he niver knowed him to walk wid a hop before."

As for Master Charlie, no earthly power could ever after persuade him to think of that farm, and his uncle sent word to the widow she might stay as long as she pleased, as he had changed his mind about the ejectment. Of that permission Mrs. O'Reilly fully availed herself. The sergeant sowed the farm for her, and the harvest-home was celebrated by a wedding, at which all the O'Reillys danced, including, it is said, the Reverend Terrence. Tradition also records that their step-father proved a worthy portioner of Carrol's girls, who in process of time got married in their native parish. But one thing was remarked about the sergeant's farming, namely, that the haunted field brought forth among its produce an incredible amount of the shrub known as gorse or whin; also, that when that circumstance was in any way forced on his attention, Allison looked as if he sincerely repented of something; and many a year after, when witnessing his labourers' exertions to root out those tenacious invaders, Jamie Sullivan, who alone attempted to account for their introduction, observed, with a look of terror, "Oh, sargint dear, the ould man left ye hard work wid the last of his improvements!"

WILLIAM TELL.

"Why, Father, watch we, wet and cold,
The livelong night in the dreary wold?"
"My Son, my Son, a hunter bold
Many a weary watch must hold."

"Look, Father, haste your aim to take,
A roe is stealing from yonder brake."
"Be still, my Son, be still; for sake
Of nobler game our watch we make."

"Look, Father, look—yon antlered deer—
Your arrow quick—he's bounding near."
"Son, let him pass sans harm or fear,
A nobler quarry will soon appear."

"See, Father, see the lightning red,
A storm is bursting over head.
Hence, hence!" "My Son should'st learn instead
To bide the storm, and know not dread."

"Hark, Father—a steed with thundering hoof—
'Tis Gesler, his guards are far aloof."
"He looks not again upon heaven's roof
Unless his heart be arrow-proof."

"O Father, hast thou slain the knight?
Alas! we both to doom are dight."
"A slave, my son, will cower in fright,
A freeman dares defend his right."

Z. Z.

Digitized by Google

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT.*

It has long been a received opinion that no biographies are so pleasant and instructive as those which authors write of themselves; and yet comparatively few examples of this kind of composition are found in literature. For when we have named St. Augustin and Jean Jacques Rousseau we have mentioned all those who have fully and fearlessly detailed the actions of their lives, and laid bare their hearts to the gaze of mankind. Still we have many approximations to the complete thing in the memoirs of Theodore d'Aubigné, of Madame Roland, of Marmontel, of Morellet, and several others among the French. Cardan and Montaigne have published detached and irregular confessions; and Gibbon entertained all his life the intention to bequeath to posterity a finished picture of the progress of his own mind.

Encouraged by such examples, Mr. Leigh Hunt has ventured to detail the circumstances of his private life, to speak faithfully of his studies, to explain as far as possible the genesis of his opinions, and to describe the relations, more or less intimate, in which he has stood to many of his most distinguished contemporaries. That such a work should fail to be both amusing and instructive is impossible. Even the most retired student must enjoy opportunities of studying character altogether peculiar to himself, since, in this vast universe of thought and action, no two men can possibly occupy the same place, or contemplate humanity from the same point of view. Besides, Mr. Hunt, though strictly speaking our contemporary, has passed through a state of things which no longer exists, and witnessed a highly curious phase of society arising out of the movements occasioned by the French Revolution, and characterised by extremely remarkable and startling phenomena.

Our readers will already, perhaps, have often made the remark for themselves, that the sun of most men's lives rises in cloudless brightness to set in gloom. No matter, whether poor or rich, genius is at the outset so lavish of promise, so full of hope, so warmed and winged with enthusiasm, that it scatters around it schemes and projects, as a spring cloud does drops of rain. Overflowing with power and vitality, it believes all things possible, and boldly determines to achieve innumerable things that were never achieved before.

To hold intercourse with a mind in such a state is delightful. We partake of its energy and feel the warmth of its sunshine; we adopt its hopeful views of society and life; we make its friends our friends, and forget for the time that blight and disappointment have since come upon it, and perhaps dispersed all its great designs to the winds.

Fortunately, with Mr. Leigh Hunt this has not been exactly the case. If he has not realised all his early hopes, he must be admitted to have realised many, and is still among us in a state of ample productiveness, untiring, speculating, and indulging his fancies much as he used to do in days gone by. To the careful reader, however, it must be obvious that the writing of his autobiography was not an altogether pleasant task. He had to relate many a struggle with fortune, with power, and, above all, with his own unfitness to bustle in toil and difficulties through the world. To make the most of life, he should have been a man of independent fortune, without worldly cares of any kind, with wife and children, but with somebody else to look after them, and with no other inducement to write than that instinctive necessity which he has experienced all his life long. As it is, we consider him a felicitous and charming writer, abounding with animal spirits, natural or artificial; for from his own narrative it is clear that, by dint of study, he has often been able to mimic the tricks of sprightliness and gaiety when the realities were very far from his heart.

Still it must be admitted, that whatever a man does he will do it all the better for having been chastened by affliction. We must feel ourselves before we can feel for others. Wit and humour often borrow their greatest fascination from having been in the presence of melancholy, and borne away from the contact qualities not perhaps to be expressed in words. You are conscious that the smile you perceive has chased away the tokens of sadness from the lips; and, therefore, though you sympathise with it, there is also a remnant of sympathy for the former emotion, which, though it does not by any means spoil your pleasure, certainly modifies and tempers it.

The readers of Leigh Hunt will be able to understand well what we mean, as the reflection must have been frequently forced upon them, whether they ever familiarised it to themselves in words or not. The commencement of the autobiography implies the existence in the author's mind of a design, which he afterwards found it impracticable to accomplish. He evidently contemplated a complete narrative, for he enters with a minuteness into an account of his progenitors which promises an equal abundance of details in the succeeding section of the work. After a while, however, the reader feels that the original plan has been abandoned. The stream contracts and becomes shallower; the connexion between events and circumstances is less observed. Indeed, you are often made sensible of large gaps in the details, though no doubt there is always sufficient matter to keep alive your interest.

This remark applies chiefly to the personal and domestic portion of the biography, which, properly developed, and delicately treated, would have been the most pleasant of all. But an author stands, while he lives, in the midst of influences generally

* The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1850.

Digitized by Google

found to be irresistible. He has the tastes and feelings of many persons to consult, and labours under the consciousness that, if frank and faithful, he must sometimes deal in explanations which from his contemporaries would meet with no forgiveness. His field of operations, therefore, is circumscribed in this way; and when he comes to consult his own passions and predilections—when he considers all the idiosyncrasies of those he loves, and enveloped in the mantle of whose affections he desires to descend to the tomb, his heart almost inevitably fails him, and refuses to commit his emotions and consciousness to the pen.

It is different with matters purely literary, even where there exists a necessity for dealing in estimates of personal character. Authors are felt to be altogether public property, and the world experiences no inclination to treat them with superfluous delicacy or forbearance. In fact, they may be said in some sense to challenge notice, and only to meet with their deserts when they obtain it, whether favourable or unfavourable. Mr. Leigh Hunt is of this opinion; for though upon the whole extremely tolerant and inclined to make apologies for all sorts of persons, he does not shrink from the expression of keen censure when, in conformity with his theory of duty, it seems to be required. We only wish his inclination had led him to indulge much more frequently, for he spares some who had never spared him, and who, on many other accounts, merited to be chastised severely. However, it argues a kindly and a generous spirit thus to gather up, towards the close of life, all sorts of pleasant reminiscences; to cultivate a charitable disposition towards all men, if possible; to forget injuries, or to pardon them; and thus to prepare posterity to look with affectionate indulgence on the self-constituted judge.

In this autobiography we possess a sort of sketch of literary history for the last fifty years, with a retrospective glance at the tastes and critical opinions which prevailed during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The writer himself has contributed largely to impress a new character on our light literature, particularly in periodicals. When at first he betook himself to writing, his mind was necessarily under the influence of authors who had previously laboured in the same field — Voltaire, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Charlotte Smith, Bage, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Augustin la Fontaine—but chiefly, perhaps, Voltaire. Mr. Hunt seldom, if ever, alludes to Sterne; yet, in the ease with which he wields the powers of the English language, he would seem in the liberal sense of the word to have greatly imitated him. Voltaire took all sorts of liberties with his mother tongue, but yet, after a sort of systematic fashion, in conformity with established usage. Sterne treated language as clay, which was perfectly at his command, and which, therefore, he might mould into any form which pleased his fancy without being accountable to anybody for the use he made of it. There is an analogous freedom in the style of Mr. Leigh Hunt, which, both in verse and prose, is full of licences, generally felicitous, but sometimes the reverse.

We can easily, by considering what he is now, and uniting with it an indefinite amount of health and animal spirits, conceive what he was when he commenced his career as poet and critic. He tells us himself that he luxuriated in severity, that he cut right and left, and, through the pleasure arising from the consciousness of power, delighted to behold dramatic authors and actors stand in awe of him. There was far more encouragement in those days than in these for an eminent author, especially one whose vivacity of manner, and elegant and graceful turn of mind, fitted him as well to shine in private circles as in the pages of a periodical or the columns of a newspaper. Whatever merit there is in contemporary literature is shared by numbers; indeed, we might almost say their name is legion.

At the dawn of Mr. Hunt's career the case was extremely different; the rays of public notice were concentrated on a few persons, who assumed, for that reason, a consequence, and exercised an amount of authority, scarcely intelligible to us. The inhabitants of the mimic world of the stage are, no doubt, as sensitive as ever; but the opinions of any particular critic are of less importance to them, because the multiplication of judges has, in the same proportion, multiplied their chances of pleasing. They are commonly enabled, therefore, to oppose the praises of their friends to the censures of their enemies, and these produce a sort of equilibrium of opinion, which blunts the point of criticism.

They who are best acquainted with the history of English literature will enter most readily into the spirit which dictated the following criticism on the songs of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Even now it is seldom that we meet with so Catholic a feeling as that of Mr. Hunt. The scorn with which we often look back on the tastes from which we have escaped will be felt by future generations for us, in as far as we are conventional and converted, though the remotest posterity would be able to discover in our contemporary literature, as well as in that of the preceding age, much to enjoy, and not a little to praise.

"The reigning English composer of that time," he says, "was Mr. Hook, as he was styled at the head of his songs. He was the father of my punctilious editor of the magazine, and had a real though a small vein of genius, which was none the better for its being called upon to flow profusely for Ranelagh and Vauxhall. He was the composer of the 'Lass of Richmond Hill' (an allusion to a penchant of George III.), and of another popular song more lately remembered, 'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town. The songs of that day abounded in Strephons and Delias, and the music partook of the gentle inspiration. The association of ideas with that kind of commonplace has given me more than a toleration for it. I find something even touching in the endeavours of an innocent set of ladies and gentlemen, my fathers and mothers, to identify themselves with shepherds and shepherdesses, even in the most impossible hats and crooks. I think of the many heartfelt smiles that must have welcomed

Digitized by Google

love-letters and verses containing that sophistical imagery, and of the no less genuine tears that were shed over the documents when faded; and criticism is swallowed up in those human drops. This is one of the reasons why I can read even the most faded part of the works of Shenstone, and why I can dip again and again into such correspondence as that of the Countess of Hertford and Pomfret, and of my Lady Luxborough, who raises monuments in her garden to the united merits of Mr. Somerville and the god Pan. The feeling was true, though the expression was sophistical, and a fashion; and they who cannot see the feeling for the mode do the very thing which they think they scorn, that is, sacrifice the greater consideration to the less."—Vol. i., p. 72.

As we cannot live in past times, we experience a particular pleasure in conversing with one who has so lived for us, who felt what we should have felt, and forms as it were a sort of link between us and men two generations off. It is refreshing to know that, by calling at a house in Edwarde's-square, Kensington, we can converse with a man who may have walked down the Strand with Gibbon, heard Fox and Burke, and experienced those powerful sensations which thrilled through the whole system of European society during the protracted storm of the French Revolution. There is less allusion to this than might have been expected in Mr. Hunt's autobiography, because he is more of a literary man than of a politician; but we observe in every page that he has lived since the period of human emancipation—that is, since the human mind took its leave of traditional superstition. He belongs essentially to that period of society which is sought to be characterised by the term transitional. Loosened from the moorings of the departing, and not yet linked to the coming system of thought, he floats at large between them with a sort of easy scepticism. He is not averse from laying hold on firm principles when they shall present themselves, but meanwhile makes no great effort to deliver himself from the liberty of doubt. The same propensities extend into the domain of letters, though during Mr. Hunt's whole life nothing has ever been able to quench in him the love of books, or a certain mitigated reverence for the authors of them. In his record of his own life we see him looking back with affectionate regret at the departing tastes and forms of intellect. He seems always to have cherished a strong gratitude towards his instructors, whether in poetry or criticism. Speaking of the state in which, on entering it, he found the world of literature and art, he says:—

"Goldsmith and Johnson had gone; Cowper was not yet much known; the most prominent poets were Hayley and Darwin—the most distinguished prose-writer, Gibbon. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in his decline—so was Horace Walpole. The Kembles had come up in the place of Garrick. There were excellent comic actors in the persons of Edwin, Lewis, young Bannister, &c. They had O'Keefe, an original humourist, to write for them. I have already noticed the vocal portion of the theatres. Miss Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay, surprised the reading world with her entertaining but somewhat vulgar novels; and Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and a then anonymous author, Robert Bage (who wrote 'Hermsprong' and 'Man as he is'), delighted liberal politicians with theirs. Mrs. Inchbald was also a successful dramatist; but her novels, which were written in a style to endure, were her chief merits."—Vol. i. p. 81, *et seq.*

There is a certain irregularity and abruptness in Mr. Hunt's own narrative, which perhaps was unavoidable, from the necessity of grouping together a variety of distinct details, song-writers, dramatists, philosophers, orators, statesmen, succeeding each other in his panoramic picture; and we must not examine too closely into the question how they come to be linked together. The author in reality constitutes the central point, around which all his contemporaries must consent for the time to group themselves. Protagoras, the sophist, used to say that man is the measure of the universe; and so, to himself, he is and must be. When an author, therefore, makes himself the hero of his own book, he co-ordinates all things into a sort of dependance on himself, and the reader easily agrees to make his idiosyncrasy the specular mount from which he is to contemplate the encircling universe.

Mr. Hunt having been, rather while a youth, to view both Houses of Parliament, he with great propriety gives us his impressions of them. The reader of Southern's plays, if we mistake not, will remember a passage in which two or three Roman citizens, of the humbler class, describe their first impressions on seeing Hannibal. For many years, they had no doubt found their intellects overawed by his fame, and they therefore expected that, like Cæsar, in the hyperbolical rhetoric of Cassius, he should bestride this narrow world like a Colossus. "I thought," says one of these honest gentlemen, "he would have been at least as big as one of his elephants." Just so was it with our autobiographer. From the cradle he had, of course, heard of the House of Lords, and possessing a creative fancy, he had by its help figured to himself an assembly of demigods, not unworthy of Olympus. What he actually found he describes in the following passage:—"My father once took me—but I cannot say at what period of my juvenility—into both Houses of Parliament. In the Commons I saw Mr. Pitt, sawing the air, and occasionally turning to appeal to those around him, while he spoke in a loud, important, and hollow voice. When the persons he appealed to said 'Hear, hear!' I thought they said 'Dear, dear!' in objection; and I wondered that he did not seem in the least degree disconcerted. The House of Lords, I must say (without meaning disrespect to an assembly which must always have contained some of the most accomplished men in the country), surprised me with the personal insignificant look of its members. I had, to be sure, conceived exaggerated notions of the magnates of all countries, and perhaps might have expected to behold a set of conscript fathers; but in no respect, real or ideal, did they appear to me, in their corporate aspect, like anything which is understood by the word 'noble!' The Commons seemed to me

Digitized by Google

to have the advantage; though they surprised me with lounging on the benches and retaining their hats. I was not then informed enough to know the difference between apparent and substantial importance; much less aware of the positive exaltation which that very simplicity and absence of pretension gave to the most potent assembly in Europe."—Vol. i, p. 85, *et seq.*

It too often happens that distinguished men, when they come to take a retrospect of their lives, dwell with pain and sorrow on their school-boy days, not through any recollection of misconduct on their own part, but of caprice and tyranny on that of their teachers. From this schoolmasters should take a lesson. Among the little urchins trembling around them, they know not which is to be their Nemesis, to transmit their names to posterity, invested with the softest and sweetest colours of humanity, or stamped with the features of petty despotism triumphing basely over physical weakness. Those little boys, frail and delicate, it may be, in structure, are to be their witnesses or accusers to future ages.

Mr. Hunt takes his revenge on the Masters of Christ Church, who tormented his childhood and made it uncomfortable, by good-naturedly holding them up to ridicule. Yet he was proud of the school itself, whose discipline had produced many remarkable men, though often administered by very unworthy hands. There is, besides, another remark to be made, which should not be altogether lost sight of, namely, that a very exemplary teacher may appear quite the reverse to those to whom his instruction is irksome, as much, at least, through their own inaptitude to receive it, as through any unfitness to teach on his part.

In Mr. Hunt's observations on Christ Church, interspersed with jocular descriptions and extremely droll anecdotes, there is much that may be recommended to the consideration of the conductors of all public schools. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was animated, we imagine, by the spirit of that philosophy which, according to Mr. Hunt, pervaded Christ Church in his time, we mean that utter forgetfulness of the distinctions of rank which should prevail among those who enter upon the ennobling pursuit of learning together. Here, if anywhere, should be found that wholesome equality which is not at all incompatible with the recognition of superior abilities. The equality is claimed on the score of humanity; the superiority is admitted in favour of genius as a piece of good luck, which no one wishes to deny. *Poeta nascitur non fit;* and as no one regulates the disposition with which he shall be born, the possession of a brilliant intellect is not supposed, by boys at least, to justify envy on the one hand or assumption on the other.

Our readers will peruse with pleasure Mr. Hunt's account of Christ Church, and more than forgive the pride with which he enumerates the distinguished names it has produced. His own deserves to be reckoned among them, and he reckons it without any affectation of a modesty which would have been altogether absurd:—

"Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean: something solid, unpretending, of good character, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it, who issue from a greater variety of ranks, than in any other school in the kingdom; and as it is the most various, so it is the largest, of all the free schools. Nobility do not go there except as boarders. Now and then a boy of a noble family may be met with, and he is reckoned an interloper and against the charter; but the sons of poor gentry and London citizens abound; and, with them, an equal share is given to the sons of tradesmen of the very humblest description, not omitting servants. I would not take my oath, but I have a strong recollection that in my time there were two boys, one of whom went up into the drawing-room to his father, the master of the house, and the other down into the kitchen to *his* father, the coachman. One thing, however, I know to be certain, and it is the noblest of all, namely, that the boys themselves (at least it was so in my time) had no sort of feeling of the difference of one another's ranks out of doors. The cleverest boy was the noblest, let his father be who he might. Christ Hospital is a nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars; it has produced some of the greatest ornaments of their time; and the feeling among the boys themselves is, that it is a medium between the patrician pretensions of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the charity-schools. In point of university honours, it claims to be equal with the best; and though other schools can show a greater abundance of eminent names, I know not where many will be found who are a greater host in themselves. One original author is worth a hundred transmitters of elegance, and such an one is to be found in Richardson, who here received what education he possessed. Here Camden also received the rudiments of his. Bishop Stillingfleet, according to the memoirs of Pepys, lately published, was brought up in the school. We have had many eminent scholars, two of them Greek professors, to wit, Barnes, and the present Mr. Scholefield, the latter of whom attained an extraordinary succession of university honours. The rest are, Markland, Middleton (late Bishop of Calcutta), and Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes. Christ Hospital, I believe, towards the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, sent out more living writers, in its proportion, than any other school. There was Dr. Richards, author of the 'Aboriginal Briton;' Dyer, whose life was one unbroken dream of learning and goodness, and who used to make us wonder with passing through the school-room (where no other person in 'town-clothes' ever appeared) to consult books in the library; Le Grice, the translator of Longus, author of some well-known productions in controversial divinity; Surr, the novelist (not in the grammar-school); James White, the friend of Charles Lamb, and not unworthy of him, author of 'Falstaff's Letters' (this was he who used to give an anniversary dinner to the chimney-sweepers, though not so magnificent as Mrs. Montague's); Pitman, a celebrated preacher, editor of some school-books and religious classics; Mitchell, before-mentioned; myself, who stood next him Barnes,

Digitized by Google

who came next, the editor of the *Times*, than whom no man (if he had cared for it) could have been more certain of attaining celebrity for wit and literature; Townsend, a Prebendary of Durham, author of 'Armageddon,' and several theological works; Gilly, author of the 'Durham Prebendaries,' who wrote the 'Narrative of the Waldenses;' Scargill, an Unitarian minister, author of some tracts on 'Peace and War,' &c.; and lastly, whom I have kept by way of climax, Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two of the most original geniuses, not only of the day, but of the country. We have had an ambassador among us; but as he, I understand, is ashamed of us, we are hereby more ashamed of him, and accordingly omit him."—Vol. i., p. 96, *et seq.*

A great deal has already been written on the odd wit and peculiarities of Coleridge, for whose memory Mr. Hunt seems to think he entertains great respect. Perhaps he slightly misconceives the nature of his own feelings. Of course he is ready to acknowledge at all times, and in all ways, the distinguished abilities of the man, which it would, in fact, be preposterous to attempt to deny; but, at the same time, he seems to us to be pretty conscious of the defects of his character, among which were inordinate vanity, and a disposition to practise intellectual charlatanerie. Coleridge himself has written a sort of autobiography, rather intended, however, to enlarge the circle of his own reputation than to enable the world to form a correct estimate of his character and abilities. With this work Mr. Hunt is of course familiar, and his allusion to it in the following anecdote shows in what way he is inclined to interpret its contents:—

"The master, inspired by his subject with an eloquence beyond himself, once called him 'that sensible fool, Coleridge,' pronouncing the word like a dactyl. Coleridge must have alternately delighted and bewildered him; the compliment, as to the bewildering, was returned, if not the delight. The pupil, I am told, said he dreamt of the master all his life, and that his dreams were horrible. A *bon-mot* of his is recorded, very characteristic both of pupil and master: Coleridge, when he heard of his death, said 'It was lucky that the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way.' This was his esoterical opinion of him; his outward and subtler opinion of him, or opinion exoterical, he favoured the public with in his 'Literary Life.' He praised him, among other things, for his good taste in poetry, and his not suffering the boys to get into the commonplaces of 'Castalian Streams,' 'Invocations to the Muses,' &c. Certainly there were no such things in our days—at least, to the best of my remembrance. But I do not think the master saw through them out of a perception of anything farther. His objection to a commonplace must have been itself a commonplace."—Vol. i., page 127, *et seq.*

One more reminiscence of school days, and we shall pass on to another cycle in the events of Mr. Hunt's life. In the passage we are about to introduce, the reader will detect that antipathy for classical authors which Mr. Hunt has not been able to overcome during his whole life. He has too much sense and appreciation of poetry to be insensible to the beauty of Hellenic mythology, properly to relish which he has been compelled sometimes to have recourse to the original writers of Greece and Rome. But a hearty sympathy with them has never been numbered among his feelings. Some would account for this by a reference to the harsh and unphilosophical method of teaching the learned languages prevalent in our schools, and more especially during his time at Christ Church. But this, had it been the cause, would have produced a similar effect on Mitchell, Barnes, and Le Grice, the translator of Longus, all of whom seem to have derived peculiar pleasure from their classical studies. The real source of dislike must be sought for in Mr. Hunt's own idiosyncrasies, which have always led him to delight in favour of intellectual creations altogether different from those found among Greek and Roman writers.

The reader who has felt anything like a passion for literature will readily understand the enthusiasm with which, when a boy, Mr. Hunt hailed the appearance of "Cooke's British Poets." We once knew a boy who used to walk in winter through fourteen miles of bad country roads to get books from a small circulating library, and sometimes stay up half the night to watch for the carrier when he, or rather she, happened to constitute the medium of conveyance. This was an evidence of the same feeling that carried Mr. Hunt so joyously, with his sixpence, to Paternoster-row.

"In those days, 'Cooke's Edition of the British Poets' came up. I had got an odd volume of Spenser, and I fell passionately in love with Collins and Gray. How I loved those little sixpenny numbers, containing whole poets! I doated on their size, I doated on their type, on their ornaments, on their wrappers containing lists of other poets, and on the engravings from Kirk. I bought them over and over again, and used to get up select sets, which disappeared like buttered crumpets; for I could resist neither giving them away nor possessing them. When the master tormented me, when I used to hate and loathe the sight of Homer, and Demosthenes, and Cicero, I would comfort myself with thinking of the sixpence in my pocket, with which I should go out to Paternoster-row, when school was over, and buy another number of an English poet."—Vol. i., page 132, *et seq.*

We now pass on to the time when Mr. Hunt began to sit in judgment on his contemporaries, which, as he himself is careful to remark, he did with a great amount of satisfaction to himself. In performing this task he seems to have been among the first of those who quitted the stately, quaint, and cut-and-dried manner of criticism, to introduce a more frequent reference to the emotions and individual peculiarities of mind. This led, necessarily, to the adoption of a richer and more figurative language, which by no means excluded the easy and familiar. Critics have hitherto seemed afraid of permitting themselves to indulge in this style. They had a vocabulary, transmitted to them by their predecessors, which they employed as an

Digitized by Google

universal medium for all manner of feelings and opinions. Praise and blame they awarded in good set phrases, prescriptively set apart for the purpose; and their greatest care seems to have been to admit of no innovations or neologisms. This had been the case also in France, up to the breaking out of the Revolution, on the very eve of which La Harpe composed his critical works, which, though in many respects extremely able, still smack of the old artificial style introduced by the literary contemporaries of Louis Quatorze. With the subversion of political systems came likewise the subversion of literary conventionalisms. The children of the Revolution employed a revolutionary vocabulary frequently in the highest degree grotesque, from the introduction of words and phrases coined hastily by men in whom contempt of all past time and things was the predominant feeling.

This taste soon passed over, though in a considerably modified form, to Great Britain, and exercised a powerful influence over Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, who preceded Mr. Hunt in the career of literary innovation. But this last writer, from the boldness of his temper, his great industry—in which, however, he never pretended to equal Southey—and the extreme popularity of his subjects, exerted a more immediate influence on the style of periodicals and journals. His inclination led him to express from day to day his impressions respecting the individuals who quoted public approbation in those days, and the view he takes of Madame Pasta's pretensions will enable the reader to perceive with how great accuracy he formed his decisions.

"About the same time Pasta made her first appearance in England, and produced no sensation. Her nature was so truthful that, having as yet no acquirements to display, it would appear that she did not pretend she had. She must either have been prematurely put forward by others, or, with an instinct of her future greatness, supposed that the instinct itself would be recognised. When she came the second time, after completing her studies, she took rank at once as the greatest genius in her line which the Italian theatre in England had witnessed. She was a great tragic actress, and her singing, in point of force, tenderness, and expression, was equal to her acting. All noble passions belonged to her, and her very scorn seemed equally noble, for it trampled only on what was mean. When she measured her enemy from head to foot in 'Tancredi,' you really felt for the man at seeing him so reduced into nothingness. When she made her entrance on the stage, in the same character, which she did right in front of the audience, midway between the side scenes, she waived forth her arms, and drew them quietly together again over her bosom, as if she sweetly, yet modestly, embraced the whole house; and when, in the part of *Medea*, she looked on the children she was about to kill, and tenderly parted their hair, and seemed to mingle her very eyes in lovingness with theirs, uttering, at the same time, notes of the most wandering and despairing sweetness, every gentle eye melted into tears. She wanted height, and had somewhat too much flesh; but it seemed the substance of the very health of her body, which was otherwise shapely. Her head and bust was of the finest classical mould. An occasional roughness in her lower tones did but enrich them with passion, as people grow hoarse with excess of feeling; and while her voice was in its prime, even a little incorrectness now and then in the notes would seem the consequence of a like boundless emotion; but latterly it argued a failing of ear, and consoled the mechanical artists who had been mystified by her success. In every other respect, perfect truth, graced by idealism, was the secret of Pasta's greatness. She put truth first always, and, in so noble and sweet a mind, grace followed it as a natural consequence."—Vol. i., 233, *et seq.*

This we regard as a specimen of extremely fine criticism, doing justice to the greatest actress of modern times, who may be said to have influenced the feelings of all Europe by her voice and the impersonation of the nobler passions, and conveying also some idea of her manner and genius. Beside this portrait we shall place that of another actress singularly fortunate in the gifts of Nature, but unhappy to the last degree in the placing of her affections. Mr. Hunt possesses too much of the milk of human kindness to do justice to the man who seduced and deserted Mrs. Jordan, and this is not the place to fulfil the task which he has left unaccomplished:—

"In comedy nature had never been wanting; and there was one comic actress who was Nature herself in one of her most genial forms. This was Mrs. Jordan, who, though she was neither beautiful, nor handsome, nor even pretty, nor accomplished, nor 'a lady,' nor anything conventional or *comme il faut* whatsoever, yet was so pleasant, so cordial, so natural, so full of spirits, so healthily constituted both in mind and body, had such a shapely leg withal, so charming a voice, and such a happy and happy-making expression of countenance, that she appeared something superior to all those requirements of acceptability, and to hold a patent from Nature herself for our delight and good opinion. It is creditable to the feelings of society in general, that allowances are made for the temptations to which the stage exposes the sex; and in Mrs. Jordan's case these were not diminished by a sense of the like consideration due to princely restrictions, and to the manifest domestic dispositions of more parties than one. But she made even Methodists love her. A touching story is told of her apologising to a poor man of that persuasion for having relieved him. He had asked her name; and she expressed a hope that he would not feel offended when the name was told him. On hearing it, the honest Methodist (he could not have been one on board the hoy) shed tears of pity and admiration, and trusted that he could not do wrong in begging a blessing on her head."—Vol. i, page 244, *et seq.*

It will be seen from the passages we are enabled to give, that Mr. Hunt, in the course of his autobiography, presents us with a large gallery of pictures, which, whatever may be the interest

Digitized by Google

attaching to his own story, is still, for freshness and variety, equal at least to any part of the work in entertainment. Literary men almost necessarily become acquainted with strange characters, among publishers, printers, and booksellers, many of whom, in times gone by, at least affected extreme originality. There is a sort of lottery in the fate of books, and the men who act the part of the Destinies to their producers, distributing, though not exactly at their pleasure, blanks and prizes, are affected in their turn by the caprices of fortune, now enjoying an exuberance of luxury and wealth, and now pining in the Queen's Bench, or concealing themselves from the world in the obscurity of the Charter-house.

Among Mr. Hunt's early acquaintances was Mr. Bell, projector of the *Weekly Messenger*, and publisher of the most elegant and classical edition that has yet appeared of the "British Poets." Of him the author says:—

"About the period of my writing the above essays, circumstances introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. Bell, the proprietor of the *Weekly Messenger*. In his house, in the Strand, I should be sure to hear of politics and dramatic criticism, and of the persons who wrote them. Mr. Bell had been well known as a bookseller and speculator in elegant typography. It is to him the public are indebted for the small edition of the poets that preceded Cooke's, and which, with all my predilections for that work, was unquestionably superior to it. Besides, it included Chaucer and Spenser. The omission of these in Cooke's edition was as unpoetical a sign of the times as the present familiarity with their names is the reverse. It was thought a mark of good sense: as if good sense in matters of literature did not consist as much in knowing what was poetical in poetry as brilliant in wit. Bell was, upon the whole, a remarkable person. He was a plain man, with a red face, and a nose exaggerated by intemperance; and yet there was something not unpleasing in his countenance, especially when he spoke. He had sparkling black eyes, a good-natured smile, gentlemanly manners, and one of the most agreeable voices I ever heard. He had no acquirements, perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication, and getting the best artists to adorn it, was new in those times, and may be admired in any; and the same taste was observable in his house. He knew nothing of poetry. He thought the Della Cruscans fine people, because they were known in the circles; and for Milton's 'Paradise Lost' he had the same epithet as for Mrs. Crouch's face, or the phaeton of Major Topham—he thought it 'pretty.' Yet a certain liberal instinct and turn for large dealing made him include Chaucer and Spenser in his edition; he got Stothard to adorn the one, and Mortimer the other; and in the midst, I suspect, of very equivocal returns, published a 'British Theatre,' with embellishments, and a similar edition of the plays of Shakspeare—the incorrectest work, according to Mr. Chalmers, that ever issued from the press.

"Unfortunately for Mr. Bell, he had as great a taste for neat wines and ankles as for pretty books; and, to crown his misfortunes, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was bookseller, once did him the honour to partake of an entertainment at his house. He afterwards became a bankrupt."—Vol. i., p. 276, *et seq.*

It is highly gratifying to find an author reviewing the criticisms of his youth and abating the keenness of his early censure, though sometimes too late to be of service to those who suffered from it. Still good must be the result to others, if not to them; for the example of retractation remains and becomes a part of our literature, which it assists in humanising and imbuing with gentleness. Towards the commencement of his career, Mr. Hunt had been severe towards Reynolds, the dramatist, of whom, now that he is drawing near his close, he speaks as follows:—

"Mr. Reynolds was not behindhand with his brother dramatists in drawing upon the taste of the day for gains and distresses. It appears by his 'Memoirs' that he had too much reason for so doing. He was, perhaps, the least ambitious and the least vain (whatever charges to the contrary his animal spirits might have brought on him) of all the writers of that period. In complexional vivacity he certainly did not yield to any of them. His comedies, if they were fugitive, were genuine representations of fugitive manners, and went merrily to their death; and there is one of them, the 'Dramatist,' founded upon something more lasting, which promises to remain in the collections, and deserves it; which is not a little to say of any writer. I never wish for a heartier laugh than I have enjoyed, since I grew wiser, not only in seeing, but in reading the vagaries of his dramatic hero, and his mystification of 'Old Scratch.' When I read the good-humoured memoirs of this writer, the other day, I felt quite ashamed of the ignorant and boyish way in which I used to sit in judgment upon his faults, without being aware of what was good in him; and my repentance was increased by the very proper manner in which he speaks of his critics—neither denying the truth of their charges in letter, nor admitting them altogether in spirit; in fact, showing that he knew very well what he was about, and that they, whatsoever they fancied to the contrary, did not.

"Mr. Reynolds, agreeably to his sense and good-humour, never said a word to his critics at the time. Mr. Thomas Dibdin, not quite so wise, wrote me a letter, which Incledon, I am told, remonstrated with him for sending, saying, it would do him no good with the 'd—d boy.' And he was right."—Vol. i, page 289, *et seq.*

We now come to the establishment of the *Examiner*, Mr. Hunt's connexion with which constituted what may be called a political episode in his life; but, as properly speaking, he never was a politician, we shall abstain from entering at any length into an examination of this part of the work. What he wrote, however, against the misgovernment of the day, he wrote with boldness and pungency, wounding, however, with the sting of his art, and lashing the perpetrators of wrong, rather than advocating great principles or fami-

Digitized by Google

liarising the public with any great scheme of reform. Still, in the cause of the liberty of the press, he became a martyr; for having ridiculed the follies and personal vanities of George IV., then Regent, a jury was found to convict him of libel, and a judge to sentence him to two years' imprisonment. This he passed in Horsemonger-lane Gaol, in company with his family; for Mrs. Hunt was permitted to share his imprisonment. Here he became acquainted with Lord Byron, who sympathised strongly with the victims of power, which he was as fond of bearding as the fiercest demagogue. Some have censured as formal Mr. Hunt's account of his imprisonment, and no question it is in some parts ludicrous; but the ludicrousness is voluntary, being obviously intended to excite the reader's merriment. For example, when he talks of putting on his gloves, and telling his wife that he was going out for a long walk, and that if he did not return in time she must not wait dinner for him, when, in point of fact, he had only a few feet square to parade over, can only be interpreted in one sense. He thought it a good joke, and hoped the reader would agree with him, which, for own part, we do exactly.

Our regrets begin when we find that, owing to a variety of circumstances, the *Examiner*, in a pecuniary point of view, did not quite answer the expectations of its founders; which disappointment led to Mr. Hunt's expatriation and four years' residence in Italy. Before he went, however, he was brought in contact with two original characters, Fuseli and Bonnycastle, of whom he has given us extremely amusing sketches. Fuseli, whom his contemporaries mistook for an extraordinary genius, was in reality a man of very remarkable abilities—wild, strange, fantastic—who, through a secret consciousness of weakness, laboured through life to create in others the belief that he possessed unlimited strength. He was the ape of Michael Angelo, whom he occasionally encountered with great success. One or two anecdotes of him we may as well relate by way of introduction to Mr. Hunt's account. It happened on the day of poor Opie's funeral, at which Fuseli had attended, Roscoe, the author of "Lorenzo de Medici," called at Somerset House with a literary friend. This *protégé* of the historian would appear not to be overgifted with judgment; at all events, he contrived to put Fuseli out of temper—no difficult task, by the way—so that their conversation degenerated into a sparring-match. Alluding to the man whose remains he had that morning seen deposited in the earth, he repeated, as if from some poet, the following line:—

"Laughs at his death, and buries him in state;"

and then mumbling half to himself and half to his auditor, "Whose verse is dat?" "Pope's, of course," was the reply. "Where in Pope does it occur?" "Oh, in the 'Essay on Man.'" "No, it doesn't, for I just made it myself." He took a dislike to Roscoe for having introduced this gentleman, and never heartily forgave him. On the subject of his own art he was often very whimsical. He often used to throw ridicule on Constable, the landscape-painter, by rehearsing in the presence of many persons a joke he had once made on him. Addressing the servant of the Academy, he used to cry out, "Sa-am, bring me my omberella, I am going to see one of Mr. Constable's picters."

On one occasion, happening to be looking on a picture by Martin, it struck him as an excellent opportunity for saying a bitter thing. In several of the compositions of this artist the figures, it is well known, are extremely small, which Fuseli thought extremely absurd. Instead of looking at the picture, therefore, he went groping about the frame until some one asked him, "What are you looking for, sir?" To which he returned an answer carefully prepared: "I am in search of de strings that pull the puppets."

With this introduction we shall lay before our readers Mr. Hunt's sketch of this fantastic artist.

"Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features, and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed the hair up from the forehead; and, as his whiskers were large, his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his looks, really gave him an aspect of that sort; otherwise, his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make out for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, but looking ready to pounce withal. His notion of repose was like that of Pistol:

'Now, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap!'

"Agreeably to this over-wrought manner, he was reckoned, I believe, not quite so bold as he might have been. He painted horrible pictures, as children tell horrible stories; and was frightened at his own lay-figures. Yet he would hardly have talked as he did about his terrors had he been as timid as some supposed him. With the affected impression is the main thing, let it be produced how it may. A student of the Academy told me, that Mr. Fuseli, coming in one night when a solitary candle had been put on the floor in a corner of the room, to produce some effect or other, he said it looked 'like a damned soul.' This was by way of being Dantesque, as Michael Angelo was. Fuseli was an ingenious caricaturist of that master, making great bodily displays of mental energy, and being ostentatious with his limbs and muscles, in proportion as he could not draw them. A leg or an arm was to be thrust down one's throat, because he knew we should dispute the truth of it. In the indulgence of this wilfulness of purpose, generated partly by impatience of study, partly by want of sufficient genius, and no doubt also by a sense of superiority to

Digitized by Google

artists who could do nothing but draw correctly, he cared for no time, place, or circumstance in his pictures. A set of prints, after his designs, for Shakspeare and Cowper, exhibit a chaos of mingled genius and absurdity, such as, perhaps, was never before seen. He endeavoured to bring Michael Angelo's apostles and prophets, with their superhuman ponderousness of intention, into the common-place of modern life. A student reading in a garden is all over intensity of muscle; and the quiet tea-table scene in Cowper he has turned into a preposterous conspiracy of huge men and women, all bent on showing their thews and postures, with dresses as fantastical as their minds. One gentleman, of the existence of whose trousers you are not aware till you see the terminating line at the ankle, is sitting and looking grim on the sofa, with his hat on and no waistcoat. Yet there is real genius in his design for Milton, though disturbed, as usual, by strainings after the energetic. His most extraordinary mistake, after all, is said to have been on the subject of his colouring. It was a sort of livid green, like brass diseased. Yet they say, that when praised for one of his pictures, he would modestly observe, 'It is a pretty colour!' This might have been thought a jest on his part, if remarkable stories were not told of the mistakes made by other people with regard to colour. Sight seems the least agreed upon of all the senses."—Vol. ii., p. 36, *et seq.*

In connexion with Fuseli, Hunt introduces another curious character. "His friendship with Bonnycastle had something child-like and agreeable in it. They came and went away together for years, like a couple of old boys. They also, like boys, rallied one another, and sometimes made a singular display of it—Fuseli at least, for it was he that was the aggressor. I remember, one day, Bonnycastle told a story of a Frenchman whom he had received at his house at Woolwich, and who invited him, in return, to visit him in Paris, if ever he should cross the water. 'The Frenchman told me,' said he, 'that he had a *superb local.* When I went to Paris I called on him, and found he had a good prospect out of his window; but his *superb local* was at a hairdresser's, up two pair of stairs.'

"'Vell, vell,' said Fuseli impatiently (for, though he spoke and wrote English remarkably well, he never got rid of his Swiss pronunciation), 'Vell, vay not? vay not? Vat is to hinder his local being superb for all *thtat?*'

"'I don't see,' returned Bonnycastle, 'how a barber's house in an alley can be a superb local.'

"'You doan't! Vell; but that is not the barber's fault. It is your's.'

"'How do you make that out? I'm not an alley.'

"'No; but you'r coarsedly eegnorant.'

"'I may be as ignorant as you are polite; but you don't prove anything.'

"'Thte thtevil I doan't! Did you not say he had a faine prospect out of window?'

"'Yes; he had a prospect fine enough!'

"'Vell, thtat constituted his superb local. A superb local is not a barber's shop, by Goade! but a faine situation. But thtat is your coarsed eegnorance of thte language.'

"Another time, on Bonnycastle's saying that there were no longer any *auto-da-fés*, Fuseli said he did not know that. 'At all events,' said he, 'if you were to go to Spain, they would have an *auto-da-fé* immediately, on the strength of your appearance.'

"Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was passionately fond of quoting Shakspeare and telling stories; and if the 'Edinburgh Review' had just come out, would give us all the jokes in it. He had once a hypochondriacal disorder of long duration; and he told us that he should never forget the comfortable sensation given him one night during this disorder, by his knocking a landlord that was insolent to him down the main staircase. On the strength of this piece of energy (having first ascertained that the offender was not killed), he went to bed and had a sleep of unusual soundness."—Vol. ii., p. 39, *et seq.*

In Mr. Hunt's account of his residence in Italy occur some of the most curious illustrations of his own personal tastes and idiosyncrasies. No feelings in him would appear to be stronger than the love of home and familiar localities. When within sight of Fiesole, and in the neighbourhood of Valembrosa, when the Arno meandered beneath his feet, and all Florence was visible from his bedroom window, he longed earnestly for the fields about Hampstead, and would have given up the artistic wonders of the Florentine gallery for a stroll in York-street, Covent-garden. This is perfectly intelligible, especially when we consider his critique on the Venus de Medicis. The make of his mind is entirely northern, and therefore, though by way of variety his fancy sometimes betakes itself to southern scenes, it would be absurd to expect in him any deep yearning or sympathy with classical objects. What he admires in woman, for example, is not beauty, but expression; not the harmony of the mind, breaking forth from the material incrustation, but certain prettinesses of manners and features, constituting what we denominate the agreeable. In all the passages we have given proofs of this may be discovered. There is a certain expressive ease and elegance in his style which lends itself admirably to the description of what is pleasing. About grandeur and sublimity he does not care. These, in fact, move on so lofty a level, that to bring the mind up to them requires exertion, and exertion is pain, and pain is the antipodes of Mr. Hunt's philosophy. He loves to be at his ease, and to make his readers easy, and generally, it must be owned, succeeds.

His period of productiveness in literature commenced, properly speaking, with his return from

Digitized by Google

Italy, from which time to the present he has poured forth work after work with a profusion and facility altogether wonderful. His style had by that time acquired its definite form, and became equal to all the uses he desired to make of it. Somewhat feminine in its character, it possesses humorous blandishments and graces extremely alluring to the imagination. His "Companion," his "London Journal," his "Town," his "Wit and Humour," his "Imagination and Fancy," his "Men, Women, and Books," his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," his "Legend of Florence," his "Sir Ralph Esher," his "Palfrey," and, lastly, his present "Autobiography," all combine to impress the public with the belief that he is possessed of infinite literary resources, and could go on in the same manner for ever. Still it cannot fail to be remarked that, in all this long list, there is, if we except the tragedy, no one work requiring much constructive power or any very definite plan; and, in truth, whether we are to trace the peculiarity to nature or to the accidental course of his studies, Mr. Hunt appears to be much better adapted to the production of a world of fugitive pieces than continuously to pursue one chain of ideas, whether in philosophy or in art. Protracted speculation demands a robustness of mind, a nervous energy, a sustained comprehensiveness of thought, incompatible with those lighter qualities which, in all his writings, Mr. Hunt is in the habit of displaying. Agreeably to this view of his character, we find him displaying but little partiality for systematic writers, in whom he would seem to put little faith. Bacon may perhaps be regarded as an exception, if in reality he cares much for him. But Bacon himself was an unsystematic writer, and is rather remarkable for irregular sagacity than for powers of philosophical construction. He speculated as the soul is supposed to take up its lodging in the Pythagorean philosophy, that is to say, erratically—according to chance predilections rather than according to any foregone conclusions or symmetrical theory.

To return to Mr. Hunt: he has formed for himself a pleasant kind of philosophy, of sufficient force to keep his mind in equilibrium, to keep him on good terms with man and nature, and to inspire him with consoling hopes, if not for the individuals, at least for the species. On some of the most important points of thought he would still appear to be at sea, though not far, perhaps, out of sight of land. As he has not thought fit, however, to be explicit in his autobiography, we take it for granted he has not made up his mind, but is verging towards that repose of the soul, that ataraxia of pyrrhonism, which forms the goal of philosophy.

From what we have said, it will be evident that Mr. Hunt's autobiography is at once highly amusing and instructive, and fills up many blanks in our literary history which no one could have filled up better than he.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RAMLER.

'Twas time the parent nest, though dear,
The linnet should forsake;
He viewed the forest far and near,
And wished to choose a home.
A noble instinct; one's own hearth,
The proverb says, has priceless worth.

The oak alone to him appeared
A fitting home to be.
"Here, like a king's, my house be reared,"
He said; "such nests are rare."
But hardly settled on his throne,
A flash of lightning struck him down.

But with the risk some luck was sent:
Our king 'mongst hemp-seed fell;
And, when the storm was over, went,
And found the oak was split.
Then, in dismay, he might have seen,
How little safe he there had been.

With notions altogether changed,
He to the ground repaired;
And on the grass his nest arranged,
Shy of the oak's mischance.
But soon his folly was confest,
The cattle trampled on his nest.

To build his third house, now well proved,
He chose a darkling bush;
Far from the thunder-clouds removed,
Far from the flocks and herds:
A bush within a calm retreat,
Where still he lives, and life is sweet.

Man only finds his happy life
When he has learned to dwell
Far from the dangers and the strife
Of palaces or huts:
In middle station he is placed the best:
His own man, his own master, and at rest.

Digitized by Google

THE END OF THE SESSION.

We are not disposed to join the general complaint of Opposition newspapers as to the absolute uselessness of the Session just concluded. The Mercantile Marine and the Irish Franchise Bills are something, though no very great achievements, for the Legislature and the Government. A surplus in the Treasury, the diminution of pauperism, and the healthy condition of trade and general well-being, instanced in increased exports and amount paid in income-tax, besides the multiplication of marriages, are proofs, at all events, that our present rulers, if not exactly what we would wish them, are nevertheless such as may be tolerated without any great draft upon our equanimity. On the other hand, little has been done by Government to raise itself in the estimation of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown little ability, though under the most favourable circumstances. The constitutional philosophy of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell has been grievously at fault in providing institutions for Australia; and the Government has most pusillanimously succumbed to the mischievous meddling of the Peers with the only sensible clause in the Colonial project—viz., that which gave the settlers in Australia power to modify their political institutions for themselves.

In Lord Grey's department there have been other failures of a much more serious nature. We have learned from Parliamentary discussion that whatever atrocities may be committed by a governor in British dependencies, an official approval immediately issues from Downing-street; and that, but for the interposition of the Legislature, the unhappy subjects of the British Crown might be utterly destroyed by the incapacity and cruelty of its delegated authorities.

At home we have seen fawning servility to the Court successful in obtaining a profligate grant of public money to the young Duke of Cambridge, a nobleman entitled to one-third of two hundred thousand pounds, accumulated by his deceased parent, and himself in the possession of two thousand four-hundred pounds sterling per annum, with which an ungrateful country niggardly remunerates his military services.

But the Legislature which thus provided for the orphan Duke has, it seems, found no time to adjust any measure bearing upon the interests of thousands and hundreds of thousands of poor folk who confidingly deposit their scanty earnings in the Savings-banks. The doors of those institutions stand, as heretofore, decorated with an inscription which conveys to the uninitiated a reasonable impression that their little hoards are protected by the national faith. The delusion is occasionally dissipated in certain localities by a crash, involving the ruin of the depositors; but the mass, in other places, still believes in the deceptive Government guarantee and the names of local trustees—ignorant that the latter are exempted by a special Act of Parliament from most of the liabilities of trustees.

It would not have been particularly meritorious in a popular Government to have taken some pains to protect the humbler classes from unmerited misfortune; but the Russell Administration has been satisfied with merely mooting the question, and voting an eleemosynary aid to the Cuffe-street Savings-bank, which leaves the claim of depositors suffering from the fraud of a supposed Government officer in the most unsatisfactory position that it is possible to imagine.

The County Courts Bill, to which we have had occasion to allude in its earlier stages, is another instance of the singular carelessness of the interest of the masses which the Russell Administration has displayed. Cheap law and a speedy decision are what the public want in small matters, and the Lords have been permitted to give one of the litigant parties the option of ruining his antagonist by adopting the costly processes of Westminster-hall if he will. In these matters most people are in the hands of their attorneys; and it would be attributing almost superhuman virtue to that body of practitioners if we were to suppose that the mass of them would advise their clients to sue in courts where their own emoluments are insignificant.

With respect to the Irish Franchise Bill, and the compromise of a 12*l.* instead of an 8*l.* qualification, there may be some excuse in the position of parties in the House of Lords. That venerable assembly has, it seems, put itself under the guidance of Lord Stanley, and Lord Stanley, from the beginning to the end of the Session, has omitted no opportunity to mark his insane hatred of common justice being dealt to the sister island. Whether in advocating the cause of the Orange faction when outraging their fellow-citizens, with the connivance of wittol Orange magistrates, or in refusing measures calculated to make Parliamentary representation a reality for Ireland, that noble Lord has acted as well became him. "*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat;*" and the suicidal folly of the apostate from the Liberal party is, therefore, not much to be wondered at. Something, however, has been gained for the people of the United Kingdom in spite of this great orator—by means of proxies if you will, but obtained it has been. For further improvements in our institutions a more united House of Commons will be requisite, to teach the Lords that they will not be permitted to sit in their gaudy doll-house to obstruct the people of England; and this consideration brings us to a view of circumstances which extend over a greater length of time than the Session which has been just concluded.

It was in 1846 that Sir Robert Peel was driven from office, and succeeded by the present Administration. Weak in numbers, and claiming indulgence as upon trial, it was not to be expected that

Digitized by Google

the Russell Government should inaugurate any great measures. Free-trade found itself in the ascendant, but it was difficult to convince the landowners that they had not a vested right in the plunder of other classes; and the latter, for a while, could hardly believe that they were safely in possession of those rights for which they had struggled so long and so hard. Even at the present moment we are far from being convinced that the bread-taxers have abandoned their hopes of reinstating themselves in their original position. During three, however, of the four years of the Russell Administration the country was not very impatient of the defensive attitude assumed by Government. Sir Robert Peel sat by and occasionally gave his powerful aid. Parliament was amused by the harmless epigrams of Mr. Disraeli, and exhausted by the pig-headed perseverance of Lord George Bentinck. These pastimes, however, had no bearing upon the position of parties. Free-trade in corn held its ground, and Government held its place while the great results of Peel's commercial policy developed themselves. The present Government, however, has done nothing more. It has successfully traded upon the measures of a great statesman who did not belong to it—it has been supported by the countenance he gave it. Now that that policy has been fully and most prosperously developed, and its author is no more, a supine indifference to the wants of the country must no longer characterise the Administration, or the Administration must cease to exist.

If we consider how Lord John Russell's Government is prepared to meet the country in the ensuing session, we find that it is, in effect, infinitely weaker than even upon its first assumption of office. It then leaned upon the support of Sir Robert Peel and his adherents; and to secure this it is a charitable assumption to suppose that its halting, semi-liberal measures were framed and abandoned when there was the slightest semblance of opposition. That support is now at an end. The Peelites are official men, and anxious for office. The Protectionists are well aware that they could not muster an equally efficient body of leaders, and hold off from the alliance at present; but when the hopelessness of restoring Protection shall have dawned a little more decidedly upon the agricultural mind, it is clear that the habit of acting together in opposition will draw, at no great distance of time, both the speakers and voters into their proper relative positions. Dubious assents of the House of Commons will encourage the Lords to thwart Ministers, public business will be brought to a stand-still, and the fact that it is so will be alleged as proof paramount of the incapacity of Government, and it will fall unwept and unhonoured. In this danger, which it does not require any remarkable gift of prophecy to foresee, there is but one course for Lord John Russell to adopt with any chance of credit or safety. The basis of his Administration must be enlarged both within and without the House of Commons.

That the franchise is still in a most unsatisfactory state is no new complaint. There are pocket boroughs and pocket counties, that send representatives to Parliament whose votes are equivalent to those of members who are *bonâ fide* elected by their fellow-countrymen.

There is the army, excessive in respect to the requirement of the public service, excessive with reference to the charge to which it subjects the country, and most objectionable in many of the details of its arrangements—arrangements under which Royal Highnesses pocket the profits of master tailors, while the troops, regard being had to the money paid for their equipment, are the worst clothed of any military forces in Europe.

There is the Church, the same Augean stable that it has been for a hundred years, sustaining itself in public opinion, to a certain extent, by the merits of curates whom it starves, while it pours wealth in profusion upon cathedral deans and courtier bishops.

Above all, there is that to be done in the re-adjustment of taxation, now notoriously distributed to the advantage of the wealthy and to the oppression of the poorer classes, which will entitle the statesman who accomplishes it to be ranked with the late Sir Robert Peel in the affections and remembrance of his fellow-subjects. Whichever way, in fact, we look, whether at home or in the colonies, there is an ample sufficiency of work to be done, and much that cannot be dispensed with.

It is not enough for a Minister to be able to congratulate himself upon having been a party to bygone reforms—still less satisfactory is it to hear at the close of a session that time has been well spent in listening to speeches which have been attended with no result. Our life is in the present; and we confess we look with considerable dismay on the prospect of national progress when we hear from the first Minister of the Crown, that it was not unreasonable or extraordinary that a measure of such vital interest to the masses as the County Courts Bill should be mooted *twenty-six years* before it became the law of the land.

With respect to Parliamentary tactics, there remains to be considered another circumstance hardly of less importance with respect to the maintenance of the Government than the larger topics of statesmanship to which we have alluded. The Administration seems almost to have become a family affair, and is accordingly feeble both in itself and in public estimation. Its appointments have also the same unfortunate character, and, in some instances, have proved unsatisfactory in the highest degree. A remarkably incapable Peer is sent as Governor to Ceylon: his conduct ultimately appears indefensible to everybody except Mr. Hawes (the salary of whose son-in-law he had increased), and it becomes absolutely necessary to recall him. Lord Torrington is a cousin of the First Minister. The Governor-General of Canada betrays a want of courage and conduct, and he, it appears, is a relative of Lord Grey. In both Houses of Parliament the important posts are filled much on the same principle, while the tried advocates of the people, who originate the measures required by the people, and whose influence out of doors moves the masses to utter their irresistible fiat, remain excluded, not merely from office, but even from

Digitized by Google

the counsels and confidence of the so-called Liberal Ministry. An opportunity for a change in this respect has now presented itself. If the Government is destined to a prolonged existence, it must be in consequence of its receiving the hearty support of the real and active Reformers. Of the accession of the Peelites to the ranks of the Liberals there is no chance whatever. Their game will be played on the other side of the House. No half measures will disarm their opposition, and none, we trust, will be tried in the vain hope of doing so. A cordial union of the Liberal party in the Legislature is the only way by which Government could acquire strength in Parliament, or succeed in an appeal to the country, if driven to maintain itself on the hustings.

The danger of the Russell Administration, though apparent enough from these general considerations, and still more obviously put forward by eminent reformers in Parliament when they have anticipated, with no great aversion, the possibility of power vesting in the hands of Lord Stanley, is a subject from which the political daily and weekly press have hitherto shrunk from discussing. In doing so, there would of course be the risk of showing too much of the game while it is in the process of being played. The views, however, that are taken in these pages are pretty generally entertained by all who have exercised an independent judgment on the subject; and Parliament will meet again with the full conviction that an era has arrived for a marked change in the course to be pursued by the Government. Sir Robert Peel, its vital principle hitherto, is no more; his steady assistance is for ever withdrawn; and the dubious votes of his late adherents can no longer be conciliated by a course of policy directed to nothing, and accomplishing nothing, but the defence of the position he occupied. The Administration, for the sake of its existence, must concert and identify itself with a characteristic policy. Four years of vacillations must be atoned for by vigour and decision. Friends and allies on the right of the Speaker's chair must be more trusted, and antagonists on the other side of the House less feared, if a Liberal Government is to retain office with safety, or quit it without disgrace.

If a contrary course be taken, the probable results are hardly dubious. Though Lord Stanley has declared himself the patron of the insensate Orange outrage in Ireland—the defender of that living lie, the Church by law there established—and the obstructer of all general improvement in that unhappy country, a combination of malcontents will find no great difficulty in vesting power in his hands. He has already shirked every occasion for affirming the propriety or the possibility of returning to Protection, and, in conjunction with the remnant of Sir Robert Peel's party, may, perhaps, endeavour to carry out a policy something resembling that of Sir Robert Peel. For this everybody is well aware that his temperament and genius render him singularly unfit. His official career has given no indication that he is capable of conceiving or accomplishing any large measure; and his proverbial rashness, both in speech and action, make it impossible for him to adopt that nice tact and management which is indispensable to practical Parliamentary statesmanship. Assuming, however, that he should conduct a course of reform at variance with the pledge implied in accepting office by the aid of anti-reformers (and anything more than an ephemeral tenure of office is incompatible with any other supposition), there will be little cause for congratulation either to the Liberal or the retrograde parties which divide public opinion in the country. Neither men nor principles, under such circumstances, can obtain a fair trial. The mass of the population, which judge only by results, and is very ignorant of, and very indifferent to, political combinations, will acquiesce in any system of Government that is not glaringly insufficient; but the character of public men and the profession of party principles will be more than ever looked upon as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

This alternative, however, is not very probable at the present time. The policy of Sir Robert Peel was peculiar to himself, and is little likely to be plagiarised by another. Exact parallels are the rarest phenomena of history. An obstructive policy and the return of the Liberal party to office, with strength renovated, like that of Antæus, by its fall, is generally anticipated by sanguine speculators. We regret that we cannot share such hopefulness. Life is somewhat limited; and now that the excuse for vacillation is removed by the altered state of parties, it would be a more promising prospect to see the principles of reform vigorously put in practice by a liberal Ministry, and a Ministry openly recognising its real friends and allies, than to contemplate the possibility of the possession of office for an indefinite period by those who ground their claims to public confidence on the principles of obstruction and retrogression.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RAMLER.

A LITTLE busy bee was flying
Among the flowers, up and down,
Sucking sweetness, ever trying
All the blossoms, skipping none.

The gardener's daughter came, and seeing
How he to his work did fall,
Said: "Little bee, some flowers being
Poisonous, wherefore suck them all?"

"Yes, that is true," the bee, replying,
Spoke thus to the maiden fair;
"But I leave the poison lying
In the flowers, harmless there."

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

Lights and Shades of Ireland. By ASENATH NICHOLSON, of New York. London: C. Gilpin. 1850.

In the year 1847, Mrs. Nicholson, a native of New York, repaired to Ireland, to become there the distributor of charity to the starving people of that country. As far as her own limited means would reach, aided by some contributors from the United States, she administered relief to the sufferers in person. She accordingly mixed largely with the poorest classes, and was occasionally thrown in contact with bodies and individuals who were engaged officially, or as volunteers, in the same charitable work. The volume before us is, in its most interesting portions, an account of her adventures when so engaged. The earlier parts refer to English domination in the country during the last seven centuries, and some rather vague antiquarian notices of what Ireland was supposed to be in the period preceding the invasion of Strongbow and his associates.

These latter parts might, we think, have been omitted with advantage. In a literary point of view, indeed, they help to give "local colour" to the work, but it is difficult to conceive any advantage that can be obtained by prefixing them to a practical investigation of the present sufferings of Ireland, and a view of the remedies which such an investigation may suggest.

We are willing to admit that two semi-barbarous nations contesting for the possession of the soil wreaked the most inhuman cruelties on each other for centuries; that a large portion of the descendants of the Flemish and Saxon races soon became identified with the native Irish, and shared their misfortunes from the time of Henry the Seventh down to Emmet's rebellion; that in consequence of Ireland siding with the Stuarts it was a necessary though cruel policy for England to govern through the medium of a semi-military Protestant minority, whose power, now no longer indispensable to the maintenance of her own freedom, she is earnestly endeavouring to annihilate; but if, from the continued iteration of this sad tale of suffering, it is to be inferred either that the calamities of Ireland are the inveterate growth of seven centuries of oppression, or that there is an instinctive and wilful desire to continue that oppression, then all hope of amelioration or improvement must be finally abandoned.

Mrs. Nicholson, like her countrymen, occasionally uses the phrase "proud England," as if she still doubted what were the sentiments of this island towards its western sister. She has drunk deeply, indeed, of the prejudices of her own country, and that which she has taken under her protection, if she is ignorant that there is no Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, who does not earnestly desire, for every reason, that Ireland should enjoy as much prosperity as any county within the four seas. It is high time that the cant of "national" oppression should be put an end to. There is no privilege of Englishmen which the Irish do not equally claim and enjoy. To all professions they have equal access; and if legislation for their country be at fault, the English and Scotch members of the Imperial Legislature may, with some justice, demand to know what practical measures of improvement they have ever brought forward with any show of unanimity, and what real improvements, such as schemes for education, and the abolition of processions and faction-fights, they have not opposed with unreasonable bigotry and virulence. The laws of England and Ireland are nearly identical; the former are administered by English, the latter by Irish. We speak generally; but if we are to notice the exceptional cases, it may readily be shown that the balance of the natives in one island holding places of profit in the other is greatly in favour of Ireland. If a new arrangement were made, more vacancies would be created under the maxim of "England for the English" than would result from putting the false, hackneyed cry of "Ireland for the Irish" in practice.

The real truth is, admitting, as we have, errors on the part of England, and errors we must insist only on behalf of the twenty-seven millions dwelling between John o'Groat's and Land's End, who derive *no* benefit whatever from Ireland's sufferings, and, nationally and individually, contribute with a generous hand to relieve them upon all occasions of extraordinary misery—the truth is, and it appears even from Mrs. Nicholson's narrative, parenthetically and unconsciously, that the character of the people themselves is the real cause of their wretchedness. In England a tenant tills the farm that is let to him; in Ireland he becomes a middleman between landlord and cottier. The result of this perversion of a contract is too well known to require further comment. An Englishman of any rank always has a certain standard of comfort, or, at all events, what he considers respectability—degenerating often into what Mr. Thackeray would call mere flunkeydom, but still an outward and visible sign of self-respect. The Irishman, on the other hand, is habitually ragged, and even cleaves to the semblance of beggary, that he may elude the payment of a debt, or play upon the pity of the compassionate. In wealthy houses in Ireland, speaking generally, there is neither comfort nor cleanliness; in very poor country labourers' cottages in England we are often astonished at the presence of both.

Let us take the famine according to Mrs. Nicholson's showing—it may serve as an instance of the hollowness of the charge of English oppression. Vast sums were contributed by Government and by individuals — city merchants, benevolent Quakers, town and country shopkeepers, yeomen, even labourers — all, forsooth, oppressors of Ireland. Where was the class of Irishmen who could be relied on for its distribution to the sufferers? Men

Digitized by Google

fasted in London—there was revelry in Dublin. The English subscribed to pay the Irish peasant a pittance to preserve existence—the Irish landlord lay in wait to take it from him. A few military officers were employed to adjust the machinery of relief, and a witless fool in the House of Commons denounced their employment as being that of spies sent out to survey and enslave the land! To crown all—when England had given largely, not of her abundance, but of her necessity, many Irish priests blasphemously bid their people curse her, when her ungrudged benevolence had been intercepted by the fraud and avarice of the faithless stewards to whom it had been intrusted.

We should be willing to adopt the proposals of John Bright, viz., "abolition of primogeniture for undivided property, registry of property, abolition of stamps on purchase of land, security of tenure for the practical labourers of the soil, abolition of the Established Church, extension of the suffrage, and reinforcement of the representation in Parliament" (p. 394), but it would be idle to suppose that any material change in the character of the population would result. What had the existing state of the law upon these points to do with the condition of the people of Gweedore, before Lord George Hill began his noble work of civilisation? Of what earthly advantage to such people could be the duplication of members of Parliament? The most distinguished Irish landlords are Lord George Hill and Sharman Crawford. If we compare them with Irish Members of Parliament, we shall have little doubt which class is most needed.

Let us not be supposed, however, while we deplore the inherent improvidence and other vices of the Irish character, to be ignorant of, or indifferent to, one heroic phase of it which struck Mrs. Nicholson, and must strike every heart that is not absolutely void of human sympathy. The priest, unmatched in vulgar violence of railing on the hustings—the reckless denouncer, the virtual murderer of the landlord or bailiff—a very ruffian and fiend when engaged in the sectarian and political conflict that he waged in behalf of his order and his people—was doubtless, during the famine, the true apostle of God in the cabin of his dying parishioners, sparing neither his purse nor health, and often perishing, a very martyr to his faithful ministrations. The peasant denied himself sustenance that his family might survive him, though it were but a few days; and the mother—when did an Irish mother ever refuse to die for her children?

Races of Men. By Dr. Robert Knox. London: Renshaw.

The present condition of man as he appears an inhabitant of the face of the earth, his past physiological history and the future temporal destinies of his race, constitute a theme contrasted with which the grandeur and importance of all others, save *one*, shrink into something very like pettiness and insignificance. It has since the time of Cuvier been ascertained beyond the reach of philosophic doubt that the world has existed for countless ages, of which Nature is the only historian. It is written in the geological strata that sea has become land, and that high-raised continents have subsided into deep oceans, not once, but many times, that the fauna and flora of those earlier ages were distinct in genus and species from those which now exist, or have existed within human historical memory. It is also certain that the human race occupies, as it were, but a drop in the ocean of time, referring only to the duration of the terrestrial globe; and that, judging from analogy, it is not impossible that a period may arrive when, in common with the rest of now existing organic life, he may disappear and be replaced by other forms of superior or inferior animated being. What shall limit Omnipotence? Who shall presume to explain the counsels of the Almighty?

It is in this spirit only that the great page of Nature can be perused with advantage. It is written with the finger of God—it is a study which is set before us by our Creator, and it were to act but as froward children should we deny the great truths it conveys to our minds, or repudiate the lesson because it conflicts with our vanity and self-sufficiency. The school of Paley, which perhaps has had the most extensive influence in England, professes to solve every anatomical adjustment upon the specious principle of mechanical utility and obvious expediency. The dove, according to these philosophers, is created swift of wing that it may escape from the hawk; but as the hawk is created equally swift of wing, to enable it to prey upon the dove, it does not appear how the religious or philosophic student can derive much advantage from the information. The same spirit of explaining the unfathomable designs of Providence induced the Dean of Westminster, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," to apprise us that the enormous destruction and seeming waste of life—of early, infant life, of innocent, pale-faced, sweet, and beauteous youth, struck at by stern, remorseless Death—is "a wise dispensation of Providence for the multiplying of *pleasure!*" Equally presumptuous and irrational are the "special providences" which, by some sectarians, are supposed to be of daily occurrence to their minds or bodies; and, in short, the boundless errors from this phase of human arrogance are too numerous to admit of their being recapitulated. Every fresh discovery shows that in our efforts to pry into what must ever be hidden from us, we have merely retarded our progress in that which we are permitted to learn.

The true course of scientific inquiry is to receive thankfully and make the most of such gleanings of truth as our faculties enable us to acquire. Free observation and induction are the implements with which the Creator has provided us. It is in proceeding by this method that Dr. Knox (a descendant, by-the-bye, of the great apostle of Scottish faith and freedom) proposes to establish two important laws of human physiology, which, if substantiated, may lead to very important results.

He comes to the conclusion, in the first place, that a mixed race can have no permanent existence; and, secondly, that pure races have a certain

Digitized by Google

locality, removed from which their existence is also limited in time.

The argument upon which this first proposition is based begins with facts which are well ascertained and very generally known to the most unobservant. Nature will not perpetuate hybrids or mules. Neither, as has long since been discovered by breeders of cattle, sheep, domestic fowls and pheasants, does an artificial race possess a self-supporting power after a few generations. Proceeding further, we find that mulattoes share this inability with the lower animals. Unless they receive from time to time an admixture of pure blood they become extinct. Beyond this, Dr. Knox maintains that the same phenomenon exists in mixed races; say, for instance, white Europeans—as Saxon or Celtic, or Sarmatian and Sclavonian, or the Flemish, with either of these; for into these five indigenous sections he divides the principal races by which this quarter of the globe is peopled.

A mixed race wears out in time, and the country it inhabits reverts to the indigenous race. This is exemplified by the process now going on in South America. It was an ignorant boast of Canning, in even a physiological sense, to talk of creating a new world to redress the balance of the old. He aided in cutting off the supplies of fresh Spanish blood, and accordingly every one of the new States of South America is becoming filled with an Indian population, from which all traces of white origin will disappear in a certain time. As the intellectual corresponds with the outward physical man, civilisation will disappear; at all events, only such civilisation will remain as the highest Indian development can attain to. A further exemplification is to be found in the disappearance of the ancient Greeks and Romans, both of them possessing a Scandinavian element which failed to be renewed. The description of Penelope is that of a Scandinavian woman. From the mixture of Orientals, Scandinavians, and some indigenous race, which may be termed Pelasgic, was constituted the Hellenic nation, which in beauty and intellect surpassed everything that has since appeared on the face of the earth.

Certain races possess far greater antipathies than others to amalgamation with specific tribes. The Saxon cannot endure the Negro, as is shown by the Boors at the Cape, and the white inhabitants of the United States; it is not so with the Celt, or the Celt Iberian. This in some measure coincides with their respective indigenous localities. The influence of climate on race is hardly appreciable. A white man's skin may be sunburnt, but in no time, however long, will the race cease to be fair. Australia and the Cape of Good Hope are obvious examples of this. In New Zealand and Australia, both possessing temperate climates, the aborigines only are dark skinned.

It is not likely that the races now holding England and Scotland ever occupied other territorial limits. In the southern counties there is a Flemish race; in the midland and northern there are Scandinavian. It is not true that the Gael ever dwelt in the Lowlands of Scotland, or the Kymri in those of England.

The Scandinavian is the blue-eyed, fair-haired *German* of the Roman historian. His habitat is the Lowlands of Great Britain, the shores of the Baltic, and the north and east banks of the Rhine; he has never succeeded in passing these limits to fix himself as a race permanently. Of the United States of America there is a dissertation afterwards connected with the second proposition. The Saxon, as a race, is the strongest in the world; but individually, taking age for age, and weight for weight, he is exceeded by the Celt. The former is a born democrat, arrogant and self-confident, loving labour for its own sake, if there be anything to be got for it. He is the only born sailor in the world. He is not warlike, though brave; and his strength of limb makes him a formidable soldier when his antipathy to discipline has been overcome. On the Continent he is now subject to dynasties antagonistic to his race. They are puppets moved by the head of the Sarmatian race. In the United States his tendencies are fully developed. The Celt is the next great, if not a greater race. He abhors labour, is not democratic, and is warlike; instead of building his house apart like the Saxon, he is fond of congregating in towns and villages. He is more philosophic in intellect than the Saxon, but less so than the Sclavonian. It is to a mixture of the latter with the Flemish that the so-called *German* literature is due. The dark-haired Southern and middle German, we should observe, is styled Flemish by Dr. Knox, though he admits that the Belgians are not the most favourable specimens of the race. He is inclined to think that this is an indigenous people.

Of the fate of Europe, Dr. Knox augurs gloomily. The Saxon is the incarnation of disunion and dissent. The race is disunited, and cares nothing for nationalities or affinities; it is, therefore, exposed to the attack of the Sarmatian (Russian) race, and, indeed, is now at its mercy on the Continent. This, however, is intolerable to the Saxon nature.

Gibbon's prophecy that in the event of this race being oppressed by military tyranny it would fly across the Atlantic in search of liberty, will be fulfilled, if ever the circumstances occur. (We may remind Dr. Knox, that while we are writing, and for the last half century, Bremen and Hamburgh have been crowded with Saxon and North Prussian emigrants flying their country for that very reason, and evading every obstacle thrown in their way by the home Government.)

Will their race be permanent in America? Dr. Knox thinks not, without constant supplies from the native cradle. The decay of teeth early in life, the disappearance of plumpness of limb ("the subcutaneous adipose cushion, the emblem of youth"), and the extraordinary waste of infant life, induce him to think that the climate is hostile to the transplantation of an European *race*. (We offer no objection to this surmise, but is not the naturalisation of the horse, now *wild*, and in great abundance both in North and South America, some ground for the contrary hypothesis?) The French Canadian has been very stationary; but, though

Digitized by Google

he has received some new blood since his settlement, he is obviously in a declining state. His race is feeble when separated from the mass of his kindred. Further exemplifications of the difficulty of an European race surviving a separation from its original habitat are given in the disappearance of the numerous Greek colonies, and in the fatal experiment now made by the French at Algiers. The average temperature of that part of Africa does not differ greatly from that of Europe; but unless the colonists were constantly recruited, all there at the present time would disappear in fifty years. That part of Africa, even in the days of the Roman Empire, was *never* colonised by Europeans. Cato's senate at Utica consisted of Roman *merchants*.

The Gipsy and Jewish races seem to enjoy a certain immunity from this law; the real habitat of neither is exactly known. In all times even Jerusalem was shared with the Jebusites by the Hebrews; the latter have a Coptic cast of countenance, but the Copts knew how to caricature them on their monuments. (Dr. Knox, we may here observe, omits to mention the monuments discovered by Layard, bearing, we are told, a still more striking likeness to the Jewish cast of feature, and present, on a spot which has historical probability in its favour, of being the cradle of the Abrahamidæ. Taking into account, also, the locality of the Jewish captivity, it seems strange that the very obvious solution of the disappearance of the ten tribes should not have been generally accepted, viz., that they mingled with and became absorbed in the kindred people whom they must have found in Chaldæa.) The peculiarity, however, of these two wandering races is their instinctive abhorrence of all labour, in whatever part of the world they may be found—a circumstance which might go some way to account for the race surviving in so many different countries and climates. The Dutch at the Cape have hitherto subsisted in Africa; and having, till within a few years, merely superintended the labour of slaves, it is possible that this exemption from labour has enabled their race to withstand the influence of separation from their indigenous habitat.

Of the so-called progress and improvement Dr. Knox is highly sceptical. If we knew the end to which the operations of Providence tend we should be in a condition to judge of them. Many extinct species of animals had as perfect an organisation as those which now exist; and in spite of the "Vestiges of Creation" theory, all we know from anatomy is, that there is *one embryo* of man, beast, and bird and fish, which we can conceive possible, under certain conditions, to be developed in any animated form, and that deformations in the human being are often merely the arrest of development—not always; though Dr. Knox once discovered the structure of the *arm of a tiger* in a human being.

With respect to the human mind, it is difficult to say that we could, in any quarter of the world, discover anything, we will not say superior, but equal to the powers evinced in every department of intellectual activity by the contemporaries of Pericles. (Perhaps without going so far back we may refer to Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," written for the *middle classes* of England before the Wars of the Roses—a composition at least equal to our cheap newspapers and periodicals.)

In concluding our notice of Dr. Knox's lectures, we cannot but mention our regret that he has omitted to put his bold and original speculations in more connected shape. There is an impressive vigour in his style that enchains the attention; but his theories of races are interrupted by propositions of transcendental anatomy, which have apparently but little relation to his main subject; and though frequent repetition of a favourite point stamps it individually on the memory of the reader, it is at the expense of the continuity of his ideas, and therefore adds in no slight measure to the difficulty of comprehending the whole explanation of the theory. For an annoyance of this kind, which the author might have remedied so easily, it is little consolation to be told that the lectures are fragmentary.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

"ALTON LOCKE" is, perhaps, the most characteristic production of the present era that we have seen for many a long day. No other epoch could have produced such a crasis of democratic discontent, undefined Communist cravings, and semi-poetic sentimentality as we find in the paper before us. These tendencies of thought are illustrated in the progress of the story with considerable talent and power; the conclusion, however, rather falls off both in interest and correct appreciation of the philosophy of the subject of discussion. Though it is indisputable that improvements of mere political institutions will fail to accomplish all that is wanted to elevate the mass of the population to the position which they should hold as free and rational men, to tell us to be resigned to our fate here upon earth for the sake of a promised recompense in a future world, is but the old hypocritical cry, by which priestcraft ever attempted to maintain itself at the expense of its dupes. Providence never meant to reward cowardice, sloth, and folly; and he must be dastardly inert and foolish in the extreme who, from whatever motive, abandons a righteous and reasonable attempt to mitigate the sufferings of himself or of the class to which he belongs. A vigorous though homely saying of one of his characters, old Sandy Mackay, "It's no my view of human life, that a man's sent into the world just to save his soul and creep out again," is an answer to the moral which the writer would impress upon us at the conclusion of his tale.

The tale opens, as an autobiography should do, *ab ovo*. Alton's father, a small tradesman, has died, leaving his widow and two children penniless; and, as the story proceeds, we discover that a surviving brother is a wealthy grocer, and supplies the destitute family with a small annuity, which constitutes their sole means of subsistence. The widow is a zealot of the most repulsive form of Calvinism, and brings up her children, according to her formula, with great severity. The monotony

Digitized by Google

of our hero's life is, however, soon broken, and, at the all-powerful bidding of the prudent uncle, he is apprenticed to a West-end tailor.

A somewhat repulsive but, we fancy, not untruthful account of the workshop and its manners, is given by the novice, who soon discerns that one leading artisan is very different in conduct and sentiment from his more vulgar associates. The young apprentice exerts himself to gain the approbation of this man, and accordingly makes a fair progress in acquiring the mysteries of the craft. Another acquaintance—that of one Sandy Mackay, an old Scotch bookstall-keeper—is accidentally made by Alton, while poring over a second-hand book, which the poor lad, who brings home his wages to his mother, has no money to buy or hire. The old man takes a fancy to him, and, by way of making proof of his energy, sets him to learn Latin by himself. He accordingly works extra hours at his trade to buy candle to enable him to study by night. This very innocent occupation is discovered by his ascetic, narrow-minded parent, who views such devotion to literature as criminal and unchristian. The acquaintance with his humble mentor is also broken off at her instance. The lad, however, as he grows up, revolts at the spiritual tyranny exercised over him by his mother and a hypocritical missionary, who assists her devotions. He is, in consequence, finally driven from the house. Of necessity he then falls entirely into the hands of Crossthwaite, the workman before mentioned, and old Mackay — both earnest Chartists. At this period, while visiting Dulwich in company with his wealthy cousin, a student of Cambridge, preparing for orders, he makes an accidental acquaintance with a Dean Winnstay and his lovely daughter Lilian. As was to be expected, he falls irretrievably in love with the young lady, and begins to write poetry, as a matter of course.

A change now takes place in the workshop. In consequence of alterations on the premises, the men are no longer to work there. Their wages are also reduced; and the prospect of falling into the hands of middlemen, technically termed "sweaters," puts an end to the tailoring of Crossthwaite and the hero of the tale. The latter now becomes a violent Chartist; and his poetry partakes of his politics. To gain a living, however, becomes a serious question; and the poet-tailor, in despair of obtaining assistance from his uncle to enable him to publish, resolves to lay his projects before his wealthy cousin at Cambridge. There he again meets Dean Winnstay and his pretty daughter, and passes some time on a visit at their country residence. At the instance of the Dean, he expunges the most bitter, though most truthful, part of his poem; and it is at last published, and brings the author into notice. The vanity, however, and the happiness of the young poet are sadly interfered with by the abruptness and sarcasm of a Miss Eleanor, a cousin of his adored Lilian. She schools the poet-politician unmercifully, and discovers and tries to thwart his passion for her relative. On his return to town, he is so much noticed by this family, and withdrawn from his Chartist friends, that the latter hint, by the significant present of a pair of second-hand plush inexpressibles, that they consider he has sold himself to the service of the wealthier classes. He feels that the reproach is not altogether without foundation; and, to prove his sincerity, offers himself as a London delegate to a meeting of distressed agriculturists, that might be attended with some danger. When too late, he discovers it is to be held in the vicinity of Dean Winnstay's country residence.

The danger turns out to be very serious. Our hero attends a meeting which degenerates into a riot. In spite of his remonstrances, the mob sally forth to sack the house and granary of an obnoxious farmer; and, in a vain attempt to check their proceedings, he is seized by the authorities and arraigned as the instigator of the riot. A trial takes place, and he is sentenced to three years' imprisonment. This period terminates on the eve of the celebrated 10th of April, and our hero, like many of his comrades, dreams of barricades. Eleanor, now become the widow of a Lord Ellerton, calls upon him to implore him to abstain from the wild undertaking; but he bursts away from her in desperation upon hearing that Lilian is to be the bride of his wealthy cousin. On the evening of the 10th of April, when his political hopes had been all baffled, and his feelings agonised by disappointed love, he wanders away to Waterloo Bridge with the intention of suicide. While there he meets with a drunken tailor whom he had formerly known as a comrade, but on the same errand. He dissuades him from the attempt, and accompanies the wretched man to his lodgings, where he views the drunkard's wife and children lying dead—the victims of destitution and typhus fever. Our hero catches the infection, and is nursed by Lady Ellerton, who has become a kind of *sœur-de-charité* since the commencement of her widowhood. To the sermons administered by her during his convalescence we have already marked our objection. The poet-tailor, when thought sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage, departs for Texas, but dies as the vessel nears the South American coast.

Emperors of Rome, from Augustus to Constantine. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. London: Hatchard.

This is a very unpretending but very useful volume. Mrs. Gray gives, in every chapter, a summary of the events in the reign of each emperor, and adds in an appendix, which she terms an after-chapter, facts collateral to, and comments on, the foregoing chronicle, mentioning, at the same time, the contemporary philosophers, poets, historians, and the like. Her work, therefore, forms a good introduction to the study of philosophic historians, such as Merivale and Gibbon, who treat of the same period, as the latter always assume a considerable amount of general knowledge in their readers.

We suppose maternal affection is intended to excuse the rather superfluous dedication of the work to Mrs. Gray's "Child." With this exception, and that of one or two pieces of verbal slipslop, such as using "disannull" for "annull," and

Digitized by Google

"*demean* himself" for "debase himself," we may safely recommend the "Emperors of Rome" to young people who are commencing their historical studies.

God and Man. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 1 vol. London: Longman and Co.

UNDER the very comprehensive title of "God and Man," not much qualified or limited by the exegetical "Being outlines of religious and moral truth, according to the Scriptures and the Church," Mr. Robert Montgomery gives to the world a mass of fragments of sermons, more declamatory than logical, and more doctrinal than practical. It is addressed solely to those classes of religionists who think with him, and beyond them and their peculiar doctrines the meditations of the reverend author seem never to have wandered. The "Catholic Church" is the Church of England as by law established; to separate it from the State, and thereby put an end to the mutual corruption that we laymen consider to have been generated by their union, is, of course, a proceeding impious to contemplate. The press which does not proclaim, "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" is of course unconverted and reprobate. Dissent, heresy, and revolutionary dogmas are classed together, as resulting from the awful paucity of clergymen of the Church of England and the like. All these terrible things increase frightfully in consequence of Dissenters sitting in the House of Commons. We deplore the waste of eloquence and earnestness upon such themes.

POETRY.*

THERE is no lack of poetry in this most prosaic, money-getting age and realm. Arthur Macansh has produced a pleasant volume in Dunfermline; Mr. Lambert raises the song in corn and timber-mongering Hull; Mr. Allingham's voice rings across St. George's Channel; and Mr. E. Kenealey emits an *omnium gatherum* of good and bad taste poetry, politics, and philosophy, under the astounding title of "Goethe, a New Pantomine!"

Comparisons are odious, and we shall not attempt them; but we confess our heart yearns most towards our countryman, whom we first mentioned. For the information of South Britons, we may state that Macansh is a poor, we are afraid a very poor mechanic, crippled withal, and helpless; and that the volume before us is published for his behoof by subscribers in his neighbourhood. These facts constitute, perhaps, no very strong recommendation of a *poet*. The following extract, taken at random, will serve the turn better:—

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

The mother with her blooming child
  Sat by the river pool,
Deep in whose waters lay the sky,
  So stilly beautiful.
She held her babe aloft to see
  Its infant image look
Up joyous, laughing, leaping from
  The bosom of the brook.

And as it gazed upon the stream
  The wondering infant smiled,
And stretched its little hands, and tried
  To clasp the shadowed child,
Which, in that silent underworld,
  With eager gestures strove
To meet it with a brother-kiss,
  A brother-clasp of love.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child
  ('Twas thus the mother sung);
The shrew, Experience, has not yet
  With envious gestures flung
Aside the enchanted veil which hides
  Life's pale and dreary look;
An angel lurks in every stream,
  A heaven in every brook.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child,
  Ere drop the tears of woe
Upon that mirror, scattering all
  Those glorious shapes, and show
A fleeting shadow which thou think'st
  An angel, breathing, living—
A shallow pebbly brook, which thou
  Hast fondly deemed a heaven.

Mr. Lambert principally confines himself to translations; and in his volume the readers of modern German poets—Schiller, Goethe, &c.—will recognise many old friends in a new dress. We may remind Mr. Lambert, that in some cases no power of *verbatim* rendering, however happy, can result in a tolerable English poem. The "King of Thule" has fairly beaten us whenever we have tried him, and all our poetical friends, *in consimili casu*, have reported of him in like manner. We can, therefore, as bards, sympathise with Mr. Lambert's failure; but critics cannot absolve him from the sin of publishing a failure.

As a fair specimen of the volume we extract the following:—

THE FISHER.

The water rushed, the water gushed,
  A fisher by the sea
His angle calmly watching sat;
  Cool to the heart was he.
And as he sits and watches there,
  The flood uprising parts,
And from the troubled waters fair
  A dripping sea-nymph starts.

She sung to him, she spake to him;
  "Ah! why my harmless brood,
With human wit and human fraud,
  To cruel death delude?

---

* The Social Curse, and other poems, by Arthur Macansh. Edinburgh: John Menzies.

Poems and Translations, by Charles R. Lambert. London: Whittaker and Co.

Poems, by W. Allingham. London: Chapman and Hall.

Goethe. A New Pantomine. By E. Kenealey

Digitized by Google

Ah! didst thou know in ocean's caves
How well the fishes fare,
Thou'dst plunge at once beneath the waves,
And first be happy there.

"Bathes not the sun within the sea?
Bathes not the bright moon there?
Thence come not, breathing of the waves,
Their faces doubly fair?
Entice thee not the deep calm skies,
The moist translucent blue,
And image of thy face that lies
Here in eternal dew?"

The water rushed, the water gushed,
It wet his naked feet;
As greeted him the maid he loved,
His heart with longing beat.

She spake to him, she sung to him,
And all with him was o'er;
Half drew she him, half sunk he in;
And seen was he no more.—GOETHE.

Mr. Allingham's little volume is a maiden publication, as we learn from a modest deprecatory preface. It would have been more successful if the author had refrained from printing a little longer. Some of the poems are trivial and commonplace. There is, however, good promise in others. "The Music-master" and the "Fairies," a nursery song, are decidedly good in their respective kinds. We augur well of his future productions, if the poet takes a friendly hint, that patience and perseverance are indispensable to attaining literary excellence.

Mr. Kenealey's book is a dismal perversion of great learning and great talent.

ASSURANCE OFFICES.

United Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The Report read at the first annual general meeting of the members of this Society gives a favourable account of the business of the office during the past year. It states that—"During the early part of the current year the Directors were impelled to unusual caution in the acceptance of proposals, in consequence of the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, which raged with fearful fatality in the autumn of 1849; but it will be a source of congratulation to the Society that, notwithstanding this serious impediment, 167 policies, effecting assurances to the extent of 49,350*l.*, have been concluded during a period of but little more than nine months, and that no claim from death has arisen upon the funds of the Society. The following is a statement of the business transacted during the above period:—

	No.	Amount.
Proposals completed and paid upon	167	£49,350
Proposals accepted, and Premiums not yet paid	28	7,675
Proposals under consideration	11	3,275
Proposals declined	47	17,975
Total	253	£78,275

Established on the principle of Mutual Assurance, the Directors have kept steadily in view the importance of economy in every department of management, and they refer with the utmost satisfaction to the accounts, which will show that, after deducting the amount paid for the necessary alterations and improvements of the offices, 54, Charing Cross, there has been but little more than 1,000*l.* expended. The Directors, under the deed of settlement, have taken powers to provide the sum of 50,000*l.* in support of the mutual system, and under these powers they have advanced the sum of 2,000*l.*, which has more than defrayed the first year's expenses, including alteration of premises; thus leaving the premiums for assurance at the credit of the Society to be invested, and to accumulate at interest."

The Eagle Insurance Company.—The annual general meeting of the Proprietors of the Eagle Insurance Company was held on Friday, the 10th ult., the Hon. John Chetwynd Talbot, Q.C., Chairman of the Board, presided. There were also present Messrs. Walter Anderson Peacock, Charles Bishoff, Thomas Boddington, Nathaniel Gould, Robert Alexander Gray, Charles Thomas Holcombe, Richard Harman Lloyd, and William Wybrow, Directors; and Messrs. John Hewson Abbott, George Blake, Frederick Blow Birket, James M. Barnard, Alexander Bain Chisholm, &c., Proprietors. The advertisement convening the meeting having been read, the Secretary read the following Report:—"In compliance with the provisions of the Deed of Settlement, the Directors once more attend you to submit their annual statement, and, in conformity with the practice observed upon all former occasions, will preface any observations they may themselves have to make, by calling your attention to the Report which they have received from your Auditors:—

Income of the Year ending June 30, 1850.

New Premiums received	£ 5,557 6 1	
Old ditto	91,940 16 9	£97,498 2 10
Annuities and Interest on Mortgages		15,069 7 6
Dividends on funded property		10,233 6 7
Sundries		128 9 1
		£122,929 6 0

Charge of the Year.

Dividends to Proprietors	£ 6,118 5 0	
One per cent extra	158 11 0	£ 6,276 16 0
Claims *on decease of Lives Assured*	70,644 13 1	
Bonus thereon	4,608 1 8	
Policies surrendered	3,350 10 3	
Annuities granted	1,702 18 10	80,306 3 10
Commission	3,335 16 9	
Medical fees	393 3 0	3,728 19 9
Income-tax		808 16 6
Re-Assurance		2,781 14 2
Expenses of management		5,326 9 4
Sundries		191 15 6
Balance or surplus receipts		23,508 10 11
		£122,929 6 0

Liabilities.

Interest, &c., due to Proprietors		£ 4,17 19 9
Sundry accounts		430 3 10
Paid capital account	£121,572 15 0	
Assurance Fund	551,120 11 1	672,693 6 1
		£677,641 9 8

Digitized by Google

Assets.

Amount invested on Mortgage and Life Interests	£312,540	17	0
Ditto in Reversions	11,194	11	0
Sundry accounts	3,707	1	6
3 per cent. Consols	74,336	0	1
3 per cent. Reduced Annuities	70,639	1	11
3½ per cent. ditto	154,261	0	9
Consolidated long Annuities	9,014	15	11
Cash and bills receivable	12,174	3	2
Advanced on the Company's Policies	20,700	17	9
Stamps	59	17	6
Agents' balances	9,613	3	1
	£677,641	9	8

The item in this Report which appears first to call for remark is, the amount received in respect of new assurances effected during the year. This amount, it will be found, is less than that received in the previous year; a circumstance which would, at first sight, seem to indicate a decrease in the Company's business in the one just ended. The Directors are happy to say, however, that such is by no means the case, the facts being that whereas 266 policies, averaging 624*l.* each, were effected in 1849, 262 policies, averaging 656*l.* each, have been completed in the year ending June, 1850. The amount assured is, therefore, greater in the latter year than the former. The premium is less, merely because the lives assured are younger, and because the number of term policies is greater in one year than in the other. The greatest discrepancy to be found, in comparing the statement now under consideration with that of the previous year, arises under the head of claims: the sum paid in respect of which during the year just past considerably exceeds that demanded on the same account in the foregoing one. This increase has arisen, in some measure, from the prevalence of cholera during the period over which the account ranges. Eight of the total number of deaths occurring having been reported to the Company as caused by that disease. The average annual amount of claims paid in the three years since the last division of surplus in 1847, is 57,571*l.*; so that, on the assumption that 60,000*l.* is about the true average, it will be seen that the actual one is still within the mark. In the last Report the Directors mentioned that the expenses were 400*l.* less than they were the year preceding. They have now to report a further diminution in them of no less than 546*l.*, making in the two years a total reduction of 946*l.* in the annual charge for expenses of management. The Directors have only further to mention as the result of the year's proceedings, that the general fund has been increased by 23,508*l.* 10s. 11d., and that it now amounts to 551,120*l.* 11s. 1d., a sum which, taken with their prospective income, they have reason to believe is not only sufficient to meet every claim which can ever possibly accrue, but which is adequate for the provision of a very considerable share of surplus to every member of the Company properly entitled to participate in it." The Chairman then commented at length upon the Report, and moved its adoption. Mr. Thomas Vaughan seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried. The Chairman then announced that the next business before them would be the election of an Auditor; and Mr. Sambrooke, who had discharged the duties of the office for several years, was named, and again elected. The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Chairman and Directors, followed by a similar vote to the Actuary, Charles Jellicoe, Esq., after which the meeting separated.

Reliance Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The ordinary annual meeting of members for election of Directors and for general purposes was held on Tuesday, July 30, at the offices of the Society in King William-street. The chair was taken by Mr. Henry Thoby Prinsep, supported by Colonel Abdy, Mr. Vernon Abbott, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Foster White, Captain Hall, Mr. Young, Dr. Waterfield, and Mr. Lonsdale; and the meeting was attended by many influential members of the Society. The Chairman briefly noticed the subjects to be brought under the consideration of the assembled members, viz., the annual election of three Directors and two Auditors; the progress of the Society during the present year, as evinced by the audited accounts submitted for examination; and the modification of a rule limiting the future distribution of profits to the mode elected in respect of each policy at the first distribution. The Actuary and Secretary, Mr. Osborne Smith, then read the Directors' Report:—"Your Directors are happy to be able to reiterate the same assurances of continued prosperity with which they have had the good fortune to meet you on previous occasions. The premium receipts for the last six months amount to 4,294*l.* 13s. 9d., making, with those of the previous half-year, an aggregate of 8,749*l.* 17s. 9d., of which 2,010*l.* 0s. 7d. represents the new business effected during the year, in respect of 123 policies, assuring 45,795*l.*, whilst 35 proposals, for sums amounting to 23,000*l.*, have been declined, or have not been proceeded with, on the terms required by the Society. To this source of income is to be added the receipt of interest, which has been for the year, including fines on loans, 1,122*l.* 13s. 1d. Some proposals under consideration at the close of the half-year have since been completed, and premiums received in respect thereof, amounting to 194*l.* 6s. 1d. Your Directors are happy to state that there has been only one claim upon the Society during the half-year, in respect of deceased members, for the sum of 200*l.*, which has been duly paid, and that in regard to lapsed policies from non-payment of renewal premiums the number is limited to nine, for sums amounting to 3,400*l.*, upon which 112*l.* 18s. has been received. By the accounts laid upon the table it will be seen that your Directors exercise a strict control over the expenses of the Society, the per centage of which upon its receipts is yearly decreasing; and they beg to assure you that this subject will continue to have their attention whilst providing for the due efficiency of the establishment. It is very satisfactory to find that the improvement of the funds of the Society keeps pace with the steady increase of its business. At each meeting your Directors have had the pleasure to announce an advance in the process of accumulation, and now, after the distribution of a second bonus, of which a considerable portion has already been paid in reduction of current premiums, or in liquidation of sums due to the Society as forborne half-premiums, your Directors have the pleasure to inform you that the balance of improved premium receipts for the year, over all outgoings for the same period, amounts to 5,930*l.* 12s. 11d., increasing the general fund of the Society to 29,820*l.* 9s. 6d. At the general meeting, held on the 12th February, in the present year, it was referred to the Directors to submit a rule in modification of that established at the first division of profits, by which the mode of taking the bonus was limited to that elected in each case at the first participation in profits. In accordance with this recommendation, a regulation will be submitted to the meeting, giving power to the Directors in all cases where it may not appear to them prejudicial to the interests of the Society, to allow a change of mode in respect of any bonus that may accrue after an election once made. Your Directors desire to record their sense of the obligation of the Society to their Medical Officers for the attention and skill displayed by them in every case submitted for consideration of the Board." The Report was adopted by acclamation. Mr. Elliot and Mr. Strick having been appointed scrutineers, a ballot was taken for the retiring Directors and Members' Auditors, who were unanimously re-elected. The Chairman then submitted that the rule passed at the general meeting for first division of profits, and confirmed by the next following meeting, rendering the first election of bonus conclusive as to the mode of allocation in respect of all future bonuses on the same policy, be modified by the addition of the following words:—"But that it shall be lawful for the Directors, at any future distribution of profits, in any case which may not seem to them disadvantageous to the Society, to allow a change of mode in the application of any subsequent bonus upon the same policy." The new regulations having been agreed to *nem con.*, the meeting separated after some further conversation.

Catholic Law and General Life Assurance Company.—On Thursday, the 25th July, 1850, the fourth annual meeting of this Company was held at its head-office, 8, New Coventry-street, Leicester-square, London. The chair was taken by the Right Rev. Bishop Morris at one o'clock

Digitized by Google

precisely. The Secretary then read the Report, which is too lengthy for publication. The right rev. Chairman rose to move its adoption, recapitulating briefly its chief points, which are:—1. That only two deaths had occurred in the last two years, notwithstanding the severe epidemic of last autumn: one was for 500*l.* and the other for 200*l.* Both were Irish lives, and the claims were paid. This small rate of mortality was referred to as a proof of the care with which the lives of the assured were selected. 2. In the last Report a hope was indulged that by the new arrangements made for the procuration of business, as regards the assurance of invalid lives, the appointment of additional agents, and other changes, that a considerable increase of business might be reasonably looked for; nor were those expectations unfounded, for it was now the pleasing duty of the Directors to report that the number of lives assured between the 1st June, 1849, and 31st May, 1850, was equal to double the number assured during the similar preceding period. In the years 1849 and 1850 proposals were made for 138 policies, the united amounts of which were 52,963*l.* 2s. 6d. Of these 123 were accepted for 45,125*l.* 6s. Independently of the two policies lapsed by death, 16 others have fallen in during the year, representing a sum of 6,048*l.*, and upon which 320*l.* 3s. had been received. Since the commencement of the Company's operations to the 1st June, 1850, assurances had been effected to the extent of 1,109,732*l.* 12s. 6d., producing in annual premiums 3,732*l.* 16s. 11d.; but of these 54 had lapsed, representing 23,990*l.* 16s. 6d., on which the annual premiums amounted to 741*l.* 1s.; so that the yearly income of the Company on the 1st June last was 2,991*l.* 15s. 11d. 3. That whilst the Directors have been anxious to extend their operations in all parts of the United Kingdom, they have been equally so to commence judicious and energetic measures on the Continent. Within the last few months they have made the attempt, and with no small feelings of satisfaction do they now announce that even in that short time they have received such an amount of business as to lead them to believe that the results in the present year will far exceed their most sanguine expectations. The Directors have found in Mons. de l'Etang, of Paris (their head agent in France), a man uniting in himself every recommendation which they had received in his favour. The Archbishop of Paris, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, Monseigneur Parisis, Evêque de Langres, &c., &c., numerous priests, the press—having examined the principles of the "Catholic," have promised and given proof of their cordial support. The right rev. Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the Report. Sir R. Jenkins, G.C.B., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The retiring Directors and Auditors were then re-elected. The resolution of last year, respecting the remuneration of the Directors, was re-adopted, and 10*l.* each were awarded to the Auditors for their services. The proposition of Mr. King was then read by the Chairman, viz.:—"That it is the opinion of this meeting that the paid-up capital of the Company be increased, and that the Directors be requested to take into consideration the mode of effecting the same." Carried unanimously. After passing some complimentary votes to the officers of the Company, the meeting separated.

Alfred Life Assurance Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at the offices, in Lothbury, on the 16th inst., Mr. Maxwell presiding. Mr. Hampton (the Secretary) read the following Report:—"The Directors have hitherto, on every occasion, had much pleasure in meeting the Members and Proprietors of the Alfred Assurance Association, as they have always had a more or less favourable account to render of the state of its affairs. At the present meeting they have reason to express a more than ordinary degree of satisfaction, since the statement which they have to submit is indicative of a progress and success greater, they believe, than any which they have had to report on any previous occasion. The accounts laid on the table, and which have been duly examined and approved by the Auditors, exhibit an increase in the amount of the assurance fund, during the past year, of 15,704*l.*, making a total of 84,104*l.* 9s. 3d., being a considerable increase on the amount carried in the previous year. The premiums on new policies issued during the year amount to 3,478*l.* 9s. 2d. The claims—not those paid merely, but all that have accrued during the year, with the bonuses allotted in respect of them—do not exceed the very small sum of 2,416*l.* 19s. 9d. For an office of the extent and standing of the Alfred such a result is, the Directors believe, wholly unprecedented, and cannot fail to have the most favourable effect as regards the augmentation of surplus at the forthcoming quinquennial division. The experience of the Alfred in this respect has hitherto been remarkable, justifying, the Directors trust, the conclusion that due care and discrimination have not been wanting in the selection of the lives. The income of the office has gradually increased, and now amounts to 24,213*l.* 2s. 9d. The expenses continue very moderate, while the above result has been accomplished without any increased expense to the office. The Directors would have no difficulty in pointing out other equally favourable features in the Society's affairs, but they forbear to do so, as the general review of them will now so shortly have to be made. In the meanwhile they cannot but congratulate the members of the Association on the prospect which presents itself on every side of the very satisfactory result likely to attend the approaching quinquennial investigation."

The following is an abstract of the balance-sheet:—

Liabilities.	£.	s.	d.
Value of sums assured	176,800	13	8
Paid-up capital	16,800	0	0
Assurance fund	84,104	9	3
Annuity fund	19,712	19	4
Building fund	8,220	0	0
Stretton Friendly Society	1,218	1	4
Interest due to Proprietors	417	0	0
Assurance claims	1,225	9	9
	£308,498	13	4
Assets.			
Value of Premiums	188,146	10	11
Government securities	40,983	5	1
Mortgages	34,331	18	1
Reversions	13,346	0	8
House in Lothbury	14,400	0	0
Railway debentures	8,705	0	0
Value of re-assurances	5,198	15	9
Balance at Bankers	2,922	14	9
Premiums due	1,006	1	5
Sundry accounts	458	6	8
	£308,498	13	4

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1850.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

The condition and prospects of the three great universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, begin to attract a share of national attention in some respects commensurate with the importance of the subject. Not that there has been an absolute want of public attention hitherto—for there has been much controversy thereon in the last eight years; but it has neither been conducted gravely nor temperately, nor has sufficient knowledge been acquired by the public to conduce to a just conclusion. Out of doors there has been too much of sentimental zeal on the part of "university reformers" to admit consideration of all the questions appertaining to the rights of property and the rights of self-government, which justice demands in the broadest scheme of reform which it is possible for legislative Liberalism to devise.

But if the spirit of reform has been over sentimental, or, it may be, too covetous of the splendid endowments of the colleges, academic conservatism has not held up a better example of rationality, equity, or good temper. There has been too much blind denial of the necessity for reforms. It is not twenty years since Oxford, with all the zeal which bigotry could inspire, opposed the incorporation of the London University; and her learned advocate declared before a high tribunal of the land, that the proposal was in contempt of the National Church, of the purity of religion, and a substitution of infidelity. Honest William the Fourth was charged with founding an atheistical institution, and warned of the dismal fate of James the Second; and Lord High Chancellor Brougham, for his share in the business, was likened to Lord Chief Justice Jeffries.* A change has happily come over the spirit of Oxford in that interval. She has herself wielded the best argument of the controversy, in admitting the necessity for a reform by her own efforts at internal improvement on some of the "principles of liberalism on which the London University was to be founded;" and moderate men may, without dreading the anathemas of atheism and infidelity, venture to inquire how an academical magistracy hath fulfilled its stewardship towards these "nurseries of God's true religion, and seminaries of good literature." The tone and temper on both sides are so much improved of late, that we almost venture to hope that University Reform is really becoming a practical question. The Parliamentary discussions in the late Session have been of use in directing public attention to its national importance. If the real merits of the question were avoided by the constitutional dispute on the particular mode of inquiry proposed, the debates of April and July last are still of importance in indicating the starting-points of inquiry with the view to a just and sound conclusion.

A glance at the history of the Universities will be important in showing the popular character of these institutions in times anterior to the Reformation, and not without use in pointing out the source of modern defects, or rather of collegiate abuses. Tradition fondly ascribes the foundation of Oxford to Alfred the Great. Scepticism, with dull disregard to the poetry of history, coldly denies the claim; but the negative argument that there is no authentic document to prove a pecuniary benefaction is surely slender evidence against the voice of tradition that the great Saxon king established schools at Oxford. It is certain that it was a place of study in the time of Edward the Confessor, and that it had become a national seat of learning on a popular and unrestricted basis many ages before the first of the existing collegiate houses was founded in the thirteenth century. The schools of the Dark Ages were very different from the close corporations of modern times. They were halls, or hostels, hired most commonly of the townsmen, for the purposes of study, and seem to have been of two kinds, claustral, appertaining to religious houses in different parts of England, and secular, or, as we should term them, private establishments. Mention is frequently made of the grammar schools, sophistry schools (and Oxford has not lost her cunning in the art), schools for arts, medicine schools, law and divinity schools. In the reign of Stephen, Roger Vacarius, a Lombard, established a hall at Oxford for the study of Roman law, and prepared a compendium from the Pandects and Digests for the instruction of his pupils. This is a remarkable proof of intellectual liberalism in that

* Speech of Sir Charles Wetherell, before the Lords of the Privy Council, on the subject of Incorporating the London University. 24th April, 1834.

Digitized by Google

age; and the fact that the king vainly endeavoured to suppress the school shows that the study must have been popular. But it is probable that some considerable time elapsed before these schools emerged from the humble character of lodging-houses into the dignity of academical halls.

Matthew Paris mentions a fact in Oxford history which shows the flourishing condition of the University in the early part of the next century. About the year 1209, a clerk having killed a woman, made his escape. The mayor coming to his lodging, found three other clerks who lived in the same house, which they had hired together. These being seized, were, by order of the king, hanged in contempt of the ecclesiastical liberty; upon which near 3,000 scholars left that University,* some going to Cambridge, others to Reading.

Another event, which occurred during the next reign, is worth mention, in illustration of the rough and ready habits of the "poor scholars of Oxford." The Legate having gone down to the University in 1238, some young students who had attempted to enter his lodgings were rudely repulsed by the porter. They therefore went into the kitchen, where they found a poor Irish scholar begging relief of the cook, who, instead of an alms, threw a ladle-full of boiling water in his face. This provoked one of the students, a choleric Welshman, to such a degree that, having a bow in his hand, he shot the cook dead on the spot with an arrow, an ancient proof of gown and town antagonism. Master Legate, in affright, shut himself up in the tower of the church, and, by night, made his way to the King, having, in the interval, placed the University under interdict. The King immediately despatched the Earl of Warren to Oxford, with orders to seize the most guilty. This business, which at first made a great noise, was at length hushed by the mediation of the bishops, who prevailed with the University to make all the submission required. The historian adds, that the Legate compelled all the scholars to meet at St. Paul's Church, above a mile from his lodgings, and go on foot to the Bishop of Carlisle's house, and there, putting off their caps, gowns, and shoes, to go to the Legate's house and humbly crave pardon and absolution.

Oxford was not always famous for its support of kingly tyranny; for in this reign we are told that, during the war with the Barons, the King, in 1264, became Master of Oxford, from whence he expelled the scholars because they had shown too much partiality for the Barons. In passing, we may remark that six years earlier the Parliament met there, which passed the famous provisions of Oxford.

The first colleges were established in this century. Tradition says that Alfred the Great founded University College, and supported it out of the royal exchequer. The existing foundation is due to William, Archdeacon of Durham, and the earliest statute is dated in 1280. Balliol College was founded by John Balliol of Barnard-castle (father of John Balliol, King of Scots), and Devorguilla his wife, between 1263 and 1268. Merton was first established at Maldon, in Surrey, in 1264, and removed to Oxford before 1274, by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor. The attendance of students was very large about this period. Wood, the Oxford annalist, states that, in the early part of the reign of Henry III. there were 30,000 located in 300 halls. The statement has been regarded as an exaggeration. Possibly it may be; but we must bear in mind that students flocked to Oxford from various parts of Europe;* and if we consider the less luxurious habits of the Oxonians of that day, who were contented with more frugal fare, and humbler lodging, than the aristocratic men of the nineteenth century, one may place some credit in the statement.† It is, however, difficult to account for the rapid diminution at the commencement of the reign of Edward I., at the date of the foundation of Merton College, when the attendance is stated at 15,000.

These, and other facts, stand in singular contrast with the opinions of certain "progress writers," who find no good in antiquity, and pity so loftily the ignorance of dark ages. That the England of that day, with a narrow population, could send so many of her youth to the chief fountain of knowledge is a fact of pleasing and great significance. But it was not to Oxford alone that this mighty concourse tended; if we are to credit historic testimony, the schools of Cambridge, and Reading, and other places, were proportionally attractive to youth ardent for learning. Wordsworth, in his posthumous poem, has beautifully described this spirit of the times in his fine contrast between what these institutions are, and what they were in these "ages of darkness." We cannot believe that a people which, in spite of feudal oppression, still retained in healthy vitality the folk-motes of their Saxon forefathers—those best of institutions for the education of a people in rights and duties—could sink into barbarian darkness. On the contrary, in the sternest times of Norman oppression, when Court poets were resounding the might of feudal dominion, English minstrels were fanning the spirit of freedom in the serfs of the English soil. The blessings of learning were not denied even to bondsmen. A fine old metrical romance which, perchance, has lightened the toilsome hours of many a peasant of the thirteenth century, still survives the wreck of time, and narrates how the poor despised son of a villan became a clerk—no uncommon result—and then a bishop. Is it not a remarkable fact that while the seigneurs of England were vainly petitioning Parliament to prohibit the villans from going to London—"which city had no cognisance of villanage"—to bring writs of debt against their masters, and participate

* Nearly double the whole number of the students of 1850.

* A memorable historic fact, though belonging to a later period, may be cited here in illustration. Certain Bohemian scholars at Oxford, who had adopted the opinions of Wickliffe, carried them, on their return, into their own country, and thus paved the way for the Hussite doctrines which moved eastern Europe.

† The halls existing in 1651 contained, on the average, more than that number; Magdalen, for example, had 220.

Digitized by Google

in the privileges of freemen,* the serfs and other peasants were foremost in embracing with hearty enthusiasm the doctrines of Wickliffe, a faith not ignorantly believed, but shared by the learned and noble of the land, insomuch that a historian tells us that two men could not be found together and one not a Lollard. John Gower and Geoffrey Chaucer were then singing in the English tongue to the English people. True, while the "father of English poetry" was still in the prime of manhood, the Parliament had provided that English should become the language of the law;† but an Act of Parliament could not all at once change the speech and habits of the English aristocracy. Chaucer, though the connexion and associate of the great, wrote not for the great, but for the commonalty; and that his sweet strains of "pure English undefiled" were heartily appreciated by the people is something even against the progress-cant philosophy. Better light literature people could not have; and the early popularity of the poems of Chaucer is unquestionable evidence not only of intelligence, but of intellectual refinement. Who would change Chaucer for our twopenny popular instruction?

The names of many of the ancient Oxford halls have been preserved from incorporation with existing colleges, and in topographic tradition. Balliol, for example, was built on the site of Mary Hall; Trinity, on Durham Hall; Worcester, on Gloucester Hall; and Pembroke on Broadgate Hall. The author of a work published in the time of the Commonwealth preserves the names of some of the other halls in the following passage:—

"And howsoever the hostels, hals, innes, schools, and religious houses, whereof this University, since the Conquest, did consist, and which now are wholly defaced, or in part converted into some of the present colledges, were for their number, and for the number of students in them, much above all that are now extant, viz.: Divi Fridswidi prior, S. Mariæ aula, Divi Jacobi aula, Divi Gregorii aula, D. Johan. Babtist aula, D. Thomæ aula, Portlat. aula, Sacerdotiss. aula, Peckwateri aula, Phisurii Diversorium, Magnæ Academiæ aula, S. Margaretæ aula, Regis aula, Reginæ aula, Pittantii aula, Green aula, Corbetti aula, Parvæ Academiæ aula, Stapul. aula, and many others; yet at this present there are eighteen goodley colledges and houses erected, maintained with the lands and revenews of their founders; and seven hals that students live in at their own charge, not having endowment of land to maintain them. . . . . These are the nurseries of God's true religion, and seminaries of good literature."‡

In the fourteenth century four new colleges were founded, and Edward II and Edward III. made benefactions to the University. Exeter was founded in 1314, by Walter de Stapuldon, Bishop of Exeter: Oriel, in 1326, by Edward II.; Queen's, in 1340, by Robert Eglesfield, B.D., Confessor to Queen Philippa; and New College, in 1386, by William of Wykeham, Chancellor to Edward III., and the founder of Winchester College. In this century, also, the Archbishop of Canterbury founded Canterbury College, which was afterwards swallowed up in Christ Church. The name of this establishment should live in history, as Wickliffe was the first Rector of it. It is probable that the great thoughts which paved the way for the intellectual freedom of his countrymen were matured within its walls, though the reformer's opinions were not published until after his loss of the rectorship, and removal to the living of Lutterworth.

The first half of the fifteenth century saw the establishment of three other colleges: Lincoln was founded in 1427, by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln; All Souls in 1437, by Henry Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Magdalen in 1456, by William Patten, commonly called Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor. The University received charters from Henry V. and Henry VI. In the reign of the latter, a divinity school was founded by Archbishop Kemp.

The sixteenth century was an age of trouble for Oxford. It witnessed the Reformation, and the caprices of Henry VIII. In 1530, when Henry consulted the English and foreign Universities on the divorce question, Oxford, and Cambridge too, pronounced against the divorce. The regent-masters of Oxford strenuously opposed the King, but the doctors and heads were for him. At last, it was carried in a convocation, from which, Wood says, all the masters were excluded, that the question should be decided by thirty-three doctors and bachelors in divinity, who declared the marriage of the brother's wife to be both contrary to the laws of God and nature, and put the seal of the University to their decree. When Henry resolved on the suppression, or rather appropriation, of the religious and charitable endowments of England, he found more difficulty in dealing with the colleges than he had with the religious houses; as even those favourable to his designs had the plea of legal inability, by reason of the local statutes. He therefore procured the enactment of a statute by Parliament,* annulling all private statutes whereby any grant or election made by the head, with the concurrence of the major part of the body, was liable to be obstructed by any one or more being the minority. This bold act of encroachment on fundamental rights, and of servile compliance by the Parliament (a favourite precedent now-a-days), enabled Henry to accomplish his designs. It would seem that the King hesitated whether he should dissolve the colleges altogether; for a humble petition from both Universities remained unanswered for nearly a year, and it was talked at court for some time of making great alterations in their statutes. It was, however, at length resolved to continue them upon the same footing. The splendid re-endowment of Christ Church, originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey, commemorates this critical event in Oxford history.

Although the Reformation gave freedom to the

* Let any sceptic who sneers at our noble common law, or at the antiquity of our freedom-preserving municipalities, consult and reflect on that most remarkable entry No. 27 on the Rolls of Parliament, in the 47th year of Edward III. To the petition Parliament made this reply:—"For the divers perils and mischiefs which would happen in this case, the king and his seigneurs do not wish at this time to change the common law as used heretofore."

† 36 Edward III. c. 17.

‡ "The Foundation of the Universitie of Oxford, with a Catalogue of the principall Founders and speciall Benefactors of all the Colledges, and total number of Students, Magistrates, and Officers therein being." London: 1651.

* 33rd Henry VIII. c. 27.

Digitized by Google

mind, it was not favourable to the free development of the University. The suppression of the religious houses was a severe blow; for as many of the abbeys and monasteries had their halls in Oxford for the instruction of their novices in the liberal arts, these fell with the parent institutions. From this cause, and the troubles of the period, the popularity of Oxford declined, and the attendance of students decreased from the almost fabulous estimate of the third Henry's time to the narrow capabilities of the endowed colleges and larger halls.

In 1570 an act of incorporation was passed, providing that "the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Leicester, now Chancellor of the said University of Oxford, and his successors for ever, and the masters and scholars of the same University of Oxford for the time being, shall be incorporate, and have a perpetual succession, in fact, deed, and name, in the name of the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford; and that the same Chancellor, masters, and scholars of the same University for the time being, from henceforth by the name of the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford, and by none other names or name, shall be called and named for ever more."* This is commonly cited as the first act of incorporation; but we apprehend that it is only to be taken as a confirmative or declaratory act. The University has an older and better title in immemorial prescription than the best act of patronage done by good Queen Bess. During the Chancellorship of the Earl of Leicester (1564-1588) a remarkable innovation was made on the democratic constitution of the academical commonwealth worthy of note by our University reformers. Prior to the Reformation, as before observed, much freedom prevailed with reference to the establishment of halls for study; but under the rule of Lord Leicester a change was made, the evil effects of which have lasted down to our own day. We have remarked that, consequent on the troubles of the Reformation, the attendance of students dwindled down to the limits of the then existing colleges and halls. The fetters of monopoly were then, for the first time, rivetted. The Chancellor assumed to himself the right to nominate the heads of all the halls in the University; and that being conceded to him, the power of establishing new halls passed out of the hands of the academical commonalty. It was a fundamental change of despotism for republican government. A later provision, requiring matriculation at one of the existing colleges or halls within a week of University matriculation, tightened the monopoly.†

The collegiate benefactions in this century were these: Brazennose College, founded in 1509, by William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln; Corpus Christi, in 1516, by Richard Fox, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Keeper; Christ Church, in 1526, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and completed, with splendid endowments, by Henry VIII.; Trinity, in 1536, by Sir Thomas Pope, of Tittenhanger, Herts;* St. John's, in 1555, by Sir Thomas White, Alderman of London; and Jesus, in 1571, by Queen Elizabeth, on the petition of Hugh Price, D.C.L., Treasurer of St. David's.

The enumeration of the subsequent foundation may be conveniently completed here. To the seventeenth century belong two colleges: Wadham, founded in 1613, by Nicholas Wadham, of Merefield, in the county of Somerset, Esq.; and Pembroke, in 1620, by Thomas Tisdal, of Glisdal, in the county of Oxford, Esq.; and Richard Wightwick, Rector of Isley, Berks. To last century belongs Worcester College, founded in 1714, by Sir Thomas Cookes, of Bently, Worcestershire. The first half of the wealthy nineteenth century has nearly expired without a single collegiate addition. With all our riches and boasted munificence, are we content to enjoy the benevolence of our forefathers without adding to the store?

As a University, Oxford had always enjoyed the blessing of self-government. It had always been governed by statutes of its own making; but in the course of centuries these statutes had accumulated into an inconvenient and chaotic mass. In the reign of Charles I., under the Chancellorship of Archbishop Laud, a digested code was compiled by special delegates, and ratified in Convocation. These statutes received the title of "Corpus Statutorum Universitatis Oxoniensis:" they are known as the Caroline Statutes. Under their provisions the government of the University was first placed in the hands of the heads of colleges and halls; and these regulations are, for the most part, in force at the present time. We may remark, in passing, that Oxonian exclusiveness is rather a modern than even a middle-age feeling. Even in the High Church days of Laud, Oxford evinced something of an unsectarian spirit; for the lordly prelate having heard of certain puritanical manifestations, visited both Universities in character of metropolitan. He encountered considerable opposition; Oxford, as well as Cambridge, maintaining that he had not the right of visiting as archbishop, though they did not deny that he might do it by the King's commission. Laud was supported by the King, and carried his point. It was subsequent to this that the Caroline Statutes were enacted.†

Little remains to be added to the history of the progress of Oxford save to adduce some statistical calculations, which show the decline of the University in nationality, or, at least, in popularity. According to the author of the account of the colleges in 1651, the total number in 1622 of "Students of all degrees that had names in every particular college, with the magistrates and officers thereunto belonging, besides divers young scholars that were relieved therein, which had no names in

* 13th Elizabeth, c. 20.
† Vide Caroline Statutes.

* It was originally founded and endowed by Edward III., Richard II., and the Priors of Durham, as Durham Hall. Being suppressed at the Reformation as one of the religious houses, it was purchased by Sir Thomas Pope, and re-endowed as Trinity College.
† The preface contains a side-blow at the Reformation. It declares that certain regulations made in the time of Edward VI. discomposed the discipline, and proceeds to eulogise the rule under the Popish regime of Mary.

Digitized by Google

any of the colleges," amounted to 2,850; in the year 1651 the numbers were 3,247. In the early part of the next century the numbers had fallen off nearly one-third; for we find, from a rough statement given in an Oxford Guide for 1747, that the numbers were only about 2,000. In some of the colleges the falling off was remarkable. For example, in Exeter, which had, in 1651, 230, there were only 80 in 1747. Magdalen College had fallen off from 220 to 108; Brazennose from 186 to 112; and Pembroke from 169 to 80. But the most remarkable disparity is exhibited in the attendance at the halls, as shown in the following comparative statement:—

	In 1651.	About 1747.
Gloucester	9	0
Edmund	93	25
St. Alban	23	12
Hart	104	0
New Inn	140	1
St. Mary	100	40
Magdalen	220	40
	759	118

It would probably tire the reader to enter into a statistical enumeration of the various endowments appertaining to the nineteen existing colleges in the University. The number of fellowships is upwards of 400; and there are more than 500 scholarships and exhibitions. It may be mentioned, in illustration of the power which the colleges possess to reward members who enter the Church, that about 450 advowsons belong to them. Besides the colleges enumerated, there are now five licensed halls in Oxford, viz., St. Mary, Magdalen, New Inn, St. Alban's, and St. Edmund. There are six scholarships and three exhibitions attached to St. Mary's. The reader will note the distinction between the colleges and halls. The former are endowed, the latter unendowed and unincorporated; they are no more than hotels, or inns, where the students hire their chambers of the Principal, and pay for their diet, subject, of course, to the regulations of the house. Academically, there is little distinction save in this: that the halls are said to be less ceremonious in their usages than the colleges. The property belonging to them is held in trust by the University.

The University, for so great a corporation, is not wealthy. We have no means of ascertaining its revenue, but it is understood to be poorly endowed, and to depend chiefly on fees, the profits of its printing-press, and other fluctuating sources of income. The public are equally ill-informed as to the incomes of the colleges. It has been stated that the aggregate income of the fellows is about 120,000*l.* a year. This gives an average of at least 250*l.* to each person; but it cannot be taken as a fair one, for it is understood that many fellowships are more valuable; for instance, at Magdalen, some of them are stated to be worth 700*l.* a year. The revenues of New College are said to be between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.* a year, shared amongst one hundred individuals on the foundation. It is alleged that the estates are not so regularly productive as they might be made under a better system of management; for the colleges, like some other corporations, prefer low rents and heavy fines to a steady income. In addition to the endowments, some of the houses must derive a large income from the rent of chambers, tuition-fees, and other dues, exacted from students not on the foundation. But these are points on which the public can form no correct estimate; the best calculation can only be conjectural.

The government of the University is democratic in name; but if we look at the electoral constitution, and the statutory restrictions on legislation, it is purely oligarchical. It is to a free commonwealth as the republic of Venice was to the constitution of the United States of America. Legislation and government at Oxford are carried on by privileged classes. The lowest electoral or legislating class consists of the Masters of Arts; all below that rank are considered *in statu pupillari*—they are the non-freemen of the corporation. Residence, and proof of a certain educational fitness, are the qualifications for admission to freedom. On paying a certain amount of fees, the young Oxonian becomes a member of the University of Oxford; but, under the provisions of Laud's statutes, he must, within one week after the University matriculation, enter himself at one of the colleges or halls. During his undergraduate career, he must perform certain public exercises (enlarged by recent statutes), which take place between the sixth and ninth terms—these are the responsions popularly called the "little go;" between the twelfth and sixteenth he passes, honourably if he can, the examination for degree, or "great go;"* in the sixteenth term he may take the degree of Bachelor of Arts; after twelve additional terms, he may become Master of Arts; and after twenty, graduate in laws. This, under certain regulations, gives the first right of electoral admission to the corporation of the University.

We thus arrive at the formation of an electoral and legislative body, which discharges its functions through two assemblies, or houses—the House of Convocation, and the House of Congregation. The academical qualification for each is not very intelligible to those unversed in the laws of Oxford; it turns on the rank of regent,† which begins from a period commencing at the "act," subsequent to the grant of the qualifying degree, and terminating at the succeeding act. The House of Convocation consists of regents and non-regents, but practically, in voting, of the former. It has jurisdiction over all questions affecting the University, under some restrictions; for instance, it cannot alter or explain any royal statute, without the consent of the sovereign, nor can it deal with other existing statutes, unless the measure is first approved of by a select council, termed the Hebdomadal Board. The House of Congregation is more select, consisting of two classes, "necessary regents"—doctors of every faculty, and masters of arts in the first year of regency—and "*regents ad placitum*," consisting of all who have passed the year of necessary

* Noblemen, and sons of noblemen, may take the rank without the labour which the untitled must undergo.

† It was an *office*, with the duty attached of presiding over the disputations of the schools.

Digitized by Google

regency. The business is principally confined to the passing of graces and dispensations, and to the granting of degrees. In both Houses, questions are generally determined by a majority of voices. The exceptions are peculiar. The Vice-Chancellor and proctors, who preside, have, upon all questions submitted, the power of an absolute negative, the former singly, the latter jointly. In supplications for graces, each member of Congregation is invested, in addition to the general right of suffrage, with a suspending negative upon each grace, for three times, as the grace is proposed in three distinct Congregations; but previously to the fourth supplication, he is required to state privately to the Vice-Chancellor and proctors the ground and proof of his objection, which are subsequently submitted for the consideration of the House. All suffrages for or against graces and dispensations, given by the words "*placet*" or "*nonplacet*," are whispered secretly in the ear of the proctor.

The Hebdomadal Board is composed of the Vice-Chancellor, heads of houses—that is, colleges and halls—and the proctors, who deliberate on all matters relating to the preservation of the privileges and liberties of the University, and inquire into and consult respecting the due observance of statutes and customs.

The highest University office is the Chancellorship, which, prior to the middle of the 15th century, was always filled by a churchman. Three men of note have occupied the honourable post since the magnificent Leicester—Archbishop Laud from 1630 to 1641, Oliver Cromwell from 1650 to 1657, and the Duke of Wellington since 1834. The office was triennial till 1484, when John Russell, Bishop of London, was appointed for life. The other principal officers are the Seneschallus, or High Steward, appointed by the Chancellor, subject to the approbation of Convocation. His duties are chiefly judicial. A Vice-Chancellor is annually named by the Chancellor from the heads of colleges, and approved in Convocation. Two proctors, masters of arts of at least four years' standing, are annually appointed as the heads of police, and terror of evil-doers. They are chosen by the suffrages of each college in turn. We need not run further through the catalogue.

Learned Cambridge has not avoided the amiable weakness which tempts corporations and men to lose themselves in the regions of myth. Envious, possibly, of the distinguished origin of her brilliant rival, she has travelled in search of a founder twelve centuries beyond the time of Alfred. It would be idle to examine the merits of the claims preferred on behalf of Cantaber the Spaniard, B.C. 394; of Sigebert, the East Anglian King, A.D. 630; or of Edward the Elder. If the latter king founded the University, it is clear that it had long fallen into decay, for there is no authentic evidence of vitality earlier than the reign of Henry I. In the year 1110 the Abbot of Croyland sent four ecclesiastics to Cambridge to teach the sciences. They commenced humbly, by teaching in a barn, and the audience increased so rapidly that no barn or other place was large enough for the students. The early development of the University was much of the same character as that of Oxford. Peter House, the first college, was founded by Hugh Balsham, Bishop of Ely, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

Five colleges were founded in the next century: Clare Hall,* in 1326, by the Lady Elizabeth, sister and coheir of Gilbert, Earl of Clare; Pembroke College, in 1347, by Mary de St. Paul, widow of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; Gonville and Caius, in 1348, by Edmund Gonville, greatly augmented, in 1558, by Dr. John Caius; Trinity Hall, in 1350, by Bishop Bateman; and Corpus Christi College, in 1351, by two of the Cambridge Guilds.

In the fifteenth century four more colleges were added to the University, namely, King's College, splendidly endowed by Henry VI., in 1441; Queen's College, in 1446 and 1465, by Margaret of Anjou, wife of Edward VI., and Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV.; St. Catharine's Hall, in 1473, by Robert Wodelarke, D.D., Chancellor of the University and Provost of King's; and Jesus College, in 1496, by John Alcock, Bishop of Ely.

Six houses were founded in the sixteenth century: Christ College, in 1505, by the Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII.; St. John's College, in 1511, by the same noble lady; Magdalen College, in 1529, by Thomas, Lord Audley, of Walden; Trinity College, in 1546, by Henry VIII. augmented by Queen Mary; Emanuel College, in 1584, by Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Sidney Sussex College, in 1598, by Lady Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex. Downing College, the only subsequent addition, was founded in 1800, by Sir George Downing, with two professorships of law and medicine.

At the Reformation the colleges were suppressed by Henry, but restored at the same time with those of Oxford. The King marked the crisis by the noble endowment of Trinity College out of three others, St. Mary's College, King's Hall, and Fishwick Hostel.

The University was incorporated by Elizabeth as "The Chancellor, master, and scholars of the University of Cambridge."† The Maiden Queen, as became a scholar of her royal pretensions, was graciously pleased to bestow distinguished marks of her favour on the University. In 1564 she visited Cambridge, where she was received with great pomp and magnificence. She testified her satisfaction in a Latin oration, wherein she assured the University of her protection, and of her intention to encourage learning to the utmost of her power. Elizabeth's pedantic successor honoured Cambridge with his presence in 1615. The scholars, with little credit to their intelligence, patriotism, or independence, flattered the despotic taste of the visitor by enacting "Ignoramus," a comic entertainment in ridicule of our common law, at which the British Solomon rejoiced exceedingly. It was there that the King saw, for the first time, George Villiers, the future master of our heaven-

* There is no distinction between the colleges and halls of Cambridge, as at Oxford.

† 13 Elizabeth, c. 29.

Digitized by Google

descended monarch. But the name of Villiers reflects little credit on his alma mater; every reader of history must remember how, by order of Charles I., he was chosen Chancellor of the University, in manifest contempt of the House of Commons, by whom he had just been impeached. The boy actor was father to the man.

The revenue of the University is under 5,000*l.* per annum. The principal portion is from the Rectory of Burwell and a farm at Burton, about 1,000*l.* a year. Matriculation, degrees, cautions, &c., yield about 2,000*l.*. The officers, such as bedells, proctors, &c. are paid by fees, amounting to about 2,400*l.* per annum. We have no means of estimating the college revenues. Some of them are very large, as King's College, which has about 20,000*l.* a year. It is said that the aggregate fellowships are worth 90,000*l.* But, independently of the estates, a large income must be derived from the pensioners, that is, the ordinary students not on the foundations. Take the total number, stated at 3,000, and, deducting therefrom the persons on the foundations, the lowest average charged for tuition, rent, and other college payments, will give, at least, 47,500*l.* a year. The number of fellowships is about 400, and the scholarships nearly 700. The Church patronage of the whole colleges exceed 300 advowsons.

Cambridge does not differ materially from her elder sister in the oligarchic and restrictive character of her constitution. The legislative body is called the Senate, and is composed of masters of arts and doctors in the three faculties who have had their names on the college boards a sufficient time. It is divided into two Houses, the regents and non-regents—the first of masters of arts of not less than five years', and doctors of two years' standing; the other House, of all other qualified electors. The meetings are termed Congregations.*

As at Oxford, the University has a standing council, named the Caput. It is chosen annually, and is composed of the Vice-Chancellor *ex officio*, a doctor from each faculty, and two masters of arts from each House of the Senate. Every University grace must be approved of by the Caput before it can be introduced to the Senate. One most important fact is worthy of particular attention. No grace of the Senate is considered valid which is inconsistent with the statutes of the 12th of Elizabeth, or with kings' letters which have been accepted and acted upon by the University.† The executive constitution is similar to that of Oxford.

The University of Dublin, with its single college, is a corporation of later date, but hardly of less importance, if we regard the wealth with which it has been endowed. It was incorporated in 1591‡ as "The College of the Holy and undivided Trinity, near Dublin, founded by the most serene Queen Elizabeth." In 1614 it received the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament,§ and it received additional privileges from Charles I. in 1637. The collegiate body consists of a provost, seven senior fellows, eighteen junior fellows, seventy scholars, and thirty sizars. The whole government is committed to the provost and senior fellows, who determine all elections of fellows, scholars, and college officers, and grant graces for all University degrees.

There is a University Senate, or House of Congregation, of which all masters of arts, and doctors, having their names on the college books, and resident in the college, are members. The Caput Senatus Academici is a council consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, the provost or vice-provost, and the senior master non-regent, resident in the college. Every grace must pass the Caput before it can be proposed to the rest of the Senate; and each member of the Caput has a negative voice.

The income from landed estates is nearly 14,000*l.*, exclusive of the provost's estates, valued at 2,400*l.* a-year. From class fees the income is stated at the large sum of 30,000*l.*, in addition to considerable receipts from rents of chambers, commons fees, &c.

In looking a little into the general merits of the question, it may be legitimately assumed that the Universities stand in need of some internal reformation. This is not denied by their advocates in controversy; it has been practically admitted by the heads of the corporations in the efforts made for educational improvements at Cambridge, and more recently at Oxford. The defects complained of by University reformers of moderate views may be reduced to two classes: those which are constitutional, arising either from some original imperfection in the constitution of the bodies politic of the Universities, or from innovations made in the course of time; and those educational, the results of a narrow or exclusive instructional system. We have now to look at the effects in excluding or restricting large classes of the people from the intellectual benefits, and social or professional advantages, of a University education. In the constitutional class are to be included those in the nature of *prima facie* restrictions, and those which only virtually, but with equal effect, exclude classes; the one from sectarianism, and the other from monopoly.

Some constitutional defects must be apparent to the reader from the slight sketch we have given of these institutions. The oligarchism and restrictions on legislation are very manifest. Within three centuries, at Oxford and Cambridge, two wealthy and powerful corporate confederacies have grown up, or rather grown down, for the progress of the federal principle was not in the natural order, but from general to particular. The Universitas, to borrow the technical language of the Roman jurists, preceded the Collegia; or, in political phrase, the union, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, was antecedent to the formation of the federal states. We have shown that, both at Oxford and Cambridge, Universities enjoying all the rights, and conferring all the advantages and honours of such corporations, existed ages before the establishment of the first of the existing collegiate houses. The growth of the federal consti-

* When held out of term, they are called Convocations; but they are converted by grace into Congregations.

† Cambridge Calendar.

‡ 34 Elizabeth.

§ Oxford and Cambridge acquired the same privileges in 1603.

Digitized by Google

tution began about the period of the Reformation. There is no doubt that prior to the Reformation the government was on a very popular basis; we have noted the causes which narrowed it. Collegiate monopoly grew and flourished from the decay of the ancient halls. From a great fact the University grew down to a corporate fiction; the heads and fellows of the endowed colleges became the University. It is a confederacy without substantial authority over the federal members. To Alma Mater each society owes only a nominal allegiance, but no real responsibility.

The reason of this will be apparent from a consideration of the different relations in which the corporations of the Universities, and their separate series of affiliated colleges, or private societies, stand towards the State. It is extremely desirable that a clear apprehension should be made of the distinction. The University is a public lay corporation, akin in legal character and responsibilities to our municipalities, the creature of the State, and therefore responsible to the State; the colleges are charitable foundations, the creation of pious and benevolent persons, subject only, as far as regards their good government, to the visitorial authority created by the act of foundation. Hence the practical difficulties in the way of dealing with this question, from the identity of the persons composing both corporations, and from the totally distinct character of the interests they represent, and the legal responsibility of their position. The difficulty is one of comparatively modern creation, and will be fully understood by consideration of the statutes passed under the Chancellorship of Laud; the chief cause, as must be apparent to every one, is the provision which makes membership of one of the existing colleges, or halls, the precedent condition of admission to University rights and privileges.

We therefore arrive at the first result in limitation of the right of all persons to participate in these national institutions, the imposition of religious tests, a condition precedent of admission to study at Oxford and at Cambridge to University honours. But for the all-powerful influence of the collegiate houses in the Universities, this unjust and obnoxious restraint on the admission of all Dissenters from the articles and doctrines of the Church of England must long ere this have been removed. Although legally lay corporations, these colleges are essentially ecclesiastic in composition. Hence much of that feeling of enmity against these venerable institutions excited in the breasts of the excluded classes. But apart altogether from the question of endowments, a secondary consideration, on general grounds of right no exclusion of any class from *University* privileges can be justified, unless it can be shown that this public corporation was created for other purposes than the advancement of learning. A favourite argument for exclusion is this, that there is no precedent whatever for the interference in the University statutes by authority of Parliament; that the various acts from the 1st of Edward IV. to the 13th of Elizabeth, all proceed upon the recognition of the University as existing from time immemorial, with power to make its own statutes. But immemorial prescription is not older than law; and the law presumes a legal creation with its co-ordinate responsibility to the creator. This, with all due respect for the argument of a learned fellow of Ball iol, is the doctrine laid down in the books, and it is consistent with reason and right. That the right of the State to interfere is reasonable, will appear on consideration of some of the social and professional advantages resulting from a University education. The mere conventional status of a degree need not be enlarged on. In professional life it is most important. As respects the claims of Dissenters, we need not insist that it is the indispensable passport to the Church, and to practice in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts; it is notorious that in other learned professions a degree is invaluable. On entrance to the profession of the law, it spares the student a large expenditure of money; and on the toilsome ascent from the junior bar to forensic honours there is a prestige attached to the academic rank more valuable than any money can purchase. There was more than compliment in the recent declaration of a learned judge, that he deeply regretted through life that it had not been his good fortune to share the advantages and honours of a University. Unless Parliament, in its supreme care for everything and everybody, should some day declare these conventional and professional advantages void by Act of Parliament, we humbly submit that non-subscription of the Thirty Nine Articles should not debar any man from Oxford or Cambridge. The oldest of Oxonian Old lights have argued that the University did not cease to be national because the government of it was vested in the heads of colleges; and every University advocate in Parliament, in the recent debates, admitted the right of the Legislature to interfere.

Before we leave this part of the subject, we would only remark that, granting for argument the Church of Englandism of the Universities, they are not theological seminaries. Though the Protestant Church of England has always been recruited from their ranks, University membership was only a condition precedent. It was not till the recent changes in the international system that theological studies formed a distinctive feature of an undergraduate career. On the general inexpediency of the exclusion, a passage from a famous pamphlet, written by Mr. Thirlwall, of Cambridge, now Bishop of St. David's, is worthy of reproduction:—

"All observation and all analogy (says the historian) lead us to expect that the sons of Dissenters of the middling class—and it is such alone that we have to look for here—would add strength to that part of our students which we desire to see growing, till it absorb all the rest: to that part which includes the quiet, the temperate, the thoughtful, the industrious; those who feel the value of their time and the dignity of their pursuits. Such Dissenters we have had, and have now amongst us. I wish we had more of them. I should think the advantage of their presence cheaply purchased by any share of our endowments which, if all were thrown open to competition, they would be able to obtain."

This is a consummation unconnected with any considerations of the collegiate endowments, as

Digitized by Google

desirable for the intellectual character of the Universities as for the interests of the excluded classes. It can only be attained by restoring the Universities to their original, independent, and distinctive positions, and an alteration of the matriculative provisions of the Caroline Statutes is obviously the first step towards this end.*

The two other principal causes of exclusion from the benefits of these national institutions are the direct results of the college monopoly. Little need be said on the limitation arising from the want of sufficient college accommodation. When we take into account the dimensions of the houses, after accommodating the members on the foundations, it is evident there can be little room for independent students. The evil is less seriously felt at Cambridge than at Oxford, since, when the colleges are full, permission is granted to the students to reside in private houses, as at the Scottish Universities. The chief objection to such a course arises from the want of supervision which a college possesses over those who live within its walls. This, however, is in some degree compensated by the attendance at chapel and in hall. But, even without the ability to enforce these points of English academic discipline, the position of extra-collegiate students would not be worse than in the Universities of Scotland and Germany; at all events, any evils which result from the necessary laxity of discipline arising therefrom are not greater than the too common results of dissipation, extravagance, and other indiscretions, so common at Oxford as well as Cambridge. We readily grant the great importance of this kind of supervision, and it is to be desired that it were carried out to the fullest extent in all colleges; but better surely, for the general good, is education, even without the advantages of the discipline belonging to collegiate residence, than no education at all. In allowing due weight to the superior academic discipline of England, we must, of course, save and except the moot point of constant chapel attendance. Scandal records that one of our Norman kings rewarded a priest with a bishopric because he was expeditious in scrambling through the services. The head of the Church must provide more bishoprics than even the most zealous Anglicans desire to reward the proficiency which Oxonian and Cantab readers have acquired in the art. The maximum speed attained has been twelve minutes and a half; but a rate of fifteen is accounted fair speed. The inutility of the rule is apparent, with these calculations as the result. Some of the finest passages of Wordsworth's poem are directed to the monstrous desecrations daily committed through this compulsory attendance: the gentle counsel of the poet may have more influence with the college authorities than anything yet said to induce them to season zeal for the observance of religious ordinances with discretion.

* The whole question of the right of Dissenters to admission to the benefits and privileges of the Universities was so ably argued by Mr. W. D. Christie, late M.P. for Weymouth, that we cannot do better than refer the reader desirous of further information to a recent republication of the principal speech of the honourable and learned gentleman in the House of Commons.

Obviously the most effectual remedy for want of accommodation would be, as suggested by Mr. Roundell Palmer (and the suggestion is of great value, coming from so distinguished a member of Oxford), to resort to the ancient practice of establishing licensed halls for instruction. While it would obviate the defect of want of accommodation, it would have a most important bearing on the question of University expenses, the grand cause of the modern decline of the Universities as popular instructors.

It may be objected that these halls would lack the inducements to study now held out by college fellowships. But this, we apprehend, is to mistake the purpose of these institutions. College fellowships, when first endowed, were designed as provisions for men of learning not likely to obtain suitable employment in the busy world, and to enable them through life to pursue learning undistracted by the necessity of exertion for daily bread—they were places of shelter for the toilers in the unexplored fields of knowledge. The case is different now, when the advance of knowledge does not depend on the labours of the Universities. Science may stand indebted deeply to a few Cambridge scholars, but the whole practical tendency of the life fellowships is now to enable men to sink into a dignified repose, after the easy exertion of three or four years in early youth to obtain University distinction. With all respect for the opinion of so eminent a man as Sir David Brewster, we cannot concur in a remark lately made by him, that the want of fellowships in the Scottish Universities is detrimental to scientific investigation. If any law could be made to compel fellows to work for the general good, it might in part remove the objection. When Oxford beats the unbeneficed scholars of Germany, it will be time to urge the importance or necessity of fellowships for the cause of education and learning.

University extravagance has long been a popular theme for declamation. Does a luckless youth, fresh from the restraints of school or home, emulate the career of the unhappy Toby, till

> "Mace and cue,
> The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge
> From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
> The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
> Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,"

earn him, not learning's honours, but a place at the bar of an insolvent's court, the Sunday newspapers teem with Billingsgate philippics on the culpable neglect of college authorities. Every one deplores ruined families and blighted hopes, through boyish extravagance and the knavery of tradesmen; but few trouble themselves to look at the grand cause, the collegiate monopoly which has converted seminaries designed for popular instruction into fashionable resorts for Plutocratic exclusiveness. It is not the remissness of heads or tutors, but the wholesale idolatry of Mammon which has grown into these and other institutions. The temptations in the path are so numerous and alluring, one feels surprised, not that young men who have made their

Digitized by Google

first entrance into the busy world should at times fall, but that any should pass scatheless through the dangerous ordeal.

Let the unreforming advocates of the Universities smooth away the charges with plausible calculations, it is impossible for any reflecting person to hold otherwise than that the existing system practically tends to exclude all but the sons of the wealthy. Take even the lowest sum stated by the senior representative of the University of Oxford, as the amount sufficient to get through the university year, it does seem that it is an amount beyond the means of a large class of persons by whom it is fitting such institutions should be enjoyed. "The expenses," says Sir Robert Inglis, "are not necessarily great; 90*l.* is enough, and 140*l.* an abundant allowance."* It is well known that 140*l.* is far below the average cost; and it should be borne in mind that it covers little more than one-half of the year. For such a sum, a man can maintain himself frugally, but as a gentleman, at one of the Scottish Universities. Either sum may seem paltry in the eyes of the fortunate possessors of thousands per annum; but to the mass of the clergy, to men in the ranks of the law and medicine, military and naval officers, literary men, artists, and other persons of intellectual refinement, and narrow means, who would that their children should share the advantages they have seen and experienced, it is a substantial, and too often an insurmountable, difficulty. If we would obviate it, we must again resort to the hall system, which seems to us fraught with moral as well as material advantages, on the consideration of economy. On this point we again borrow from the excellent speech of Mr. Roundell Palmer:—

"They cannot," says the honourable and learned gentleman, "well begin, *de novo*, in existing institutions; but nothing would be more easy, if new halls were opened, than to place them from the beginning under a strict and economical discipline. Let all the meals be in common—no expensive private furniture be allowed—habits all in accordance with the class of students likely to frequent them. Thus would they at once enlarge the benefits of the Universities and diminish the expense."†

It is surely not considered indispensable that our students should be lodged in palaces, or accustomed to all the ceremonial pomp and circumstance of the aristocratic colleges. Therein Oxford has not shown her customary regard for the authority of antiquity. For the masses of young men who have to seek their fortune in the busy world, the formation of simple and economical habits at this, the most important, period of life, is of high consequence, and not less so for those who by fortune may be placed beyond the necessity of labour. Such an experiment, carried out on an adequate scale, could not fail to operate by way of salutary example on the established colleges.

Under the head of educational defects we have now to glance briefly at the limitations arising, first, from the general character of University education, and next from the nature of the machinery chiefly as it affects the development of these institutions in agreement with the intellectual progress of the times. Much popular ignorance and prejudice prevails in reference to this part of the question. To summarize the popular belief, Oxford is only a large classical school, devoted to word-grinding and the scholastic interpretations of Aristotle; while Cambridge is considered a collection of dusty savans, who have got a little way beyond the Newtonian era. That they are addicted exclusively to the classics or mathematics is only partially true. A great change has taken place since the days when Francis Jeffrey wrote of Oxford, "Except it be prayers and drinking, I see nothing else that it seems possible to acquire in this place," which he quitted in intense disgust at the idleness which prevailed. There was possibly some national prejudice in the mind of one who had actively experienced the popular teaching of Glasgow. Drowsy tutorial lessons in the classics lacked the animation and emulation stirred up by the lectures of the Scottish professors in ethics and philosophy. But Oxford has made marked progress in improvement within the last half century. The classics have long been the distinctive not the exclusive feature of her tuition; and from the changes effected in the course of the present year it is probable that it will be less so in future. But while we heartily abjure all participation in the pseudo utilitarian and petty commercial spirit which ignorantly contemns all classical studies, it seems to us that Oxford has been too scholastically classic. Minerva forbid that we should ever look on the precious fragments of Greek and Roman thought as the mummies of letters, or the pure and expressive idiom in which they are preserved —the *literæ humaniores*—as dead language; nevertheless, we prefer the spirit to the dry bones of antiquity. We would rather elucidate the political philosophy of Thucydides than his verbal obscurities, and prefer the lyric grandeur of Æschylus to minute criticism on the structure of his verse. But it is otherwise at our great seat of learning. As good Queen Bess said of her amatory life, may Oxford say of antiquity—

"The shales be mine, the kernels others are."

Germany has far outstripped her in the utilities of learning; and even Scotland, deficient as she is in depth of mere word-scholarship, has in this very year, by the Lord Rector of Glasgow, and the Professor of Latin at Aberdeen, done more for the popularity of the classics than Oxford in the last five and twenty. Granting the importance of

* The following statement of the Cambridge expenses is taken from the Calendar of that University for the present year:—tuition, 10*l.*; room rent, 10*l.* (a low average, for the rent of rooms varies from 4*l.* to 31*l.*—lodgings cost, at least, 18s., or for twenty-five weeks, 27*l.* 10s.); attendance, assessed taxes, &c., 6*l.* 5s; coals, 3*l.* 10s.; college payments, 5*l.* 7s. 4d.—35*l.* 2s. 4d. Cost of living—breakfast, dinner, and tea, at 16s. 6d. a week, making the average, for three terms residence, a year, 20*l.* 12s. 6d.; laundress, 5*l.* 8s; total, 61*l.* 2s. 10d. If the student indulges in private tuition, it will cost him from 7*l.* to 14*l.* per term. This statement, it will be observed, covers less than one-half of the year. It does not include clothes, furniture, books, medical attendance, &c. No estimate is made of the plunder of the most steady-going undergraduates by Oxford "scouts," or Cantab "gyps," and their patrons of the shopocracy. The cost, we believe, is less at Dublin.

† Speech in the House of Commons, July 18, 1850.

Digitized by Google

the intellectual discipline, the use of a minute knowledge of both tongues for philological purposes, and the practical utility of a mastery of Latin as essential to the divine, lawyer, and scholar, of what benefit to the man who must rub shoulder with the gentlemen-peddling of modern England is the ability, save as an elegant accomplishment, to write Greek with Porsonian correctness, or Latin verse with Walter Savage Landor's *verve* and elegance? We censure, and justly, the subtlety and quibbling of the schoolmen; but, with all the puerilities and faults, their nice logical distinctions and hair-splitting tended to sharpen the intellect. The excessive addiction to grammatical niceties is sure to deaden it in youth. Words, says the philosopher of Malmesbury, are the counters of wise men and the money of fools: we need not say which pass current on the banks of the Isis. It may make erudite editors of Greek plays, but for the practical duties of life which appertain to the divine, the physician, and the lawyer, it is study nearly as useful as the life-long labour of Jean Paul Richter's hero, who made a stupendous collection of *errata* from all the libraries of Europe. As a nation we are very rich in living remains of Greece in her inestimable sculptures; but Greek art, the most remarkable characteristic of that people, is precisely the point of classical knowledge to which the Universities pay the least attention. These are the educational defects of Oxford, rather than in any exclusive devotion to classical studies. It would seem to result from the preference of the tutorial to the more popular teaching of the professorial system. In philosophy the success and superior advantages of the latter have been amply demonstrated in Scotland under Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Sir William Hamilton. The late Sir Daniel Sandford (thanks to Oxford for that admirable teacher), proved its importance in the higher branches of classical teaching, as many sorrowful friends and pupils for his too early loss can testify. While he held the Greek chair at Glasgow he stirred up an enthusiasm for the classics, and he may be said to have created a new era in the history of that University. Who has made better practical logicians than Professor Buchanan, by his clear and most popular expositions and lectures on philosophy and logic? Should there be a revival of the old hall system at Oxford, a larger extension of the professorial with a just union of tutorial instruction will probably be brought about. The former would be most in harmony with the more popular spirit of the plan. If the colleges choose to lag behind, they will, of course, be at perfect liberty to do so; but the wholesome influence of a just and well-regulated competition will tend to keep them moving. Oxford now rejoices in a very learned professor of Greek—

"Passing rich on forty pounds a-year—"

but he is only an ornamental professor. Oxonian annals recount no triumphs of the lecture-room, and apologists account for silence from the example of the last hundred years. The seven hundred pounds per annum paid to the Esquire Bedell for carrying the Vice-Chancellor's mace, popularly called "Poker," and the forty pounds to the Greek Professor, is a disproportion in the rewards of merit which must, however, be the subject of antecedent change to a large and efficient reform.

The changes some time ago introduced at Cambridge in the enlarged system of previous examination, and examination for degree, are well known to the public, and promise to work well. Those adopted at Oxford within the last few months are not so well understood. That they look well, theoretically, is all that can be affirmed with certainty. Hitherto, there have only been two examinations; for the future, there will be three. The third embraces the chief enlargements, in the institution of four new schools. The first comprises the present subjects of examination, with proper regard to philosophy and history; the second for mathematics and physics; the third in natural science, including mechanics, chemistry, and physiology; and the fourth in jurisprudence and modern history. Two of these must be passed by every candidate for a degree, and any student may enter for honours in one or all. With all the enlargement, however, it is not understood that the extent of the examination will surpass, if it equal, the severe tests required by the University of London. Just apprehensions are entertained as to the practicability of the scheme, from the want of a sufficient instructional machinery. Not that there is any imputation on the present learning of Oxford, or in her teachers any similarity to the class of a bygone day, so severely described by Lord Jeffrey as "men who had in their youth, by dint of regular, persevering, and indefatigable study, painfully acquired a considerable knowledge of the requisite branches of science, which knowledge served only to make them pedants, and to render still more austere and disgusting that torpid insensibility and awkwardness which they had contracted in the course of their painful retirement from the world." The high honours which the majority of the fourscore tutors of the colleges have attained precludes its application. But the fear is, that the too zealous devotion to the classics, to the exclusion even of mathematics, will prevent that enlarged attention to the new subjects necessary to carry out the spirit of the enactments. Under the present system, the appointment of tutors is confined to the fellows of colleges, and, making deductions of those non-resident and of those who acquire tutorial right, not by virtue of expressly-ascertained fitness for the office, but through promotion from scholarships acquired by election previous to matriculation, it is calculated the choice will be limited on the average from seven to ten persons. The fear is, that it will be vain to look, for some time to come, for qualifications in tuition on the enlarged requirements of the late statutes from so small a body of men, brought up under the system hitherto in use.

From these various considerations it seems, on careful reflection, that the existing defects, constitutional and educational, are to be remedied chiefly by removing some of the restrictions on academic legislation we have noted, by the establishment, on an extended scale, of new halls, by throwing open

Digitized by Google

the right of tuition to all masters of arts, as in days of old, and by the appointment of a comprehensive professorial establishment, not as an ornamental adjunct but as the primary educational instrument of University education. To this extent we concur in the justice and necessity of the popular demand, that the great Universities should be made national institutions.

The condition of the collegiate endowments is another question for graver consideration. However desirable it may seem, as no doubt it is, that the most liberal use of these noble benefactions should be given to the public, it must not be forgotten, that though they are applied for a public purpose they are still private charities, subject only to the government appointed by the founders. The policy of our laws has always been to pay implicit respect to the lawful injunctions of public benefactors. It is an expedient as well as a just policy, as it tends to encourage benevolence, and the foundation of useful institutions. However whimsical* or inconvenient the provisions accompanying private benefactions may seem to some, they should be regarded as sacred, if consistent in all respects with the law of the land. But interference in this view is not only inexpedient, but, couched in the abstract terms of demand recently made, it manifestly tends to the insecurity of the rights of property. With as much right might the mere parrot reformers demand that the twenty-nine colleges affiliated to the London University, most of which, we believe, are proprietary establishments, should be made national institutions in the sense implied.† It is obviously a mistake to conclude from the *prima facie* consideration that there was a change of religion at the time of the Reformation, that it altered the relations in which the colleges stood towards the public. It could only affect the question so far as concerned the imposition of new religious tests, and the right to do so is only to be determined by a careful comparison of all the separate statutes with the original injunctions of the founders; and this applies only to those colleges erected by subjects when Romanism was the faith of England. For the most part, the great public has only a reversionary interest in these colleges. Sometimes a first provision is made for the lineal and collateral descendants of the founders; then the benefits of foundation are confined, as in the case of New College, Oxford, and King's College, Cambridge, to particular schools; and, thirdly, to particular districts, varying in extent from a manor to a diocese. When these various wants are supplied, then is the general public entitled to participate, under the conditions prescribed by the benefactor. The Procrustean theorists have no more right to alienate them than they have to seize an almshouse in the smallest town in England, and make it "national property." Apply the appropriation principle to all the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and every school in England, from the Charter-house to the smallest local grammar-school, may be diverted from its original purpose. The assertion that the heads and fellows of the colleges have departed from the original injunctions in some instances, does not strengthen the case; it does not, in the abstract view of the case, give the public absolute jurisdiction over them. If the managers of these charities have exceeded their proper functions, or neglected their duties, there is a remedy by appeal to the constituted visitors; and to them only. This was some time in doubt; but the dictum of Lord Chief Justice Holt, in the case of Exeter College, confirmed by the Court of Error, settled the question, that the visitor has sole jurisdiction.* It is said that by the statutes of some, if not all, of the colleges, the visitors are empowered to examine into the mode of administration; but for a long period their authority has only been exercised in the case of appeals. The Crown is visitor, by original appointment, of several of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; and if the power, which has not been exercised since the time of Henry VIII., were revived, and Parliament might usefully assist in doing so, it might tend greatly to the common advantage of the colleges and the public. There is, doubtless, nothing to prevent Parliament, exercising that supreme power which it unconstitutionally possesses, from converting these endowments altogether from their original purposes (for there is no limitation to its boundless prerogative); but it is clear that such an act would be opposed to all principles of justice and right, and we are not likely to see it perpetrated in our times.

University reform must be University renovation, not college spoliation. In almost all our educational and charitable endowments, in adhering to the letter we have departed from the spirit of the intentions of the benefactors. The patrimony of the poor has been converted to the further enrichment of the affluent. Take, for example, the two great schools of Winchester and Eton, provided for the clothing, sustenance, and education, in each, of seventy "poor and indigent scholars." These schools are now in the exclusive possession of the aristocratic and wealthy. Miss Mitford has immortalised a precocious Etonian who, when somewhere about the ripe age of eleven, conjured his mamma "not to come to see him until she had got her new carriage, lest he should be quizzed by the rest of the *men*." That intelligent youth doubtless complied with the strict injunctions of the royal founder, by swearing, when admitted, that he had not 3*l.* 6s. per annum to spend! For provosts, wardens, and fellows no earthly institutions could be more desirable. The children of the wealthy, who can pay all the exactions of entrance-fees, "leaving-money," and the thousand

* As the restrictions imposed by the founder of the Anglo-Saxon professorship at Oxford, declaring that no natives of Scotland, Ireland, or of the Plantations, nor members of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, shall be appointed. Better far Anglo-Saxon instruction from Englishmen, or Welshmen, than no instruction at all; which would possibly have been the case had the worthy founder imagined that a time might come when the doctrines of equality would be insured by law.

† We except, of course, from this reasoning the royal benefactions to the colleges, which are in the nature of public property.

* We are glad to see that an efficient visitorial power has lately been asserted by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of the fine endowments of Dulwich College.

Digitized by Google

and one et ceteras of customary extortion, are always welcome; but the poor man's son has no place within his own mansion. The same misappropriation of charity property prevails, more or less, at almost every endowed school in England. It is sad to think that, with the great increase of the value of property bequeathed, there has, with few exceptions, been no extension of the benefaction. Thus at St. Paul's School, though the revenues are said to have increased fifty-fold, the scholars are still of the same number as in the days of Dean Colet; the strictness with which the trustees have adhered to the Dean's injunction to educate 153 scholars is only exceeded by the liberal interpretation of the salary clauses, and the sumptuousness of the apposition feasts. There is not so much of that vulgar, selfish jobbing in the colleges of the Universities as in our foundation schools; still they have been, in a great measure, diverted from the purpose for which they were designed, of affording education to poor scholars. There is, however, one college which deserves mention as an honourable exception. At St. John's, Cambridge, there are 114 scholarships, the most of which are open to the sons of the poorest and most humble men. The poorest scholar is as well cared for by his college as the richest. With moderate ability, and if of respectable character, the humblest student may readily acquire a provision for life in one of the college livings. A perpetual curacy, or small vicarage in the fens, may not, in a worldly sense, be to the soaring spirit the *summum bonum* of existence; but it is something for one who, in his own sphere of life, might otherwise be destined to hew wood and draw water. We have happily got over the prejudice of last century against the education of poor scholars, and juster notions now prevail as to the uses of University education. It may be that there are still some who regard it solely as the means to a speedy and snug provision for life. Even in this low view of the case the advantages to the public are obvious. It is an inducement to humble ambition to strive, by self-exertion, to raise his position in society. The humblest youth in the land may thus become a minister of the Church. Is he impelled to that vocation by sordid views of interest, he has only to obey strictly the metrical version of a famous episcopal charge, attributed, as all things good, bad, and indifferent, are to the fertile wit of the century:—

> "Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
> Dance not, fiddle not, flute not;
> Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs,
> But stay at home and feed your pigs.
> And, above all, I make it my particular desire,
> That at least once a week you dine with the 'squire."

And, not forgetting to vote always as the college directs, the happy man may blamelessly accomplish his sublunary journey with ease and respectability. But there are other prizes in life than fen livings for which a University education can alone qualify the poor man. Why should these be denied to him, when the benevolence of past ages has provided that the means should be placed within his reach? The noble educational endowments scattered through every corner of the land are the inalienable property of the poor. They must now be restored to their proper use. The able efforts of Mr. Whiston to this end are beyond all praise. Though fighting almost single-handed against the power of a cathedral corporation, we cannot doubt that, supported by public opinion, he must in the end succeed, not only in the immediate object in view, but in attracting general attention to the restoration of all our charities to their original purpose. Were they so restored, England, in point of popular education, might hold her head as proudly as the most State-drilled country of Europe.

It now only remains to offer one or two remarks on the proposal made by her Majesty's Government to commence the work of University reform by the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry. That such a course is useless, not to say unconstitutional, will appear on very slight examination of the question. The Prime Minister admits that it would be illegal for the Crown to exercise any compulsory powers; but he says there is no compulsion in the case, he only asks for information. The distinction is too fine for ordinary perception. If any attempts to touch the endowments by a Royal Commission are illegal, it is surely not less illegal to interfere with them by inquiry, in the manner proposed, into their local concerns. Lord John Russell defended the proposal by his usual appeals to precedent; but precedents, be they as plentiful as place-hunters, or as ancient as Whiggery, have no authority if in opposition to a clear and well defined constitutional principle; and even Lord John's precedents were not precedents in the ordinary sense—the cases cited from the palmy days when commissions flourished were not analogous to the matter in point. This was so clearly pointed out in the debate that we need not dwell further on the subject. It was a proposal which ought to have been resisted by every man who set the slightest value on his constitutional rights and liberties. But is our Prime Minister likely to obtain the information he desires by the course proposed? His Commission, which has just been appointed, cannot compel the attendance of one witness, it cannot enforce the production of one document. It is only a fishing Commission; and we venture to say it will only meet with the success which attends all experimental piscators. Lord John Russell, with all his professed desire for University reform, has only retarded it. He has placed the colleges in a kind of antagonism to the public. They not unnaturally dread an aggressive attack on their property, and they will take up and continue to hold a defensive position. No one looks for internal progress when a town is besieged by a hostile army. The tendency of the movement will be to check the spirit of improvement at work within the colleges as well as in the Universities. Men disposed to promote improvement by the wholesome system of self-government, will hesitate to hold any communication which may tend to injure the interests which they have solemnly pledged them-

Digitized by Google

selves to defend. At the very best, the Commission can only obtain a body of ex-parte statements devoid of one single element to constitute evidence. What honest legislature—should legislation hereafter be required—can proceed to act on such information, on any matter, much more so on one so deeply involving the rights of property and the sacred cause of charity? The noble lord, as the first adviser of the Crown, would have acted more wisely in advising the Crown to set the good example to the lawfully constituted authorities, by a faithful discharge of the visitorial duties intrusted to them over the colleges. Any inquiry which may be deemed necessary can only be lawfully and usefully made under authority of the high court of Parliament.

We confess that we have greater faith in the progress of improvement on the principle of self-government, moved by the healthy moral influence of public opinion, than in any speculative enactments of Parliament. But Parliament, if actuated by a calm and friendly spirit, may render material help to the cause of self-improvement, by passing declaratory acts to restore the Universities to the healthy state of freedom which existed prior to the encroachments made in the despotic times of the Tudors and the Stuarts. It may render freedom and intellectual progress far greater assistance in opening the benefits of the Universities to the largest number of the people, by helping these public corporations to correct the imperfections we have noted in their constitutions (and the colleges, too, if they ask help), and in making better safeguards against monopoly and oligarchism. The public at large may contribute to the good work, but they can only embark in it after a calm, careful, and dispassionate examination of the various points and considerations we have thus imperfectly indicated.

Should Parliament be forced, by the ultra-conservatism of the Universities, to commence the work of institutional renovation, it is manifest from the preceding considerations that the effort should chiefly be directed to the removal of college monopoly in government and education, and to the establishment of free halls, open to all. Open these time-honoured walls for the admission of the free spirit of modern times, and why should not Oxford, in the nineteenth century, far outstrip, by the popularity of her teaching, the throngs of the days of the third Henry?

BEATRICE.

Sweet odours spread around; faint zephyrs breathe,
Now sighing, rustling the rich shadowy leaves,
Now sinking into silence calm as Death's.
Soft sunlight sleeps upon the long thick grass,
Upon the stream that flows by, murmuring softly,
On the green ivy wrapping yon old abbey—
Memorial lone of centuries gone by,
When all around it of the transient speaks.
Life is most like a dream. In youth we pass,
We scarce know how, from warm life unto death;
The old man's dim eyes, long time darkening, close
As 'twere in some long sleep. The child's blue orbs
That now are tearful, now glance blithe with joy,
Close softly in the same long sleep of death.
Like to pure marble is her young form, lying
Upon yon couch, in Death's cold pulseless clasp.
A brief time gone those limbs moved fleet with life;
Those cheeks were roseate with the hue of youth,
Tinting their lustrous fairness; those meek eyes,
Now sealed 'neath chiselled marble, blue as heaven's
Rich skies, glanced round with joy upon earth's fairness,
Or throbbed beneath their alabaster lids,
Veined with faintest blue, in happy sleep.
How dewy were those lips, and sweet, and full,
And rosy, when stout health still dwelt on them,
And sweetly breathed the perfumed breath between!
And oh! how changed and ghastly are they now!
How softly heaved those pure twin breasts of snow,
Just budding in her opening womanhood;
That, though so wrapt up, told, by their glad surging,
The pulses of the happy heart below
Thou hast reached the bourn that all must one day reach.
Thy mother, who in anguish bends o'er thee,
Will linger here but for a short time more;
And thy old father, whose thin silver hairs
Have long been warning that life's sand was run,
Will look on few more suns upon this earth.
They should have passed away by course of nature
Long, long, before thy happy youth was o'er.
Thou should'st have closed their eyes in Death's deep sleep—
Bending o'er them in youth's wild short-lived anguish,
That soon would end in meekness to God's will;
And not, as now, be borne to thy young grave,
Followed by those whose breaking hearts tell plainly
That they will soon be borne the self-same road,
To the same sepulchre.

Digitized by Google

CRAIGALLAN CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

Every one knows the effects of a sultry summer evening upon the human constitution. Muscular action is well-nigh suspended, and the mind sinks under a lethargic torpor which is not easily dissipated. In such a state those who must work do it lazily, and those who can avoid exertion seek for repose either in actual slumber or in listless apathy; but at the time our tale commences, the evening had not been so far protracted as to warrant a creditable indulgence in the former alternative. "Drowsy tinklings" had not yet begun "to lull the distant folds," neither had the Ettrick Shepherd's criterion of even-tide arrived; for no amorous swains hovered about dairies to show it was the hour when the "kye come hame." The scene being laid in the country, the enervating state of nature was more strikingly apparent; clouds of dust rolled upon the road, raised less by the intensity of the wind than by the arid matter which lay upon its surface, and which had already robbed the hedges of their green, and clothed them in murky brown. Agricultural improvement did not appear to have made much progress, as the crops were scanty, the fields poorly inclosed, and the cottars' houses few in number, and destitute of external indications of comfort. Only one traveller was to be seen, and he was a pedestrian. His age might be about fifty, and his dress consisted of a suit of rusty black clothes, surmounted by a clerical gown of coarse material, in some places torn, and in all well garnished with the livery of the road. A slight halt in his walk increased the ungainliness of a gait predisposed to be awkward; his features presented that combination of shrewdness and stolidity which puzzles gouty justices of the peace, when they have to decide whether certain criminals belong to the rogue or fool genera—a combination which generally consists of a knowing eye and an open mouth. He limped along what literally was to him a weary way; all the huts that he passed were considerably off the wayside, and as none of them seemed to meet his views as suitable for passing the night, he held on his way in search of more appropriate accommodation; now quenching his thirst at some small brook, now plucking a herbaceous plant meet for man, and anon fanning himself with his hat, and groaning at the lucklessness of his lot. At length a few dreary miles brought him in sight of a tolerably-sized farmhouse with a slated roof—an object on which he gazed with some eagerness, and to which he pressed forward with all the ardour which his jaded frame would admit of. Passing the chained dog, who snarled as a matter of course, the first object that presented itself was a slovenly red-haired servant wench, who, perceiving him, ran into the house exclaiming,—

"Eh! here is Kilbadie, the daft minister!"

Kilbadie thought this ejaculation unpropitious; nevertheless he marched directly into the kitchen, which displayed an array of culinary utensils more copious than is commonly to be found in the domiciles of Scotch farmers.

"Is there any work to perform in the preaching line?" said the ecclesiastic, for it was part of his policy to make it appear that he was the party conferring rather than receiving benefit.

"No, no," said the Abigail-in-chief, "we have plenty of preaching on Sundays."

"Is there no sick person about the place that wants consolation? nor no children to baptise?" continued the querist.

"Nothing of the kind," was the rejoinder.

"No marriages to celebrate?" persevered the priest.

"Oh, maybe there might be something o' that kind," said the nymph, "but then ye're no a richt minister."

"Am I no?" said Kilbadie, rising in wrath at this allusion to the quality of his cloth, "who has a better richt than me to administer ordinances, I would like to know?"

"Oh, ye ken ye dinna preach in a kirk, like other ministers," replied the fair one.

"That's because I am not lazy enough to stop at home," retorted the functionary. "The world is my parish, and the hemisphere's my diocese; and as to my authority, that is all a matter of taste. If you ask an Independent what he thinks of a Quaker, he will say nought; if you ask a Presbyterian what he thinks of an Independent, he will say nought; if you ask an Episcopalian what he thinks of a Presbyterian, he will say nought; if you ask a Papist what he thinks of an Episcopalian, he will say nought; if you ask a Unitarian what he thinks of a Roman, he will say nought; if you ask a Nothingarian what he says of Priestly, the reply will still be nought. Wherefore, then, should any one challenge me, seeing that there is no body of divinity universally upholden in this or any other nation under the firmament?"

It is not probable that this dissertation, although somewhat philosophical, would have had much effect in convincing the auditory to whom it was addressed, had it not been that it happened to suit their convenience to regard Kilbadie's orders as canonical at this particular juncture. The farmer and his wife were from home, and it was the evening of a neighbouring fair; and so, the minds of the domestics being predisposed for jollity, the idea of a mock marriage to be celebrated by the wandering priest readily occurred to them. Kilbadie was invited in, the barn-floor was rapidly cleared, and all the arrangements made that could be carried into effect under such short warning. Guests, both from the fair and from the adjacent farms, poured in, in large numbers, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the sport save the matrimonial victims.

Digitized by Google

Those who really were attached to each other, were afraid to venture on so open a declaration of concord; flirts, as usual, were undecided; and, although all things were ready, the joke appeared about to fall to the ground for want of the necessary actors, when a new incident broke in upon the rising embarrassment of the scene.

A traveller, whose horse had met with an accident which disabled him, was obliged to seek shelter in the farm-house; and as no one had come forth to answer his repeated salutations, he made his way to the barn, and presented himself amongst the guests. His presence soon became known, and, on ascertaining the accident which had brought him amongst them, some of the young men went out and ministered to the wants of the horse, whom they pronounced to be in no immediate danger. Relieved from all anxiety regarding his Rosinante, the gentleman betrayed no reluctance to join in the merrymaking. His age might have been about thirty-five; and although the cast of his countenance did not indicate a continued habit of gaiety, but rather the reverse, still the minute observer could detect a warmth of eye which seemed to convey an intimation that there were times when its possessor could unbend himself to the enjoyment of social pleasures. He was invited to join in the festivities, and, indeed, to select his partner. The novelty of the idea appeared to strike him forcibly, and, entering into the whim, he cast his eyes around in order to make his choice. It fell on Mary Morison, the orphan niece of a neighbouring farmer, and a young girl of considerable beauty. She was there more as a spectator than an actor, having, on her way from the fair, been obliged by a cross-grained cousin to "go in to Milton barn to see one of Kilbadie's marriages."

Mary was reluctantly dragged to the altar. Kilbadie performed the ceremony with all becoming gravity; and the newly-wedded couple received the congratulations customary on such occasions. Anon several itinerant musicians, fresh from the fair, dropped in, which, of course, suggested the idea of dancing; and without delay that spirit-stirring pastime commenced with something like earnestness. The polka was then unknown; but Scotch reels and country-dances supplied its place, and what might have been wanting in gracefulness was more than made up by energy and agility. Almacks never presented a more animated scene, nor, we may add, a more healthful assembly. No puny dandies or delicate misses were on that barn-floor. Every bound was performed with bones and sinews redolent with health, and the ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes proclaimed that the locomotive resources of their owners were, like coal-fields advertised for sale—inexhaustible. The violence of the dancers re-acted on the orchestra; and fiddle bows, common and bass, crossed and re-crossed the catgut till the arms of the artists seemed but one continuous line, and those of one of the corps, who happened to be blind, had a maddened glare communicated to his sightless eyeballs, which, had he been a minstrel of old, might have passed for inspiration. Kilbadie himself was at last fired with the mania; and when the magic air of "Jeannie's Bawbee" was struck up, the worthy man rose to his feet, and took part in the *melée* with an alacrity which promised to amuse the audience for a long time; but unfortunately, in executing some of the more rapid movements, his gown got entangled, and he fell to the ground; an incident which elicited from him a muttered remark about the evils of conformity to the world.

Meanwhile the traveller neglected not his bride. He did not converse long with her without discovering that she was superior to the rest of the merrymakers; and it was not without some alarm that he farther discovered in her somewhat of that embarrassment of manner which is ever the symptom of love. However inconvenient it might have been for him to return her affection, he could not but be conscious that the encouragement he had given her was, with every allowance for travestie, of a kind peculiarly marked; and although the indications which she gave of the state of her feelings were modest and retiring, and such only as an acute observer could alone have detected, still they were precisely of that description which an honourable mind never tampers with. Love begets love. The proudest beauty that ever wore coronet regards with some measure of complacency her rural admirers; she feels that a tribute has been paid to her charms, and her self-love is soothed by it; and although the feeling may not prompt her to give her heart, or even her hand, there will be a latent feeling of respect towards the unfortunate swain. Let no rejected lover, therefore, despair; continual dropping wears the stone.

Mary Morison, although unconsciously, was fast making a conquest; but she had to deal with a heartless man—one whose first impulses were generally good, but whose second thoughts were as generally cold and selfish.

As if suddenly recollecting himself, he gave Mary's hand a slight squeeze, and abruptly left the barn. He proceeded to harness his horse, which, in the now comparative darkness, he had some difficulty in doing.

"So you are going to leave your *wife?*" said a voice.

"Oh, a mere frolic! it's time the joke were now over," was the reply.

"Certainly, if *both* parties are agreed," rejoined the unknown stranger.

"And if they should not—what then?"

"Why, in that case, you must maintain Miss Morison for life, marry no other body, or, if you do, run the risk of trial for bigamy."

"Pooh! nonsense!" replied the traveller. "That foolish man, Kilbadie, as he is called, is not a regular clergyman."

"In Scotland, a declaration before witnesses that a man and woman are husband and wife constitutes legal marriage."

"Hell and fury! Who are you?"

"Ludovicko Grant, a writer's clerk, and Mary Morison's cousin."

The traveller groaned.

"And so you and the young woman have hatched a plot to ensnare me; but you'll find that I am Yorkshire too."

Digitized by Google

"You are mistaken," said the imperturbable Ludovicko. "I did not reach the farm until the ceremony was half over. Mary foolishly imagines that you are in love with her, and, under that belief, would have the marriage carried out; but if she knew that you were to bolt, she is the last girl in the world that would think of detaining you."

"Well, can't you tell her that I want to bolt?"

"It does not suit my purpose."

"Your purpose, you impertinent scoundrel! What have you got to do with it?" asked the traveller, in great wrath.

"Simply this, that I am my uncle's heir; and if Mary Morison be not provided for by marriage, my uncle will settle something on her, which, *pro tanto*, will be a deduction from my reversion."

The coolness with which this statement was delivered unnerved the traveller; and, beginning to see something like meshes weaving around him, he assumed a more pacific tone.

"But, my good Mr. Grant," said he, "your cousin is a pretty girl, and can have no difficulty in getting a husband."

"A bird in hand, as the proverb says, is one thing; good family connexions is another; and, besides, I like the idea of *doing you*—it's in the way of business."

"This effrontery is intolerable! Make way, sir, for my horse, and do your worst. Once off, catch me, if you can."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Mr. Grant, with mock courtesy, "I know your address from your portmanteau."

"Ha, ha!" said the traveller, "it was borrowed from a friend."

"And perhaps you also borrowed your hat and your snuff-box from the same friend, did you? It won't do, Mr. Godfrey Graham; or, if you choose to put that face on matters, we must carry you before the next justice of peace for making so free with your friend's wardrobe."

"I tell you, sir, get out of the way and do your worst."

"Oh, certainly, sir! but, to show you that I have more regard to your interests than you imagine, I will give you this piece of advice—do not drive too fast. I rather think that I heard the hostler say something about one of your horse's shoes being faulty. Good morning."

Graham examined the animal, and found that one of the shoes had been carefully removed. Turning back the horse in disgust, he strode across the farm-yard. Day was just breaking; and, not readily finding his way out, he accosted a female figure that came gliding past. "Can you show me the way out of this cursed place?" said he, roughly.

"Certainly, sir," replied Mary Morison, who turned out to be the party spoken to. "Has anything happened?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"This mock marriage—is it not very hard that one cannot make a joke without being trepanned?"

"I do not understand you, sir," said Mary, trembling. "That is the way to the high road."

"Thank you. Good-bye, Miss Morison."

Graham was, as we have said before, a man of impulse. When bidding farewell, Mary dropped a hot tear on his hand—an act of which an older person, or one more accustomed to love matters, could not have been guilty.

"My good girl," said Graham, and he stopped short. After a pause, during which he pressed her towards him, "I love you, Mary; but I hate your cousin."

"So do I," said the simple Mary. "He told me, half an hour ago, that you had run away: and he looked so wicked when he told me."

"I married you in jest, Mary, but I mean to do it in earnest."

"All right!" said Ludovicko behind them, who, with characteristic good taste, had been playing the part of eaves-dropper.

CHAPTER II.

Our story must now take a stride of ten years.

Godfrey Graham was one of two sons—the father being a rich merchant in the town of Paulton, old and peevish. His desire was that the bulk of his fortune should descend to one of his sons, in order that the family name might be perpetuated; but which of them, whether Godfrey or his younger brother John, the sire could not decide. At one time he inclined to the elder, and then he would suddenly turn his affections to the other; and while in this state of vacillation, he purchased the castle and estate of Craigallan, which, formerly the property of a noble family attainted for their share in the Rebellion of 1745, had latterly fallen into decay, although still sufficiently imposing to give him a rank and position in the district considerably above the level of his brother traders. The purchase was made soon after the occurrence of the events narrated in last chapter, and it need scarcely be added that Godfrey concealed all knowledge of Mary Morison from his father. The scene of the marriage lay at the distance of more than a hundred miles from Paulton, and as none knew of his history except Mary and Ludovicko, there was little risk of the secret being discovered.

Godfrey had never aspired after his father's wealth. Attached to commercial pursuits, as much from a love of enterprise as from hope of gain, he saw before him the means of competency, and cared little for anything beyond. The purchase of Craigallan excited in him a temporary feeling of ambition, but it passed away, and might have remained away for ever, had he not discovered that his brother was scheming to supplant him entirely in his father's good opinion. While ostensibly on the most affectionate terms with Godfrey, John insidiously represented to the old man that his brother was given to speculation, and that if allowed facilities by command of capital to any considerable extent, he was sure to involve himself and all connected with him in ruin. Age is ever credulous, and is always prepared to denounce imprudence in youth; and hence, irritated by frequent allusions to the failure of schemes undertaken by Godfrey, although privately urged on him by John, the old man could not long restrain himself, and roundly took Godfrey to task.

Digitized by Google

The latter saw at once the plot, and forthwith adopted the necessary steps to meet it. He was not unaware of a predilection which his father entertained for him, and he was at the same time conscious of his own mental superiority to his brother. He did not attempt to disabuse his father by words, but he resolutely set to work, and, devoting himself soul and body to business, completely demonstrated the calumnies of John. At length the father died intestate. Godfrey took possession of Craigallan, the most valuable portion of the patrimony, and allowed John to take the rest. Godfrey prospered day by day, and business became his ruling passion. John, on the contrary, floundered, became bankrupt more than once, and had on each occasion to be rescued by Godfrey, who did so, not from any feeling of compassion, but merely to keep up the credit of the family. The brothers maintained no correspondence; John, indeed, fawned on Godfrey, but he, recollecting former events, repelled him with contempt.

But what of Mary Morison? Godfrey Graham was not destitute of affection towards her, and thoughts of her obtruded themselves in his busiest moments. Commerce could not absorb his whole being. There were times, when sauntering along the banks of the bubbling river that ran through Craigallan, that he felt a void which he thought would be filled up were he to send for the quiet and confiding Mary, and publicly recognise her as his wife, and her child as his son. One is never happy unless the affections have something to go forth and fasten on. Forth they will go: and if, like the dove from the ark, they come back empty-handed, disappointment and chagrin is the sure result. In the counting-room Godfrey was never dull; the numerous ramifications of his business kept him perpetually occupied; but at home, in the old castle, he felt the pressure of self intolerably heavy. He was no diner-out, and consequently seldom had company. He did not hunt or fish; he cared not for burgh, county, or national politics; he did not read, unless the perusal of the newspapers can be dignified by that term. Despairing of his father's consent to the recognition of Mary, and not selfish enough to wish for his death, he made up his mind to the expiration of a long period before anything could be done; and at length, when the time did arrive that he became his own master, the usual result took place, namely, that difficulties which seem small in the distance assume magnitude in the realisation. Was Mary the proper person to assume the management of Craigallan Castle? Were the circumstances of their marriage such as would entitle her to the respect of the neighbourhood? Could these circumstances be concealed if she brought home a boy some ten years old? Had Mary Morison been bold enough to visit him, all his doubts would have vanished; but, lone and friendless in a distant part of the county, Mary had long been of opinion, notwithstanding the legal explanations of Ludovicko, that she was not free from guilt; and, regarding her estrangement from Graham as the just punishment of Heaven, she calmly submitted to her fate, till He against whom she had sinned should bring her husband and her boy together—a junction which she doubted not would dispel the dark night which had so long overshadowed her.

Godfrey was about to give in, and send for Mary, when, in an evil hour, Ludovicko made his appearance at Craigallan. This gentleman had commenced business in a distant town; but not succeeding to his mind, he had resolved on proceeding to Paulton, where his connexion with Graham might be turned to advantage. Godfrey did not at first know him—about twenty some young men change very much; but he had no sooner announced himself than Godfrey broke out,—

"Mr. Grant, I am desirous that intercourse between us should take place as seldom as possible. State, therefore, the purport of your visit briefly, if you, as a lawyer, can do so."

"It relates to my cousin."

"I could have guessed as much."

"I wish you to own her as your wife, and bring her here."

"I scarcely think," said Godfrey, "that you are generous enough to consult her happiness. What ulterior object do you contemplate?"

"The question is frank, and I shall answer it. I wish to commence business as a writer [*Anglice*, attorney] in Paulton, and I think your connexion may be valuable."

"Then, sir, so far as I am concerned, your object shall not be obtained."

"You forget, Mr. Graham, that I have law on my side."

"I do not. I am willing to maintain Miss Morison."

"Mrs. Graham, you mean."

"I am willing to maintain her and her child in a comfortable manner."

"Yes, but she and he must be maintained in a way suitable to their rank as your wife and son."

"Let them be quiet, and they will not find me unreasonable."

"Quiet, Mr. Graham?—if you oblige me to have recourse to legal proceedings, everything must be exposed."

"Mr. Grant, you bullied me once before, you shall not do so again. Do the very worst you can. My position is somewhat changed since the last time we met; and as I care nothing for the world, nor for its opinion, I shall hazard all odds against you. Left to myself, I might have taken your cousin home; but to be asked by you, and to know that you will chuckle at the result of your machinations, if successful, is more than flesh and blood can stand, and therefore it shall not be done."

"Very well, Mr. Graham, we will try; I shall write to my cousin to-night."

"So shall I."

"Yes, and see whether she will listen more to the man who wishes to raise her, than to him who wishes to brand her and her son with infamy."

"Dog!" said Godfrey, "had I but the power, as I have the will, I would toss you over the window."

At this moment a servant entered with a letter for Mr. Graham. He hastily ran over the con-

Digitized by Google

tents, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and appeared to suffer great mental agony. After a long pause, during which Ludovicko did not stir, one of his maxims being that everything was in good time, and that patience produced results which skill could not,—

"Mr. Grant," resumed Godfrey, in a subdued tone, "I said that I could not bring home your cousin because you had asked me. I would now give the world that I had it in my power to bring her home. Read that letter."

Smithwell, 22nd August, 18—

Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that Mrs. Morison has, for some time back, been subject to deep fits of melancholy, which have at length settled down to permanent aberration of mind. By the best medical advice, I have had her removed to the Asylum at G——; and have sent her son to his old nurse, where, with his foster brother, he will likely be happier than anywhere else. For a long time, Mrs. M. recruited during the visits of the boy, but latterly he ceased to have any influence on her. I may add that the medical gentleman whom I consulted has little hope of recovery.

Yours very truly,
JOHN GILMOUR.

"This," said Ludovicko, "is from the party in whose house your wife was boarded. Mr. Graham, you are lucky. A minor, and without trustees, cannot readily prosecute his own father; but steps can be taken—the law is always fertile."

"In mercy leave me."

"Certainly; that letter leaves me without a case in the meantime; but we'll soon make one. Good evening."

Ludovicko having left, Godfrey rushed down to his garden, and walked about in great distress. The bitter fruits of his procrastination now rose before him, and rent his conscience. Wherever he looked, the pale, meek face of Mary pursued him; and when he thought of her as in a state of hopeless idiocy, he groaned aloud, and smote himself in very despair. Having sat down in an arbour, he was accosted by his housekeeper.

"Your niece, Sarah Graham, sir," said Mrs. Martin, "has come to see you."

"Tell her to be gone."

"Well; my life!" quoth Mrs. Martha, "people may talk about blood being thicker than water as they please; but, to my mind, it is not half so thick. Come away, my little woman, and take your tea with me, for all your uncle being so cross."

A low sob was all the answer that this kind invitation elicited.

"Why won't you come, my dear?"

"Mamma is so angry when she hears that I have not seen uncle; and she always says that it is my fault." Here another sob stopped the little speaker.

Godfrey's heart failed him when he overheard this dialogue. "If I am in pain myself," thought he, "I need not inflict it on others." He knew that his brother John sent his daughter for the purpose of acting the part of mediator; and knowing the deceit of the parent, he naturally identified the child with the execution of some sinister design. He had always refused to see her, and was surprised and angry at the pertinacity with which her visits were repeated. The idea of her being an innocent instrument in the hands of her father and mother never had occurred to him; but now the conviction flashed across him that his niece might not be a voluntary agent in the matter. He had scarcely seen her, or, if he had, his notice had been so slight that he could not be said to know her. Rising from the arbour, he went down the walk, and overtook them. Holding out his hand kindly, he said to her, "Come back, Sarah; I wish to speak to you."

At the unexpected words Sarah wept the more; but her tears were those of gladness, and they glittered in her blue eyes like dew-drops on a flower. Eagerly catching his hand in both of hers, she looked up to him with such a look of confiding gratitude, that Godfrey felt himself thrilled by emotions to which he had long been a stranger.

"Papa and mamma will be so glad, dear uncle, to hear that you spoke to me."

"Yes, my dear; but tell them that I spoke to you, because I rather like you; whilst I—I—I—"

Sarah did not at all comprehend the explanation that was likely to follow; and seeing the impropriety of sending an unfriendly message by an unsophisticated girl, Godfrey stopped short, and felt at some loss as to how the conversation was to be conducted. Sarah had not arrived at the age of reserve, and therefore she had no difficulty in maintaining the colloquy, whilst, at the same time, her manner was removed as far as possible from petulance or loquacity. She spoke as from a buoyant heart, a kind of talking which, especially in children, is never offensive.

"What very beautiful flowers you have got, uncle."

"They are very beautiful," said Godfrey, glad at the current which the dialogue was now to run in. "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Oh, yes. I could always live among them; it must be so pretty to sit at your windows, and look out and see so many fine flowers. My window looks out to nothing but houses; but I have two flower-pots, and I am glad when the summer days come, and my flowers grow."

"Two flower-pots, Sarah? That is a very small garden, indeed. I shall cause the gardener to seek you some things that will grow in winter as well as summer."

"You are very kind, uncle. I shall be so proud to have flowers that will grow when the snow is on the ground."

"Yes, but I am afraid you will require to keep them near the fire; however, John will tell you all about it."

Sarah's countenance fell. "I never have any fire in my room in the winter time. Mamma would not allow me to keep them in the dining-room, and—"

"Well, perhaps John can give you something that will not require a fire. Is there anything that you would like to buy, Sarah?"

"No, uncle."

"No kind of dress?"

"No, I do not care about fine dress, but coming

Digitized by Google

out of the town I met a poor woman with three very naked children, and they asked me for something, and I was so sorry I had nothing to give them. When I come out here mamma sometimes gives me money to get a biscuit, for fear I should be hungry on the road; but I was always so sorry when I did not see you that I could not eat anything, and I always gave the money back to mamma."

"Could you eat anything now?"

"No, I am so happy."

"Well, then, Sarah, Martha will go home part of the way with you, and she will also give you a flower, and you can tell your mother to buy with this anything that she thinks you stand in need of. I do not feel well to-night—good-bye, my dear child."

Putting a sovereign into her hand, Godfrey affectionately kissed his niece, and betook himself to the castle, whilst Sarah and Mrs. Martha Martin went towards a gate in the opposite direction.

"My troth, hinny," said the matron, "but you are in luck! I have kent Mr. Graham now for ten years, and ye're the first o' womankind that ever I saw him show ony favour to. Folk may speak o' him as they like, but there's no the like o' him in a' the country side. I have been housekeeper in ye'r noble families, but I wadna gi'e him for them a'. There was Lord Polmont, on Saturday nights—'Mrs. Martin, where's your passbook?' Then he counted it up, and if there was a single bawbee wrang, he was like to eat me; and if it was a' richt, then—'Mrs. Martin, recollect there is to be nothing but economy in my establishment!' Noo, Mr. Graham never looks at my passbook, altho' I keep it richt for a' that; but of course, honest man, weel he kens when he is weel served. The soap and the bread that thae twa lasses would waste, if I wasna at their lug, would ruin a nation. But there's some comfort saving for a bachelor. Nane o' your wives for me! They would mak their men believe that they save, but it a' gangs for gowns and ribbons. Noo, there's the road to the town. Good nicht, my bonny woman, and come back soon again."

"But my uncle did not bid me do so."

"Never mind that. Is that a' that ye ken about men? Oh, woman! just ask for me, and leave me to manage him."

CHAPTER III.

Our readers will now be introduced into Godfrey Graham's counting-house; and, albeit the conversations occurring there may not be of the most intellectual character, they nevertheless assist in the development of the story.

"So governor is unwell," said Bob Jones to his fellow labourer in the outer office, Tom Ogle. "What shall we do to improve the time? Shall we go a boating, riding, fishing, or what?"

"I'm not sure," replied Tom; "but suppose we toss in the meantime for pies and porter."

"Oh, horrid proposition! One would imagine, Tom, that you had been a coal-heaver. Had you said soda and a cinder, I would have seconded the motion."

"Well, sod. and cind. be it. Heads or tails?"

"Heads!"

"Tails; done, my boy; despatch Joseph for the article. What can be the matter with G. G.?"

"Can't say," replied Tom; "but it must be something smart, otherwise he is not the man to be at home. I have not missed him out of the office a single day for five years."

"Perhaps," ejaculated Bob, "he has bust a blood-vessel."

"Then it is all up with him."

"Oh, not at all," replied Bob. "I had an aunt who bust a vessel, and she lived a long time afterwards."

"Now, Bob, no more genealogy. Take your word for it, and every possible miracle has been performed in your family; and, as to your aunt, doubtless she was a pendulous person, and her blood could flow like your own ink; but, jingo! if G. G. were to burst a tube, there would be a jet like a service-pipe. But here's Joseph. Open the hatch, or Trotter, the ancient, will hear the corks. The old story: the cup and the lip. Somebody is coming."

The somebody was Mr. Skipton, an eccentric brazier, and given, among other peculiarities, to amateur theatricals.

"Messrs. Jones and Ogle, I do myself the honour of presenting an accompt against your establishment for matters furnished to the ship *Minerva*, and I desire payment thereof."

"The *accompt* is not attested by the captain, and we can't pay it," said Mr. Jones, imitating the grimace of Mr. Skipton.

"Do you take me for a common mechanic?"

"Unquestionably we do."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Jones; were it not that your venerable employer is presently on a bed of languishing and mourning, I should go to his chateau and represent your conduct to him. You do not pay it, sir, not because it wants the sign-manual of the insignificant skipper, but because I declined giving you my influence for playing the part of *Young Norval*."

"That may or may not be, Mr. Skipton: but until you get the signature the *accompt* can't be paid."

"Do you suppose, boy, that I am to follow the vessel to Madagascar?"

"As you like; you should have seen to it before she sailed for Madagascar. But excuse us, Mr. Skipton, we are rather busy this morning."

"Oh, I dare say; how is Mr. Graham this morning?"

"We have not heard," said the impatient Mr. Jones. "Will you go away, Mr. Skipton?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"A share of the plunder;" and, placing his back to the door, he added, "I'll wait here till I get it."

"Mr. Skipton, we'll joke when the office is shut, but excuse us just now."

"No joke, gentlemen: I observed your envoy, Joseph, crossing to Jenny Findley's."

"Pooh; he went over with some empty bottles."

"And came back with full ones. No equivocation, gentlemen, I stand here for justice."

Digitized by Google

"I suppose there is no use denying it, Bob?"

"None."

The refreshments were accordingly produced and discussed.

"I always," said Mr. Skipton, "carry some old accompts in my hat; they are so useful when one enters establishments and unexpectedly finds principals."

"And so," said the amazed Tom, "you have no account against the *Minerva?*"

"None whatever, young man."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "I owe no ill-will to G. G., and as I don't expect he'll leave us anything, tho' he does kick—"

"Speak for yourself, Bob; my father and Mr. Graham were schoolfellows."

Mr. Jones put his thumb on the nasal member, and pressed that again inwards with great fervour.

"What will he do with his possessions?" asked Skipton.

"Why," rejoined Jones, "I know G. G. as well as most people, and I think one of two things will happen. Either that he will die without a will, like his father, or leave his money to endow an hospital for incurables, or some such thing as that."

"But," interposed Skipton, "he hates long John, his brother, as Satanus hates holy water. I once saw them meet—*Norval* and *Glenalvon* was nothing to it. Depend upon it he will make a testament to do his goose. He is a very low individual, that John, and stands indebted, resting and owing me four-and-four-pence sterling for a coffee-pot, and sundry repairs. I shall have a small debt-warrant out against him some of these days."

"G. G." said Mr. Jones, pursuing a train of mental reflection, "is a very curious person; he goes on toiling and toiling for money for no earthly purpose, that I can see. He does not care for house, lands, pictures, sport, ladies—"

"Or the drama," added Skipton.

"What does he live for?"

"Echo asks, for what?" answered Skipton.

"I pay his gardener fifteen shillings a week for looking after his flowers and fruit. I never saw a pink in his button-hole, and when his fruit is in season, he never said 'strawberry' to me, or to any other body, that ever I heard of. It is lost money, keeping up his gardens."

"Nothing of the sort," said Skipton; "I can trace some of the sweetest hours of existence to Godfrey's orchard and parterres. I am there every night, and, like Robinson Crusoe, lord of all that I survey. He has two sweet maids besides old Martha, and all the swains in the country run after them. When Martha goes to bed, the young ladies rise and go to the gardens to meet their swains. The agricultural mind is easily frightened, and, by a little hallooing and shaking of bushes, I make them believe the place is haunted, and so have it all to myself. I pluck fruit and flowers, skip in the walks, climb trees, loll on the seats, recite or sing, as I have a mind. And always when I leave, which is at tip-toe of morning, I give *Lady Randolph's* soliloquy,—

"'Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness.'"

"Marvellous!" exclaimed Mr. Jones; "and do you never meet G. G. in your peregrinations?"

"Once or twice I have, but as I did not relish his Mediterranean countenance, I kept out of his way. Craigallan is quite a favourite resort with me; and I hope Godfrey will live for a long time, as I have an idea that a change of proprietors would entrench on my prerogatives. Oh, here comes Grant the lawyer's clerk. "Well, young man" (addressing the new entrant), "how can you reconcile it with your master's interests to be gadding abroad at this hour of the day?"

"Very unprincipled, Mr. Rankin," echoed Jones. "Very much so, indeed. I am as fond of relaxation as my neighbours, but only at over-time. There is a sanctity about business-hours which I always respect. My constant answer to the early-shutting committee is: Gentlemen, get the hours shortened if you can, but respect them while they are long."

"What a go!" observed Mr. Rankin, with his eyes pathetically turned to the ceiling; "how do you know that I have not come on business?"

"Impossible," answered Mr. Jones; "so long as you were with Mr. Burn that excuse might have served, as we occasionally employed him. But your new master, Ludovicko, is not recognised in our establishment. G. G. ordered him out of his sanctum the other day, and gave me orders never to admit him. When you know these facts, Mr. R., I hope you will be induced not to call here, as it may place us in a delicate position. When our G. G. hates anybody, he extends his love to every one connected with them. Once I caught a tight blowing up for showing some civilities to his brother John's porter."

"You hear Mr. Jones's observations, I apprehend," said Mr. Skipton, "and I beg you will withdraw. I shall feel quite relieved by your absence, there is something so low in the society of lawyers; and as for your employer, his head is too big and his eyes too small to be a gentleman."

"Are you done, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Rankin, with great coolness. "If you are, it is my turn to speak. You are all wrong; and if I were not so dry, I would show you that in a moment. Are you disposed for anything beyond milk and water, any of you?"

"I beg you will mention nothing of the kind in these premises," said Mr. Jones, with great solemnity.

"Why, it is not the first time," rejoined Mr. Rankin.

"Probably not, but we have turned over a new leaf."

"Besides," interposed Skipton, "I would not recommend young persons connected with the law to have anything to do with alcoholic mixtures. It leads them to the commission of forgery, and then they are hanged, and bring disgrace on all their friends and kindred. There was Dr. Dodds, the divine, hanged for forgery, and Gilderoy, the banker. Take care, young man, before it be too late."

"Bah, you goose! Hearken, now—you judge of us by your own greasy trade. If Skipton sells an old woman a leaky tea-pot, she cuts him; but if

Digitized by Google

you are done by a lawyer, don't you employ that same lawyer to do some other body, you ninnies?"

"Gammon!" said Jones.

"It's that sort of gammon that *Graham sent for Grant to make his will.*"

"My dear Mr. Rankin, sit down, and tell us all about it," said Mr. Jones, with the utmost suavity. "Pray tell us all about it, and consider all our little remarks as mere jokes. To err is human, to forgive divine!"

"Catch me! you'll be more civil to me when I call next time."

Saying which, Mr. Rankin made an ironical bow, and left the office.

"All this," said Mr. Jones, "comes of your unfortunate habit of joking, Mr. Ogle. I have told you from first to last that there is a time for everything, and business first, pleasure afterwards."

"I, Mr. Jones!" said the unfortunate Ogle; "I have not opened my mouth for the last half-hour; but it is just as my grandmother said—"

"Oh, yes, your grandmother! you told us before that your grandmother was born with an alligator's head, and there is no use telling us about it again."

"Mr. Jones," said Tom, with great energy, "although I come from the country, I have feelings, and I will not be insulted in this way."

Mr. Jones was about to reply sharply, when Mrs. Martha Martin made her appearance, which appearance, by stimulating the curiosity of the three friends, had the effect of preventing an angry outbreak.

"Step in, Mrs. Martin," said Mr. Jones with great cordiality; "we are all so glad to see you; and how is your rheumatism? not affected, I trust, by these cruel east winds?"

"Oh, Maister Jones, my troubles are but a sma' matter. Dear me, and him in the prime o' life!—but, as Mr. Symington said last Sabbath, naebody kens wha's turn it may be next."

"Is Mr. Graham so very ill?"

"Aye, sir, he's very ill. I spoke to the doctor about him, and he shook his head. Whaun a doctor shakes his head, Mr. Jones, its a' up wi' his patient. I mind Liddy Girnigo; she dwined lang, but whenever the doctor shook his head, she was a corpse the very same nicht."

"What does the doctor say is the matter with him, Mrs. Martin?"

"Na, but that beats me; when the doctor shakes his head, what matter is it what complaint he is troubled wi'? If he is na' to live, what needs he or his friends fash themselves about his ailment?"

"Doubtless, Mrs. Martin, you'll be well provided for. You have long been a faithful servant; and you at home, and Mr. Trotter here in the counting-room, have kept everything right; and if anybody is to be left anything you two must come in for shares."

"Maybe aye, and maybe no. I've lived in great houses where deaths took place afore, and never fund myself a plack better. When folks come to cross the Jordan they have ither things to think about than legacies; but as Mr. Graham, honest man, has sent for a lawyer, doubtless he'll do things in a doose way."

"Was Mr. Grant long with him?"

"Wha tell't you that Mr. Grant was wi' him? Sic a place for clashes! That aye comes o' having young hizzies aboot a hoose. Ye canna tak aff your carpet shoon but they maun be clavering. But as I have to tak oot some physic, I canna step here a' day."

"Take your time, Mrs. Martin," continued Mr. Jones, with increasing blandness. "You know that if you walk fast you will soon lose breath, and better, therefore, take a good rest. Has Mr. John been inquiring after him?"

"He need na."

"No; I suppose there is no chance of anything going in that quarter."

"I dinna ken," answered Mrs. Martha, mysteriously. "There is no saying whaur a plaister may licht; when the dirt is dry it will rub off. He is fond o' the young lassie, Sarah, and nae wonder; she is a sweet bairn."

"You astonish me, Mrs. Martin. I thought he would not allow that girl to come near him. I know that I have been told to tell her that he was engaged when she called here."

"That may be; but he's fond o' her noo, that's certain."

"What a pity she is so young!"

"Oh, you black-hearted ne'er-do-weel! You're like a' the men. Whenever a puir lassie is thocht to hae siller, she is hunted, like a partridge in the mountains, by a set o' villains that wadna gie her a penny to buy a loaf if she was starvin'. Nae wonder that there are so mony unhappy marriages. When I was a young woman, it was marry for love and work for siller; but, lack-a-day! times are sorely changed now."

"Mrs. Martha," said Skipton, "in Parliamentary phraseology, I have for some time been trying to catch your eye, but without effect."

"I have a craw to pluck wi' you, Mr. Skipton. Your milk pitcher is letting out already."

"Don't interrupt the sentimental turn of the conversation by shop allusions, my dear madam. Send it in first market-day, and I'll put it to rights. I intended calling on you some of these nights; but as there is distress in the castle, I must postpone my visit."

"Call on me, Mr. Skipton? that will do," responded Martha, with a grin. "What do you think, Mr. Jones? He cam' out last week and palavered wi' me, and got his tea, and wad hardly stop to tak a glass o' raspberry vinegar wi' me, for fear, as he said, that his mither would miss him. Weel, believe me if you like, but about twa o'clock in the morning I heard an awful din at the back of the castle, and I went roun to ane o' the winders, and there was him dancing wi' a white sheet about him, and our twa madams, and a wheen mair clamjamphrey, skirling and louping like show-folk. But I think I gae them up their feet. My certie! they've sleepit under lock and key ever since."

"My dear Mrs. Martin, I grieve to think of my being the innocent cause of any embargo being put on the maidens."

"Oh, I dare say!"

Digitized by Google

"You are quite right, Mrs. Martin. Skipton is—hillo! here's the carriage—stop! There's Grant, the lawyer, and, by jingo! not possible—yes! it is G. G. himself, muffled to the very nose."

"Save and guide us!" ejaculated Mrs. Martha, and forthwith took out bottles and all sorts of sundries from her basket; Skipton reproduced the account against the *Minerva;* Ogle mended his pen; and Jones furiously drew out a bill of lading.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT IN BRCZWEZMCISL.

JOURNEY TO BRCZWEZMCISL.

I HAD but just quitted the university, and was a mere stripling, when I received the appointment of judge-commissary at a little town in New East Prussia, as the part of Poland was termed which, during the partition of that country, had fallen to the share of Prussia.

I will not weary the reader by giving any lengthened account of my journey; the country was but one flat throughout, the men mere boors, the officials uncouth, the accommodation execrable. Yet the people all seemed happy enough. Man and beast have each their allotted elements. The fish perishes when out of water—the elegance of a boudoir would prove fatal to a Polish Jew.

Well, to make my story short, I arrived one evening, a little before sunset, at a place called, I believe (but should be sorry to vouch for my accuracy), Brczwezmcisl, a pleasant little town enough. When I say pleasant, to be sure I own that the streets were unpaved, the houses begrimed with soot, and the natives not over refined either in manners or person; but a man who works in a coal-mine is pleasant, after his fashion, even as the pet *figurante* of the day after hers.

I had pictured to myself Brczwezmcisl, the place where I was to enter upon my functions, as far more formidable than I in fact found it, and perhaps on that account I was now prepared to term it pleasant. I remember that the first time I tried to pronounce the name of the place I very nearly brought on lock-jaw. Hence, no doubt, my gloomy anticipations as to its appearance. Names certainly do influence our ideas to a most marvellous extent. Moreover, what mainly contributed to enhance my secret misgivings as to the town destined to enjoy the benefit of my talents was the fact that I had never yet been so far from home as to lose sight of its church steeple. I had a tolerable idea that my way did not lead me in the vicinity of the Cannibal Islands, or of the lands where men's "heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" but I was not without some apprehension, as I journeyed on, of receiving an occasional pistol-shot, or feeling the cold steel of a stiletto between my ribs.

My heart throbbed violently as I caught the first glimpse of Brczwezmcisl. It appeared, at a distance, a vast plain, covered with mud-heaps. But what mattered that to one of my imaginative powers? There was my goal, there my entering scene in life. Not a soul did I know there, with the exception of an old college acquaintance, named Burkhardt, who had been but recently appointed collector of taxes at Brczwezmcisl. I had apprised him of my near advent, and had requested him to provide me with temporary lodgings. The nearer I approached the town, the keener waxed my esteem and friendship for Burkhardt, with whom I had never been on terms of intimacy; indeed, my mother enjoined me always to shun his society, seeing that his reputation for steadiness was not of the highest. But now I was his till death. He was my only rallying-point in this wild Polish town; he was the sole plank to which I could cling.

I am not of a superstitious character, but I own to a certain belief in omens; and I had settled in my mind that it would be a lucky sign if the first person we met coming out of the town gates should prove a young woman, and the reverse if one of the other sex. As we were about to enter the town a girl, to all appearance comely and well made, issued from the gate. Damsel of happy augury! Fain could I have quitted the cumbrous vehicle, and cast my travel-worn frame prostrate at your feet. I wiped my eye-glass that I might not lose one of her features, but grave them for ever in the tablets of my memory.

As she came nearer, I discovered to my dismay that my Brczwezmcisl Venus was a thought hideous. Slim she was, good sooth, but it was the slimness of one wasted by disease; shape and figure had she none. Her face was a perfect surface, for some untoward accident had deprived her of her nose; and had it not been for the merest apology for lips, her head might have been taken for the skull of a skeleton. As we came yet nearer, I remarked that the fair Pole was a warm patriot; for she put out her tongue at me in derision of her nation's oppressors, whose countryman I was.

Under these happy auspices we entered the town, and halted at the Post-office, newly decorated with the Prussian eagle, which would have shown to much greater advantage, in all the glories of fresh paint, had not some patriotic little street blackguards adorned it with a thick coating of mud.

THE OLD STAROSTY.*

I asked the postmaster very politely where I could find Mr. Tax-Collector Burkhardt. In order, I suppose, to convince me that even in that remote

* Starosts were Poles of high birth, appointed as Bailiffs or Vice-Governors of the various districts and provinces.

Digitized by Google

corner of the globe officials were true to those habits of courtesy and attention for which they are so eminently distinguished, he suffered me to repeat my question six times ere he vouchsafed to inquire, in his gruffest tones, what I wanted; a seventh time did I reiterate my inquiry, and that, I flatter myself, with a degree of politeness that would have done honour to the most finished courtier.

"In the old Starosty," he growled out.

"Might I be permitted most respectfully to inquire whereabout this same old Starosty may be located?"

"I have no time. Peter, show this person the way."

And away went Peter and I, whilst the Postmaster, who had no time to answer me, lolled out of window, with his pipe in his mouth, watching us. Aha, my fine fellow, thought I, just let me catch you in the hands of justice—whose unworthy representative I have here the honour to be—and I'll make you rue the day you dared sport your churlishness upon me.

Peter, the Polish tatterdemalion who escorted me, understood and spoke so little German that our conversation was extremely limited. His sallow face and sharp features rendered him particularly unprepossessing.

"Tell me, my worthy friend," I asked, as we waded side by side through the mud, "do you know Mr. Tax-Collector Burkhardt?"

"The old Starosty."

"Good; but what can I do in your old Starosty?"

"Die!"

"God forbid! that does not at all chime in with my arrangements."

"Stone-dead; die!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Prussian—no Pole."

"I am a Prussian, certainly."

"Know that."

"What do you mean by dying, then?"

"So, and so, and so;" and the fellow thrust the air as though he clenched a dagger. He then pointed to his heart, groaned, and rolled his eyes in a manner awful to behold. I began to feel rather uncomfortable, for Peter had by no means the look of one beside himself; besides, the understrappers at the Post-office are seldom recruited from a lunatic asylum.

"I think we are at cross purposes, my excellent friend," I at length resumed. "What do you mean by die?"

"Kill!" and he gave me a wild sidelong glance.

"How, kill?"

"When night comes."

"When night comes—this very night? Your wits are wool-gathering, sirrah!"

"Pole, yes; but no Prussian."

I shook my head, and desisted from any further attempt at conversation. We evidently could not make each other out. And yet there was fearful meaning in the scoundrel's words. I was well aware of the inveterate hatred felt by the Poles towards the Prussians, and how it had already led to fatal collisions between them. What if the dunderheaded fellow had meant to convey a warning to me? or perhaps he had involuntarily betrayed the secret of a plot for the general massacre of every Prussian. I mentally resolved to divulge the whole to my friend and fellow-countryman Burkhardt, as we arrived at the old so-termed Starosty. It was constructed of stone, evidently of some antiquity, and situate in a dull remote street. Ere we reached it I observed how each passer-by cast a sly furtive glance up at its time-worn walls. My guide did the same; and, pointing to the door, he shuffled off without word or gesture of salutation.

It must be owned that my arrival and reception at Brczwezmcisl were none of the most flattering. The discourteous damsel at the gate, the surly New East Prussian postmaster, and the Pole, with his unintelligible jargon, had put me on the very worst terms with my new place of sojourn and my office of judge-commissary. How I congratulated myself to think that I was about to meet one who had, at least, breathed the same air as myself! To be sure, Mr. Burkhardt was not held in the best repute at home; but a man's character varies according to the circumstances of his position, even were he still the same as of old. Better far a jovial tippler than the sickly skeleton with her projected tongue; better far a hare-brained gambler than the postmaster with his studied coarseness; aye, better the company of a vapouring hector than that of a Polish malcontent. The latter phase in Burkhardt's character even served to elevate him in my eyes; for, between ourselves be it observed, my gentleness and love of quiet, my steadiness and reserve, so oft the theme of praise with mamma, would stand me but in sorry stead should any rising of the people take place. Some virtues become vices in certain positions.

As I entered the old Starosty I was puzzled to know where to find my dear and long-cherished friend Burkhardt. The house was very spacious. The creaking of the rusty door-hinges resounded through the whole building, yet without bringing any one to ascertain who might be there.

I discovered an apartment on my left, and knocked gently at the door. As my signal was unanswered by any friendly "Come in," I knocked more louldly than before: still no answer. My knocks re-echoed through the house. I waxed impatient, and yearned to clasp Burkhardt, the friend of my soul, to my heart. I opened the door and went in. In the middle of the room was a coffin.

If I be always polite to the living, still more so am I to the dead. I was about to retire as gently as I could, when a parting glance at the coffin showed me that its hapless occupant was no other than the tax-collector, Burkhardt, who had been called on, poor fellow, in his turn, to discharge that great tax so peremptorily demanded of us by that grim collector, Death. There he lay, regardless alike of flagon or dice-box, calm and composed as though he had never shared in the joys or cares of this life.

Indescribably shocked, I rushed from the chamber of death, and sought relief in the long gloomy corridor. What on earth was to become of me now?

Digitized by Google

Here I was, hundreds of miles from my native home and the maternal mansion, in a town whose very name I never had heard until I was sent to un-Pole-ify it as judge-commissary! My sole acquaintance, the friend of my heart, had shuffled off this mortal coil. What was I to do, where lay my head, or how find the lodgings engaged for me by the dear departed?

My gloomy reflections were here disturbed by the creaking of the door on its rusty hinges, whose harsh grating jarred strangely on my nerves.

A pert, flippant-looking livery-servant rushed up the stairs, contemplated me with a broad stare of astonishment, and at length addressed me. My knees shook beneath me. I suffered the fellow to talk to me to his heart's delight, but for the first few moments fright deprived me of all power of reply; and even had my state of mind permitted me to speak, it would have amounted to much the same thing, seeing that the man was speaking Polish.

Perceiving that he remained without reply, he proceeded to address me in German, which he spoke very fluently. I at length mustered up sufficient courage to tell him my whole story, and the various adventures I had met with since my arrival at the accursed town whose name it still dislocated my jaws to pronounce. As he heard my name he assumed a more respectful mien, took off his hat, and proceeded to give me the following details, which, for the reader's benefit, I have compressed into the smallest possible space.

He informed me, to begin with, that his name was Lebrecht; that he had served as interpreter and most faithful of domestics to Mr. Tax-Collector of pious memory, until the preceding night, when it had pleased Heaven to remove the excellent and ever to be lamented tax-collector to another and a better world. The manner of his death was perfectly in keeping with the tenor of his life. He had been passing the evening at wine and cards with some Polish gentlemen. The fumes of the wine aroused the Prussian pride of my friend, whilst it kindled to a yet fiercer pitch the old Sarmatian patriotism of his companions. Words grew high, blows were exchanged, and one of the party dealt my late friend three or four blows with a knife, any one of which was of itself sufficient to have extinguished life. In order to avoid incurring the penalties of New East Prussian justice, the guilty parties had taken themselves off—whither none could tell. My ever-to-be-regretted friend had, shortly before his death, made all the requisite arrangements for me, and hired a very experienced German cook, who would wait upon me at a moment's notice. In the course of his narrative, Lebrecht led me to infer, from several hints that he gave me, how the Poles were sworn foes to the Prussians, and how I must expect to meet with such delicate attentions as those lavished on me by the damsel at the gate. He explained to me, moreover, that my friend Peter was a muddle-headed jackass, and that his pantomimic gestures referred, in all probability, to the fate of my hapless friend. He warned me to be constantly on my guard, as the infuriated Poles were evidently hatching some plot; as for himself, he was fully determined to quit the town immediately after the funeral of his late master.

This narrative terminated, he conducted me up the broad stone staircase to the apartments provided for me. Passing through a suite of lofty rooms, very spacious, but very dreary to behold, we came to an apartment of large dimensions, wherein was a press bedstead, with curtains of faded yellow damask, an old table, whose feet had once been gilded, and half a dozen dusty chairs. Suspended to the wall was an enormous looking-glass, almost bereft of its reflecting powers, in a quaint, old-fashioned frame, whilst the wall itself was garnished by parti-coloured tapestry, representing scenes from the Old Testament. Time and the moth had done their work upon it, for it hung in tatters, and waved to and fro at the slightest motion. King Solomon sat headless on his throne of judgment, and the hands of the wicked elders had long since mouldered away. I felt by no means at my ease in this my lonely dwelling; far rather would I have taken up my quarters at the inn, and, oh that I had done so! But I kept my own counsel, partly from sheer nervousness, and partly because I did not wish to appear at all daunted at being in such immediate vicinity with a corpse. Moreover, I entertained no doubt but that Lebrecht and the experienced cook would bear me company during the night. The former lost no time in lighting the two candles that stood on the table, for it was fast getting dusk, and then took his departure for the purpose of procuring me the means of subsistence, and such like, to fetch my luggage, and to apprise the aforesaid experienced cook that the time had arrived for her to enter upon her functions. My luggage arrived in due time, likewise every requisite for my meal; but no sooner had I had re-imbursed Lebrecht the money he had laid out for me than he wished me good night, and went his way forthwith.

I misdoubted the fellow at once, for the moment he had swept up his money he was off. I was on the point of rushing after him, to entreat him not to leave me, but I held back for very shame. Why should I make the wretch the confidant of my timidity? I had no doubt but that he would spend the night in some room or other, to keep watch over the body of his slaughtered master. The sound of the banging-to of the street-door undeceived me at once; and that sound thrilled through my very marrow. I hurried to the window, and beheld him scampering across the street, as though the foul fiend were at his heels. He was soon out of sight, leaving myself and the corpse sole tenants of the old Starosty.

THE SENTRY.

I do not believe in ghosts, but yet at night-time I own to being somewhat apprehensive of their appearance. This may seem to involve a paradox, but I only state the fact. The death-like stillness of all around, the time-worn tapestry that clung in fluttering shreds around that dreary chamber, the consciousness of the body of a murdered man in the room above, the deadly feud between the

Digitized by Google

Prussian and the Pole, all conspired to fill my soul with awe and apprehension. I hungered, but could not eat, I wearied for repose, but could find none. I examined the window, to ascertain if it could afford me egress in case of need, for I should have been utterly lost in the labyrinth of chambers and corridors necessary to traverse ere I could gain the door. To my dismay strong iron bars forbade all hope of escape in that quarter.

Suddenly the old Starosty seemed awakening to life. I heard doors open and close, steps at some little distance, and the sound of voices in animated conversation. I was at a loss how to account for this rapid change in the state of affairs, but I felt that it boded me but little good. It seemed as though I heard a warning voice saying, "'Tis thou they seek! Did not that blundering Peter betray the secret of the intended massacre? Save thyself ere it be too late." I shuddered in every limb. Methought I saw the murderous band, how they thirsted for my blood, and were concerting the method of my death. I heard their footsteps approaching nearer and more near. Already had they reached the ante-chamber leading to my apartment. They were muttering together in low whispers. I sprang up, and bolted and barred the door, and, as I did so, became aware that some one was endeavouring to open it on the other side. I scarce dared breathe, lest my very breath should betray me. I heard by their voices that they were Poles. As my unlucky stars would have it, I must needs study a little Polish, by way of qualifying myself for my official duties; and I could detect the words "blood," "death," and "Prussians." My knees quaked, cold drops started to my brow. Again was the attempt to open the door repeated, but it seemed as though the intruders wished to avoid confusion, for I heard them depart, or rather glide, from thence.

Whether it were that the Poles had aimed at my life, or my property, or whether they had determined upon another mode of attack, I resolved to extinguish my candles, in order that their light might not betray me from without. How could I tell but that one of the ruffians might not fancy taking a shot at me through the windows?

Night is friend to no man, and man has an instinctive dread of darkness, else whence the terror of children, even before they have been scared by the tale of goblin grim and spectre dire? No sooner was I in utter obscurity than all manner of horrors, possible and impossible, crowded upon me. I flung myself upon my bed, in the hopes of sleeping, but the clothes seemed tainted with the foul odour of dead men's graves. If I sat up it was worse; for ever and anon a rustling sound, as of some near me, caused me to shudder afresh. The form of the murdered man, with his livid brow and half-glazed eye, seemed to stalk before me. What prospects would I not have sacrificed but to be once more free! And now the bells tolled the

> "Witching hour of night,
> When churchyards yawn, and hell itself looks out."

Each stroke vibrated upon my soul. In vain I called myself a superstitious fool, a faint-hearted dastard: it availed me nothing. Unable at length to bear up any longer, and nerved either by daring or despair, I sprang from my seat, groped my way to the door, unbolted and unbarred it, and resolved, albeit at the risk of my life, to gain the street.

Merciful heavens! what did I behold as I opened the door! I started and staggered back. Little had I looked for such a grisly sentinel.

THE DEATH-THROES.

By the dim flickering of an old lamp placed on a side-table, I saw before me the murdered Tax-Collector, lying in his bier, even as I had seen him in the room above. But now I could perceive how his shirt, which had previously been concealed by a pall, was dyed with the big black gouttes of blood. I strove to rally my senses, to persuade myself that the whole was the mere phantom of my over-heated imagination; but as I stirred the coffin with my foot, till the corpse seemed as though about to move and unclose its eyes, I could no longer doubt the fearful reality of the spectacle before me. Almost paralysed by fear, I rushed to my room, and fell backwards on my bed.

And now a confused noise proceeded from the bier. Was the dead alive? for the sound that I heard was of one raising himself with difficulty. A low and suppressed moan thrilled in my ears, and I saw before me the form of the murdered one; it strode through the door, entered my room, then stalked awhile to and fro, and disappeared. As I again summoned up my reason to my aid, the spectre, or the corpse, or the living dead, gave my reason the lie by depositing its long, lank, livid length upon my bed and across my body, its icy shoulders resting upon my neck, and nearly depriving me of breath.

How I escaped with life I cannot explain to this present hour. Mortal dread was upon me, and I must have remained a long while in a state of unconsciousness; for as I heard from beneath my grisly burden the clock sound, instead of its striking one—the signal for spirits to vanish—it was striking two.

I leave the horrors of my situation to the reader's imagination. The smell of the charnel-house in my nostrils, and a yet warm corpse struggling for breath, as though the death-rattle were upon him; whilst I was benumbed by terror, and the hellish weight of the burden I bore. The scenes in Dante's Hell fall far short of anguish such as was then mine. I was too weak or terror-stricken to disengage myself from the corpse, which seemed as if expiring a second time; for I conjectured that, whilst senseless from loss of blood, the wretched man had been taken for dead, and thrust forthwith, Polish fashion, into a coffin, and now lay dying in good earnest. He seemed powerless alike for life and death, and I was doomed to be the couch whereon the fearful struggle would terminate.

I strove to fancy that all my adventures in Brczwezmcisl were but a dream, and that I was labouring under an attack of night-mare, but cir-

Digitized by Google

cumstances and surrounding objects were too strong to admit of any such conclusion; still, I verily believe I should have finally succeeded in convincing myself that it was all a vision, and nothing but a vision, had not an incident more striking than any that hitherto preceded, established, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact of my being broad awake.

THE LIGHT OF DAY.

It was day-break; not that I could perceive the light of heaven, for the shoulders of my expiring friend impeded my view; but I inferred so from the bustle in the street below. I heard the footsteps and voices of men in the room; I could not make out the subject of their conversation, as they talked in Polish, but I remarked that they were busy about the coffin. Now, beyond a doubt, thought I, they are looking for the dead man, and my deliverance is at hand; and so it proved, although it happened after a fashion for which I was but little prepared.

One of the exploring party smote so lustily with a stout bamboo upon the extended form of the dead or dying, that he started up, and stood erect. Some of the blows lighted upon my hapless person with such effect as to make me yell out most vigorously, and take up a position directly in the rear of the defunct. This old Polish and New East Prussian method of restoring the dead to life proved, certainly, so efficacious in the present instance, that I doubt whether the impassibility of death were not preferable to the acute perceptions of the living.

I now perceived that the room was filled by men, for the most part Poles. The timely castigation had been administered by a police-officer appointed to superintend the funeral. The tax-collector still slept the sleep of death in his coffin, which stood in the ante-chamber, whither it had been transported by the drunken Poles, who had been ordered to convey it to what had been formerly the porter's lodge. They had, however, been pleased to select my ante-chamber as fitting resting-place for their charge, whom they confided to the watch of one of their besotted comrades, who had slumbered at his post, and, awakened probably by my entrance, had groped his way, with all the instinct of one far gone in liquor, to my bed, and there slept off the fumes of his potations.

The preceding incidents had so thoroughly unmanned me as to bring on a severe attack of fever, and for seven long weeks did I lie raving about the horrors of that fearful night; and even now, albeit, thanks to the Polish insurrection, I am no longer judge-commissary at Brczwezmeisl, I can scarce think on my adventure in New East Prussia without a shudder. However, I am always glad to relate it, as it contains a sort of moral—to wit, that we ought not fear that which we profess to disbelieve.

ROSETTE.

Regardless of your vernal prime,
Of love you whisper in my ears,
Although my youth be sunk, long time,
Beneath the weight of forty years!
My heart each girl of rosy hue
Was able once on fire to set;
Alas! why can't I now love you
As formerly I loved Rosette?

In a gay equipage each day
You roll about in brilliant dress;
Rosette ran, laughing, on her way—
Her scanty garb would baulk your guess;
And every now and then she threw
A glance around to make me fret.
Alas! why can't I now love you
As formerly I loved Rosette?

When to your boudoir you are gone,
Your smiles from mirrors round are shown:
Rosette, poor girl, had got but one,
But that I thought the Graces' own.
No curtains round her bed she drew,
The morn her opening eyelids met.
Alas! why can't I now love you
As formerly I loved Rosette.

Your mind, as perfect as your dress,
May make the dullest poet speed;
Yet I must honestly confess,
Rosette knew scarcely how to read.
Her meaning, though of words she had few,
My eyes could tell when her's they met.
Alas! why can't I now love you
As formerly I loved Rosette?

She did not half so beauteous seem—
Nay e'en her heart was not so kind:
Nor did her eyes so softly beam
When her fond lover guessed her mind.
But she had—what I can't renew—
My youth—which I in vain regret!
Alas! why can't I now love you
As formerly I loved Rosette?

Digitized by Google

"So, Mr. Dennis, I perceive that I am no longer to be your father, as I used to be, but only 'the Baronet.' Isn't that the case?"

Thus spoke Sir Denis Mahony to the heir of his house and hopes, the morning after that promising young gentleman's return from Oxford, where he had recently taken his degree.

"If you please, sir," said the youth coolly; "you would not choose to be called '*Governor*,' I suppose?"

"No; I should think not," testily replied the Baronet. "That is the title which young Quiddigan, the foxhunting tobacconist, bestows upon the head of the firm, who stands, likewise, at the top of his ancestral tree. But it seems odd that a gentleman, having a father, should blush to call him by his proper name."

"It is not the mode, my dear sir," said the graduate. "We still have *mothers*, and acknowledge them as such; but 'father' is a puerile, and (you will excuse me for saying so), after a certain time of life, an unmeaning expression."

"Ah, yes; just so," drily remarked the Baronet; "a phrase only to be met in the Fifth Commandment, and of obsolete authority even there. Yet to you, sir, unmeaning as it is in a general sense, it signifies something like the parent of five thousand a-year in rents, with as handsome a park and mansion as any young fellow need wish to inherit."

"Oh, pray don't mention it," cried the self-made orphan. "The rents are well enough, for so much, if they are paid; but for the 'park,' I hope you do not seriously imagine it is anything to talk of. I've seen finer 'parks,' as you call it, in the possession of many a cowkeeper in Hertfordshire."

"The devil you have!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a stare. "And pray, what fault may your highness find with it? Isn't it large enough to please you?"

"Why, y—yes," drawled the youngster. "I dare say there are a good many acres, between moor and scrub."

"Scrub!" exclaimed the actual proprietor of Mahony Park, "moor and scrub! The very best pasture land, and the most thriving plantations in the whole province of Munster, moor and scrub! Upon my conscience, in my humble opinion, Mr. Denis Mahony, you don't know the difference between a green field and a brown moss, with all your College education. And what do you say to the full-grown timber, with submission to you, sir? I suppose if the young trees are scrub the old wood is little better than a cherry-orchard."

"*Larchy*, my good friend; an infinite deal too *larchy*. A retired stockbroker shall build himself up such another forest in a score or two of years. I do believe you have not a hundred presentable oak-trees within the whole compass of your park."

The old gentleman winced, for this was a sore subject; but being naturally of a placid temper, and rather proud of his fashionable son, if not a little awed by the assumed tone of superiority with which he laid down the law on every subject, he suppressed all appearance of irritation. "True for you, boy," said he, "we are short of oaks, as you observe, though the poles in the great copse behind the old castle yonder—"

"The scrub, governor, the scrub, you would say."

"Well, the scrub, then, sir, might show you that Mahony Park was not always without its oak wood, as 'larchy' as it appears to you now. When I was a boy of your age that same hill contained a good two thousand of as fine-spreading oak-trees as ever a herd of deer would desire to rest under of a hot summer's day."

"Indeed!" said the young gentleman, with the air of a cut-out Druid; "and what, let me ask, caused their wholesale prostration? Was there a storm in your younger days, like that of *thirty-nine*, which swept over Mahony Park, nor left a rack behind?"

"No, no; at least not a storm of wind; but a much more troublesome thing to manage, on the score of duration. A fiery-tempered extravagant master it was that left that beautiful hill as bare as Loup Head. Listen, now, and I'll tell you how it was. It may be a lesson to you."

"Your grand-uncle," proceeded the baronet, "my father's eldest brother that was, had a great contempt for his own country. Nothing Irish was good enough for him, but he spent all his time in England, in the society of those whom he considered his equals."

"Then, if he thought justly, sir," said the young gentleman, "he must have kept the best of company."

"Aye, boy, true for you!" cried Sir Denis, pleased, in spite of himself, with the spirit of his heir, "he was equal to any of them. For where is the blood that can pretend to run redder than that of the Mahonys? Their equal he was in rank, to be sure, and more than that to most of them. But then, if he was on a par with the highest of them in the coat of arms, faith! he could not hold a candle to the steward of the poorest among 'em in the breeches-pocket. D'ye understand me? His little allowance of five hundred a-year (a very handsome one it was, though, if he had managed it in reason)—"

Here Mr. Denis Mahony raised his eyebrows to an arch far more pointed than its usual Saxon rotundity, and half whispered, half ejaculated, "Handsome! Oh, my stars!"

"In those days, sir, I tell you," exclaimed the baronet, somewhat chafed, "it was munificent; particularly as he was not an Oxonian, and kept no running account at the *Angel*."

Mr. Denis smiled sarcastically, while his sire went on.

"But five hundred a-year, to keep up the life that he led, what was it but the straining of a

Digitized by Google

penny whistle to blow out the south-west wind? He was soon left without a puff in him. Lord Gregory Græme drove his team of four greys to Tunbridge Wells, with gold lace enough on his liveries to bedizen the whole procession in 'Blue Beard.' Lord Gregory, indeed, had a large estate in Yorkshire; but what matter for that? An Irish youth of spirit and family must not be outdone, you know, by his *equals*."

"Disagreeable, vulgar sort of iteration, that," thought Mr. Denis Mahony. "I wish the baronet would not indulge in it."

The old gentleman continued:—

"Mr. Yellowgill, the nabob, whose father had been a slopseller in Tothill-street, had a stud at Newmarket; and of course the heir of Mahony Park would have been disgraced for ever not to enter his Limerick Lass for the Derby."

Here Mr. Mahony, who had been earning distinction in the same field very recently, bit his nether lip, and threw an uneasy glance across a newspaper which he had taken up at the visage of his unsuspecting parent. But he encountered no accusing spirit there—the shot had been a random one. The old gentleman continued:—

"In the end, and a speedy end it was, my uncle was a ruined man at five-and-thirty. The Jews, who had advanced large sums on his *post obit* bonds, would advance no more; and he came to Ireland a broken old bachelor, where he loitered about these grounds for some years, with just the run of the patrimonial kitchen, which he enjoyed, share and share alike, with half the prodigal sons of the county, until the hearty old fox-hunter, my grandfather, was run to his earth at fourscore, and then down came the oaks!"

"What a deuced shame!" peevishly exclaimed the foe to larch.

"At all events, it was a pity, Denis," said the kind-hearted old baronet. "But how could it be helped? The bonds rose up in judgment, and the noble wood fell, to pay a debt of five thousand pounds cash, as many thousands more in toys and logwood port, and something very near both the sums together in costs and interest. It was an honourable debt, which he contracted with both eyes open, and he paid it like a gentleman. The trees were all tumbled in the course of one year. They were his own undoubted property—he could do what he liked with them; but it would have made any Christian's heart ache to hear the sound of the axes ringing from morning to night through the hills, all to build up, as you say, a larch forest for a damnable stockbroker in some of the parky purlieus of London!"

The Oxonian looked disturbed and mortified, as who should say,

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra sparsêre!"

Sir Denis, perceiving his mood, thought it a good opportunity to inculcate the folly of improvidence, by declaring his belief that if those oaks had been left to beautify Mahony Park, they would, at the present day, to say nothing of their noble and aristocratic appearance, be good and marketable value for forty thousand pounds, in the lawful money of the realm. "And that," he concluded, "that, I think, Mr. Denis, was paying too much for keeping up the credit of the family among the sons of dukes and slopsellers at Tattersall's and in Bond-street."

Mr. Denis thought so too, but he did not choose to say so. He was content to remark, half in jest and half in earnest, that Parliament ought to devise some way of disinheriting granduncles who act with so scandalous a disregard for their posterity.

"Don't say that, boy," said the honest old proprietor. "You don't know what your own children may say of you and I, when we shall be laid up side by side yonder, under the family pew in the old church."

The graduate, nevertheless, could not conceal his annoyance, feeling how pleasant it would be for him to have the clearing of three or four acres of that old wood, for the dismantling of which he was now disposed to lean so hard upon the memory of his ancestor. Like the beadle in "King Lear," he would gladly have used the Hamadryads in the same sort for which his justice whipped the shade of poor *Sir Bryan;* being reminded by daily epistolary reminiscences, that English tailors, tavern-keepers, jockeys, and Jews, are just as difficult to satisfy in the middle of the nineteenth century as they were towards the close of the eighteenth. To appease their cravings, it would have pleased him well to strip the park even of the few old ornamental oaks which he saw spreading their arms in solitary grandeur over its green slopes and lawns, and to leave it without a single living witness in the vegetable kingdom to testify its ancient nobleness.

But the baronet, though he had handed over the portfolio of *woods and forests* to his heir, had imposed this restriction withal, that no timber trees should be felled. He might plant as many as he pleased, but cut down none. The stragglers, therefore, were safe from both Jew and Gentile; and our refined specimen of Oxford breeding was fain to sooth his disappointed feelings by crying down the beautiful demesne, in which the pride of his house had been nurtured and sustained, as vulgar and "larchy."

When the old gentleman went out for his morning ride, the heir rang the bell, and ordered the gamekeeper into his presence. That functionary had been handed over to him as part and parcel of the forest department: and he was now summoned to receive directions as to the future management of the preserves. There was noble woodcock-shooting in the extensive plantations of the park, and grouse were plenty, when there ought to be plenty, upon the mountain that overhung this magnificent residence. The bounding stream also, which ran through the grounds towards the bay that received it about a mile beyond the park wall, was famous for the weight and fine condition of its salmon. For every season the Mahony Estate presented its appropriate sport, and the personage who now made his bow before its future lord and master was the trusty and experienced controller of all in their due succession. As he was himself wont to boast, "there was no divarsion without him."

Digitized by Google

He was a tall, wiry fellow, beyond fifty, of weatherbeaten aspect, but light and nimble of limb, equal to any toil which his office could impose on him, and perfectly seasoned against all the severities and changes of the weather. He had shot with three generations of this family; and, according to his own modest account of himself, was, with reference to that accomplishment, "all their fathers." Having learned the art before the invention of patent breechings or double sights, he possessed the advantage which proficiency attained by long and painful effort must ever retain over that which is more easily acquired. Percussion locks he looked upon with the same contempt that a strong swimmer regards a cork jacket. He never missed anything that got up within range of his flint gun, what did he want, then, of a detonator? The like of them might be well enough for people that were afraid to give a bird a little law for his life, but he was in no hurry. The costume of this ranger of the woods and wilds was in keeping with his notions of the good old times in general. He wore a corduroy jacket full of pockets before and behind, a red waistcoat striped with black, drab "spatterdashes," as he persisted in calling his leggings; and, in spite of all that could be said on behalf of the obvious convenience of a cap to those who must be constantly among trees and copse, nothing could induce him in any situation to dispense with a high-crowned hat.

"So, Macarthy," such was thea grcious salutation of the young master, in answer to the honest sportsman's numerous *congés* and protestations of delight at seeing him once more out of school, and safe at home in his own place, "I suppose Sir Denis has acquainted you that I am to be henceforward the master in your department?"

"Yes, Master Dinnis, dear, and long life to you to be master over me all the days you live. I'm intirely proud of it, for the sport was growing very sober since you went to college. But Master Dinnis, agrah, don't call me 'Macarthy,' if you plase."

"Why not?" inquired the youth, raising his eyebrows to a most austere pitch of disdain; "is not that your name?"

"I was never christened Macarthy, sir," said the sportsman somewhat abashed; "not a gintleman of your family that ever I shot under, egg and bird—and I sarved them all from ginneration to rivelation—but ever and always called me *Flan*. 'Tis like going into a new service, to hear one of the name calling me Macarthy."

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "you *have* come into a new service, and as long as it is your convenience to remain in it I fear your feelings must submit to the mortification; for I shall call you Macarthy, and nothing else."

Poor Flan bowed with a dejected air, while his new master proceeded, in a tone wholly new to his ears, to demand, "What young man was that I saw with you yesterday on the moor, as I passed in at the gate? He appeared to be shooting over these grounds."

"And so he was, sir; so he was," answered the gamekeeper. "That was your own school-fellow, Mr. Oliver Moriarty, that used to come home with you at the Christmas from the great school at Middleton, you remember."

But it was not agreeable to Mr. Denis Mahony to remember anything of the kind. "Tell Mr. Oliver Moriarty," he said drily, "if that's his name, that he is not to shoot on these grounds any more."

"Sure, sir, he has lave. He dined here only last Monday, and Sir Dinnis—"

"Tell me nothing about his dining here or there. If he dined here six days in the week, he is not to shoot in these grounds; or, if he does, it may be worse for you, Macarthy."

"Blessed hour!" exclaimed the astonished gamekeeper. "And I after hearing Sir Dinnis, no later than Monday evening, giving him free lave and license for the whole saison!"

"Gently, good Mr. Macarthy," said the young gentleman ironically. "No man can serve two masters; and as Sir Denis has transferred you to me, I recommend you to attend to what *I* say, if you intend much longer to serve one. Tell that gentleman, I say, that he is not to shoot on these grounds."

Flan submissively promised to obey, though he wondered inwardly to himself with what face he should venture to convey the communication."

"Maybe," he added, somewhat doubtingly, "it would be agreeable to your honour that I would carry the same message to the minister of the parish; he has the liberty of the whole estate these five-and-twenty years, ever since he was curate to your grandfather at the glabe; to tell the truth, though, it is seldom he uses it."

"Certainly," said the young squire; "the same to him and to every one. The place has been a common too long."

"But of coorse," interjected the gamekeeper, "there will be axceptions. Them officers down in the village—the Dragoons, I main—will have the prevelege the army always has, to kill what they want for the mess."

"Not a feather, upon my honour!" said the young reformer.

"Faix!" whispered Flan to himself, "'tis no lie to say a new broom sweeps clane."

"Now that we understand one another upon that point, Mr. Macarthy," resumed his master, "how are you off for dogs?"

"Elegant, Master Dinnis," replied the sportsman, brightening up a little; "not to be bet in Munster. Three pointers, as true as ever stood to shot; half-a-dozen setters of ould Blossom's breed—you remember ould Blossom, Master Dinnis?"

Master Denis did remember old Blossom, though he could not recollect his friend and playfellow, Oliver Moriarty, nor the school at Middleton.

"We have three cockers," proceeded the gamekeeper; "and for greyhounds, it is given up to Spring and Fly that their match is not on all the Curragh of Kildare."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Oxonian, who condescended to look a little pleased at this enumeration of his canine forces. "And how does the season promise for woodcocks?"

Digitized by Google

"*You* never seen such a year as it will be," replied the gamekeeper. "Though it is but the 29th of November this morning, there is a greater number of cocks in the little wood already than ever was there another year on a Christmas-day; and the holly-bushes down along the edge of the bog is actially alive with them; but there'll be a a few of them scatthered o' Monday next."

The young squire asked what he meant.

"Why, Mr. Spooner, the agent, is to be here, with two of his sons, and the barristher of the quarter-sessions; and Sir Dinnis invited the gentlemen from the barracks, with three or four young gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to come and try their hands in the cover for three or four hours before dinner."

"How! has Sir Denis done that?"

"I heard him myself asking Mr. Oliver Moriarty to come; and more betoken, he said your honour would be of the party."

"The devil he did!" murmured the lord of the woods of Mahony Park; "that was a mistake, Macarthy; I shall not be here on Monday, and you know my orders."

"Orders, sir?" cried the bewildered sportsman, "sure, death alive! I am not to tell the ould masther's company to walk out of the wood, am I?"

"Again I repeat, Macarthy, you know *my* orders," said the young gentleman, with a most unmistakeable emphasis upon the pronoun; "and I expect they shall be attended to more strictly, if possible, in my absence, than if I were present."

Flan collapsed into a profound reverie on the increasing difficulties of his new position, from which he was aroused by his master asking if he could write.

"I can't deny but I could, wonst," he replied, manifestly expecting some new and disagreeable trial of his allegiance. "In the good old times, when pens was made of quills, I could write a little."

"Then you keep a book, I suppose?"

"A book, is it, Masther Dinnis?" said the nervous sportsman. "Oh, yes; I keep a prayer-book, of coorse, and a book full of salmon-flies and green-drake feathers."

"And that's your library, I presume," said Mr. Denis Mahony facetiously.

"The whole catalogue, sir," said Flan, with a broad grin, which, truth to say, belied the feelings of his breast.

"Well, then," proceeded his master, "I must add one to the list. Have you ever heard of a game-book?"

"To be sure," cried Flan; "to be sure I did. Is'nt there Colonel Hawker's book, that's laid upon the big Bible in the breakfast-parlour, all about game; and that beautiful book about elephant-snaring and tiger-shooting, with the bright green and yellow pictures, on the drawing-room table?"

"Nay," interrupted the young squire; "the game-book I mean is of a different kind. See, here is one, which I make you a present of; it will be your business to enter in these columns, under their several names and descriptions, the produce of each day's sport, from this day forward. You shall put down every head of game that is bagged, and I will look over your book once a fortnight and hold you accountable for them."

"Accountable for all the game that is killed?" cried the astonished sportsman.

"Every jack snipe;" said the young man, in a most peremptory tone. "At the end of the day's shooting you are to take possession of all the bags, arrange the contents according to their several denominations, and pack them carefully in baskets, which I will provide for that purpose, to be sent off twice a week to the steam-packet office in Cork."

Flan opened his month to its widest extent. The idea of sending all the game of Mahony Park out of the country was quite a new conception to him, who had been employed for nearly the third part of a century in packing and carrying it in various directions through the Green Isle, north, east, and west, in presents to all the friends and relations, rich and poor, of the family.

"Must I send them *all* off, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes; all, I tell you, from the heron to the lark," was the curt reply.

"The Bishop of Cork," said Flan, respectfully, "gets his two brace a week of some sort or other, from the 20th of August to the 1st of February."

"His lordship has seen his last contribution, then," answered the Oxonian.

"And I my last half-crown of his money," thought Flan. "But, sir, your grand-aunt, Mrs. O'Grady, of Kilmallock, is supplied regular with snipe for dinner, becase her stomach is not strong enough for butcher's mate."

"Poor old lady!" said the youth affectedly. "I regret I cannot relax the rule in her favour."

"But the cook, sir," said Flan; "what am I to say to the cook?"

"What cook do you speak of, Macarthy?"

"Why the soart of a cook that's in it, sir; Betty Gorman, down stairs yonder. When she calls for her hare-soups and her side dishes, mustn't she have what she requires?"

"That certainly demands consideration," said the heir of Mahony; "we must not starve out our own garrison, of course. No; you shall be at liberty to supply Sir Denis's larder with a reasonable portion of game; but, mark me! take a written receipt for every bird you keep out of the hampers for that purpose, and you will have to account to me for them when we come to check off your entries in this book with the poulterers' vouchers."

"With the what, your honour?" cried the horror-stricken gamekeeper. "The pow—powl—powltherer, did you say?"

"Yes, did not I explain that to you before?"

"No, sir, said the indignant gamekeeper; "you only said the birds were to be sent twice a week to the steam-packet."

"And for what purpose did you imagine they were to be sent there, unless to be sold?" said the youth, with a contemptuous smile. "They are to be shipped off regularly to Pluck and Pinfeather, at Bristol; and I'll make you pay for any losses or stoppages that may occur on account of unnecessary delay or careless packing."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Master Dinnis—Master Dinnis!" exclaimed the old follower of the house of Mahony; "did I ever think to see your father's son in the sityation of cadger to a chicken-butcher? The like was never heerd tell of since the flood of Noah, for a Mahony to sell snipes and woodcocks! Thim that would scorn to sell sheep, unless by the hundred, or fat bullocks, under a score to the lot, to send off a little hand-basket of schnipeens to be sould for so much a couple, just the same way as Bid Garraty hawks a clutch of young ducks to market! Ogh, upon my sowl, I'm ashamed of you, Master Dinnis!"

Master Denis laughed from the teeth outwards at this indignant burst of elocution, and then very coolly replied to it. "You are a proud man, Mr. Macarthy; and as I like pride in its proper place, I can overlook a little impertinence for once, in consideration of your spirit. But beware of repeating these eccentricities, either in my presence or behind my back. And now go down to my servant, Ellice, who will give you some cards directed to Pluck and Pinfeather, which you can attach to the hampers as you make them up. And, harkye, Macarthy; you'll oblige me, d'ye understand, by dropping that rather familiar mode of address. I am no longer Master Denis, recollect, but Mister Mayony."

"Mayony!" said Flan. "Blessed hour! Is it wide awake I am? Not Mawghony, like the ould blood, but Mayony? Is that it, avick?"

"Precisely so, Macarthy; and now you may go."

Flan did not wait for the permission to be repeated, but quickly retired, muttering to himself as he went, that nobody could wonder at the young heir calling him out of his Christian name, though none of the family, male or female, ever did the like before; but what could be expected when the same gentleman forgot the very name that belonged to his own fathers and mothers ever since the flood of Noah, and called it *Mayony?*

The possessor of that refined etymology in the meantime reflected, with some mortification, on the intelligence he had received of the intended invasion of his woodcocks on the following Monday. It would be ungracious, he felt, to contravene the old baronet's hospitable intentions so soon after he had voluntarily divested himself of the right to carry them out to whatever extent he pleased. Nevertheless, the thing must be done. His Grace the Duke of Brandon, Count Grammont, Lord Prancer, and Sir Geoffry Curmudgeon, had most condescendingly invited themselves to shoot all the cocks in Mahony Park on the first convenient day after Christmas. They would even take the trouble of coming over from England, expressly to dignify his ancestral seat, and those of three or four other aspiring and sensible Irishmen, by making them the scenes of a succession of *battues*, to be recorded afterwards in all the journals of the United Kingdom; and they had almost engaged their words (which were equal to their bonds, any day) that, should they find the sport encouraging, and the fare tolerable, they would ennoble these woods annually with their presence, as long as nobody would let them into as well-stocked preserves at the Saxon side of the Channel.

With such distinction in reserve for him, "Mr. Mayony" justly thought that no antediluvian regard for a father's feelings, or any wish which he might himself haply entertain to conciliate the gentry of his own country, ought to influence his mind for one moment. He resolved, therefore, to exclude for ever all Irish commoners from his woods and mountains; and as it might be disagreeable to be present at the first public notification of such a rule, he pondered an excuse for absenting himself from home on the following Monday, and devolved the invidious task of enforcing it upon Flan Macarthy.

That trusty retainer of the house had left the presence of his new master very much out of love with the service; and as he clattered down the back stairs towards the kitchen, in search of Mr. Ellice (the young gentleman's gentleman, who never went into a kitchen by any chance), his heavy tread, and muttered maledictions against the hard fortune of the morning, conveyed to the quick apprehension of Betty Gorman, the cook, that the gamekeeper was, for some reason or other, not quite so light of heart as a man might be who had found an inheritance.

"What ails ye, Flan?" said the Fire Queen, as soon as he stood within the precincts of her domain.

"What would ye see ailing me, Betty?" he replied; "nothing ails me, girl, that money would'nt cure."

"What was it you were gruntin' about, as you came down the stairs," said the cook, "if nothing ailed you?"

"Gruntin' is it, Betty?" cried the gamekeeper; "'tis yourself that's complimentary this morning, I don't think. 'Twas singin' a bit of a song I was, that I larned from Father Charley Kennedy—the Lord be marciful to him!—when we used to be coorsin' hares up behind Counsellor Casey's lodge beyond the lake yonder."

"See that now!" said the cook; "and what might the song be about, Flan, avich?"

"Why, then, there can be no harm in tellin' you that much, at any rate," replied Flan; "for I defy you to make a bad use of it. Turn it which way you plase, it is only Father Charley's word after all. Well, we kilt the hare to be sure, and if we did, who comes up a' top of us upon the same, but the counsellor himself; and a tarrible close old fellow he was."

"Don't tell me about him, the nagur!" interrupted the cook. "Did'nt I stand in his kitchen by the name of a cook, for three months, until the cowld wind out of the grate dhruv me out of it with a reumatiz that'll stick to me to my dying day?"

"Well," continued the gamekeeper, "you knew him, then; and, as I was saying, up comes the counsellor and bids us the time of the day; and, 'Any sport, gintlemin?' he says, looking at the dogs that lay pantin' at our feet. 'Only this hare, sir,' says the priest, drawing it out from under his long coat, 'that I was going to take home with me to the Chapel-house for poor Mr. Quigley, he is very sickly this long time, and the doctor has

Digitized by Google

ordered him hare soup.' 'That's strong dite for a sick man,' says the counsellor; 'beef-tay,' says he, is the safest dhrink for him; and as that happens to be my hare, Mr. Kennedy, I'll trouble you just to lave her there till I sind out one of my futmen to carry her home.' And with the same, he turns on his heel and walks away."

"Just like him, the ould skinflint," said the cook; "and it's into Cork, maybe, he'd sind the same hare, to be sould for eightpence, at the chicken-butcher's shop. Little fear of him letting it go, like a Christian, to the poor praicher of the Gosphel."

"Just so, Betty," said the gamekeeper; "that's exactly what Father Charley remarked, when the counsellor strutted away like a Lord Chancellor, with his two arms going back and forrard as you might see the sails of a windmill. 'Augh,' says Father Charley, says he; 'may I never die but the ould song has a dale o' truth in it,—

"'Mainness and pride,
Still go together side by side.'"

"Thrue for him, Flan a-lana"—said the cook, levelling an emphatic thump with her rolling-pin upon the breast-bone of a turkey, which she was preparing for the spit—"Thrue for him; but what was it brought that bit of a song into your head, just at that present time, when you were coming out of Master Dinnis's room?"

"Whisht, ye ould *Hooshan** ye," cried Flan; "if ye have a mind to stay in it, never say that word again. Why sure there's no Master Dinnis no more at all."

"Is it takin' lave o' your sinses ye are?" said the fair one, as she dealt a vigorous poke to the fire. "No Master Dinnis at all? What do you main, man?"

"I main," said Flan, "that I have left the sarvice of Sir Dinnis Maghony, and now, to my sorrow, am gamekeeper to one Mr. Mayony."

"To Mr. hwhatt?" screamed the cook, with a rap which made a whole battalion of sparks fly up the chimney.

"Mayony!" repeated the gamekeeper, sucking in his cheeks with a long inspiration, which forthwith rushed back into the outer air with a sound between a whistle and a sigh.

The cook thrust two fingers under one side of her cap, and began to scratch the bump of considerativeness. "That's past all understanding," said she, "if it's not jokin' you are."

"It is not much of a joke you'll find about the same gentleman," replied the sportsman drily. "And now, Betty Gorman, can you tell how many head of game you have in the larder?"

"Not myself, indeed," answered the cook; "maybe a dozen or two, big and little as they are. What do you ask such a question as that for?"

"Because you'll have to count them, and give me a resate for every mother's bird of them. You're to be put on an allowance, Betty, jewel, of two hares a week, and as many snipes or cocks every day as will make just a moderate dish for the parlour dinner."

"Ah, then, hould your tongue, Flan Macarthy," said the cook, giving him a push that sent him halfways to the door; "sure it's not going to sell the game he is, as the wally said last night, when I thrated him to a woodcock for his supper."

"Sorra word of lie in it," said Flan; "and did the wally tell you that?"

"Indeed did he," replied the cook; "but I thought it was one of his jackeen London thricks, the crather! 'Au,' says he, 'ginteel bird that, Mrs. Cook, 'pon my honour, very nice indeed; but this is the last o' the soart you'll be after givin me,' says he. 'And why so, sir?' says I. 'Au, then,' says he again, ''pon my honour, thim birds is worth half-a-guinea a brace in Leadenhall-street; and the young governor has contracted to sind every one of them over to Brizzle, to a feather-marchant.'"

"No," interrupted Flan, "that isn't it; but to a powltherer—one Pluck and Pennyfeather."

"Well, I knew there was something about feathers in it," remarked the cook. "Did ever ye hear such a mane turn in all your life?"

"Never," said Flan; "it bates even the mimber of Parliament's churn of buttermilk at the Bullring of Waxford."

"But it's a common thing in England," rejoined the cook. "The wally says he knows a juke that empties the bags of all the gentlemen that comes to his house with his own hands, and sends the game they shoot to Leadenhall-street."

"Ah, nonsense, woman," said Flan, out of all patience; "sure that would be high thraison."

"Faith, and maybe it would," replied the woman; "but the wally as good as swore it; and more than that, he says the same juke sometimes throws a brace or two of owls into the market-basket, and charges the same price for them that he does for a pair of peasants."

"And who are the owls for, I'd like to know?" demanded the incredulous Flan.

"For the Lord Mayor of London; who else?" answered the cook. "He always has owl pie and chancellor's pudding of a day when he inthertains the joodges."

"Why this wally must be a pleasanter fellow than his master," observed the sportsman. "What more did he tell you?"

"Only you laugh at a body so," said Betty, "I could tell you many a quare thing. What do you think of a prence—"

"A what?"

"A prence shootin' rabbits, and packin' them up in a cart to be taken out to market?"

"Oh, after that!"

And with this aposiopesis the conversation ended, Flan shouldering his fowling-piece, and, as he went out, kicking his favourite dog before him for sheer vexation. He proceeded moodily to his usual haunt, by the edge of the bog, skirting the great wood; and there a casualty, or, more properly, a series of casualties, befel him, to which the experience of thirty precedent years could pre-

* In remembrance of the atrocities committed by our Hessian auxiliaries in Ireland, during the rebellion of 1798, their name, pronounced as above, is adopted into the vernacular as a term of reproach, and will continue so to the end of time.

Digitized by Google

sent no parallel. Three woodcocks rose in succession within a reasonable distance of his gun. He fired at them, one after another, and missed them all. As the last of them flew whirring up the hill, Flan turned to his companion, Dash, who, with a stare of canine astonishment, was looking at him for an explanation, and said, in a snappish tone, such as dogs can best interpret, "What matther, ye cur? Isn't it a comfort, after all, that Pluck and Pennyfeather has no call to them yet awhile?"

The thousand and one lies with which Flan Macarthy endeavoured to evade the unpleasant duty of declaring the woods of Mahony Park to be a close preserve, failed to satisfy the party of the following Monday. They would not believe that the weather was unpropitious, or that the birds had taken to the mountains of a neighbouring estate. To no purpose he reported all the dogs to be halt or sick. That was no bar to cock-shooting. Half a dozen boys, with sticks, could flush the game in a close cover as well, if not better, than any number of dogs; and although Flan, foreseeing this, had sent all the idle hands, at dawn of day, upon divers errands and pretences, far away from the premises, a whistle through Mr. Moriarty's fingers brought up a whole platoon of "beaters" from the village school. An opportune flight of wild geese —Flan was not sure but there might be swans among them—had alighted that morning upon a *Turlough*,* near the residence of the Counsellor Casey, of whom mention has been incidentally made in these pages; and the novelty of the sport was thrown out as a lure, to draw the party some miles away from the interdicted preserve. But they had set their hearts upon woodcocks, from which no rhetoric nor temptation could divert them.

At last, therefore, the unadorned and ugly truth had to be told: the royalty had passed into other hands, and how could a simple receiver of orders help it, if English manners came in with an "Inglified master?"

Sir Denis was not present when this explanation came out; and his visitors, though sadly disappointed, were too well convinced of his innocence of the cause to let him share their mortification. They borrowed an excuse, therefore, from a drizzling rain, to return into the mansion of the baronet, and wear out the afternoon at a pool of billiards, rallied all the while for modern effeminacy by their hearty old host, who for several days afterwards remained in ignorance of the true cause of such degeneracy.

Christmas came in its proper season, and the same week the village of Closhmahony was roused from its usual quietude by the appearance of a green-bodied vehicle, in shape like a mail-coach, which was whirled rapidly by four post-horses towards the park; it was covered with mud below, and with men above. The passengers consisted of gentlemen dressed like servants, and of servants dressed like gentlemen, the latter being congregated on the hinder part of the coach. The country-people ran out from their houses with eager curiosity, for they had been prepared by the rumour of "the kitchen above" to expect a Duke amongst this strange company; but although they closely observed every visage, inside and outside, not one of them could discover the form or features which their habitual reverence for the superior orders of creation had taught them to believe inseparable from such a dignity. They had never seen a Duke before; and though they did not exactly calculate to be able to distinguish his Grace by three strawberries growing out of his forehead, it was rather a shock to their ideal anticipations to find the Duke, in this case, conspicuous among his attendant peers by that number of remarkably florid excrescences germinating from his nose.

The reception given by Sir Denis to this noble company was such as became their rank and the hospitable character of his ancient house. He met them at the hall door, with his handsome son beside him; and as his tall manly figure bent in courtesy towards his guests, and he addressed each in turn with the frank urbanity so characteristic of the true Irish gentleman, the schoolmaster could not help remarking to Flan, who entirely concurred in the justice of the observation, that Sir Denis was "the Duke among them all."

"It is true for you, Mr. Pandy," replied Flan, "and no great compliment neither, if them's the quollity they make Dukes of. By the staff of Saint Patrick, 'tis ducks and drakes we'd make of the whole boiling in this country."

Flan had not yet recovered the usual serenity of his temper, but felt an inhospitable delight in finding fault with the group, noble and ignoble, as they entered the doors of his old master. He regarded them as a Red Indian might look upon a party of Yankee loafers come to invade the hunting-ground of his tribe. And although his habit of associating with the gentry had made him somewhat Conservative in his political views, he now experienced a considerable revulsion in his inner man, and began to see that Repeal was not altogether the *Leprechaun** he had sometimes pronounced it. "At any rate," he admitted to Mr. Pandy, who was strong "*for the country*," "if we had *the Union* back again, every nation would shoot its own cocks."

"That same," rejoined the schoolmaster, "would be a great thing."

But when the strangers went out the following morning, fully equipped and eager for the sport, showing themselves men of active sinew and approved mettle, quick to bring down their brace of birds, right and left, with unerring certainty; and when, notwithstanding their stiff and proud bearing as they alighted from the coach the night before, they threw themselves heartily into all the glee and companionship of the scene, ready with the merry laugh of their country, and by no means backward in smart repartee and sallies of humour, which we are too apt to think indigenous to our own soil,

* A lake which dries up in summer.

* A sprite, who amuses people with the promise of treasure which he never means to produce.

Digitized by Google

Flan became more reconciled to their intrusion. If Mr. Oliver Moriarty had been admitted of the party, he would have even felt unalloyed happiness; for he now saw that "raial gintlemen" may come from beyond sea, and that the Barony of Iveragh does not contain all the good sportsmen in the wide world.

The Duke, though an indifferent sportsman, was not the last to find his way into the good graces of our Munster gamekeeper. The gift of a cigar (which Flan was Goth enough to cut into pieces in the hollow of his hand, and cram, among the ashes of a ha'p'orth of Limerick pig-tail, into the bowl of his short black pipe), and the offer of a small silver measure of *eau-de-vie*, out of his Grace's own private pocket flask, made a wonderful change in his notion of the essential ingredients of a Duke. He had never seen so "humane"* a Duke in his life; and when his Grace missed a fair shot, which it would have been a reproach to a plebeian not to hit, a reason was ready, for his encouragement, why he had met such ill luck that turn, and why he might hope for better the next. "Stay till your hand's a little studdier, my Grace, and you'll see how they'll tumble. The flapperin' they make with their wings when they get up is apt to cause a thraymour; but 'tis nothing when you're used to it. Whirroo! but you took a fine handful of feathers out of that fellow! Wherever he is, I'll go bail he's booked for Leadenhall-street."

Again, when his Grace seemed to hang fire unnecessarily at a brace of birds, this strain of encouragement was somewhat qualified by a tone of remonstrance. "Now, Duke of Brandy, now! fire! Bad luck to you! if there's any good in you, fire!"

"He calls him *Brandy!*" whispered the Duke's gentleman to the gentleman of the Count, both gentlemen having followed the party at a civil distance in the rear, to witness the sport. "Did you hear? He calls *my* Duke, *Brandy*. An't that a *rum* un?"

The Count's gentleman giggled, and lit a cigar, the better to relish the wit. "Did'nt he call *our* Count *Gammon?*" said he to the gentleman of the Duke; and they both laughed a laugh which nobody heard but themselves.

But "Mr. Mayony" saw it. The Duke was diverted by the humour, so new to him, of his rustic attendant, which he enjoyed the more on account of the fidgets into which it threw his Grace's Irish friend. At every fresh *brusquerie* of Flan, that grand young gentleman, who was doing the *Amphytrion* after the highest English models, winced as if a thorn had pierced his flesh. He reddened with vexation at the tittering of the valets; and could scarcely control his rage against the unconscious Flan when he recalled to mind the grave and deferential bearing of keepers at the various *battues* to which he had been admitted in the other country. Such an enormity as a fellow in a velveteen jacket questioning if a Duke had "any good in him" was unheard of at Belvoir or at Holkham. It was downright *jacquerie*, and seemed to cry aloud for a new penal clause in the very next Parliamentary edition of the Game Act.

Great was his confusion at each new impertinence that issued from the unbridled lips of the mountaineer, and greater still his trepidation every moment lest something, as yet unsaid, might come forth, to surpass all that had gone before. In vain he endeavoured to quench such familiarity with an austere regard of control. Flan would not pretend to understand the frowns and threatening head-shakes of his master; and finding himself encouraged by a Duke to give free scope to his genius, could see no reason in the nature of things why it should be held in rebuke by any commoner in the realm. Little heed, then, gave he to the curt and snappish interruptions which his master threw in as often as he presumed to "insense" the Duke, after his own manner, in the great art of cock-shooting, and the style in which such things used to be done in the days of the "ould masther."

"What soart of a gun is that you have?" he exclaimed, when the Duke at length fired, and missed his brace. "It is like Tim Rafferty's carribine; it is only made to shoot round a corner. Now, I bet a pound with any man it isn't a Rigby."

"Do, now, Macarthy, pray do attend to what concerns you," said Mr. Mahony.

"Nay," interposed the Duke, "don't prevent him from enlightening me upon the subject of shooting round corners. I want to know how that's done."

"Faith, and," said the indomitable Flan, "I'm thinkin' your Grace is fully accoutred for the sport already. Who made that gun, my Duke, with submission to you?"

"'Tis one of Egg's," replied the Duke.

"Egg's!" cried Flan. "Like enough, like enough; for the birds arn't hatched yet that it will bring to the bag for Pluck and Pinny—"

"Hem!—mark!" cried "Mr. Mahony," darting forward with sudden and unnecessary alacrity, and pointing to a thicket, out of which a slight rustling noise proceeded.

"'Tis only a blackbird, Master Dinnis, dear!" said Flan, laying his hand gently upon his indignant master's arm. "I wonder but you'd know the differ. 'Twas enough if one of these English greenhorns made such a mistake as that. But, as I was saying to your Grace, you'd no business to come here at all without a Rigby."

"What do you mean by a Rigby?" said his Grace, mischievously bent upon drawing his familiar interlocutor out to the full length of his humour.

"I mane an Irish gun," to be sure—what else?"—said Flan, "made by the great Rigby, of Suffoake-street, in the city of Dublin. There's no fellow to him in the three kingdoms, if you were to go from Ballina to the Isle of Hwhite."

The Duke insisted that there might be as good a fowling-piece manufactured in England as any that even Rigby the Great could supply.

"Who says agin' that?" cried Flan the Invincible?" To be sure there may, and bettther; but 'tis for killing English game, your Dukeship, such

* Latin words, in familiar use among the Irish peasantry, often smack in a remarkable manner of their classical descent. Thus "humane" means "affable"—just the same sense in which Terence would have employed it.

Digitized by Google

as peasants, and pattheric ks, and the like, ye understand. It's nattheral to think so, for thim's English birds, wherein* the woodcock belongs to this country; and of coorse—"

"Well?" said the Duke, much amused by his reasoning, and anxious to hear the conclusion of the syllogism, "what follows of course?"

"Why, it stands to raison," said Flan, hitching up his shot-pouch, and looking round to the rest of the company, as great reasoners often do when they think they have clinched an argument—"it stands to raison, all one as it does that the same rag of red cloth that takes a mackerel won't kill a Limerick salmon."

Lord Prancer, who came up from another part of the cover during this demonstration, took a survey of Flan, as he pried curiously with one eye into the barrel of the Duke's gun, and then swore, by the most immaterial part of himself, that he had never seen a more original gamekeeper but once; "and that," added Lord Prancer, "was among the Chippeway Indians, above Lake Superior, when I served with the Royal Fusiliers in Canada. On the occasion of a grand hunt, given by the Big Buffalo of that friendly tribe, the red fellow appointed to lift me over the swamps expressed compassion for "the Great Mother, Victoria," because she had no children squatted around her kettle who had been trained to hamstring a deer in full chase with the cast of a tomahawk, or to cut a rump-steak from the brawny part of a black bear while it was running up a tree, and therefore incapable of turning about in its own defence." That genius of the backwoods the noble lord considered a pretty fair match for the sample of a Kerry guide before him.

It would not have broken Mr. Mahony's heart at that moment, if his noble friend had undergone the operation of scalping among the same Chippeways, so vexed was he by the sneer at his *ménage*, which he felt to be an insinuation, the more bitter for its truth, of want of means to have everything up to "the time of day."

Alas for those whom vanity prompts to assume a station when they have it not; many similar shafts, ready barbed and feathered, are laid up in the quiver of this cynical world. Our graduate, who had brought home some good Latin with him from Oxford, could not help repeating to himself the words of the satirical knave who had said—

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

In truth, no man could better feel their sting; for doubtless it was for the pitiful ambition which loves to shine in finer plumage than Nature intended that the poet specially framed that complaint. Honest poverty has no need to "hang its head" at the laugh of a gilded coxcomb; nor will the veriest coxcomb alive presume to laugh while it holds itself erect in homely dignity.

There is something in genuine independence superior to the mere tinsel of life, which commands respect even from the spoiled children of fortune; and it is a comfort in the midst of all our misery that we are learning this virtue apace in Ireland. The dregs of sour claret and gooseberry champagne are running out fast. A gentleman has no fear of losing caste by dispensing with his French cook; and the butler, a splendid sinecurist at the sideboard, is turned to use in a variety of departments, without causing the neighbourhood, that sees him driving the jaunting car, or lending a hand to beat the carpets, to look and pass by at the other side, when the members of the family go abroad in public. Nobody blushes at the sight of a seedy acquaintance now, unless it be a vice-guardian, an assistant-barrister, an ecclesiastical commissioner, or some such blown-up bladder of office, whom the general depreciation of the times cannot affect. But Mr. "Mayony" blushed, yea, up to the tips of both his ears, to hear one of the prime wits of the Athenæum and Nulli Secundus Clubs comparing his *Chef de Gibier* to a Chippeway hunter.

Nor were his mortifications fated to end here; for on the return of the party from the wood, they came upon Thady Gaff, arrayed as a "forester," in a bran new frock of bottle green, with drab leggings, and his hat handsomely looped at the sides, in hot altercation with a herring-cadger about the price of a few hundred of *scollops*, otherwise hazel-rods, to make a fish-basket. It was this functionary's business to plash the hedges, and keep the scrub (as Mr. Mahony had been pleased to call it) in order, paying himself out of the proceeds of his loppings and prunings; and he was now haggling, at the highest pitch of his voice, about an odd halfpenny in the bargain.

A little nearer the house, Mrs. Gorman was singing out to a "page," all resplendent in round white buttons, to run into "the town" for an ounce of black pepper, and some allspice; and the "page" was responding in the same key, that she had better "do it herself, and save the penny;" inasmuch as he had to brush three pair of pumps, brighten as many dozen of knives, keep the fires going in parlour and drawing-room, "pick the mate out of two lobsters for the butler, and clane himself, fit to be seen, before the cloth was laid."

Considering that he was so overwhelmed with occupations, the youth seemed not at all disposed to hurry himself; for while this dialogue was going on with the cook, he lounged upon the top rail of a gate leading into a shrubbery, and gnawed the leg of a turkey, which, for the convenience of his teeth, he held sometimes with his right hand and sometimes with his left. As soon as he had laid the drumstick bare, he passed the sleeve of his new jacket across his mouth, rubbed his greasy fingers two or three times up and down the sides of his trousers, and strolled away towards the house, unconscious that both his words and the concluding action had been noted by the foremost of the shooting party, as they came round the plantation which had concealed them from his sight.

Mr. Mahony said nothing, neither did the Duke; but it was remarked that the latter, though lobster was his favourite dainty, suffered it to pass untasted during his visit at Mahony Park.

The fat cook meanwhile turned on her heel to

* Anglo-Hibernian for "whereas."

Digitized by Google

go in search of another messenger, muttering, loud enough to be heard, "Jimmy Chute, you're the broth of a boy!" but she knew not that her words had a noble audience until she heard a voice, which made her start and the young master redden, saying, "He might be, if he were boiled in his clothes."

This flash came from the ready armoury of the noble fusilier.

The table at the Park House was always well and plentifully served. The arrangements were good, the cookery, bating its native simplicity, unobjectionable, and the viands, as well as the wines, were the best of their kinds. A hungry company, however spoiled by luxury and refinement in their ordinary feeding, could find nothing to be reprobated in Sir Denis Mahony's dinners. If he did not solicit their palates with foreign delicacies, the air of his woods and mountains was sure to excite their appetite for the unsophisticated contents of his larder, as they came up, all hot and redolent of their natural juices, from the practised hand of Mrs. Gorman; while his cordial and pleasant manner, in him the reflex of kindly feeling, as obviously as it is the test of good breeding wherever it is found, gave an additional zest to the strong-bodied port of Jack Stewart, whereof good store remained, up to the date of my story, in the worthy old baronet's cellar.

Alas, poor Jack! Large has been the bonding of Benecarlo in her Majesty's vaults behind the Custom-house, since you ceased to nourish the stout heart of Conservative Ireland with the generous and unadulterated vintages of "our ancient ally." Had you lived till the period of my narrative, the Duke of Brandon would have honoured you with as liberal an order as you might have cared to supply; for he took marvellously to your strong potation, and, when he heard of your translation to a better world, envied black Dis the possession of such a wine-merchant.

But although the entertainment was unexceptionable, and such as the most tremulous tufthunter from Cam or Isis might have seen served up to his friends without a blush, the company was not of that picked quality with which the young squire, if left to himself, would have shared the salt on such an occasion. Sir Denis had abdicated none of his seignoral rights save one, that of the woods and wilds. He was still master of the house, and of all the *feræ naturæ* belonging or contingent thereto he dispensed his hospitality, after the good old country fashion, to all his neighbours alike. The modern fastidiousness, which divides a troop of friends into two or more subdivisions, and gives distinct and appropriate dinners to each, had not reached him; nor did the presence of a lord or two, though somewhat uncommon at his table, cause any difference in the selection of his other guests.

In vain had the heir hinted about the exclusive habits of the English nobility, and their repugnance to any sort of familiar contact with the middle classes. "So much the worse for them and for the country," said the baronet. "See to what a pass they have brought things by living within themselves. They have driven half the moderate gentility into the ranks of democracy, and cut up all good-fellowship and social enjoyment everywhere. Look at that pompous goose, Lord Peppercorn, who *does his duty*, as he thinks, by coming over to Ireland every autumn, and bolting himself within his demesne wall, like Beckford, at Fonthill Abbey. Why such residence as that is an affront to the whole neighbourhood. He does not even return the visits of the country gentlemen who leave their cards at the hall door."

"Pardon me, Baronet," said the young gentleman, who felt himself bound to be the champion of nobility on all occasions, "he mixes *with his tenants*."

"Oh, yes," said the Baronet, "I was just coming to that. He mixes with them, as you say; for he gives a banquet for the purpose of making a speech to them, and seeing them blinking in stupid amazement at his gold plate, while he thinks they are mentally wondering at their own rare fortune in having been placed under so wise and so rich a landlord. Poor man! He fancies he does marvels, by this sort of thing, towards knitting together the framework of society, and making the whole world fall down on their knees to 'Thank God that we have a House of Lords!'"

"It cannot be denied, sir," said Mr. Mahony, "that his lordship's order is nowhere more respected or admired than by the prosperous tenantry of Pepper-court."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Sir Denis. "If he would only give half-a-dozen dinners every month, with a dance now and then for the young people in the evening, and invite the squires, with their wives and daughters, to join in the festivities, both himself and his order would be a great deal more admired and respected."

It was with more vexation than surprise, after this exposition of his father's views of aristocratic self-worship, that Mr. Denis Mahony saw half-a-dozen country gentlemen whom he had not considered worthy of the privilege of drawing a trigger in a *battue* with his distinguished friends, seated at the same table with them, and helping to demolish the game that they had shot.

There was Mr. Cuddy, a fourth cousin of the great *Mac* of The Reeks, and connected by marriage with the O'Donoghue, who, having served many years in the Kerry militia of old, could tell stories about Sir Arthur Wellesley, when he was Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant; aye, and *would* tell them, too. And there was Jack Gunn, formerly of the excise department, who evermore went off at half-cock, upon the slightest allusion to whiskey, into a detail of droll adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes in the pursuit of private stills. Major Alarmo, the stipendiary magistrate, on the half-pay of the Cameronians, came charged to the throat with "the state of the country," and happy to have an opportunity of enlightening so many legislators at once upon that vital question; and the Squires Blennerhasset and Blarney sat open-mouthed, watching for the smallest gap in the conversation that they might send their united remonstrances to Parliament, through the same distin-

Digitized by Google

guished personages, against the Poor-law, as the direful spring of every calamity, actual or possible, that impended over Ireland.

But the most formidable of all the Baronet's guests was one who has long been a celebrity in the social and domestic annals of the whole province as "the Limerick Diamond," Constantine, or, as he was commonly called, Con Heffernan. He was a wit and a droll; and, being a man of birth and independent station, was not to be huffed or slighted with impunity by the highest noble in the land. He was also possessed of many sterling qualities, and could behave himself—as he used sometimes to boast—as like a gentleman as any other man of two thousand a year when he liked. But it must be owned that Con had provoking ways about him when he did not like. It was his particular delight, if he either felt or fancied that his presence was considered *de trop* amongst your picked people of quality, to exaggerate the natural roughness of his manners, and impart an additional breadth to the familiar Doric of his discourse. Dining once at the table of Lord G——l, in the lifetime of the old Countess, who had put an unatoned affront upon him, Con perceived her ladyship on thorns lest he should avenge himself by some intentional solecism which might call a blush into her face before an English guest, of high fashion and fastidious humour, who was among her visitors. The very suspicion that she might be influenced by such a fear put him upon his mettle to justify it; and therefore, watching his opportunity, when her ladyship was endeavouring to smooth him down by recommending some nice tender asparagus, to which she wished moreover to draw away his attention from a very scanty dish of peas, the first of the season: "No, my lady," said he, "I never ait grass afther the paise comes in;" and, with the word, he appropriated a lion's share of the daintier vegetable.

It may be imagined that such a guest was a dangerous man at the table of Sir Denis Mahony, on the occasion of the Duke of Brandon's first appearance there. The order of exclusion from the wood was not unknown to him. He had even been denied admittance a few days before; but if Mr. Mahony could then have foreseen that Con would so soon afterwards have an opportunity of explaining, face to face to that illustrious nobleman, the Irish art of making the two ends meet, the Prince of Wales himself would scarcely have commanded the royalties of Mahony Park more unreservedly. It was now too late, however, to repair the fault; and, accordingly, after this manner did Con propound.

"You can have no notion of Irish economy unless you were behind the scenes, and could see with your own eyes how aich man at one time plays many parts. *Hardy Quin*, at ould Crow-street, never changed his garments faster than an Irish gentleman's butler. Up and down, late and airly, iud or fasting, drunk or sober, there's no rest for the sinner. Cockshout finds him at peep-of-day brushing the shoes. After that, maybe it's a turn in the stables he'd be taking, or obliging the dairy-maid by holding the crass cow by the horns while the milking goes on. Then he digs a ghit of potatoes for his own breakfast; washes his hands in one tub with the same, and makes the toast for the parlour."

"Where does all this take place, Mr. Heffernan?" stammered the blushing heir.

"Just ring the bell, Denis, and call up Rody Shannon," said Con, with a leer; "maybe he will inform you of more particulars than I can."

"Pray, Mr. Heffernan, proceed," said the Duke. "You have only begun the day with your factotum."

"Aye, the top of the morning, your Grace," cried Con with savage glee. "See him now, when the repast is over, whipping off the white apron, and slipping on the pink coat. If there is a *screw* in the stable, 'tis his by virtue of his office; and away he rasps with one rusty spur making play upon the craycher's flank, to school the babbies for an hour or so on the moors."

"The babbies!" exclaimed the Duke. "What! is he children's maid, then, also?"

"That same in his turn," replied the tormentor; "nothing comes out of the way to him. But these babbies are not fed with a spoon. They are called baigles, I think, with you."

The hearty old Baronet, and his friends below the salt, laughed immoderately, while the merciless Con proceeded:—

"Of a day, when sport gives way to justice, 'tis at the petty sessions you'll find him, officiayting as interpreter for the Irish witnesses, and watching as close as a cat at a mail-chest, for fear they'd chate the devil by avoiding to kiss the crass. Another day, when the lady of the house wants to do the grand thing, the butler is stuck up alongside of the stable-helper behind the carriage, by way of a pair of footmen; he in a skimping livery, made in the *year one*, that the art of man could not button across his breast; and the other gaffer lost in a *shoot* that might have belonged to '*Big Sam*.' And so my lady goes out on her grand rounds."

"It do seem to me," observed Count Grammont, "dat de cellair demand de least of hees attention."

"Oh! that's the last place you'd hear of him, sure enough, like Parson Airly and the church. Even when he's not engaged in the family business it is planting his own garden he'd be, or away at the market of Tralee to buy a little pig, which he drives before him, at the end of a straw rope, to his private residence. But when the dinner hour comes round, he shines again."

"At least, then," said the Duke, "he's butler once more, to the end of the night."

"Not always," replied Con. "If he has a taste for music, as most of them have, and can scrape the fiddle or squeeze a tune out of the pipes, he sets in another capacity, as deputy dancing-master to the younger branches of the family, instructing them in all the most fashionable steps, such as 'Jig Polthogue,' 'Cover the Buckle,' and the like. You remember Andy Farrel, Sir Denis?—what a sweet finger he had!"

"Yes," said Sir Denis; "he was fiddler-general to half the barony. My grandfather mostly kept

Digitized by Google

the key of the cellar in his own pocket, while Andy was lent out to one neighbour after another during the convivial season."

"And that lasted all the year round," Con barked in; "not all as one with these times, when hospitality is done by subscription, and pic-nics are the only occasions at which you can meet an Irish gentleman at home."

Mr. Mahony could not protect his illustrious friends from being bored, but he could resent it, and convince them that he had neither art nor part in selecting their associates. This he did effectually by the reserve, downright unmannerly, of his deportment towards his father's guests. One after another he snubbed them all, except Con Heffernan, whom he feared too much, and had the satisfaction afterwards to discover that he got laughed at by the objects of his exclusive attention for so doing.

"What could Mayony mean," said the Duke, as he dissipated the damps of the morning air with his cigar, "by being so stiff to those people that dined here yesterday? An't they as good as himself?"

"I should think them quite so," answered Lord Prancer; "except that most of them elongate the Queen's English rather more provincially, with their 'doant yoo perceeave now?' and 'Aah, then;' and other *part-tickyoolurreetees* of phrase and a-accint."

The Duke laughed at the felicity of his noble friend's mimickry. "No doubt," he said, "it is tiresome; but what's the difference, after all, between any one of the Irish and all the rest?"

"Only more or less of a brogue, I grant you," quoth the fusilier. "That aboriginal character who carried the colours on the 4th of June past Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Phœnix Park (I wonder, by the way, did he carry the two, one over each shoulder?), he *howls* our language; Mayony *minces* it. That's all the distinction."

"Precisely," cried the Duke, removing the cigar for a moment from between his lips; "but he is no less '*Paddy* Mayony' all the time."

Both the noble sportsmen laughed—"Paddy" being the Oxford *sobriquet* of our graduate.

"Those who are blessed with a very nice ear," continued his Grace, "may discriminate in such cases; but I never could. An Irishman stands confessed every time he opens his mouth."

"If it were but to say, '*yiss, sirr,*'" subjoined Lord Prancer. "I should know one of them on the top of Libanus."

It was further agreed between these noble and convivial spirits that the whole affair was ridiculous, the attentions of their host boring, the wit and pleasantry of the natives everything but laughable; but the cockshooting—ah, that was superb!

"And the gamekeeper!" cried the author of the comparison of the Chippeway Indian.

"Ha, ha, ha! the gamekeeper!" re-echoed the Duke. "I shall never forget the gamekeeper."

Mr. Mayony happened to be in a proximity where he was obliged to overhear all this; but it did not cure him. Of all meanness, that which creeps to honours unattainable by fair aspiring is the most enduring.

A paragraph, which ran through all the newspapers of the United Kingdom, was ample compensation to his ignoble spirit for the ridicule and contempt of the worthless men who used him for their own pleasure, and for whose pleasure he was content to renounce the good will of those who had ever been the fast friends of his house. Its purport was, that his Grace the Duke of Brandon, Count Grammont, Lord Prancer, Sir Geoffry Curmudgeon, and Mr. Denis Mahony had bagged forty-seven brace of woodcocks in five hours and a half of a winter day, in the spacious preserves of Mahony Park.

What proportion of the day's carnage was remitted to Pluck and Pinfeather, Flan Macarthy's book, of course, can testify. The curious reader is invited to consult it.

Time rolled his ceaseless course, and, with revolving wheels, brought Christmas again; and, together with that festive season, flights of woodcocks to repeople the holly-grown dells of Mahony Park. The green mail-coach also returned with its freight, who smiled as blandly as ever upon their accomplished young friend, praised his father's wines, ate his good dinners, shot his covers, laughed at the gamekeeper, and ridiculed the whole establishment.

But their coming was double-leaded in the fashionable announcement of the *Evening Mail*, and transferred thence into the *Morning Post*. That was fame; and fame, to a child of ambition, transcends friendship, and prudence, and independence. "Mahony" was talked of at the clubs in Pall Mall, and his peculiar tact admired for collecting choice spirits around him. Lord Prancer even went so far as to announce that any noble lord who wanted a week's cock-shooting "in the season of the year," and could "prove his *title*," might take a share in the green drag, without further introduction. And Mahony Park grew into a proverb, as the asylum for all right honourable marksmen who might not find it easy to get in elsewhere.

The end has come at last. Sir Denis has been gathered to the "fine old Irish gentleman who loved the olden time," and the cellar is dry. The axe rings incessantly in the park and on the circumjacent hills, so that the scrub appears more scrubby every day. A mortgagee, standing on the vantage-ground of a first incumbrancer, has put his attorney into the agency, and that attorney is a shooter of woodcocks.

Now the Duke of Brandon has a peculiar dislike to tread the intricacies of a wood, or any other intricacies, in company with an attorney; and seeing, moreover, that the game is not preserved, neither can be, as strictly as it was wont to be, for his exclusive amusement, he finds it not worth the powder and shot to come there any more. If ever he invites his Irish friend to Brandon Castle, he makes it a point that it shall be in July, when the castle is free from other visitors, and there is no inducement to draw fashionable idlers together. He has Sir Geoffry Curmudgeon to meet him, who

Digitized by Google

is run out at elbows like himself, and sometimes an opulent tenant joins the party, whom, notwithstanding his perpetual discourse about turnips, his Grace takes especial care not to snub.

Mr. (now Sir Denis) Mahony is a young man of some talent, and considerable aptitude for public life. He talks well and fluently; and his noble friends tell him that all he requires, in order to secure him a good place under the Government, is a seat in Parliament. A vacancy is likely, nay almost certain, to occur speedily in the representation of his native county; and there was a time when his father's son would have commanded the support of all classes of the electors before any competitor. But the closing of the wood is not forgotten. The cousin of MacGillicuddy is agitating the Reeks against him; Jack Gunn has received his affable advances to a recognition with a stiff bow, the *fac simile* of that which froze himself to the carpet at their first meeting, after the young heir's return from Oxford; and Mr. Oliver Moriarty is the popular candidate for Kerry.

A LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

NOT BY CHAUCER.

ALAS! that ever courtship should be o'er,
No happier days come after or before.
The pure Promethean fire from above
First warms our hearts when first we learn to love,
Then glows and lightens, fanned by hopes and fears,
Till the bright flame sinks quenched in wedding tears.
Soon, ere the blushing honeymoon grows old—
But soft, 'tis time my simple tale were told.
List, ladies, all. From you my lays proceed,
Your power the subject and your praise the meed.

A score of days, and but a score, were gone,
Since Alan plighted vows with Alison.
And sooth no comelier couple than the twain
Joined hands or hearts in Cœur-de-Lion's reign.
In Burton bow no better archer bent,
No fairer wife drew water from the Trent.
Yet now, the woefullest of men alive,
The husband cursed the day he thought to wive.
Undaunted had he fought in many a fray—
Untired, his chase he ended with the day.
But when was foeman's knife or hunter's toil
So dread, so drear, as matrimonial broil?
Morn, noon, and night the stirring housewife chid,
And the stout yeoman lived a man forbid.
Desp'rate at length—nought else was left untried—
To his mate's sire to make his moan he hied.
And "Oh," quoth he, "take back thy fatal gift,
With twice her dowry added to thy thrift,
And let me lonely live, and childless die,
For never man was cursed with wife as I!"
The greybeard pondered long ere he replied,
"'Twas rash to wed, 'twere more to leave thy bride.
Yet list my terms. Part of the market load,
Five score of eggs, in yonder cart are stowed;
Three goodly nags stand harnessed for the road.
Drive round the township, every household scan,
'Tis quickly learnt which governs—wife or man:
Then give each dame, whose loving lord obeys,
An egg—small tribute to a tongue that sways.
A horse to him who still, by woman's wit
Unconquered, plies aright both spur and bit.
Thus tried a hundred houses, should I lack
Horse from my team, or one poor egg come back,
Thine be the dower, and husbandless thy spouse
Beneath my roof shall rue her broken vows."

The bargain struck—for nought there seemed to lose,
Except a scold, or wear and tear of shoes—
The lusty teamster cracks his whip, and drives
To prove the meekness of a hundred wives.
With the next neighbour he must needs begin:
"What, ho!" he shouts. "Is the good man within?"
Answers a crone—"On what fool's errand come?
Seek'st thou the tavern-haunting sot at home?"
No more—the egg the wondering beldam earns;
Grudging, he gives, and from her threshold turns.
Soon halting at the next, and question put,
Worse still—a tale he hears, of rogue and slut.
Shamed and amazed, the baffled seeker hies
To other homesteads—others vainly tries.
On as he plods still heavier grows his heart,
Like Æsop's load still lightened speeds the cart.

And now a solitary cast remains—
Fortune, be kind!—that may requite his pains.
A gentle dame auspicious answer makes,
And bids him tarry till her husband wakes.
Rouse him, she swears her guileless woman's oath,
For any trifling matter she were loath.
Roused must he be. 'Tis cheap a nap to lose,
For a gift-horse which he himself may choose.
Soon heard the tale, he gave his spouse a kiss
(Ladies, pardie, she took it not amiss);
Next viewed the team that stood in order fair—
Black, brown, and grey—two horses and a mare.
Judged best, the sturdy leader wins his voice,
Alas! the housewife makes a different choice.

Which shall decide? her gentle suit she plies,
Clings to his neck, and gazes in his eyes.
'Tis vain. She sees he will not be beguiled;
Then breaks the storm. "Yes, treat me as a child!"
'Tis ever thus! Yet speak I will perforce:
I say THE GREY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE!"

Fond, fatal words; an egg, her worthless prize,
His last lost venture Alan gives, and sighs.
Then home, to bear his lot as best he can,
Returns a sadder and a wiser man.

Gramercy, ladies! ended is my lay
Sovran your power, be merciful your sway.

Digitized by Google

THE PENCIL OF THE SUN.

Who that has visited the gallery of the Louvre remembers not a charming picture, entitled "The Origin of Painting?" It represents a Corinthian maiden, in the act of tracing with charcoal the shadow of her parting lover.

As that weeping girl, with faltering hand, thus imperfectly essayed to retain the rude outline upon the pale marble, she would have little heeded him who should have undertaken to arrest unchanged the fleeting image itself. Yet the marvellous announcement, though it would have procured for its author, in "those grey days of yore," either derision or deification—a few centuries later, persecution or torture—in these latter times scarcely seems to elicit the attention it justly deserves. Men are so inured to wonders, that astonishment is with difficulty roused, and the miracle of antiquity is now but an ordinary incident. To give substance to shadow—to stay the sunbeam in its flight—to make Nature, under every aspect, delineate herself—all this, and more, has modern science triumphantly accomplished. Who can venture to limit the future achievements of the photographic art—an art not in any way resulting from accident, but the mature offspring of close inductive reasoning? It had long been known that, besides its illuminating powers, light possessed many singular qualities, and exerted a marked influence upon various objects, bestowing colour upon some, and altogether removing it from others; but it has only been recently ascertained that, in addition to the luminous rays, evolving light and heat, there are also chemical, or, as they are sometimes styled, "actinic" rays, devoid of both those properties. To the existence of these last it is that we are indebted for the beautiful phenomena of photography.

At the commencement of the present century, Sir Humphrey Davy and Mr. Wedgwood were induced to experiment upon several preparations of silver, which were found to remain unaltered in the dark during any interval of time, but to change rapidly from pure white to intense black when subjected to the light of day. They succeeded, moreover, by a simple process, in obtaining the perfect delineation of different forms upon a paper previously washed over with a weak solution of nitrate of silver,* those portions of the paper on which the light fell in unsubdued brilliancy assuming a sable tint, those in half shade a feebler tone, whilst the parts bearing the most intense shadows remained of the original hue. To explain the matter more fully, we will suppose that it were required to delineate a window, divided by two bars, crossing at right angles. The image is thrown upon a sheet of prepared paper, placed in the focus of a camera obscura. Speedily four dark squares, separated by a white cross, are formed, the squares becoming gradually darker, and finally black, under the influence of the sun. The product is technically termed a "negative picture," and Davy and Wedgwood succeeded, after a few trials, in producing them without difficulty; but here, unfortunately, terminated their success. The views thus obtained were valueless, for they were obliterated upon the slightest exposure—destroyed, in fact, by the same agency which had called them into being.

Further research at the time was abandoned, and the matter remained for many years in abeyance. In 1814, however, M. Niepce turned his thoughts to the subject, which he studied with close attention during a period of ten years; he then became acquainted with Daguerre, who happened to be aiming at similar results. For fifteen years those indefatigable philosophers toiled unremittingly together, until, early in 1839, their final and complete triumph was announced, and a series of exquisite miniature landscapes were displayed, far exceeding, in precision of outline and in accuracy of detail, the most finished handiwork of man. Daguerre and Niepce employed a highly polished surface of metal (rendered sensitive to the action of light by a process which we shall presently describe), in lieu of the prepared paper which Sir H. Davy had formerly used.

A most extraordinary coincidence attended this wonderful discovery. Some time antecedently to 1839, Mr. Fox Talbot, while travelling in Switzerland, essayed in vain to transfer to his portfolio a faint representation of the magnificent scenery he there beheld. His perseverance, however, bore an inverse relation to his artistic powers, and, dissatisfied with the crude productions of an unpractised pencil, he sought the aid of the "camera lucida," an instrument which, by means of a prism applied to the eye, apparently conveys external objects to the sketcher's book, where their outlines may be readily delineated by the hand. Still the drawings thus produced afforded but an inadequate idea of the beautiful yet fugitive landscape displayed with such fidelity by the camera obscura—an apparatus so well known that it were needless to describe it here. Nor is it requisite to particularise the long course of experimental inquiry which Mr. Talbot instituted, with the view to render permanent the fairy picture which baffled his ingenuity so long. It is not difficult to imagine the triumphant feeling of exultation which must have rewarded the termination of his exertions, when, revealed before him, the fleeting view was at length indelibly impressed upon his tablet. The world listened with incredulity to the statement which was divulged during the spring of 1839, within a few weeks of the announcement, at Paris, of the invention of Daguerre. It was then clearly demonstrated that the English and the French philosophers had, unknown to each other, been simultaneously engaged in the same pursuit, attaining, almost at the same period, results as similar as they were satisfactory to each. No sooner had the startling revelation

* Nitrate of silver is the substance commonly known under the name of lunar caustic.

Digitized by Google

been made, than hosts of experimentalists in this country and on the Continent devoted themselves energetically to the subject, the new science acquiring fresh interest and gradual improvement from many of its votaries, among whom we may include Claudet, Fyfe, Hunt, Ponton, Donne, Redman, Kilburn, Becquerel and Lerebour. The discoveries, indeed, which several of those gentlemen have made relative to the theory and properties of light, within the last ten years, are scarcely less surprising than the original enunciations of Talbot and Daguerre. During the same period the practice of photography has been so much simplified that a mere tyro, by attention to a few brief rules, can almost infallibly insure success. Phenomena which at first seemed most perplexing and unaccountable have been satisfactorily explained, and there seems little doubt but that the laws which govern the actinic rays will soon be susceptible of demonstration. Meanwhile, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief account of the observations which proved their existence.

It is pretty generally known that the principal instrument used in obtaining photographic pictures is an accurately-constructed camera obscura, provided with an achromatic* lens at one extremity, and a sliding frame (for holding the prepared paper) at the other. The lens is adjusted by means of a screen of ground glass, upon which the external object to be copied is temporarily suffered to fall; the screen is then withdrawn, and the frame, with the prepared paper, substituted. A shield, which hitherto protected it from the light, is raised, the image generated by the lens is suffered to fall upon the ground destined to receive it, and in a few seconds the *negative* picture is produced. Yet the paper, though bearing upon its surface the most complete and minute representation of the objects which have been projected upon it, presents to the closest scrutiny no trace of the fact. It is only after having undergone the process of "*bringing out*" that the product of Nature's pencil is revealed. When sufficiently developed, it is submitted to a third operation, termed "*fixing*," after which it becomes perfectly impassive under any amount of light. The "positive" picture is procured by placing the one thus obtained upon a sheet of photographic paper, pressing the two closely between two plates of glass, and submitting them to the action of the sun's rays. It is obvious that the light obstructed by the darker parts, and only partially admitted through the less obscured portions of the "negative," will act proportionably upon the new surface, producing thereon, in fact, the reversed counterpart of itself. From one negative, in like manner, an unlimited number of positive pictures may be produced, each of course requiring, like the original, to be "fixed."

Having given this general outline of the talbotype manipulation, which resembles the daguerreotype process in every essential particular, the succeeding observations will be more readily intelligible.

In the earlier stages of the art an apparent anomaly was noticed, perfect pictures being only occasionally, and, as it were, accidentally, produced. Mr. Claudet was the first to solve this enigma. He found that the actinic rays converge at a different point from the visual rays; and that to adjust the camera with certainty it was requisite, after having discovered the precise difference between the two *foci*, so to arrange the apparatus that the ground glass should invariably receive the rays of light, and the paper the chemical rays—in practice, a matter of no difficulty.

Science has hitherto failed to discover the cause of this variation, or to detect the origin of those changes which effect so beautiful a result. The action of light is not confined to the preparations of silver usually employed in photography, it is observable in many other substances. Certain solutions of gold, of iron, the watery infusion of the petals of flowers, and various chemical compounds, are similarly affected, though not in so remarkable a degree. Indeed, it has been questioned whether there be any substance which does not undergo at least a superficial change under continued exposure to the sun's rays. Woods of every description furnish a familiar instance, while the absence of colour in plants reared altogether in darkness corroborates in some slight degree the above supposition.

It was at first imagined that *solar* light was essential to the production of photographic effects; but it has since been discovered that the moon's beams, the electric light, the combustion of the mixed gases upon lime, of camphine, of coal-gas, nay, of a common candle, would each, in proportion to their intensity, act upon substances more than ordinarily sensitive. The period of time requisite to produce perceptible effect upon a metallic surface, duly prepared, is in some cases almost inappreciable to our senses; but by means of an ingenious yet simple instrument, invented by Mr. Claudet, and termed a photographometer, *one thousandth of a second* has been proved to suffice! To determine this, the light of the sun was allowed to fall upon a sensitive metallic plate, through an aperture *one millimetre** in diameter, while the opening itself traversed a space equivalent to a thousand millimetres in a second of time. Mr. Kilburn has obtained well-defined photographic impressions in ten minutes, using only a *dip* candle; by the aid of a very small gas-burner, or a solar oil-lamp, he procured distinct pictures in three minutes. We have ourselves seen the image of a vehicle passing a window, with all the speed that four fleet horses could impart, so perfectly delineated upon a daguerreotype plate, by a less than momentary impact, that the letters upon the panels, the buckles on the harness, and the features of the passengers, were plainly discernible.

It would seem, moreover, that these photographic changes are something more than superficial, for a copper electrotype plate has been yielded by a daguerreotype, from which impressions have been worked without the intervention of a graver, and any number of fac-similes may be made by simply pressing the plate upon a thin

* An ordinary magnifier gives a coloured outline to objects seen through it. In the achromatic lens this defect does not exist.

* One millimetre is the thousandth of a metre, and is equivalent to 0,039,371 of an English inch.

Digitized by Google

layer of gelatine evenly spread upon paper. It necessarily follows, therefore, that those portions of the plate on which the chemical action takes place must be in some degree elevated above the unaltered back-ground. The talbotype process, too, certainly affects more than the external tissue; for on splitting these drawings we have occasionally found the stain to pass further than the centre of the paper, although, in preparing it, the requisite solutions were only lightly applied to one side. But it would, of course, be almost impossible to determine whether upon paper the action of light produces a sensible elevation.

Mr. Claudet has ascertained that two different effects are produced by light on the prepared silver plate. By one, the surface is decomposed, and the silver is precipitated as a white powder; this action is slow. By the other, it receives an affinity for the vapour of mercury, an effect 3,000 times more rapid in its operation than the former. Still very little is yet known of the chemical causes to which we have alluded, though much has been done to elucidate them, nor can we tell why the momentary exposure of an "unfixed" daguerreotype view to the vapour of bromine or of iodine utterly obliterates the picture, yet, at the same time, restores the original sensitiveness of the plate to light. This experiment has been repeated many times upon the same plate without any variation of the result. If, therefore, on taking the portrait of any object liable to move, there is reason to suppose that a change of position has rendered the operation useless, the artist merely holds the silvered plate for an instant in an atmosphere of iodine or bromine, when he replaces it in the camera, without reverting to the laborious process of re-polishing. This fact also renders unnecessary the precaution, at one time deemed indispensable, of preparing the daguerreotype plates in a darkened room.

We mentioned above the recent discovery of the actinic rays—we may here proceed to notice the influence which certain visual rays have upon the phenomena under discussion. It has been found that the yellow, the orange, or the red rays possess the power of retarding, by their presence, all photogenic action, in proportion to their predominance, and, if unaccompanied by other light, they arrest altogether the effect; while the violet, indigo, and blue exercise an antagonistic influence. This is clearly exemplified in the following manner:—If an engraving be covered one half with yellow glass, and placed in front of a camera, for the purpose of representation on a daguerreotype plate, an accurate copy will be shortly obtained of the uncovered portion, while the yellow screen would entirely prevent the plate from receiving an impression of the rest. But if the engraving be covered, one half with blue, and the other half with yellow glass, while it would be distinctly discernible to the eye through the latter, and not at all through the former, the camera would render faithfully the portion which was invisible, wholly neglecting the other. Thus, in a room illuminated solely through red or orange-coloured glass, in which the light might fall with dazzling lustre, no photogenic operations could be conducted; while if blue glass were substituted, the change, while it would dim the effulgence, would enable the photographer to display his skill with success. In the same way, during certain states of the atmosphere, there may be an abundance of illuminating, but very few photogenic, rays. These, and other facts, seem conclusively to prove, if not absolute coincidence, certainly a very strong affinity between the chemical and the blue rays, which, at the same time, are the most refrangible. However, Mr. Claudet has found that light permeating yellow or red glass will have the same effect in "bringing out" a daguerreotype that mercurial vapour has; whence he infers that the red or orange rays possess a peculiar action distinct from the rest of the spectrum.

Mr. R. Hunt, whose researches on light have been extensive and laborious, is of opinion that the chemical principle and light, so far from being identical, are diametrically opposed to each other. The following, among other experiments, he instances in corroboration of his views. Taking a sheet of highly sensitive photographic paper, which the light of an Argand lamp would have blackened in a few seconds, he threw upon it a ray of light which had been previously passed through a yellow medium, and thereby deprived of all chemical properties; he then, by means of a mirror, reflected the strong light of the sun upon the paper. It was thus placed under the influence of the unaltered reflected radiations, and also of the spectrum* from which the chemical agency had been, as nearly as possible, separated. The result was, that the paper was blackened over every part except that portion upon which the strong line of spectral light fell, which was protected from change, and preserved as a white band in the midst of the darkened paper.

It might naturally be supposed that the great object of all those who have hitherto devoted their attention to this novel science would be to obtain representations of nature, clothed in that beauty and diversity of colour which adorn her works, and enhance the gratification which their contemplation affords. Hitherto, these efforts have been but partially successful, although there is reason to hope that, ere many years shall have passed, the art will have made greater advances towards the attainment of so desirable an end. In 1848 M. Becquerel first announced his discovery of a process by which he could make photographic copies of some coloured objects, distinctly impressed with their local hue; it does not, however, appear that he has yet succeeded in procuring a coloured image of anything but the solar spectrum, a task which our own Herschel long since achieved. M. Becquerel has been unable to render permanent the prismatic tints which are caught upon a surface of silver, previously subjected to the action of chlorine. Still it cannot be denied but that this partial triumph is indicative of final victory; and though at present we can but draw, ere long we may hope to paint, by light.

* By *spectrum* is meant the image of a ray of light passed through a prism, and resolved thereby into its component violet, indigo, blue, green, orange, and red.

Digitized by Google

Meanwhile, the heliographic representations of nature upon paper possess a peculiar yet pleasing diversity of tone, alternating between those of sepia, bistre, or madder brown, occasionally, indeed, partaking of all those well-known tints, though perhaps the latter more frequently predominate. We have before us a variety, selected from the best of those hitherto produced. The emotions they evoke are far different from those awakened by the best executed artistic sketches of the same scenes. There is a startling truthfulness, a microscopic minuteness of detail, combined with a breadth and massiveness of light, and a transparency of shadow, which no limner's hand could give. Were it attempted, the breadth would speedily degenerate into indistinctness, and the minuteness into painful and offensive triviality. As it is, this latter quality, far from being obtrusive, is only detected after patient contemplation. As the telescope reveals the objects which distance conceals from the unaided vision, so does the microscope discover in the photographic drawing infinite yet accurate detail, which would without a powerful lens have been altogether unheeded. This, however, is one of the most striking distinctions between all the works of nature and man. The same scrutiny which discloses new beauties in the one discovers only increased imperfections in the other. Again, even the work of the most skilful artist is frequently marred by the introduction of outline, which is never discernible in the talbotype. The effect of the most complicated architectural decoration; of the most intricate and inextricable net-work of rigging, supported by a forest of masts; of the most stupendous masses of foliage in forest scenery; are each and all rendered with infallible fidelity, merely by the juxtaposition of shadow against light. Yet is there neither harshness nor indistinctness where the shades terminate or the lights commence; the gradations of each are perfect, but no vestige is there of a boundary-line: this gives a marvellous softness and delicacy which neither an engraving nor a painting could realise.

Still at the same time that the fallibility of art in some respects is detected, its accuracy in others is proved with mathematical precision. The laws of perspective are shown to be unerring. The diminution of objects, according to fixed rules, and in a definite ratio, as they recede from the eye; the existence of what are termed the "vanishing point" and the "point of sight," &c., are demonstrated in a mode which admits not of refutation or of doubt, notwithstanding the continued and unqualified dissent of the Chinese school. It is not uninstructive to contrast a sketch or an engraving of some well-known spot with its photographic portrait; it is then that the inability of the artist to cope with his opponent is manifest. In the photograph nothing is slurred, nothing is neglected, nothing is too highly elaborated or rendered too prominent; we feel that it is Nature herself we are regarding; the absence of colour is scarcely noticed, so magically true and perfect is it as a whole. The engraving, on the other hand, is seen and comprehended at once—nothing more is to be learnt by closer study; the coarseness or harshness of its lines render it scarcely tolerable as we turn from the harmonious softness of the talbotype. Beautiful it may be, truthful it certainly is not. Examine it minutely; either every indentation on the rugged stone-work, or each leaflet in the grassy foreground, is represented in opposition to the mysterious generalisation of nature, or we encounter a meaningless blank where in reality there should have been a rich though unintelligible maze. No absolute form should have been made out, yet its indication should have been given. Crisp, sharp, and copious ought the details to be—discovered only when sought—yet existing in inextricable fulness when viewed by an unscrutinising eye. No craggy splinter of time-worn rock, no moss-grown beam, no tuft of ferns, nor straggling thornbush, is there that ought by the landscape-painter to be neglected, at the same time that such objects should never be brought unduly forward.

Our architectural draughtsmen would learn, from the patient study of photographic views, to delineate more truthfully those works which come immediately under their ken. As it is, their drawings, though often marvellous from the precision and clearness of innumerable lines, present more the appearance of models than of actual edifices transferred to paper: an objection which can never be urged against the productions of the sun. In these, there is no frittering away of power in the elaboration of details, which distance or atmosphere would necessarily render vague, yet there is the indication of the existence of each leaf in the capitals of the hundred columns in yonder peristyle, the shadow cast by each is given separately and with certainty; as you gaze, the flutings of the shaft appear, and the mouldings of the plinth and the base stand forth. Take up a lens, and each separate component stone may be counted, their union noted, their dimensions measured with precision—nay, the very blemishes which time, and wind, and rain have wrought, the very lichens clinging to the rugged surface, the letters which idleness or caprice have carved—maybe, centuries ago—and there, embedded in the marble itself, are the very shells that tell of a bygone world! It is no fiction of the painter, it is Nature herself that we behold.

Here have we a well-remembered view of the Eternal City, with the Castle of St. Angelo on one side—on the other, more remote, the towering dome of St. Peter's: midway stands the Vatican, with the papal gallery leading to the colossal church; less distant stands the Hospital of the Holy Trinity—nearer still, the bridge spanning the muddy Tiber: all distinctly given, with every intervening roof, and battlement, and window, though some are scarcely more than the fiftieth of an inch in width. Preparations for the celebration of some festival are in progress—a number of tapering poles for the display of fireworks are in the process of erection; some, composed of numerous slender pieces lashed together, require the aid of cords to support them, which are only discernible with a powerful magnifier. Again, each of

Digitized by Google

the innumerable machicolations on the circular tower is transferred to the picture in a manner which defies imitation. Then there is the ripple on the water, cleaving the dark shadows thrown by the over-hanging bank—the eddy caused by the starlings of the pier—the sparkling high lights on each salient angle of the stone-work, and the reflected illumination from the water, cast upon a wall otherwise in deep shade. The time selected has been a sultry summer's afternoon, when all life and motion are, for a time, apparently suspended; consequently, not a figure enlivens the solemn scene.

But stay. On yonder bridge, listlessly leaning against the balustrade, two friends have met and are conversing. Ere they pass on, our instrument has secured the imprint of them—of all, and more than all, we have described. Yet so rapidly has the feat been accomplished, that the movement of the hand on the dial-plate of the clock of St. Angelo indicates that it has not occupied any appreciable interval of time! How long it would have engaged a practised hand to achieve a similar exploit we know not; but we can aver that an artist of some experience was occupied fully during eight summer days in copying this photograph. Still the copy, though it restored to each particular object the colour of which it had been deprived—though it gave to the vault of heaven its own intense azure—though, beneath that vault, the air teemed and flashed with purple light, and the filmy clouds drifted athwart the expanse, urged by currents so gentle that they stirred not the placid surface of the water below, nor moved the slender cypresses upon its bank—though the pure white of the marble columns (resembling, in the bright sunlight, lofty pillars of motionless flame) contrasted harmoniously with the deep red roofs and the intense green of the foliage beneath the castle walls—yet the glowing picture fails to give rise to the same indescribable impression produced by its unlimned prototype. In the latter you feel that there is no straining after effect—that nothing has been introduced in obedience to mere conventional rules—that nothing, however trivial, has been omitted nor neglected. It is impossible, however great our faith in the painter, that we can ever place similar reliance on his work.

Turn we to another scene. The amphitheatre of Pompeii is before us, with the vine-clad hills beyond—part of that range which derive their existence from the same agency which overwhelmed the city at their feet. There still stand the arches reared by hands which, ages since, have mouldered into dust. You may readily count the alternate courses of rubble, of brickwork, and of hewn stone, and take a lesson in the masonic art of those days. Yonder are the vomitories through which, a thousand years since, the tide of eager population poured. You may span their height and width, and calculate with facility the numbers who might have passed through the gaping portal abreast. The massive strength of those imperishable walls affects the mind as no mere sketch or even finished painting could do. The undulating surface of those cinereous mountains is rendered as no mortal could represent them. You cannot note the precise spot where their outline melts into the sky. They bask in the full effulgence of a southern sun. You all but feel the parching glow they reflect, and long for the shelter of that passing cloud whose form you dimly scan in the far distance, or wistfully you turn to the thick cluster of mantling vines, trailing their rich burden in graceful festoons in the garden below.

From Pompeii let us wing our flight to Paris. Already poised upon the summit of the Hotel Dieu, the matchless pile of Notre Dame stands forth in majestic grandeur, sublime in its repose. Behold the central roof, the time-worn balcony, that has looked down upon so many generations of men, the jutting porch, the colonnade above it, above that again, the vast circular window, with its intricate tracery, the interlacing arches, their lace-like fretwork relieved against the sky, the hollowed niches elaborately adorned, the frowning gargoyles, the two square massy towers, with their curiously carved parapets poised in air, the grey sloping penthouse ridges, extending from each belfry window to the uttermost verge of its mouldings, the whole surface of the ponderous stonework richly broken by the patches of moss which time has fostered on its rugged sides. But what means that dark curtain overhanging the northern door? It is a pall of black velvet bordered with stripes, and adorned with spangles of silver, bearing in its centre the arms of the murdered Archbishop, for the repose of whose spirit mass is being solemnised within. Examine that white spot near the central entrance, it is barely one-tenth of an inch square, yet, with a glass, you may plainly observe that it is a placard, commencing with the two words "Le public;" the texture of the paper alone prevents our discerning the remainder, which, no doubt, is as perfectly imprinted there. Again, between the spot whereon you stand and the horizon, which is lost in haze, you may behold the Pont de l'Archeveche and the graceful Pont de la Tournelle; between these the Port aux Fruits, and the river covered with boats.

But we might enlarge indefinitely on this theme, until our readers were wearied with the marvels we detailed. Enough has been said to give those who have not had the advantage of personally studying the wonders of photography some faint idea of its capabilities. We have, in the above remarks, adverted chiefly to photographic results upon paper, though nearly the same observations might apply to the impressions taken upon silvered plates. The former are, however, in our opinion, far more pleasing to an artistic eye, more instructive and more suggestive. Certainly, for the purposes of portraiture, there can be no comparison between the two. The daguerreotype likeness, notwithstanding the adventitious aid of colour skilfully touched in, always possesses a metallic lustre, which gives a forbidding aspect to the countenance, and this frequently imparts a crudity and harshness of aspect, and unnatural glare to the eyes, obviously far from prepossessing. These defects exist not in the calotype portraits upon paper—such, at least, as are produced by Messrs. Henneman and Malone,

Digitized by Google

who are decidedly the most successful operators, in this respect, whose works we have inspected. It is not, however, every countenance which admits of being thus delineated. A feeling of sternness and severity is occasionally given to the sitter, which is attributable to the motionless posture he is compelled to assume; and, from optical causes, which our limits prevent us from discussing, at times a feature is apt to be exaggerated, and the hands are occasionally represented of a size not in any way warranted by the original. Still, the invention may, in its present state, diminish to a *patient* the tedium of repeated sittings; for with one or two sketches from the life, and a talbotype outline, a clever painter can hardly fail to portray the required lineaments. We have known the adoption of this plan attended, in many instances, with complete success.

But photography has been shown to be capable of still higher and more important application. It has of late been made, by an ingenious adaptation, to register the fluctuations in the thermometric and barometric conditions of the atmosphere, so tedious and difficult even for a watchful observer to note. For this purpose, slips of graduated photogenic paper are made to pass by machinery, at a uniform rate, behind the tube of the thermometer, or barometer, which is exposed during the day to the sun, and at night to the rays of a lamp. It is obvious that the rise or fall of the opaque mercurial column will infallibly be marked by white lines on the darkened photographic paper. No doubt a similar adaptation of this invention may be useful for a variety of purposes beyond those of the observatory. In short, it were idle now to attempt to limit the powers or value of this new gift of Science to man. Ancient sculptures, hieroglyphics, inscriptions, intricate ornamental designs, may be instantaneously and correctly copied, at an expense little exceeding the cost of the materials actually employed. Already have photogenic delineations been taken of magnified microscopic objects which could not have been drawn by hand without wearisome and painful labour, and when completed, they never could have vied with the faultless image produced by the agency of light. In time of war, too, upon those occasions when it is essential to obtain precise knowledge of an enemy's position, of the condition of a fortress to be assailed, or of a tract of country to be traversed, the required information could be thus procured, almost with electric speed, and without the possibility of fallacy. We may here mention a very clever apparatus, we believe the invention of Daguerre, the purpose of which is to enable the operator to take a panoramic view of an extensive district. The landscape is projected upon a silvered cylinder contained in the camera, which is made slowly to revolve upon a fixed point, so that, by means of the lens, every portion of the scene passes in succession upon the circular ground prepared to retain it. In this manner a comparatively small machine suffices for views of considerable magnitude.

Hitherto, paper and metal have been the only materials extensively used for receiving photographic views; recently, however, a new medium has been successfully tried, which promises to obviate many of the difficulties that occur in the employment of the former substances.

M. Blanquard Evrard, of Lille, a gentleman who has devoted several years to the study of photography, finds that if pure albumen, mixed with iodide of potassium, and thinly spread over sheet glass, be then treated with a solution of silver, in the same way that the calotype paper is prepared, it may be advantageously used in the camera, while in forming the "positive" from the "negative" pictures there are none of the irregularities and imperfections of the paper process to contend with. The photographs thus obtained are extremely beautiful, far exceeding in delicacy and sharpness any yet produced in England.

Having given this general summary of the origin and progress of photography up to the present time, we now take our leave of the interesting subject, anxiously anticipating the further development and perfection of an invention which cannot but be regarded as one of the most astounding ever recorded in the chronicles of the world.

THE SHORN LAMB.

SIGH, sigh, thou solemn wind,
Make murmur in the night;
For thou dost aye delight
To deepen sorrow in the sorrowing mind.

Hang, hang, ye glooming clouds,
Veil every beaming star
That looks from heights afar,
Gladdening the dripping seaman in the shrouds.

In vain, with moan unblest,
The piercing wind I call,
And heaven's murky pall.
In pity, Father, take me to thy rest.

Digitized by Google

THE HISTORY OF OAKLEY COMMON.

(*Continued from page 406.*)

CHAPTER III.

So soon as Edwards spoke to the fallen man, and received an answer, he recognised his voice. "What induced you, Bunce, to commit this crime?" was his first exclamation. The man only gave a groan by way of reply, and then Edwards said to his sons, "Here, lads, help me to carry Bunce into the house! Though he be our prisoner, and a great criminal, we must do what we can to relieve his suffering."

Two of his sons assisted him to carry the wounded man; the rest of the party still remained on the watch. "Johnson," Edwards said, "stay you here, with Richard and the two men. The boys and I can carry this man, and I will return so soon as I have looked to his wound and secured him. If, as I suppose, some bold, bad spirit is the real leader here, a second attempt may be made. I don't expect it, however. Criminals of this sort are usually cowards."

Lifting Bunce carefully from the ground, the two young men and their father took him into the house, and placed him on a bed. The wound was found to be severe, though not dangerous. The whole right arm was shattered, and required immediate surgical aid. Edwards ordered his son Henry to go at once to the village and summon the doctor. In the mean time, he stopped the bleeding by making a tourniquet of a handkerchief. The man was thoroughly cowed, and in an agony of terror; but Edwards had too much good feeling to press the poor wretch, at such a moment, in order to obtain disclosures; and hoping that he might be able to get from him afterwards the information he wanted, he rendered him every service which his condition needed. He soothed his mental as well as his bodily suffering, tended him with as much kindness and solicitude as he could have shown to a worthy soldier, who had been wounded in his country's service, and by so doing touched the wretched man's heart.

"Oh, sir!" said Bunce, when at length his wound had been dressed by the surgeon, and every precaution taken to prevent, as far as possible, permanent injury to his arm—"Oh, sir, you *are* kind to me! I don't deserve to be so well tended. But, sir, I ain't the most to blame, and you are not the man they say you are."

"What do they say I am, Bunce?" asked Edwards.

"Why, sir, they do say that you are a cruel man—a hard man to the poor, and that you would not care if we all starved with cold and hunger."

"But who says that of me?"

"Them, sir, as set me on to this."

"And who are they?"

"I don't know, sir, if I ought to tell."

"Well, well," said Edwards, interrupting him, "don't speak about it now. Keep quiet; your wound will bring fever, and you must be kept free from excitement. Make your mind as easy as you can. You have been guilty of a very great crime; yet, as I know that you have received a heavy punishment, the law shall not be pressed against you, and I hope that you will be penitent, and, hereafter, a better man. Now try to go to sleep."

"Sir, sir," said the wounded man, eagerly, "I know that I have done wrong; but there are others who don't think so, and you will see many enemies to-morrow. They will come here, sir, and will try to break your threshing-machine. Jim Grimes will lead 'em, and some who, maybe, won't be seen, will persuade 'em. For God's sake, sir, watch, and see if you can protect yourself."

"I am quite prepared, Bunce; I expected something of the sort, and shall be ready for them."

The night was nearly passed, and the dim light of a winter's morning began to glimmer in the east. Johnson and the watchers were called in, and a letter was despatched to Sir Henry Proudly, giving him an account of what had occurred, and requesting him, if possible, to be at the village with such soldiers as he had been able to procure.

The fugitives who had escaped from the pursuit of Edwards's sons, and who were in fact our old friend Grimes and one of the lazy fellows of the village, who were always grumbling and always ready for mischief, were quickly housed, and eagerly engaged in arranging their plans for the open attack on the morrow. The capture of Bunce made them desperate. They feared that he would peach, and that, hereafter, they would themselves be in hourly danger of being arrested on the charge of an attempt at arson. One chance of escape seemed to exist. If the whole county should be roused to insurrection, and a general riot occurred, the attempt in which they had failed might be forgotten, or at least neglected, in consequence of the greater importance of the open violence of the turbulent labourers. Arming themselves, therefore, with such weapons as were at hand, they quickly left their temporary hiding-place, and, going round from hut to hut, gathered together a force of some twenty or thirty sturdy fellows, armed, like themselves, with such weapons of offence as chance afforded. Daylight found them in a tumultuous group on Oakley Common. So soon as the light made the gathering visible, stragglers joined them from various quarters. Women and children also mingled with the throng; shouts and screams were raised; and at length a leader was loudly called for. "Now, what are we to do?" one man asked; and a hundred voices shouted, as in chorus, "What are we to do?" "Where be we to go?" The leader in all such cases is predetermined; and every man knew that the effective instigator to this present proceeding was Jim Grimes, and, consequently, the questioning very quickly became directly pointed to

Digitized by Google

him: "Now, then, Jim, you be the general. What's thy plan, man? Up and tell us, and, by G—, we will follow thee."

Jim, in reply to this appeal, said, "Well, men, we must have our rights; we won't starve, and we must make the gentry give us what is our right. A fair day's work must have a fair day's wages—and so we will tell 'em. But there ain't enough on us yet; let's go, then, and get all the men we can, and when we have a real good force, we will give some on 'em a bit of a lesson. First, let us go to Farmer Best's, and get his men, then to Farmer Broadhead's, then to Dyke's, and Sim's. They will all help us, and agree to give us a fair day's wages if the others will; and then, hurrah for Farmer Edwards and his d—d threshing-machine. Here's the thing that will deal wi' it." Hereupon he flourished round his head a huge blacksmith's hammer.

This speech was followed by a furious shout, the shrill screams of the women and children mingling in strange alliance with the deep, full sound of the men's angry voices.

"To Best's! to Best's!" was the general cry; and "Down with Edwards, and all threshing-machines!"

At this moment there came a rumour, no one knew how, that some ten miles off a whole farm-yard of stacks had that night been burned down; and as the story flew from mouth to mouth, dark and dire were the oaths, and threats, and shouts of triumphant jubilee that the *good* news created. The little crowd now pressed forward, and the first farm visited by them was Best's. Meeting there with Best himself, they were taken by him around the premises with artful alacrity, in order, he said, that they might see for themselves that *he* had no threshing-machine. *He* had no wish to take the bread out of the poor man's mouth—not he; so far from it, he was ready, if others were, to give the men what they asked; and he did not think half-a-crown a-day too much for a hard-working man. But he was, in fact, not a little frightened by the sudden display of physical force he saw before him; and made these declarations of benevolence under the mingled influence of fear and spite. The spite was against Edwards; the fear arose partly from the sight of the mob, partly from an undefined notion that the law might hereafter get a disagreeable hold upon him, if things were well sifted. Moreover, he did not seriously believe that the rate of wages would be forcibly raised. There were neighbours, he was quite aware, who would not consent to be compelled to adopt such a course; and he thought, therefore, he should gain all the credit his charitable declarations might deserve, and lose nothing, in fact, from any increase of the labourer's pay.

Young Best, also, was not behind-hand in exciting the mob to deeds of violence. Of the failure upon Edwards's stack-yard he was well aware, and of the capture of Bunce. He dreaded the sagacity of Edwards, and trembled at the probable effect upon the mind of Edwards of some statements which Bunce could make. He, like Grimes, thought it was possible, by means of a general disturbance, to prevent the evil to himself that might follow unfriendly feelings on the part of Edwards; and he employed all his ingenuity and energy to fan the flame of discontent. "Here, lads," he said, "here's some beer. And now let us drink to a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work.'" Beer, and even food, had, by the mob, been already spoken of in very significant hints; and the sooner, thought young Best, they begin drinking the sooner will they become dangerously excited, and beyond the control of any little reason which belongs to them. They eagerly accepted his offer, and, with lusty cheers, responded to his toast.

"And here's to Farmer Best," said Grimes, "a good master; God bless him," and he drank off a large draught in honour of his toast. The can went round, was replenished, till all had drunk. Then, the whole posse of Best's labourers having joined the mob, with sundry stragglers, off they started on their journey of recruiting, a much more numerous body than when they arrived at Best's house.

This process of visiting went on the whole day. Meeting with no resistance, the mob exhibited no great violence, and committed no serious outrage. The farmers generally yielded to the demand for beer and food, and professed themselves willing to do as others did about wages. Good humour apparently prevailed. Idle boys and girls ran by the side of the mob of labourers, shouting and laughing. The few gentry scattered over the country were seriously alarmed; the magistrates, finding their theories put into practice, began to ponder and be wise after the event; but still they threw the blame upon the farmers, saying, "Why don't they raise the poor fellows' wages? How can a man live upon eighteen-pence a day, and provide for his family?" The farmers themselves were for the time cowed — looked at their stack-yards, and trembled.

The day wore away at length. Young Best had constantly kept the mob in sight, and frequently talked with them and for them. He did not actually join the riotous assembly, but was never far away from it. Insidious suggestions, exciting insinuations, malicious jokes, and angry denunciations, were in turn employed by him, in order to stir up the passions of the men to the pitch requisite to support them in a violent attack upon the threshing-machine of Edwards. Drink and evil counsel at length succeeded. A dull day was succeeded by a lowering night, and five o'clock found everything wrapped in gloom and favourable obscurity. Sir Henry Proudly had not yet arrived; the soldiers whom he thought the day before to have found in their barracks were away many miles off, called upon, it was said, to quell a riotous mob in a distant part of the country; and, remaining away all night, they were still absent, and Sir Henry was therefore unable to procure, by their means, any defence for his tenants. Edwards pursued his daily avocations as if nothing strange had occurred during the past night, and as if he anticipated nothing peculiar during the day. From the wounded man he had as yet obtained no informa-

Digitized by Google

tion. For Bunce's life there was no reason to fear; haste, therefore, in order to procure evidence was not necessary. That he should eventually obtain what he needed Edwards felt sure, but was unwilling to excite or alarm the wounded man by immediate questioning. Bunce was permitted to remain unmolested, and as Sir Henry Proudly was absent, Edwards made no application to a magistrate. He was unwilling, also, to leave his premises while danger threatened, and contented himself with sending over a letter to his wife, which simply said that all was quiet—that she need not be alarmed, and that he would soon bring her back. Mrs. Edwards sighed over her husband's note, unsatisfied indeed, but, as usual, patient, and relying implicitly on his judgment and affection.

The five o'clock bell was rung upon the farm. The labourer's day was over, and all the farm-servants were preparing to leave, when distant shouts were heard, and one of the boys, whose curiosity had led him out, rushed into the farm-yard out of breath, crying eagerly, however, "Here they come! here they come!"

"Who are they, my lad?" said Edwards.

"Oh, sir, they be a great mob! They have got sticks—some on 'em has scythes and bludgeons; and they be running down the road this way."

"Well, then," said Edwards addressing the men, who were all gathered together just before the barn door, "now, men, lock the great gates and the front door of the house, and fasten the outer shutters. Richard, bring down my gun. I will not take a fellow-creature's life simply because he invades my property, but I shall allow no man, if I by any means can prevent it, to enter my house by violence, nor will I submit to any demand backed by an open show of force. Give me the key of the barn."

The men looked uneasy, turned pale, and some moved as if to go away.

"You won't leave master, men," said Johnson, "will you?"

"It is no business of ouren," answered one of them sulkily; "and I'm not going to get into a scrape for anybody."

Such is the gratitude of the ignorant, thought Edwards. Now, this very man I have fed and tended during weeks of dangerous illness. I have kept his family from the parish, and they can look forward and face winter without dread, because of my kindness. Such was his mental exclamation. He said openly, "There is no reason why you should stay, Jennings; you may go—the door is open. I would just give you one word of friendly advice. Go home directly, and don't join these unwise people. It will be better for yourself and family."

"I suppose I may do as I like," said the man, with a growl and an air of defiance.

"Certainly," was the answer; "and you may repent of your conduct when it is too late."

"We shall see," said Jennings, with a sort of grin; "and other folk, mayhap, may repent too."

"Jennings," hereupon said Edwards, "come to-morrow for the wages due to you, and look for work elsewhere; here you never work again."

"All's the same to me. We are not going to starve; and some folks who are so high will have to come down a peg. Ha, ha, ha." His rude sham laugh was cut short by the door being shut in his face.

"I have no wish," said Edwards, turning to the men who remained, "to keep anybody here who had rather be away. I shall ask no one to stand by me, except my own family, and those whom the law appoints to protect me. The law will defend my family and my property, and to it I shall trust. There will be no fighting for any of you." The men looked uneasy and undetermined; but before they had time to decide, a loud shout was raised outside, and a fierce knocking with sticks and hammers began upon the door."

"Who is there?" asked Edwards, without opening the small wicket of the great gates, but standing with his hand opon the lock.

"Open the door, and we will tell you," exclaimed a voice in reply.

"I will do no such thing. And I warn you all that I will, with the aid of the law, punish any one who injures my property."

A volley of stones against and over the gates, was the immediate answer to this threat.

Edwards's sons and his man Johnson rushed up to him, intreating him not to irritate the people, and to yield to their demands. "Keep close to the gates," said Edwards to them, "and, for a time at least, no harm can happen to you. I cannot hope to resist a numerous mob, but yield I will not. If they destroy the machine, it shall not be with my consent."

Richard Edwards, when he brought his father's gun, brought also his own and that of his brother, which now, for the first time, Edwards saw. Fearing that such weapons, in such young hands, might bring about some serious calamity, he commanded both the young men to retire into the house. "And leave you here alone, father?" they asked. "Never, never; come with us."

"No," said Edwards; "Johnson will stay with me. Go you in, my dear boys, and defend the house, which I give you leave to do—let no man break into it; but leave it to my prudence to watch here."

The boys, though reluctantly, obeyed; their love and reverence for their father mastering their desire to support him. Volleys of stones were all this time furiously assailing the gates, and shouts and screams made such a din as to prevent the possibility of any conversation with the angry mob. The door and gates still held firm. At this moment a man was raised on the shoulders of some others, and appeared with threatening gestures above the gates; whereupon Edwards, who preserved, with admirable calmness, his mind clear and temper unruffled, addressed the daring rioter—"If you do me any personal injury, your life will be the immediate forfeit. My gun is loaded, I am close to you, and any blow or violence will compel me to fire; so beware!"

"We don't want to hurt thee," said the fellow, who was nearly drunk, "we only want to smash your machine, and smash it we will." And he clinched his assertion with an oath.

Digitized by Google

"Jump, man! jump down and let us in!" cried the mob; and they who were the supporters of the fellow literally pitched him over. He fell, and was stunned. Edwards and Johnson both ran to him, and while humanely endeavouring to alleviate his sufferings, left the door unguarded; and, before they could look round, a light active fellow scrambled over, and opened the wicket, when in rushed the mob, like a flood over a broken dam. Edwards, in order to escape being closed upon, retreated before them, and quickly got into his house, seeing Johnson in before him. So soon as he was inside of the house, he rushed upstairs to a window commanding the yard, and the great doors of the barn in which the machine stood. Throwing up the window, he saw the mob fiercely battering with sledge-hammers the entrance to the barn, and felt that the destruction of the machine was inevitable, unless timely aid were rendered from without. This was, however, but a small part of the mischief that impended. Amidst such a body there might be not only ignorant, but designing men, who, out of hate and malice, might wish to injure and ruin him. If so, nothing was easier than, in such a turmoil and confusion, to set fire to the stacks and the barn, and burn the whole, perhaps the house also, to the ground. The increasing darkness afforded a yet more favourable opportunity to any one maliciously inclined. Every member of the mob would legally, under such circumstances, be guilty of the offence, and probably the leaders of the actual riot might pay the penalty, although not really guilty of this portion of the crime; and if, therefore, there were mingled with the mob some deadly enemy, who had taken no open share in the day's proceedings, he could, with comparative safety to himself, wreak his vengeance upon Edwards. These thoughts rushed quickly through the mind of Edwards, and occupied the brain of another at that moment of anxiety and alarm to the farmer. The darkness and the noise favoured the designs of young Best. When the mob first assailed the gates, he was in the opposite field, watching the result. So soon as the gates were forced, he glided into a group of screaming boys and women, and thence, unrecognised as he thought, into the mob. Then it was that the thought glanced across his mind, "Now can I accomplish what those fools last night failed in attempting." The ever-ready lucifer-match was in his pocket, and an opportunity might offer to glut his diabolical vengeance.

Amidst this tumult of human passions the wholesome storms of nature rose also. The dull leaden-coloured day brought a dark winter's night. The wind rose as the sun went down, and a steady and fierce gale soon blew. As yet no rain fell, though there was a driving mist from the sea, which gathered into large drops upon every spray which met it as it drifted over the surface of the land. The change from the last night's frost was complete. The bright sheet of snow disappeared, and all was wet, miry, and miserable. Sounds travelled slowly and to a little distance, and the near plash of a cart would have overpowered the sound of an approaching army. The yells and roar of the raging multitude in the farm-yard of Mr. Edwards prevented them hearing aught but the riot and the noise they themselves created; and, therefore, sorely were they amazed and confounded when there dashed into the yard a troop of mounted dragoons. With a sudden wheel the young officer in command in an instant brought his troop between the mob and the barn doors. He himself advanced at once into the mob, and raising his voice, which rose, spite of the dull atmosphere, clear and shrill above all the voices, said,—

"Stop, my masters; what are you doing? You are breaking the law, and will get into trouble; stop, I charge you!"

The youth and slim proportions of the speaker caused a curious revulsion of feeling in the mob. They had been up to this moment fierce and angry, now they scornfully laughed; and the women, and more especially the young women, drew close up to the officer, and begun to banter and jest with him.

At this moment a grave, middle-aged man, and evidently one in authority, in fact Sir Henry Proudly, drew up by the side of the young officer, and began to address the mob. The parley, however, was but of a moment's continuance. Young Best had brought up a whole band of young ragamuffins, armed with staves, to interrupt any conference that might take place. His wish was to create a riot—to make it necessary for the soldiers to charge, and the men to fight; as he intended in the affray to put a lighted match into one or more of the ricks. His plan succeeded according to his wish; and while the confusion continued, and became every minute greater, he stole away, and, under the shadow of a large wheat rick, he drew from his pocket a lucifer-box, and lit a match. The wind, as he raised it, instantly blew it out; many times he tried to carry the match from the box to the rick, and every time a gust of wind prevented him. Vengeance and hate supplied ingenuity; he searched his pockets, and finding a piece of paper, twisted it, so that it became a screen for the match. Shaded by the paper, the match still burned as he placed it within the sheaves; and before he had stepped a yard, one side of the rick was in flames. Seizing a handful of straw, he lighted and thrust it into a neighbouring rick; and in a few minutes a fierce and rising flame gave evidence of the fatal efficacy of the means his hate had suggested.

Startled by the sudden result of his conduct, he for a moment lost his presence of mind, and, mingling with the throng, endeavoured, by taking part in the proceedings going on in the yard, to make it appear impossible that he was the incendiary. But he was not fortunate in his endeavour. Eyes, sharp and observant, had been stealthily but unceasingly watching him throughout the day—eyes which were made observant by a sense of wrong. A boy of about fifteen, a quick, intelligent-looking lad, rapped at the door of the house, and begged to speak to Mr. Edwards. He was in the yard with Sir Henry Proudly and the soldiers. The boy ran immediately to find him, and just as he arrived the fire in the ricks became apparent.

Digitized by Google

A volley of stones was now thrown at the soldiers, and struck their young commander, who fell from his saddle. The boy grasped the arm of Edwards, who was in the act of lifting the officer, and attempted to shake off this troublesome applicant. The boy, however, was not thus to be gotten rid of. Stooping, so that he might whisper into the ear of Edwards, he said, "Mr. Edwards, your ricks are burning. I saw young Best set them on fire; and, if you seize him suddenly, you will find a lucifer-match box in his pocket." Edwards raised his head, and the bright blaze of his burning property almost blinded him. Speaking to the officer, whom he had raised, he said, "Are you hurt, sir?"

The young man answered, "I am dizzy, and feel sick; but I don't believe I am really hurt. My ear tingles; but let me see if I can stand."

Edwards placed him on his feet, and the young man shook himself, and, laughing, said, "Well, I can stand, and will mount again. Robinson, come here."

The sergeant came, and helped his leader on his horse. The boy by the side of Edwards again pressed him to get possession of young Best. "There, sir," he said, "there he is, talking with those men. That is Jem Grimes; if you seize those two, you will have the leaders."

Edwards was for the moment startled by the boy's eagerness, and looked closely to see who it was. A flush passed across the boy's brow at this scrutiny, and Edwards in a moment recognised the youth.

"Herbert, is it you?—how came you here?"

"Never mind why or how I am here; there is the man you ought to seize. In a moment, now that the ricks are on fire, the mob will be dispersed, and you will lose your opportunity."

Edwards at once acted on the boy's suggestion. Addressing Sir H. Proudly and the officer, he said, "Gentlemen, help me; I am about to seize one of the ringleaders, pray help me!" and without further word he rushed upon young Best, and, with the aid of the troopers, secured both him and Grimes. To the officer he said, "Let the young man, sir, be at once searched; see what is found on him, and I will endeavour to save my property."

The mob, as if by magic, dispersed; neighbours, and some few labourers, came to aid in putting out the fire. Two ricks were, however, entirely consumed, a third seriously injured; but the buildings and the house were saved from harm.

Young Best and Jim Grimes were taken to prison, and so ended the famous riot of Oakley Common.

(To be continued.)

THE POET.

(HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXII.)

UNSTAINED by crime, an honest life who leads,
Nor Moorish dart nor bow, O Fuscus, needs,
Nor quiver pregnant with the poisoned reeds;

Whether o'er Lybia's burning sands he ride,
Or climb high Caucasus' unfriendly side,
Or stroll the famed Hydaspes' banks beside.

Once, as I wandered, careless, from my farm,
The woods with song of Lalage to charm,
Unarmed, a wolf fled from me in alarm;

A monster, such as through the forests wide
Of warlike Daunia ne'er was known to stride,
Nor in parched Afric, nurse of lions, to bide.

Place me where yields the barren soil no trees,
To taste the freshness of the summer breeze,
Where fogs oppress, or endless winters freeze:

Place me within the scorching torrid zone,
In lands where towns and cities are unknown,
I'll still love Lalage's sweet smile and tone.

Digitized by Google

THE COTTON-TRADE AND PROTECTION.

Dickens says of one of his characters (we forget which, but have no doubt it was an old lady of disappointed hopes and Conservative temperament) that she was "never happy but when she was miserable." There are at this moment some politicians among us who find their solace in the same dismal sources, who are never happy but when they are proving that they and everybody else are miserable, and from whose Jeremiads at this period one might think the country at large is never prosperous but when it is ruined, and never contented but when it is on the brink of rebellion.

It is undeniable that, in the best of times, in a country comprising such large and various and occasionally antagonistic interests, there will always be not only individuals but sections which may have comparative reason to be dissatisfied. Generally speaking, however, we ask fearlessly, does any man remember a period when there was less discontent, and inferentially less suffering, than at the present moment? Nay, does any man remember a time when those symptoms which are held to be indices of the state of the nation pointed with a more perfect accord towards prosperity? In the matter of finance we have a surplus, an advancing revenue, and a diminished expenditure. The export of the products of our skill and industry has reached a higher point than ever before. In every department of labour (we say *every* with perfect deliberation), the workman finds employment and wages as good, in almost all departments much better than the present generation has ever before experienced; and the cheapness of the necessaries of life has brought plenty to millions of mouths to which it had long been unknown. Of political agitation, scarcely a breath ruffles the surface of society; and, judging from all former experiences, it seems that now or never we may say that peace and plenty are in all our borders. We are, however, told that this is the merest delusion. Our eyes, ears, and stomachs, conspire to trick us. We are cheated of the sense of our miseries and the luxury of grief. Protectionist organs, led and instructed by "Blackwood's Magazine," insist upon our ruin, and call upon us to swell their somewhat confused chorus of lamentation. So impressed is the last-mentioned publication with the truth and importance of this idea, and so convinced that the duty of discriminating it rests solely on itself, that for the last two months, to go no farther back, it has not spoken either in prose or poetry, on any subject, political, literary, artistical, or novelistic, without blurting it forth with no little excitement and incoherence. It seizes any or no opportunity, and accepts any sort of aid to give it vent. In pursuit of this object it even assails the Exhibition of 1851, desecrates the fresh grave of Peel, and fraternises with Ledru Rollin. At this present moment Ebony informs us (Sept. No., p. 290), "there is great and general distress and privation;" and (p. 354), "that almost every other sound is stifled by the loud wail of national distress;" a description feebly paralleled by Dryden's description of the sombre days of the Commonwealth, when

> "Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
> Envied grey hairs that once good times had seen."

It is creditable, however, to the writer, that he occasionally displays some little distrust of the assertions he pours forth with such emphasis and copiousness. First, he is seized with misgivings as to the likelihood of people believing his bold assertions in preference to their own senses and account-books; and next, "resorting to statistics," thinks it prudent to premise that statistics are very little worth—a statement which we deny in the general, but admit, and shall proceed to prove, in the particular. "Statistics," he begins, "are the financial weapons of the Free-trade party. On whatever point they are assailed, they bring forth columns of figures to prove the infallibility of their position. It has been very well observed that this is an age in which men are liable to be befooled by figures; and we have known very significant instances in which results, available for party purposes, have been brought out by no means in accordance with the strict laws of arithmetic."

Now, why all this sudden rage against statistics? Who ever made such liberal—nay, such licentious—use of them as "Blackwood" himself on this very question? He evidently, and no wonder, wishes people to forget all about those "Statistics of Scotch Farming," which formed a nine days' marvel, and a lasting disgrace, and may be said to have been the commencement of the unhappy career which he is still pursuing against hope, and against truth. We shall proceed to show some of the "very significant instances" in which "Blackwood" has brought out results not available for party purposes, nor, indeed, for any purpose but self-exposure.

The radical trick to which he resorts, in proving statistically that the country is ruined, is set forth in the following sentence:—"In reply to the complaints poured in from all quarters by our home and colonial interests, our opponents content themselves with assuring us of the prosperity of the cotton-trade; and, in their usual way, they corroborate their assertions by figures." Now, this is not only not the truth, but is precisely and glaringly the reverse. Free-traders have not been contenting themselves with referring to the prosperity of the cotton-trade. They have been pointing to the prosperity of trade in general; and so far as special mention was made of the cotton-trade, it has been rather as of an exception. The reason why cotton has not of late months been the most prosperous, or among the most prosperous, of our staple manufactures, is one quite unconnected with Free-trade, and well known to "Blackwood," and everybody else. The price of the raw material has, within a very short period—between the two

Digitized by Google

periods which "Blackwood" elaborately compares with each other—been more than doubled. Now, mark the complication of trickery here employed—the compound fracture of the laws of truth and fair dealing. To take a single branch of trade would, of itself, be fallacious and unfair; but besides doing this, he selects the one which has been injuriously affected by natural causes, and, still further and worse, he describes as the one which his opponents have selected as the most favourable for themselves. There is here, first, garbling; secondly, suppression of facts; and, thirdly, false assertion.

Before making comparisons between the present and preceding periods, he takes some trouble to insist upon 1847, which was a period of bad trade, being exceptional in its circumstances. We quite agree with him as to the fact, though we confess our inability to comprehend his explanation of the causes. He says, "Failures, commencing in the corn, and afterwards in the India and China trade, and extending by means of bills far and wide, shook the credit of half our commercial men; insolvencies to the amount of eight millions sterling were announced within two months," and the scarcity of cash, and the difficulty of negotiating bills, prevented the execution of manufacturing orders. There is here a confusion of causes and effects; but, granting that the year was an exceptional one, we ask, in passing, if the high price of provisions had nothing to do with those disasters which "commenced in the corn-trade," and spread to all others, and that dearth and distress from which scarcely any one was exempt? At all events, he will not deny, and will do well to ponder the facts, that with dear food in 1847 we had commercial distress, popular privation, and empty coffers; while in 1850, with Free-trade, which was to drive all the bullion from the country, the Bank has many superfluous millions in its chest; and with cheap food, which was to spread universal ruin, trade, if not actually good, can be proved bad only in monthly magazines, and not by daily experience and popular belief.

The statistics which "Blackwood," after this preface, selects as his evidence that the cotton-trade is languishing under the effects of Free-trade, we give just as we get them.

	Cotton yarn.	Plain cottons.	Printed and dyed cottons.
	Pounds.	Yards.	Yards.
1845 ..	131,937,935	613,138,649	310,850,497
1846 ..	157,130,025	612,839,181	267,084,797
1847 ..	116,512,874	488,044,682	287,384,903
1848 ..	127,121,446	556,199,538	301,515,780
1849 ..	144,126,046	697,542,808	389,136,181

The reader will at the first glance, and also on further scrutiny, be perplexed as to how "Blackwood" should deduce, from these figures, evidence of his position, that the export of cotton has been decreasing, or, at least, languishing, as the import of corn has been increasing; and all we can do will only increase the perplexity. Two things, not only dead against his assertion, but even demonstrative of the opposite, stand prominent as the chief features of his list of statistics. One is, that the exports of the last and cheapest year (1849) exceed those of any of the other four in every article except one, that exception applying to only one year, and to yarn—an article the decreased export of which is less likely to be indicative of decaying trade than of the fact that more of it is used at home, and more of British labour and capital finding employment on the completion of perfect fabrics. The other great obvious feature of this useful little table is, that the exports were greatest in the cheapest, and smallest in the dearest years—the very reverse of what "Blackwood" meant, if he meant anything beyond mere mystification.

As if half conscious of something being wrong, he tries a little sleight-of-hand with his intractable materials. Instead of letting the figures stand as above, in a shape in which they plainly tell their own story, and in which each separate year can at once be compared with the preceding, or following, or any other year, he tries to make a better job of it by putting two years against two years—1845-6 against 1848-9, assuming the former as a Protectionist, and the latter as a Free-trade, period. He does not tell us the motive or use of this piece of jugglery, but it is not difficult to see it. It was excessively awkward that 1849, when he says our ruin was all but completed, should turn out to be the very best on the list, so he mixes it up with the bad year, 1848, which conveniently stands next to it. In the paragraph immediately preceding, he enumerates, as we have seen, a variety of causes leading to 1848 being an exceptional year, and now, when he wants it for another purpose, he reckons it as no exception at all! It is true he may be supposed to mean that the increase of 1849 was only the filling up of the deficit of 1848. But his own figures show that (except as regards a comparison with 1846 in the item of yarns) it did far more than this. The exports for the elapsed period of 1850 he keeps out of sight altogether. But though these are in every point of view more important in their bearing upon the question he affects to discuss, they would show that, with lower prices of food, and a longer continuance of the system of Free-trade, the export, even of his own selected article, has been progressively increasing. After all, however, he makes no more by his dual mode of statement than he did by the other. These are his figures:—

	Cotton yarn.	Plain cottons.	Printed and dyed cottons.
	Pounds.	Yards.	Yards.
1845-6 ..	144,533,930	612,988,913	288,967,747
1848-9 ..	135,623,746	626,871,173	345,325,980

Still the same result, though the proportions are slightly reduced by the dual trick: on everything but yarn an increase, where the case required, and desperate means were resorted to, to prove a decrease.

He has, as we have seen, vainly tried to find something in his favour, by putting year against year, and then two years against two years; but now, in proceeding to give the same results more in detail, distinguishing the exports to each country, he recurs to the still more ingenious device of setting *one* year against *two* years! The mode in which he endeavours to draw the reader's attention

Digitized by Google

from the trick is cool and characteristic. "We shall continue," he says, "as before, to compare the exports of 1845-6 with those of 1849." Thus quietly dropping 1848, with which, as we have seen, he had been working before.

After all, however, the object aimed at is simply puerile and absurd. It is that, taking country by country, the increase of *cotton* exports has not increased in each case, *pari passu*, with the increase of corn imports. In expecting what "Blackwood" most groundlessly says the Free-traders expected, and in arguing, as he does, that such an expectation would be reasonable, sundry facts and considerations are forgotten. For instance, cotton is not the only export, though "Blackwood," in the hope of suiting a purpose, handles it as if it were. Again, to expect the one increase immediately and proportionally to follow the other, even in the aggregate, is utterly absurd, although we shall afterwards see that even here the alleged expectation has happened to be realised. And to expect each country all at once, or indeed at any time, to take just in the proportion that it gives, is sheer twaddle. A country may, from a variety of causes, have in one year a surplus of corn, and little need for cotton; and in another year a great need of cotton, and a small surplus of corn; nay, it will very often happen that the same causes which induce an increase in the export of corn may operate to induce a decrease in the import of cotton. Take, for instance, the case of France, which stands prominent among "Blackwood's" statistics. It shows, in 1849, the largest decrease of imported cotton, and the largest increase of exported corn. Both these results arose, at least mainly (for a good harvest had something to do with it), from the same cause—the depression and disorder of trade and industry, consequent on the revolution, disabling people from maintaining their usual consumption of either food or clothing, and deterring them from either storing or importing. France, from which we usually get no grain at all, was last year our largest importer; and Belgium, which usually has nothing to give, was among the largest. The explanation of the phenomenon is simple enough, without calling in question any principles of Free-trade or Protection. These countries do not ordinarily give us any corn just because, in ordinary circumstances, they can barely grow enough for their own consumption. But last year the effects of a revolution, concurring with those of a large harvest, enabled and compelled France to export largely. The effects of a good harvest, but much more, as regards appearances at least, the opening of new accesses to her ports for the grain produce of the Upper Rhine, increased (though in great part only ostensibly) the exports of Belgium. But those causes—and similar causes are constantly at work, now here, now there—did not all at once enable or necessitate those countries to take more cotton; whereupon, and upon nothing else, "Blackwood" cries out that the foreigners are all sellers and no buyers.

Another instance, bringing out the same result by the reverse process, is incidentally furnished by "Blackwood" in a separate and more prominent form. As a clincher to his assertion, that foreigners are giving us more and more of their corn, and taking less and less of our cotton, he gives a table, showing the amount of exports and imports in these two articles between Great Britain and the United States, in each year, since 1845. The largest import of corn was in 1847, being about eight times the average of the other years given. Everybody knows what was the cause of that great increase—the failure of the potato-crop in Ireland, followed by almost famine prices throughout the kingdom. But can anything be more childish than to expect or argue, that because atmospheric influences suddenly destroyed Irish potatoes, and created a demand for Indian corn, a simultaneous and proportionate increase in the need for English manufactured cottons was to spring up in the United States? Yet such is "Blackwood's" aim. And, after all, as it happened, even cotton exports to the States did largely increase in that year: excluding yarn, the exports of which to the States are very trifling, the cotton exports to that country increased *fourfold*. In fact, the year of our largest imports from the States happened to be the year of our largest cotton exports; so that the point which "Blackwood" wished to establish, and which would have been worthless if he could have established it, is entirely upset and demolished by his own figures. The next largest year of exports, almost equalling those of 1847, is 1849; but in that year our corn imports from the States were only a third of what they were in 1847. Even "Blackwood" might learn from this that, if in one year a foreign country does not increase her cotton imports in proportion to the increase in her corn exports, in another she may increase her imports while her exports are diminishing.

This brings us to the best and briefest, though not the only, mode of testing "Blackwood's" absurd statistics. We have seen that, even taking each and any country separately, his figures, when they do anything at all, demolish himself. But the quickest and surest mode of arriving at any result worth considering is by seeing what is, in the periods compared, the whole increase in the imports of corn and exports of cotton respectively, and the proportion each bears to the other. That "Blackwood" is aware that this is the true and simple test is evident from the fact that, while printing the separate items from the Board of Trade returns, he carefully *deletes* the totals! Let us supply this rather important omission. The declared value of our cotton exports was, in 1846, 25,500,000*l.*, in 1849, 27,000,000*l.*, giving an increase of a million and a half. In estimating the value of the corn imports there is no mode of getting at anything like a precise statement, owing to there being no declared value, to the price varying greatly in and between the two periods, and to other causes. Of course the value must be estimated on the same principle as the value of manufactures for exportation is estimated; not the value it bears in the market where it finds a sale, but that which it bears when it comes from the producer's hands, before additions are made for carriage, duties, risks, and profits. We cannot,

Digitized by Google

therefore, in order to a fair comparison, take the value of foreign corn from the imperial averages, but, so far as we can ascertain or guess, from its price on the spot where it is grown. On this principle we shall not be very far from the truth in taking the value of all kinds of grain at 20s. the quarter. The value, then, of the corn imported in the two years that "Blackwood" compares stands thus:—In 1846, 2,344,153*l.*, and in 1849, 4,835,400*l.* In round numbers, therefore, and stated in *value*, the increase of corn imports is about two millions and a half, and, as we have already seen, the increase of cotton exports of one million and a half; leaving a balance of a million in favour of the increased imports of corn.

But two very important considerations are here omitted. First, we are not now in 1849, but declining towards the end of 1850; and, on turning to the Board of Trade returns for the first half of the current year, we find that, as compared with the corresponding period, the imports of corn have decreased 2,000,000*l.*, and the exports of cotton increased 1,000,000*l.*; representing, of course, on the whole year, a decrease and an increase respectively of 4,000,000*l.*, and 2,000,000*l.* Deducting from the balances of these two sums the one million which stood against cotton for the year 1849, we have still a million more increase on cotton than on corn. Making all allowances, we arrive at last at this result: *that the increase in the import of corn has been more than counterbalanced by the export of cotton alone.*

But cotton is not the only export that has increased, though corn may be said to be the only import in which there has been a marked enlargement. The total exports for 1849 were 59,000,000*l.*, against 51,000,000*l.* in 1846, the year of "Blackwood's" comparison; so that, by comparing the two periods, the import of corn has increased by two millions and a half of value, the exports of manufactures have increased eight millions, leaving five and a half millions in our favour. By carrying the comparison onward with 1849, we might bring out a still stronger result; but surely another would be superfluous, directed against a writer who, with such facts in his knowledge, and most of them on his pages, cries out that the foreigner is sending everything to us and taking nothing from us.

A dead set is also made by the writer in question at all foreign nations, and especially at the United States, as taxing our goods, while we admit theirs duty-free. This is a mis-statement as great as any contained in the article; but, strange to say, it is one which there is a predisposition on the part of a large portion of the public to believe. The cure for this delusion is a glance at the annual revenue tables, with the item "Customs, 22,000,000*l.*" Now "Customs" just means import duties on articles of foreign produce, and twenty-two millions is five times greater than the sum which the United States raise from the same source, and more than any other country, France only excepted, raises from all sources whatever. Austria, with a third more population, and Russia, with double the population, obtain a fourth less revenue from all sources than we extract from import duties alone. It is true that few of our import duties are now levied for any other purpose than revenue, while those of some other countries are imposed for protection. But still it is fair to remember that if the States put 25 per cent. on our calicoes, we put 1200 per cent. on their tobacco. Some of the countries, too, that take and tax our manufactures, have few or no manufactures of their own, so that their import duties are, practically, only for revenue. In such cases, or, indeed, in any case, the tax is paid, not by the British manufacturer, who sells to the Russian at precisely the same price as he sells to the draper in the next street—it is paid by the Russian consumer; just as the late tax on corn imported into Britain was paid, not by the foreign grower, who sold to the English importer or his agent at the same price as to the consumer on the spot—it was, in fact, paid by the English consumer, and went into the pocket of the British landlord. This, however, is in some measure a digression, and must not be allowed to keep out of sight or memory the fact that Great Britain raises an enormous and unparalleled sum by import duties on foreign articles, all the while that some of the more unscrupulous of the public writers, and some of the more credulous or ignorant of her people, are inculcating or believing that "there's no such thing."

After his arduous labours to show a decrease of exports in the face of plain facts, "Blackwood," with a consciousness of failure, goes on to assert that at all events there has been a dreadful falling off in the home consumption. This, it will be easily understood, is a refuge from which there are no such short and sure means of hunting him out as in the case of exports; for goods intended for home consumption, passing through no Government department, have no estimate or record made of them. But, even in the absence of precise figures, and even on his own ground, it is easily seen that he is still unable to stand for a moment against the inconvertible and obvious facts. In this portion also of his article he confines himself to cotton, and we are ready to meet him here. His position is, that agricultural distress has greatly decreased the consumption of cotton, and depressed the manufacturing interests. Now, where are the symptoms and probabilities, or even possibilities—for in this case we have no more precise data for forming an opinion—of any such thing? Now, if it were true that employment is scarce and wages low in the manufacturing districts, there would be a presumption in favour of "Blackwood's" argument. But, if any faith can be placed in the concurring reports of those on the spot and knowing best, it is not only not true, but the very reverse of truth; at all events, there will be no attempt to deny that there is no manufacturing distress of such a character as to render its extent, or even existence, a commonly known and admitted fact—no distress, therefore, which is of any value for "Blackwood's" argument. What, then, is the other evidence? That the agriculturists are so distressed that they must be buying less? We maintain that, so far from there being any *must* in the case, there is not a probability, nor even a pos-

Digitized by Google

sibility. Of the three classes into which agriculturists are divided, take first the farmers and landlords. Supposing these to have been of late stinted in their means, what is the effect that that would be likely to produce upon the consumption of cotton? In the first place the two classes, taken together, are a very small number as compared with the whole population; and it is to be remembered that cotton-manufacturers are of universal and not of class use. Again: would cotton be the thing in which men finding a diminution in their rents or profits would begin to retrench? When men find a reduction of ten per cent. in their income, are their *shirts* the first or the last articles which they are likely to reduce or dispense with? On the whole, we are rather inclined to think that people are more apt to begin with luxuries, such as wine, brandy, sugar, tea, or coffee; but it is a fact demonstrated by the Board of Trade returns, that the consumption of these articles has, during the period in question, been not only maintained, but increased. Now people who believe that landlords and farmers are more likely to dock their shirts than drink less wine under the pressure of bad times, will see force in "Blackwood's" deductions on this point, and nobody else will. There remains the labourer. Great manufacturing distress, it seems, is caused by the agricultural labourer now "buying a smaller amount of goods." We answer, first, that the agricultural labourers are as able to buy goods as ever; and, secondly, that it is not possible that any reduction they could make in their consumption would sensibly affect the demand. Not an acre has gone out of cultivation, nor is a man less employed. We defy all proof to the contrary. We challenge evidence, too, that, even in selected cases of "reduced wages," the reduction is more than proportionate to the fall in the price of food, consequently leaving the labourer with as much for the purchase of clothing as ever. And we must remark, in passing, that if the labourer had not been reduced to an unnatural and abnormal position under Protection, his wages would not, any more than the wages of other workmen, have been reduced in proportion to the reduction of the price of food, or from any other cause, save a decrease of demand for, or an increase of supply of, labour. Again, the labourers have long been, taking head for head, the smallest consumers of fabrics, both as to quantity and value. They "want but little (and) want that little (very) long." Remember the garb of an English agricultural labourer in the days of Protection, and say if he looked like a valuable customer to the haberdasher and clothier, and, at this moment, if there is any change for the worse in the fashion and sufficiency of his garments.

The answer to this query we leave with the utmost confidence to any and every one who has had the opportunity of observing and the faculty of comparing; for others, who veil their reluctance to give evidence under the common form of "don't recollect," and "can't say," we are fortunately possessed of an established fact, which is conclusive upon the question of agricultural distress, so far as that term is applicable to the condition of the labouring class. When employment is scarce, only the best labourers obtain constant work, and the remainder have no alternative between a miserable existence on wages casually earned, or a resort to parish relief. The number of individuals applying for the latter represent with unerring accuracy the pressure upon the class to which they belong; in other words, the poor-rates are an exact criterion of the distress of the labouring population. Now, as Free-trade—a system bad in principle and ruinous in practice, according to "Blackwood"—has continuously developed itself during the last three years, it follows, if it affects the labouring classes at all, that their condition should exhibit progressive deterioration. If the home market for manufactures fails from the low price obtained by the agriculturist for his labour, the artisan must of course suffer, and all trades connected with agriculture and manufactures must also feel the pressure in a certain definite proportion; all the labouring classes should, in short, send an increasing proportion of claimants for relief to the workhouse. This is notoriously *not* the case. On the contrary, in every quarter the poor-rates have *diminished*, whether in town or in the country, whether in England or Scotland, whether in Great Britain or Ireland. The recent return from the Poor-law Commissioners shows that in England and Wales the decrease of pauperism is continuous and progressive. Their gross returns of paupers relieved on the 1st July, 1849, and the 1st July, 1850, are 885,737 and 829,708 respectively, showing a decrease of 6.3 per cent.; and of able-bodied male paupers, 8,719 and 4,440, relieved at the above periods, a decrease of 49.1 per cent., or nearly one half. How many of these were agricultural labourers may be conjectured from the fact that at the first date the agricultural counties of Sussex, Buckingham, Devon, Northampton, and Warwickshire, supplied only ninety-seven in all! At the second date they supplied still fewer; and in the face of this we are told by "Blackwood" to believe that agricultural labourers are degenerating into a horde of shirtless serfs, and involving the hapless manufacturer of long-cloth in their ruin. A few years more of such progressive ruin would make the calculation of poor-rates an affair of infinitesimal minuteness, and deprive the unhappy Protectionists of their last and dearest luxury of despair.

Without, however, speculating upon future possibilities, let us bear in mind the results that we have arrived at. We are told by "Blackwood" and other champions of Protection, that our Free-trade system is wrong in principle, and that it has practically been proved so by decay of trade and agriculture—the one to be discovered in official statistics, the other to be inferred from the supposed disadvantages incurred from foreign competition. We have shown from facts which cannot be controverted that trade has largely increased in a period coincident with the development of Sir Robert Peel's legislative changes—that the condition of agricultural labourers has actually *improved* during the same period; and, parenthetically, we have been obliged to answer the puerile objection that "the foreigner sells more and buys less." We should, however, be willing enough to allow this

Digitized by Google

assertion if we could do so consistently with truth and the possibility of the thing.

But the laws which regulate exchanges are, unfortunately, inexorable. The foreigner who brings his corn will not be satisfied with less than its price and equivalent in value—whether that equivalent be in the form of manufactures or money, or of both. If, therefore, he is indifferent to our manufactures, he will take gold; or if he takes a less value of manufactures than he brings of corn, the deficiency *must* be made up with bullion. From this there is no escape, nor is there from the contrary. The steady flow of bullion hitherwards, and the consequent accumulation of sixteen millions of pounds sterling in the Bank, is conclusive that, so far from its being the foreigner, it is Great Britain herself that, under the deplorable system of Free-trade, is at this moment, and for some time past has been, "buying less and selling more" than heretofore. If it were otherwise, the bullion at the Bank neither increasing nor diminishing, it would merely come to this: that the foreigner was content with the thriftless bargain of receiving less than he gave, or, in other words, a certain proportion of foreign produce would drop, like manna from heaven, into the mouths of our hungry millions—a phenomenon which political economists are certainly not in the habit of anticipating, but which it is difficult to suppose the most querulous Conservative could contemplate rather as a curse than a blessing.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN ENGLAND.

The inquiry is sometimes made, whether the study of archæology is making any real progress in this country, whether its objects are better apprehended than heretofore, whether, in fact, history, speaking by its monuments, has aroused any real and active zeal in its behalf in this busy island of ours?

The answer may perhaps be, on the whole, a hopeful affirmative. We trust that a taste, real or fancied, has sprung up, and that churchwardens everywhere within the United Kingdom are now admonished to be less liberal of whitewash and plaster when they set to work to "repair and beautify," and that the Royal Sappers and Miners are now no longer permitted to demolish a cromlech when blocks of granite are wanted for the base of a column.

But, as we proceed further, we must express our conviction that but little has been effected, notwithstanding the talk to the contrary, by the annual meetings of the archæological societies. The best papers that have appeared in the two journals now in existence are the productions of men in their closets, and were never the result of the peripatetic exhibitions which have been made at these gatherings. That some such declaration was needed cannot be denied; and the first meeting of the British Archæological Society at Bourne Park, near Canterbury, fully answered that purpose. It arrested the attention of those who were before inclined to pooh-pooh antiquarianism, and gave encouragement to the few already devoted to the study. All was enthusiasm; and if there were some for whom the hospitality of the President had more charms than the dry bones of their Anglo-Saxon forefathers, there were many who looked upon that day as a propitious one for national archæology. The tumuli on the adjacent downs had, it is true, been well ransacked, for a second time, three years previously, and furnished but few objects of interest on this occasion; but there was enough to awaken reflection and lead to inquiry, and the object of the first president was attained. Even the unreflecting began to wonder what could induce a doctor of the Church, well known for his devotion to geological science, to work with spade and mattock, and with a handkerchief around his head, like a "navvey," in the cist of an Anglo-Saxon tumulus.

Pity that such a demonstration should have been followed by the envy, strife, and bickering which shortly succeeded; pity that, as *the subject was not exhausted*, that as there was *room enough for all*, each had not chosen his branch of antiquity and worked diligently in it, instead of seeking occasion of offence, and indulging in sinister imputations.

We make these remarks with no desire to indulge in individual censure, but as recording our protest against *division* in such a cause, when *unity* was so much, so ardently to be desired. But the breach has been made, and time alone will close it.

The love of antiquity appears to us to be a characteristic of gentle minds, nor is this taste of modern origin: there were antiquaries in the old times before us. Homer speaks reverently of what had passed down the stream of time, and Seneca betrays the same feeling in many places; while the great master of eloquence enunciates the striking truth, "nescire quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum"—*to know only of the present is to be always a child!* Let him who loves antiquity, and dreads the cold sneer of the utilitarian, bind this sentence as a phylactery on his forehead, and write it on the lintel of his door.

To descend to later times, Petrarch loved and cherished antiquity. Reared in a country where the footprints of emperors and consuls, of heroes and lawgivers, were scarcely yet effaced, he could duly appreciate the precious treasures which came into his possession; and his memorable letter,

Digitized by Google

addressed to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with a present of ancient coins, bearing the effigies of great men, attests at once his taste, tact, and judgment. "Behold, Cæsar," says he, "those to whom you have succeeded, to whose form and image you should adapt yourself. I can only know and describe the deeds of these men; you may not only know but follow their example!"

Chaucer in many places speaks with the spirit of an antiquary, even while indulging in a bit of good-natured sarcasm against ancient follies and superstitions. But Leland may truly be designated the father of English archæologists. His "Itinerary" is a mine of topographical and archæological information; and the student of the past turns at this time, and will continue to refer to his pages with a deep sense of gratitude for many records of our national antiquities now no more. Spenser might have said something in his praise, but then he had to blazon the living—

> "Camden, the nourice of antiquitie,
> And Ianthorne unto late succeeding age."

Yet Camden, great and manifest as is his merit, was in reality more at home in the muniment-chest, and had but little discernment out of his own peculiar province; witness his handing over some of the most interesting of our national antiquities to such a man as Obadiah Walker. Dugdale was of the same stamp. He had more love for the records of parchment and stained glass than for the recondite antiquities of his native country. Yet all English antiquaries will honour the names of Camden and Dugdale, especially the latter, who, by his stupendous "Monasticon," has raised an enduring monument to himself, and claimed the gratitude of ages yet to come.

And here we must interpolate a few words of remark in respect of numismatic studies. It is a well-known fact that the great majority of our English antiquaries are, like Camden, profoundly ignorant of the coins even of their own country. To foreigners this is a subject of unspeakable wonder, and occasionally of biting sarcasm, as we ourselves can testify. An intelligent Frenchman or German cannot conceive it possible that an antiquary, especially he who would study *art*, can pass over the only objects that can give him a comprehensive and unbroken view of it from its dawn to the present hour. And yet such is the fact. But we leave it to numismatists to vindicate their favourite study, merely observing that we would advise all young men aspiring to the dignity of antiquary to *begin* with the study of old coins. They contain, within the most circumscribed space, more information than can possibly be found in any other ancient monuments; they will impart lessons in chronology, iconography, mythology, paleography, and other branches of antiquarian study, and thus store and fit the mind for deeper research, and a more extended acquaintance with archæology.

If Camden and Dugdale treated some of our English antiquities with less respect than they merited, there was one at this period who neglected nothing which could shed light on British history. This was Sir Robert Cotton, whose well-known manuscript collections still exist to gratify the searcher into antiquity. The few ancient British coins which are to be found in the numismatic collection of the British Museum are chiefly of his preservation, and, we believe, once formed a part of his cabinet. And here let us do justice to the memory of a prince whom all writers agree in representing as a youth of rare promise. Henry, the son of James the First, was an antiquary and a numismatist; and a document has lately been cited showing that the collection of Gorlæus, at Dort, was purchased for him a short time previous to his death. This came to his brother, the unfortunate Charles, whose taste was well known, and whose cabinet of antiquities of all kinds, and collection of pictures and objects of virtu, are spoken of by continental writers who visited England prior to the breaking out of the great civil war. But after this a period arrived when antiquarianism began to culminate in England. A nobleman of high rank and refined taste set an example to his order and the whole of his educated countrymen by collecting marble at a great expense from Greece and Italy. To the Earl of Arundel it is well known Oxford owes one of its greatest attractions. It could be wished that his lordship had shown as much regard for the preservation of the antiquities of his native land; but in those times men did not think of studying mediæval and classical remains together, and at the present day the same oversight is committed. Had but a portion of his lordship's diligence been bestowed on the preservation of English monuments then fast hastening to decay, what treasures of art might have been preserved to us! We are grateful, however, for what he accomplished; and dwell with no small delight on the acts of a man whose taste and cultivation led him to adopt such a pursuit when all around him were immersed in the follies, the vices, and the intrigues of a corrupt and profligate court.

But to return to Sir Robert Cotton. In the fourteenth year of Elizabeth (A.D., 1572), the learned Archbishop Parker, in conjunction with Sir Robert, laid the foundation of a society for the preservation and illustration of the ancient monuments of England. The members met for more than twenty years at the house of Cotton, and it appears by a manuscript in the British Museum, one forming a portion of his celebrated collection, that in 1589 they had contemplated applying to the Queen for a charter of incorporation, but the death of Elizabeth put an end to the design, which appears to have been abandoned. The society, notwithstanding, still held together until the year 1604, when James the First, for some reason best known to that libel on Royalty, abolished it. An attempt to resuscitate it about thirteen years afterwards proved abortive.

The civil dissensions in the reign of Charles the First were fatal to the restoration of such a society, or it is possible that, with the King's fondness for art, and his possession of many objects of antiquarian interest, he might have been induced to foster the project.

On the Restoration, fanaticism having had its run,

Digitized by Google

the antiquary's peaceful occupation was resumed, and men who loved antiquity again congregated together, exhibited their relics, many, perhaps, acquired while leading a life of exile abroad, compared notes, and discussed various points of archæology, if not with equal acumen, at least with as much zeal, as the same class in our time. To this period belonged Aubrey, a name justly venerated by the English antiquary.

About the year 1707, the friends of antiquity began to consider some plan for giving permanence to their doings. Their deliberations ended in the founding of a society called the Antiquaries Society. They met every Friday evening, at the Bear Tavern, in the Strand. Among those who took an active part in these deliberations was Peter le Neve, the Herald; Holmes, the Deputy Keeper of the Records in the Tower; Batteley, author of the "Antiquities of Rutupiæ;" Elstob, and Madox, who wrote the "History of the Exchequer"—Le Neve acting as president. In the following year, this little band of antiquaries removed to the Young Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, from which they subsequently shifted to the Fountain, near Chancery-lane. They were now joined by Stukeley, the two brothers, Roger and Samuel Gale, Brown, Willis, Austis, the historian of the Order of the Garter, and others of inferior note. Wanley prepared the plan of operation. It does not appear, however, that the society received a proper form and body until about ten years afterwards; for in the year 1717 their officers were first formally chosen. Peter le Neve was elected president; Stukeley was secretary, known for his zeal for the preservation of antiquities, but ridiculous for his pedantry and for his absurd reveries, especially that regarding Oriana, whom, in one of his fits of speculation, he wedded to the rebel Carausius. Samuel Gale was the treasurer, and Talman director. George Vertue, the antiquary, artist, and engraver, in the last capacity a man of great ability, as his numerous works testify, at this time joined the society. The number of members was limited to 100, and there was no honorary list.

For some reason with which we are not acquainted, the antiquaries again flitted, and we find them, in 1727, occupying apartments in Gray's Inn-lane, and subsequently in the Temple. In 1728 their meetings were renewed, and the society met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street, on Thursday evenings, after the Royal Society had broken up. Maitland, in his "History of London," thus speaks of them at this time:—

> "The society, hitherto having no house of their own, meet every Thursday evening, about seven o'clock, at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street, where antiquities are produced and considered, draughts and impressions thereof taken, dissertations read, and minutes of the several transactions entered; and the whole economy under such admirable regulations, that probably, in a short time, they may apply for a Royal power of incorporation."

This was soon to be verified. In 1750, the antiquarians resolved to obtain, if possible, a Royal charter of incorporation; and as their doings had long since attracted the attention of persons of rank and station, this was effected without difficulty, and in 1751 they obtained the object of their wishes. In 1753 they again removed, and leaving the tavern, took a house in Chancery-lane, whence they again shifted, for the last time, to Somerset House—George the Third having, in 1780, assigned them apartments adjoining those apportioned to the Royal Society, where they still continue to meet. Their chief publications have been the "Archæologia, or Miscellaneous Tracts" relating to antiquity, which now extends to thirty-three volumes of quarto, and contains their transactions for the last hundred years. Of the relative merits we must speak at some future time; it is scarcely necessary to observe that the communications are very varied, and of very unequal value and character, and that the bulk will bear no comparison with the antiquarian labours of our neighbours, the French. The "Vetusta Monumenta," another publication of the Society of Antiquaries, has now, we believe, extended to six volumes. Its publication, we hear, has been suspended, the society having been slow to recognise the fact that this is not an age of folios, and that a huge unwieldy book is now voted an incumbrance. Among the plates with which these volumes are illustrated are a series representing the Bayeux Tapestry, and another of subjects of the Painted Chamber at Westminster. The society has also contributed, 1, to the publication of Folker's "Table of English Silver and Gold Coins," a work now merged in Ruding's "Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain and its Dependencies;" 2, "The Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the First;" 3, "Ordinances for the Regulation of the Royal Household, from the Reign of Edward the Third to that of William and Mary;" 4, Roy's "Military Antiquities;" 5, several volumes on cathedral antiquities; 6, "The Metrical Paraphrase of Cædmon," a volume of inestimable value to the student of Anglo-Saxon; and, 7, a translation of Wace's "Chronicle of the Brut," with the original text. They subscribed liberally in Vertue's time to some of the works of that clever artist and engraver, several of which appeared in the early volumes of the "Vetusta Monumenta."

We have already said that it is our purpose to discuss at a future time the merits of some of the contributions to the "Archæologia." With the changes which have taken place in the Society of Antiquaries we have nothing to do; all we hope is, that they may tend to the advancement of archæology in England. Nor do we desire to say more on the subject of the division among the promoters of the itinerant society, which dates its existence from the close of the year 1843, and now exists in two distinct bodies, than what has escaped us at the commencement of this article. Time can alone bring about the wished-for fusion. What we wish to see encouraged is, the apparently growing taste for the cultivation of a study which throws so much light upon the history of nations, and the manners and customs of past times. The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature contain many valuable papers on classical antiquities, which ought to have been printed by the Society of Antiquaries, whose volumes are too often crammed with mere tran-

Digitized by Google

scripts of historical documents, accessible to most people among the vast stores of the British Museum.

What we most desire to see is, a more careful regard for the preservation and illustration of ancient monuments still existing in England. One of the most valuable contributions to our literature, which the English antiquary cannot prize too highly, is the "Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici," edited by Mr. Kemble, and published under the auspices of the English Historical Society. In these volumes, of which, we believe, six have now been published, a vast amount of antiquarian illustration may be found, to delight those who love to trace the footsteps of Time. It is impossible to over-estimate this work, or that which may be fairly coupled with it, the "Ancient Laws and Institutes of England," edited by Mr. Thorpe. To those may be added the "Monumenta Historica Britannica," recently published by our Government. This work, which was originally commenced many years since by Mr. Petrie, was completed under the careful superintendence of Mr. Duffus Hardy. Besides most carefully collated transcripts from all the ancient historians who mention Britain, it contains a list of Roman monumental inscriptions found in, or having reference to, this country. It is much to be lamented that the modesty of the last editor induced him to commit the task of describing the ancient British coins to another, as many specimens allowed by most numismatists to be indubitably British are not given in this work, though they are continued to be purchased at large prices, as British coins, for the national collection.

In conclusion, without adopting the precise terms of one who laboured hard in his vocation, we commend the spirit which dictated the anecdote which follows, recommending it not only to the fledgling archæologist, but also to him who has grown grey in the pursuit. "A wander wit of Wiltshire, rambling to Rome, to gaze at antiquities, and there screwing himself into the company of antiquaries, they entreated him to illustrate unto them that famous monument in his country, called *Stonage*. His answer was, that he had never seen, scarce ever heard of it. Whereupon they kicked him out of doors, and bade him go home and see *Stonage;* and I wish all such Esopical cocks as slight these admired stones, and other our domestick monuments (by which they might be admonished to eschew some evil or doe some good), and scrape for barleycorns of vanity out of foreign dunghills, might be handled, or rather fooled, as he was."*

* Thomas Hearne.

LITERATURE.

Kingsconnell; a Tale. By Mrs. Gordon, Author of "The Fortunes of the Falconars." 3 vols. Newby, London.

This tale is a decided improvement upon Mrs. Gordon's former work. It displays the same familiar acquaintance with Scottish life in all its varieties and shades, it abounds in the same graphic sketches of persons and things, but the plot in the work before us is much more skilfully constructed, and the interest of the story is proportionably increased. Arthur Bertram, the hero of the tale, is the son of a wealthy and well-descended Scottish baronet. While on a visit to his parents he meets and falls in love with Beatrice Lockhart, an amiable and clever girl, who resides, in the neighbourhood, with her grandmother and two maiden aunts, true specimens, all of them, of the poorer class of Scottish gentlefolks. The old lady is very self-willed, full of unconquerable prejudices, and her rigid habits of domestic economy border very closely upon meanness. The character of one of her daughters, Miss Willie, partakes very much of that of her parent; while Miss Grace, though vain and silly, is kindhearted. Such is the household in which the heroine passes her youth, contrasting vividly as it does with the splendid establishment of Sir Thomas Bertram, at Kingsconnell, in the immediate neighbourhood.

Young Bertram and Miss Lockhart fall over head and ears in love with each other before either they themselves or any one else is aware of the important fact. The suspicions of Lady Bertram, the hero's mother, are, however, at length aroused. The character of this person, an Englishwoman of rank, is exceedingly well drawn. Under a highly polished and pleasing exterior, she veils a disposition of the most intense selfishness. In reality, she is indifferent to everything save her own aggrandisement and that of her children; yet art has done so much for her education, she is so perfectly mistress of herself, that she can with ease render herself popular, at least for the time, in whatever society she may happen to be. We may readily suppose that this experienced lady observed at length with alarm her son's attachment to a portionless girl, and that she took speedy steps to prevent its further growth. Having questioned him on the subject, and ascertained that no actual engagement existed between the lovers, she pointed out the ruinous consequences which must result from a continuation of their intimacy. She assured him that Sir Thomas would never consent to their union, and, such being the case, that any further attentions to Miss Lockhart upon his part might seriously compromise the prospects, if not the character, of a very amiable and attractive girl,

Digitized by Google

the loss of whose society, through this unfortunate affair, she could not cease to regret. By appealing in turn to the filial affection and to the chivalrous nature of her son, the artful mother at length obtained from him a promise to think no more of Beatrice Lockhart; then, kissing him with the most becoming grace, she left him in an agony of grief.

Warm-hearted and impulsive, Arthur Bertram in no respect resembles his worldly-minded mother. He plunges eagerly into the gaiety and dissipation of the great world, in order to relieve his bitter disappointment. Through the address of Lady Bertram, he is thrown frequently in contact with a young lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, the only child of an influential nobleman. Our hero cannot but admire the charming Miss Adair, yet he does not love her. His senses are fascinated by this high-born beauty, and his vanity is flattered by the preference which she evinces to himself amid a crowd of titled rivals; but it is only while she is present that her influence is felt. When absent from the brilliant circles over which she reigns, his thoughts revert to the scenes and the object of his first affection. Piqued by his apparent indifference, the triumphant beauty resolves to complete her conquest; and, in spite of the serious misgivings of our hero, she succeeds. He marries her; and finds that his wife is devoid alike of heart or head, although she sings and waltzes to perfection. Arthur Bertram is not of a nature to bear, with philosophic patience, the miseries of his wedded life. He seeks distraction in gambling, in intrigue, and in the excitement of political life. His wife, meanwhile, continues her career of heartless dissipation, and finally elopes with a young nobleman, while her husband is confined to his bed by a serious illness. Bertram rises from his sick bed to follow the guilty fugitives; and he falls, like the lord of "wanton Shrewsbury," by the hand of his wife's seducer. His dying hours are soothed, however, by the presence of his first love, Beatrice Lockhart, who has in the interval been married, but who is now a widow, and who happens to be at the inn to which poor Bertram is carried with the fatal bullet in his breast.

Such is a hasty outline of the main plot. There are, however, a variety of characters and incidents introduced to which we have not referred, and some of which, we think, might have been advantageously omitted, as not contributing to the progress of the story. The elaborate genealogies of the heroine and the hero too might have well been abridged. Such details inspire little interest in real life, and in fiction much less. But the main fault which we find with the tale before us as a work of art is, that it contains far too many painful and tragic scenes. First we have the death of the heroine's mother, under circumstances peculiarly distressing; next we have the deaths of the hero's two brothers, both of whom are prematurely cut off; then Mr. Sumner, the heroine's husband, dies suddenly, leaving his widow a stranger in a foreign land; and, lastly, comes the catastrophe of the elopement, the duel, and the death of the hero. All the scenes to which we have here referred are detailed with elaboration, and they occupy, consequently, a large portion of the work. This succession of tragic occurrences, this too frequent appeal to the pity of the reader, very materially weakens the effect of the final catastrophe, which, if following a more smooth and simple series of incidents, could not have failed to produce a powerful impression.

The chief merit of the work consists in the truth and skill with which the principal characters are pourtrayed. In Arthur Bertram we see a man of fine parts and of a generous nature, but without any fixed principles of morality or religion to restrain and guide his wayward passions. In his mother we find a true creature of conventional life. In the faithless wife of Bertram we trace the career of the spoiled beauty, whose insatiable vanity and thirst of admiration involve her at length in vice and ruin.

[The remainder of the Literary Notices are unavoidably postponed till the November No.]

ASSURANCE OFFICES

Railway Passengers' Assurance Company.—The second half-yearly meeting of the Shareholders in this Company was held on the 4th ult., at the Company's offices, 3, Old Broad-street, Mr. John Dean Paul, Chairman of the Company, in the chair. The advertisement convening the meeting having been read, Mr. A. Beattie, the Secretary, then submitted to the Directors the following Report:—"At this second half-yearly meeting, the Directors are happy to be able to report a decided increase in the amount of premiums over that of the previous half-year; and they congratulate the proprietors that the Company is now established on a firm basis, with every prospect of a steady increase in its business. The abstract statement of the accounts of the Company, to the 30th June last, have already been placed in the hands of the proprietors; and from these it will be seen that the amount of premiums received during the half-year which terminated on that day amounted to 2,087*l.* 0s. 4d., and as the income of the Society for the previous half-year was 1,421*l.* 7s. 1d., the increase in the amount of premiums received in the last six months over that of the first six months is 665*l.* 13s. 3d. The entire receipts of the year just closed are 3,508*l.* 7s. 5d., the expenditure, including the sums paid for compensation to parties injured, amounts to 2,480*l.* 5s. 6d., and after estimating the liabilities of the Company for charges which were not paid when the accounts were made up, and deducting them, the net balance amounts to 678*l.* 1s. 11d., which, for the first year of a new Company, the Directors conceive, will be regarded as a most satisfactory result. This balance, unless reduced hereafter by payments for compensation on some of the policies issued prior to the 30th June, will yield about eight per cent. on the capital paid up; and though for the present the Directors cannot recommend its division, they trust that at the

Digitized by Google

next half-yearly meeting they will be in a position to pay interest to the proprietors upon the capital; and unless it should be deemed necessary to reserve a portion of the surplus to go in diminution of preliminary expenses, a dividend of an almost equal amount to the interest may likewise then be paid. The obvious course which the Directors would venture to recommend to the proprietors at this meeting, however, is to reserve this balance until the risks upon the old insurances are run off. The issue of the Company's tickets, which, at the date of the last half-yearly meeting of the proprietors, was established on twenty-seven railways, has since been extended to five more, so that the public can now obtain insurance tickets on the following lines of railway:—The London and North Western Railway, and all its branches; Eastern Counties and Norfolk, and all its branches; Great Western, and all its branches; Midland, including the Leeds and Bradford and the Birmingham and Bristol; Lancashire and Yorkshire, and all the lines connected with it; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and all the lines connected with it; York and North Midland, and all the lines connected with it; Great Northern, and all the lines connected with it; Lancaster and Carlisle, and all the lines connected with it; East Lancashire, and all the lines connected with it; South Devon, and all the lines connected with it; Newcastle and Carlisle, and all the lines connected with it; Maryport and Carlisle, and all the lines connected with it; Shrewsbury and Birmingham, and all the lines connected with it; North Staffordshire, and all the lines connected with it; South Staffordshire, and all the lines connected with it; Eastern Union, and all the lines connected with it; Chester and Holyhead, and all the lines connected with it; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and all the lines connected with it; North-Western, and all the lines connected with it; Taff Vale, and all the lines connected with it; Cockermouth and Workington, and all the lines connected with it; Stockton and Hartlepool, and all the lines connected with it; Leeds and Thirsk, and all the lines connected with it; Caledonian, and all the lines connected with it; Edinburgh and Glasgow, and all the lines connected with it; North British, and all the lines connected with it; Scottish Central, and all the lines connected with it; Scottish Midland Junction, and all the lines connected with it; Aberdeen, and all the lines connected with it; Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, and all the lines connected with it; Dundee, and Perth, and Aberdeen Junction, and all the lines connected with it; and in the course of the next week the issue of tickets will be established on the South Wales, and Shrewsbury, and Chester Railways. The number of single journey tickets issued during the year ending 30th June, has been 24,788 first class; 41,515 second class; 43,771 third class; total, 110,074; and the periodical tickets issued in the same period has been 2,808. There is still an unwillingness on the part of two or three Railway Boards to sanction the issue of insurance tickets on their lines. The plea of alarming passengers has been put forward as the ground of this refusal, as if provision against a possible danger made danger more certain or imminent. It is not usual for a man to be more afraid of death because he insures his life, or that he lives in fear of his house being burnt because he insures against fire. But, however, your Directors have tried every reasonable and respectful means of influencing the Railway Boards in question to afford the opportunity of effecting insurances on those lines, as well as elsewhere, which they have reason to believe the public would value. And as your Directors can adopt no other means, they wait the effect of time and public opinion upon the gentlemen who conduct those railways; and they hope that, ere long, they may consent to the issue of insurance tickets, so that the advantages which the Company holds out to travellers may be enjoyed upon every railway in the kingdom. The Directors stated in the last report that the principle of effecting insurances against railway accidents was beginning to be appreciated in France and America; they have just learned that a Company is now formed in Paris, under the authority of an act passed on the 22nd and 23rd April last, which will commence the issue of tickets on the principal railways in France, as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed. The promoters of that Company are also about to enter into negotiations with the Governments of the principal continental States of Europe, to obtain permission to establish branches in the principal cities, viz., Vienna, Berlin, Baden, &c. Your Directors cannot help regarding this contemplated extension of the system originally commenced by this Company as a favourable feature in its future prospects; for it must be evident, as the knowledge of the principle becomes more widely spread, the probability of travellers acquiring the habit of insuring will be increased. In the last session a bill was introduced into Parliament by Mr. Newdegate, for the purpose of making it compulsory on Railway Companies to provide medical assistance to parties who may be injured by railway accident; in the present state of the law no action being maintainable against a railway company by a surgeon called in by the servant of a railway company to render assistance to a passenger who has been accidentally hurt upon a railway. This bill was thrown out on the second reading, and your Directors feel that its rejection is calculated to enhance the claims of this Company on public support, as by its means each man may have the opportunity of doing that for himself at a small expense which the bill was designed to compel railway companies to do, without any means of checking the abuse of such a power. The claims upon the Company for compensation during the past half-year, and the circumstance out of which they arose, will be described, and the amount awarded in each case stated, at foot of this report; and, without desiring to exaggerate the danger of railway travelling, it is manifest that there are accidents inevitably occurring in this, as in all other modes of travelling, which cannot be prevented by human foresight or care, besides those which arise from negligence or incompetence. The cases which this Company has relieved during the past year show that accidents do occur, and that this Company has been the means of relieving, as far as pecuniary aid is concerned, those who have suffered, and who had taken insurance tickets. Those who contribute the premium without meeting with accident have the satisfaction of knowing that the small addition which the premium makes to the cost of their travelling creates a fund for the relief of others; and the utility of such a Company is demonstrated by the number of cases which have received compensation, which in most instances has been made to persons in those circumstances that render the relief afforded a great assistance. In the short period that has elapsed since the expiration of the first series of periodical tickets, so great a proportion have been renewed, that the Directors are persuaded the comfort of being insured has induced the greater number of policy-holders to continue their insurances, and they trust that this may be regarded as a satisfactory feature with reference to the future business of the Company. The Directors have to express their increased confidence in the utility of the undertaking, and their conviction that, as the cases compensated for injuries during the year will give publicity to it in a way that ordinary advertisement cannot do, the same confidence in its utility and its responsibility will be felt by the community at large: and they assure the proprietors that no effort will be spared to render it not only a useful institution to the public, but a profitable investment of their capital. The Directors cannot close this report without gratefully acknowledging the kind support and aid they have received from the Directors of the London and North-Western, the Great Western, the Eastern Counties, the Great Northern, the Midland, and all other railways in the east, west, and north, working into or from those lines, having thus been enabled to establish the system, and render it as easy as possible for the public to obtain both single journey and periodical tickets at all the principal stations of the railways above mentioned."—Annexed to the report was published a list specifying the claims and compensation awarded under insurances effected during the years 1849-50. From this statement it appeared that in addition to medical and surgical relief, 37 persons had been awarded sums varying between 2*l.* and 210*l.* The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report just read, together with the balance-sheet, said he had to express his satisfaction at the result of the Company's first year's experience. He did not limit his satisfaction to a mere pound, shillings, and pence view of their position, although even financially considered they had cause for gratification, because their

Digitized by Google

balance-sheet presented a clear divisible surplus profit of eight per cent. on the paid-up capital, after allowing for all expenses and claims on the Company. Bearing in mind the difficulties invariably inseparable from the introduction of a new system—yet a new system, he would be allowed to say, as advantageous as it was novel—he did think the progress they had made since they last met might fairly be considered as an evidence that the system was steadily gaining ground with the public, and becoming gradually appreciated by those who travelled on railways, and as an earnest of a future success calculated to encourage them to labour in extending its utility and its general application. The Company was in cordial co-operation with all the leading lines of the kingdom, and the Directors were thankful for the degree of courtesy and accommodation they had always received from the different railway companies; and they confidently cherished the hope that at no distant day all the southern lines in the country would soon have so far adopted the system as would enable the foreigner travelling to England to complete the entire journey from London to Paris under the advantages of the principle of the Company. As a Company on precisely similar principles had recently been established in France, and with the same object, that circumstance would go far in proving the utility and acceptableness of the system generally. He had before him many practical proofs of the individual benefits derived from the operations of this institution, but he would only trouble the meeting by reading one letter from a party who had received compensation through the instrumentality of the Company. The writer stated that he was happy to say he was doing well, and better than he had a right to expect after so serious an accident, and he indulged the hope that, with the assistance of Divine Providence, he would be able shortly to resume his ordinary duties. The writer wished his letter to be made public in order that other firemen and engine-drivers might also be induced to insure in this Company. He signed his name as John Haigh, an engine-driver connected with the Peterborough station. He (the Chairman) believed the publication of such a letter through the press would tend to establish the system in the estimation of the public; and he might have cited various other similar instances. But he must mention, by way of contrast, the unfortunate accident that took place recently at Cowlais. Their medical officer (to whose skill and ability he was glad to bear testimony) had to visit the sufferers, to cheer their spirits, and administer to their wants and necessities. Whilst performing these offices of mercy he was deeply pained in having regularly to pass the door of one poor woman, who had sustained very serious injury, and whose case was almost hopeless, but who had thoughtlessly omitted to take one of the Company's tickets when starting on her journey. At the trifling cost of threepence, 1,000*l.* was insured to the first-class passengers; for twopence 500*l.* to the second-class; and, for one penny, 200*l.* for the third-class; and in not a few of the thirty-four cases relieved during the last twelve months, the cost of the sufferers had only been one penny in addition to the railway fare. At the last meeting the Directors retained some of the shares for the purpose of allotting them to parties who might be able and desirous to actively promote the extension of the Company's system. 3,250 shares had since that time been carefully allotted upon this principle; and the Directors pledged themselves for the future to exercise the same discretion in allotting the few shares that might still remain in their hands, always giving a preference to persons who expressed their anxiety and had the power to personally promote the success of the institution. Mr. Harrison (Deputy Chairman) seconded the motion. The report and statement of accounts were then unanimously agreed to. Thanks were then voted to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair, and the meeting separated.

Patriotic Assurance Company.—The annual meeting of this body was held on the 11th ult., at the office, in College-green, Dublin, for the purpose of receiving a statement of their affairs for the past year, and to elect auditors. The chair was taken by Solomon Watson, Esq. The Secretary, Mr. Fisher, read the Report and statement of accounts:—"Your Directors, in submitting this report, have to state that the result of the transactions of the Company for the past year is a balance to the credit of profit and loss of 1,555*l.* 10s. 2d., after appropriating 1,330*l.* 19s. 11d. to the annuities' rest fund. Although our profits for the past year are greatly under the amount of the dividend which has been declared for some years past, yet, with the capital now possessed by the Company, and a strong feeling on the part of the Directors that the large losses suffered since our last meeting present only an exception to the general prosperous state of its business, and as the profits of the previous year amounted to 10,667*l.* 6s. 2d., and the dividend then declared amounted to only 6,390*l.* 15s., we recommend that the same amount of dividend as before—namely, nine shillings per share—shall be made to parties qualified to receive the same on and after the 15th of October next. The Directors, in justice to their feelings, cannot conclude their report without adverting to the loss they sustained in the lamented decease, on the 26th of October last, of your late Secretary, Mr. William Robinson, who had filled that situation from the formation of the Company, in 1824, in a manner the most efficient and beneficial to the interest of the Company. The report, on the motion of Mr. John Chambers, having been adopted, Dr. Gordon proposed that the meeting approved of a dividend being made of nine shillings per share, as recommended by the Directors, and payable on and after the 15th of October.

British Empire Mutual Fire Assurance Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held on Thursday, the 29th of August, 1850, at the offices, 37, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, James Lowe, Esq., in the chair. The Chairman said—After the expenses, which were unavoidable at the commencement of such a Society, were overcome, there would be a steady and rapid increase, which would give the members all the benefit of a reduction of their premiums; which was the peculiar advantage of the *Mutual* principle, as the profits formed an accumulating fund for that purpose. The data of the calculations upon which the Society was formed showed that a portion of the premiums would be amply sufficient to meet all the losses. These data were derived from the experience of half a century; and now they had the satisfaction to look back upon the history of the Society, and to see that their calculations were verified by the facts which the report would detail. As the Directors knew at the outset that they were incurring considerable responsibility, they entered upon their office with a determination to meet promptly and cheerfully every loss; and they had so met every loss, and were determined to continue to do so, even if it were at their own personal expense. It was gratifying to find that thirty-four per cent. of the premiums had been sufficient for that purpose, from the commencement to the present time. They had, of course, been anxious to conduct their business on perfectly safe principles, they had, therefore, refused risks above a certain amount, and also that business which experience had proved to be unprofitable; and the result was the pleasing report they had to present to the members to day. Some lage fires had taken place during the past year, and some offices had suffered considerably in consequence. In one case a village had been in a great measure destroyed by reason of the thatched roofs communicating the fire from house to house. The Directors had therefore determined not to take thatched houses in future—a description of roofing which, he trusted, would at no distant period be superseded by more substantial and incombustible materials. Such facts must lead members to see that the Mutual principle is a sound one, and induce them to take such an interest in this Association as to recommend it to their friends and obtain new assurances. Up to Midsummer last, the business of the Society had nearly doubled itself since the last annual meeting, and it was for the members to carry on the work in the same ratio: it was their own work. There were only two ways in which the business could be increased—by private effort and public advertisement. It was not the wish of the Directors to spend much of the funds in public announcements, or to attract by high-sounding names. They were themselves men of business, of respectable standing in the city of London, possessing the confidence of all who knew them; and this served the Society better than the titles of noble or aristocratic pretensions. And they meant to make the Society an important one. It would take a high standing among such in-

Digitized by Google

stitutions, and command the respect, if not the admiration, of the country. He then called upon the Secretary to read the following Report:—"The second year of the existence of the British Empire Mutual Fire Assurance Society terminated June 30, 1850. During the period since its formation the sum of 2,494*l.* 8s. 11d. has been received as gross premiums, covering 2,830 policies issued to the amount of 1,163,511*l.* The losses during the same period have amounted in the gross to 962*l.* 1s. 5d., of which, however, 111*l.* 7s. 9d. have been borne by other offices with whom re-assurances had been effected, thus the net sum paid for fire losses has been 850*l.* 13s. 8d., which gives, compared with the premiums, the proportion of 34 per cent. The steady increase, day by day, since the formation of the Society, of the business, the number of influential citizens enrolled as members, the care with which risks are taken, and the small proportion of losses in a period in which, owing to the number and alarming magnitude of conflagrations (among which may be instanced those of Ashwell, Cottenham, Cambridge, York-road, Lambeth, Gravesend, &c., &c.), scarcely an office in London has escaped heavy damage—evidences that the application of the Mutual principle to fire assurance by this Society deserves and enjoys the full tide of public confidence. The losses of the Society would have been still further reduced had the assurance of thatched buildings been earlier discontinued. In some instances, as at Great Ashwell and Cottenham, whole villages, roofed mainly with thatch, have been more than half destroyed. The agency of the Society has had the attention of the Directors, and probably 200 agents have been visited during the year by the Directors and official staff. In very many instances inefficient agents have been superseded, and most efficient men appointed in their stead. The Directors have likewise been successful in recently supplying with agents of the highest respectability and business talent a large number of the important towns and cities in the north. Many of these have only just got to work, but will, during the ensuing year, very largely increase the business of the office. It only remains to add, that the Directors have been able, in common with very many of the members of the Society, to introduce many of their friends as new members; and if every member would, as an important portion are now doing, take every opportunity to put the prospectus of the office into the hands of his friends, with the advice, 'Do as I do,' the remarkable ratio of increase witnessed since the foundation would be fully sustained in time to come." The Chairman then submitted to the meeting the names of the retiring Directors and Auditor, when each of the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected, viz.:—Mr. Francis Cuthbertson, Mr. George S. Freeman, Mr. George Gould, Directors; Mr. J. W. Pewtress, Auditor. In answer to Mr. W. H. Watson, it appeared that the business had been doubled in the second year, and was progressing in the same ratio in the few weeks which had elapsed since the close of the financial year. Mr. Blackett said, it was a most gratifying fact, that, with so much business as had been done, so small a proportion of the premiums should have proved sufficient to meet all the losses. It was to be expected that at no distant period this Society would be one of the leading institutions of the metropolis. Considering the large increase of buildings necessary to provide for our annually extending population, there was plenty of room for its progress. He approved of the care and vigilance exercised in accepting assurances; even though it might check business in some directions, it was the safe plan. They must continue their confidence in the Directors and officers, and he bore his testimony to the skill and ability with which their business was effected. He wished to conclude his remarks with the following resolution:—"That this meeting is much gratified with the extraordinary success which has marked the progress of the Society, and hails it as a further confirmation of its views, of the zeal and ability of the Directors, and its increasing confidence in the principles of the Society, and hereby earnestly recommends to the members the most strenuous efforts to extend the operations of the Society, by recomending it to their friends, and obtaining additional assurances."—Mr. Robson expressed his conviction that the Directors possess the confidence and respect of the members in a high degree, and cheerfully seconded the motion.—After an unanimous vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors, the meeting terminated.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.*

Mr. Laing has now been before the public as an author for many years. His first work, "Travels in Norway," at once procured for him a high reputation, which his subsequent writings confirmed rather than impaired. The "Notes of a Traveller," published seven or eight years ago, attracted general and deserved notice, and was a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of continental countries. The events of 1848 induced Mr. Laing to enter on a re-examination of the political and social condition of those countries, with special reference to the subjects treated of in his former volume; and the work now before us is the result. Mr. Laing is a shrewd, intelligent, and competent observer, with an inquisitive habit of mind, and considerable logical powers. He has a strong tendency to question and controvert every received opinion—a disposition which is valuable as stimulating inquiry, but dangerous as generating a love of paradox. His intellectual training has evidently been incomplete; he has thought much more than he has read; and this may perhaps account for a dogmatic and dictatorial style, and a contemptuous tone towards far sounder and deeper thinkers than himself, which are at once unbecoming and offensive. In spite of these faults, however, his work is one of great interest and value; still it is more suggestive than instructive, and should be read, not in a passive and recipient, but in an active and questioning state of mind. His statements and conclusions must be sifted rather than taken for granted; and some of his statistics, and much of his political economy, the reader exercised on such matters will put summarily aside. We feel, however, too much indebted to him for having called public attention to several of the most interesting questions of the day, for the thorough discussion which some of these have undergone at his hands, for much valuable information, and for still more valuable suggestions, to feel disposed for severe criticism; and therefore, without further preface, we shall at once proceed to consider a few of the very momentous matters which he has opened for investigation.

The series of sudden and nearly simultaneous convulsions which agitated the Continent in 1848—the strange social phenomena which those convulsions brought to light—the apparent ease with which the oldest and strongest Governments were overthrown, and the majestic and dignified tranquillity which England maintained amid the general confusion—could not fail to awaken the most anxious interest as to the causes at once of the convulsion and the contrast. In Italy, in France, in Germany, dynasties which a few months before had been thought as stable as the hills, and constitutions which seemed rooted in the habits, if not in the affections, of the people, fled away before the whirlwind like withered scrolls. Standing armies, nurtured in unquestioning obedience, trained in all the sternness of military discipline, which seemed mighty alike to conquer or control, became in a single hour dissolved, paralysed, or traitorous. Principles which struck at the root of all order and subordination, systems incompatible with the progress or existence of society, were suddenly proclaimed, adopted, and enforced, as if they had for years been the secret creed of the community; while in England, suffering as she was under the prostration consequent on the commercial crash of 1847, with a high price of food, with thousands of unemployed artisans, and with a large portion of her population in a state of permanent and melancholy distress—with Ireland at her side, excitable by nature, turbulent by habit, goaded by wicked agitators, and afflicted with terrific famine—scarcely a disturbance occurred which the common constables could not repress; scarcely a periodical publication appeared, scarcely a popular movement took place, which did not indicate the spread of sound views, and the progress of healthy and contented feeling among the mass of the community. All this pointed to some marked and prolific contrasts between the social and political condition of Britain and of the continental countries, which might explain so singular a diversity, and which it was specially important to discover and proclaim.

It soon became apparent that among many minor differences three might be distinguished as of paramount weight and influence. These are—1. The different tenure and division of landed property in

* Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the second series of "The Notes of a Traveller." By Samuel Laing. London: Longmans. 1850.

Digitized by Google

England and on the Continent; 2. The bureaucratic system, or "functionarism," as Mr. Laing calls it, prevalent all over Europe, but almost unknown here; and, 3. The peculiar constitution of the standing armies in the respective countries.

"We are," says Mr. Laing, "in our social life, arrangements, and institutions, much more distinct and widely apart from the continental people since the peace of 1815 than we ever were at any former period of our history. We have no body of peasant-proprietors of land; we have no body of Government functionaries, no *beampten stand*, with rank, social influence, and power above the nobility, gentry, proprietors, and capitalists of a country, and forming a distinct class, of more weight and importance in public affairs than any other in the community, or, more properly, having the sole management and voice in local and general affairs, to the exclusion of every other class; we have no *landwehr*, or compulsory military service, placing every able-bodied male of the whole population, without exception, exemption, or substitution, in the ranks of a regiment for three years, and then calling him out annually for military duty and exercise for several weeks, as long as he is fit for service."

What are the tendencies and operation of these three distinctive elements of the social system; whether the new continental or the old English arrangements of society and Government are most conducive to welfare and to progress; whether large or small properties, the law of primogeniture or the law of equal inheritance, best secure good cultivation, national prosperity, and national content; whether the bureaucratic system of France and Germany, or the municipal, representative, and aristocratic system of Great Britain, are most fitted to attain the great objects of good government; and whether our mode of enlistment for life (or nearly so), the French and Austrian conscription for seven years, or the Prussian landwehr or plan of universal service, offer the wisest and safest foundation for a standing army—these are the momentous and difficult questions which Mr. Laing brings forward for discussion; these are the problems, speculative no longer, but practical and urgent, which the political philosopher of to-day must solve, and which we, in all diffidence, but after much study, conscious of their knotty entanglements, but conscious also of their weighty import, propose to lay before our readers as clearly and as tersely as we can.

1. In Great Britain everything conduces to the aggregation of landed property into large masses and into few hands. Law, custom, circumstance, and the hereditary prejudices which grow out of all these and react upon them, all tend in the same direction. The old military and feudal system necessitated the undivided descent of land; the aristocratic feeling which survived this necessity still continues the custom; and economic writers are beginning to discover much sound policy and right feeling in a proceeding which at first sight seems at variance with both. Many properties are entailed from generation to generation upon the eldest son, so that the existing proprietor is only a hampered life tenant: this is a system which it is impossible to reprobate too strongly. If a man dies intestate, the law decides that all his real estates shall descend to the eldest son; and the law has so modified the feelings and ideas of men (which are apt, as we know, to run in ruts) that when wills are made, they are generally pervaded by the same spirit which dictated and which maintains the law; and the large portion, if not the whole, of the landed property of the deceased commonly follows the rule of primogeniture. The consequence of these influences, operating through many centuries, is, that with 18,000,000 of people in England and Wales, the number of landed proprietors is supposed not much to exceed 180,000: or one per cent. of the population, or five per cent. of the heads of families. Now, as England and Wales contain about 37,000,000 of acres, exclusive of water, this would give 200 acres as the average size of properties. Of course the chief part of the land is held in far larger masses.

In France, on the contrary, the land of a deceased proprietor is divided equally (or nearly so*) among all his children. If he dies intestate, the law divides it for him according to this plan: if he makes a will, he must make it in conformity with this plan. No choice is left him. This law of compulsory partition has now been in active operation for sixty years; it dates from 1791. It is more cherished by Frenchmen than any other law; it is the only law which they obey unmurmuringly; it embodies and expresses their sole idea of liberty—because it breathes equality. Strange that an enactment so restrictive, so hampering, so fatal to a man's power of "doing what he will with his own," of bestowing as he pleases what he has inherited, or what he has acquired—a law which by an Englishman would be resented and shaken off as an intolerable and unjust tyranny—should be worshipped by a Frenchman as containing all he knows of freedom! Yet so it is. Under the operation of this law, the land of France has become subdivided to a degree which is felt to be so perilous and injurious that the process has at length been checked; no further *morcellement* is taking place, and even a slight reaction is observable. In a population of 36,000,000, above 4,250,000 are proprietors of land; or 12 per cent. of the inhabitants, and about 55 per cent. of the heads of families. The average size of the estates held by each proprietor is under twenty-four acres; while of the 11,500,000 properties into which the land was divided in 1842, 5,500,000 were assessed at less than five francs to the *contribution foncière*, or land-tax, which is generally fixed at about a sixth part of the annual value; that is to say, half the properties in France were only worth 25s. a year; two of these properties being generally held by one individual. M. Sullin de Chateauvieux, one of the best authorities, divides the proprietors of France into three great classes:—the small proprietors, who are 3,900,000 in number, and own, on an average, nine acres each; the middling class, estimated at 700,000, who own about fifty acres

* A father has one child's portion, to appropriate among the children as he pleases.

Digitized by Google

each; and the large proprietors, who may be 200,000 in number, and whose properties reach 200 acres.

Peasant proprietorship in Prussia dates only from the wars of Napoleon, in 1807, and, of course, has not had time to produce its full effect. We have not the means of giving very full statistics on the subject. All that is known is, that the process of subdivision is still going on, and that every year sees more proprietors and smaller properties. In the whole of Prussia, out of 16,000,000 of people, there were, in 1849, only 474 individuals possessing a clear annual income of more than 1,200*l.*

It appears that there are 315,000 estates of less than fifty acres, not reckoning the cases of those peasants who merely possess a cottage and garden of their own. (Schubert, "Statistics of Prussia.")

In France and Prussia peasant proprietorship is of comparative recent date. But there are other countries in which it has existed for centuries: these are, Norway, Switzerland, and Flanders. We have no means of stating to what extent the subdivision of land in these countries has been carried. In Norway the properties are generally of a reasonable size; in Flanders the holdings, if not the estates, are occasionally as small as six acres; in Switzerland, according to Sismondi, the *morcellement* has proceeded much farther than is desirable. But, generally speaking, in all these countries the subdivision of estates long ago reached its limits; and where they are not more than sufficient to support an industrious family in comfort, they are permitted, by private arrangement, to descend entire.

The desirableness or undesirableness of this subdivision of the land among a number of small proprietors has been so recently and fully discussed by a host of eminent and able men, such as Mill, M'Culloch, Sismondi, Kay, Passy, and Laing, that it might appear presumptuous, and to many of our readers tedious, were we to attempt to enumerate their arguments *pro* and *con.*, and to hold the balance and pronounce judgment between them. We shall prefer to sum up the principal consequences, favourable and the contrary, which have, by general admission, been found to result from the system, and to indicate a few points on which the subject seems to us not to have been fairly fathomed, and on which some singular fallacies have been broached.

Much good controversy has been wasted on the question, whether really good farming can co-exist with the system of small holdings; the general idea in England being that large farms are essential to high and successful cultivation, the continental opinion being just the reverse. The facts of the controversy are, that in this country the highest cultivation is almost uniformly to be found on the largest farms; while a far higher cultivation—probably the highest that anywhere prevails—is to be found under the *metayer* system of Lombardy and Tuscany, in the small holdings of Flanders, and in the small properties of Switzerland; and a far worse cultivation—probably the most imperfect and slovenly in any civilised country—may be met with in the small holdings of Ireland and the small properties of France and Savoy; the stimulus and the means of good cultivation being found, in the one case, in the capital and science of the large farmer, and, in the other, in the indefatigable diligence and the affectionate watchfulness of the small proprietor; while the bad cultivation of Ireland is traceable to the ignorance, sloth, and insecurity of the cottier, and the bad cultivation of France to a subdivision of the soil clumsy in manner, excessive in degree, and incompatible with the acquisition of a sufficiency of manure.* Good farming is equally attainable under either system, if not carried to an extreme; and the summary of the whole question may, we believe, be contained in this simple formula:—That, assuming the application of a sufficiency of capital, skill, and industry, to do justice to the capacities of the soil, the largest gross produce is attainable by *la petite culture* (as it is called); and the largest produce in proportion to the labour expended is procurable by *la grande culture.* How, then, is the larger produce which results from small farming obtained? Clearly by bestowing upon it a greater amount of labour. But how does it answer to bestow this extra labour in the former case and not in the latter? Clearly, again, because it is bestowed gratuitously. If it is worth the small farmer's while to bestow this extra labour—*i. e.*, if it yields him any return equal to what he might have gained in employing it in any other way—it must be as well worth the large farmer's while to hire this extra labour, at a fair price; *i. e.*, to give for it a payment equal to the extra return it yields. If it is really worth to the small proprietor working on his own farm (say) a penny an hour, it must be worth while for the large farmer to give a penny an hour for it. If the labour be applied in the one case and not in the other, it can only be because the labourer in the one case gives it for less than it is worth; or, in the other case, asks for it more than it is worth. The fact being that, generally speaking, the man would idle away this extra hour, or employ it in fitting recreation, if the sentiment of proprietorship did not tempt him to work when he should be amusing his family or improving his mind, or to work for a less remuneration than he could obtain if, instead of working on his own farm, he hired his services during that extra hour to another master. He works for him-

* The truth we believe to be, that the success or failure of the system of peasant proprietorship depends much less upon any inherent virtue or vice in the system itself, than upon the character, habitudes, and government of the people among whom it is established. In Norway, Switzerland, Schleswig, and Flanders, the small proprietors are flourishing, contented, and respectable. In France and Savoy they are restless, impoverished, and often miserable; in Ireland, we have no doubt, they would become so too. We have just received the following account of the Vaudois country from a gentleman who has resided there for twenty years:—"The problem of territorial distribution has found its natural solution in these valleys; that is, it has reached that point beyond which subdivision cannot descend to any lower depth; in which each person possesses just land enough to exist, and rear a small family in the most wretched poverty, maintaining in the cold season a temperature at which life can be continued by living in the stables along with their cattle, and exposed to the injurious exhalations of such close and uncleansed abodes, consuming a most innutritious diet, exposed to fever, and, from any casualties of the season, to actual famine. The population is, therefore, stationary, sometimes even declining; and any surplus must and *do* emigrate. There is absolutely no agricultural surplus, nothing to exchange for products out of the valleys, and no money."

Digitized by Google

self for less than he would take to work for any one else. In this case it is obvious that, economically speaking, his labour has been ill bestowed; and that if he were a man bent upon turning every hour to the best account, it would be as profitable to hire himself to the large farmer for his spare moments, at such small remuneration as it would be profitable to the large farmer to pay, as to employ himself on his own land; and probably more profitable to occupy himself in some other employment—whether handicraft, by which he might earn or save a trifle, or mental cultivation, by which he might lay the foundation for future prosperity. If the extra produce on a small farm is obtained by employing on it the labour of the son and daughter (for example) of the proprietor, whose earnings, if otherwise employed, would reach 50*l.* a-year, it is clear that he pays 50*l.* a-year for their labour; and if the extra produce resulting from that labour is not worthy 50*l.*, he and his family are losers by their system of minute farming.

Mr. Laing does not perceive this. He conceives it to be impossible that a large farm should be as highly and minutely cultivated as a small one, and does not see wherein this supposed impossibility consists. "It stands to reason (he says) that no large farm (one of 500 acres for example) can, by dint of capital and hired labour, be made literally a garden in productiveness, in the cropping, cleaning, weeding, manuring, and cultivation of it; but the 500 acres could be made into a hundred gardens of five acres each, and each dug, raked, manured, weeded, and cropped, by the family it supports, and each lot be as productive as any kitchen or market garden—a productiveness which no large farm can ever approach." Why can it never approach it, but because the gardener is content to work at lower wages for himself than for his neighbour who farms 500 acres? There can, it is clear, be no other reason.

Mr. Laing's reasonings soon bring him full tilt against that "economy of labour" which is the main element in cheapness of production, and forms so important an item in the success of our first-rate modern farmers; and he is not sufficiently trained in economic science to recoil from the position into which he has brought himself. "What is the gain (he asks) unless the labour thus economised or superseded can be beneficially employed in some other branch of industry?" But did it not occur to him that if this labour could be superseded it could not have been needed, and must, therefore, have been superfluous, and not "beneficially employed" in its former occupation? And does he not see that his objection would apply to all saving of labour, and would go the full length of maintaining that we should employ as many hands as possible on the same work; and that, if applicable to agriculture, it must be applicable to manufactures also, and would soon carry him to condemn all machinery and all improved processes of production, till actual deficiency of population forced them upon us?

Mr. Laing puts a case (p. 38), and draws a contrast which forcibly illustrates his fallacy, though he seems unable to extract the true conclusion from his argument:

> "Himself alone
> By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer."

"Take (says he) an estate in the Lothians of 1,600 acres, divided into eight farms of 200 acres each, which is about an average size for arable culture. Suppose it well farmed after the most improved system. The farmer of 200 acres will not employ more than ten labourers, at the outside, all the year round: we have thus eighty people kept on this estate of 1,600 acres. Now, take a space of land in Flanders of equal extent; it is here divided into garden-farms of five or six acres; every foot of the land is cultivated, dug with the spade or hoe where horse and plough cannot work, and all is crop, or in preparation for crop. It is evident that the produce from the 1,600 acres under such garden-culture must surpass that of the 1,600 acres under large farm-cultivation, however good, as much as a kitchen-garden surpasses in productiveness a common field." Unquestionably it must; we will assume the produce to be double—treble, if Mr. Laing chooses. But among how many individuals is this produce divided? Let Mr. Laing answer. "On the 1,600 acres in Flanders, instead of eight farmers, with their eighty farm-servants, there will be from 300 to 320 families, or from 1,400 to 1,600 individuals, each family working its own piece of land." In the one case, therefore, the land has to support—*i. e.* the produce has to be divided among—eighty-eight persons; in the other case among 1,500: consequently, in order to allow the Belgian as large a share of the gross produce as the Scotchman, this produce must be, not double, not treble, but *seventeen* times as great in the former country as in the latter. If, indeed, the object were to support as many individuals on the land as it could possibly maintain, then, indeed, garden-cultivation—nay, potato-cultivation—would be the way to reach this object; though even then this garden-cultivation would be as attainable by applying an equal amount of labour on large farms as on small. But if, on the contrary, the object be (as we conceive it should be) to make the share of each individual as large as possible, *i. e.* to increase his comforts, and to raise his standard of living, then the larger the produce in proportion to the labour, or, in other words, the smaller the number employed in raising a given amount of produce, the better. Inequality in the distribution of this produce in no degree affects the present question.

It is, then, abundantly manifest that much of the discussion of the relative productiveness of large or small farms is a mere logomachia; that labour for labour, capital for capital, science for science, the produce will be equal: and the probability is, that science will generally be on the side of the larger holder. In Flanders, in Switzerland, and in Norway, it is certain that the subdivision of land has not been attended with any injurious effects upon cultivation; in France, on the contrary, and in Savoy, where, as we have seen, this subdivision has been carried much farther, its operation upon the produce of the land has, by common admission,

Digitized by Google

been most deplorable. It appears that the average produce of wheat per acre, which in England is thirty-two bushels, is throughout France only fourteen bushels, and in the best districts seldom more than twenty. Yet in France two-thirds of the population are employed in agriculture, and in England only one-third. Many travellers, and many native writers, give the most picturesque details as to the excess to which this subdivision is carried, often reaching a point at which not only adequate culture is impossible, but at which roads, pathways, ditches, and fences, occupy a most inordinate portion of the soil. M'Culloch and Laing are full of these descriptions, but our limits will not allow us to quote them.

2. Even Mr. Mill (from whom we always differ with reluctance and with misgiving), though his chapters on peasant proprietorship are filled with the most alluring pictures of the face of the country and the state of society in those lands where the law of equal inheritance prevails, and where families are the owners of the land they cultivate, allows that the advantages of the system are cancelled by too minute *morcellement*. "The benefits (he observes) of peasant properties are conditional upon their not being too much subdivided; that is, upon their not being required to maintain too many persons in proportion to the produce that can be raised from them by those persons. . . . . That each peasant should have a patch of land, even in full property, if it is not sufficient to support him in comfort, is a system with all the disadvantages, and scarcely any of the benefits, of small properties; since he must either live in indigence on the produce of his land, or depend, as habitually as if he had no landed possessions, on the wages of hired labour, which, besides, if all the lands around him are held in a similar manner, he has little prospect of finding." Let us bear this sentence in mind, for it is a very pregnant one.

It is but just to study the effect of peasant proprietorship in those countries where the subdivision of land has not been carried too far; and we fully concur in all that Mr. Mill, Laing, and Sismondi say as to the comfort, content, and respectability of the people living under such a system where this condition is observed. But what does this condition imply? How, under a law of equal inheritance, can the division of estates be stopped as soon as it has reached that limit below which its continuance would be injurious? Clearly only by one of two means; either by each family only rearing two children, a boy and a girl, of whom the girl shall marry another proprietor, and the boy shall succeed to the estate on his father's death (in other words, by reducing the population to a stationary state); or by one son, either by private agreement or by law (as in Austria),* purchasing the shares of the others, who are to go forth into the world and seek their fortune in other lines. Let us look at the operation of these two alternatives.

Practically, as we shall presently discover, the first of these alternatives presents the only effectual means by which peasant proprietorship, under a law of equal inheritance, can be combined with a due limit to the *morcellement* of land. Mr. Mill alone has perceived this conclusion, and has dared to face it. He alone does not shrink from, ignore, or attempt to shirk the issue of his reasoning. On the contrary, he evidently regards it as one of the strongest recommendations of peasant proprietorship, that it operates to induce men to abstain from marriage, and deliberately to restrict the size of their families. He may be right—he is at least consistent and far-seeing; but let no reasoner who wishes to be considered at once clear-headed and honest adopt Mr. Mill's premises and evade his conclusion. "In Norway," says Mr. Laing, "it is evident that some cause or other, operating on aggregation of landed property, counteracts the dividing effects of partition among children. This can be no other than that the deaths of co-heirs, and the marriages of female heirs among the body of landholders, will balance the subdivision of the land by the equal succession of children." But this could, of course, only produce the adequate effect by such a limitation to population to two children per family as we have mentioned. Accordingly, we find from Mr. Laing that several checks to marriage exist in Norway. One is the ceremony of betrothal, by which marriage is often postponed for three or four years. Then again, "the standard of living for a labourer's family being high, and the minimum of accommodation required, according to the notions and customs of the country, being considerable, the unmarried must wait as house-servants, until a 'houseman's' place falls vacant, before they can marry." There is, however, the counterbalancing circumstance that, under such a system, illegitimate children will probably be numerous; and Mr. Laing states the proportion to be one in five. Sismondi says, "Each improvement in agricultural knowledge admits of another step in the subdivision of property. But there is no danger lest the proprietor should carry this too far. He knows exactly what inheritance he has to leave his children; he knows that the law will divide it equally among them; he sees the limit beyond which this division would make them descend from the rank which he has himself filled; and a just family pride, common to the peasant and to the nobleman, makes him abstain from summoning into life children for whom he cannot properly provide. If more are born, at least they do not marry, or they agree among themselves which of the several brothers shall perpetuate the family." Under such a system of restraint on population as is described in the above extract, peasant-estates may, of course, be transmitted, undiminished in extent, from sire to son; but such a system is not contemplated, and would not be faced by the great majority of writers with whom peasant proprietorship is the panacea for our social ills.

"But," it will be said, "there is the second

* In Austria, according to M'Culloch ("Treatise on Succession," p. 93), it has been enacted that all landed properties below sixty-six acres shall be indivisible. The Governments of Bavaria and Nassau have also found it necessary to impose a legal limit to subdivision, and the Prussian Government unsuccessfully proposed the same to the States of its Rhenish provinces.

Digitized by Google

alternative, which involves no such unnatural restraint, for one son to take the estate, and the others to seek their living in other occupations or professions." True: let us examine this prescription. Now it is evident that either the eldest son takes the estate in fee simple, and leaves the other sons nothing, in which case it is simply and barely our system of primogeniture, or he takes merely the land, and pays his brothers their portion in money; and this is what is generally done where further subdivision is admitted to be unadvisable. But where is the portion-money to come from? It can clearly be raised only by mortgaging the estate. Accordingly, we find that in almost every country where the law of equal inheritance prevails, the land is mortgaged to a frightful and most mischievous extent. "Though the land itself is not divided and subdivided, the value of the land is, and with effects almost as prejudicial to social progress." In the canton of Schaffhausen the landed properties are almost all mortgaged; in Zurich we are told on the first authority that the indebtedness of the proprietors "borders on the incredible, so that only the intensest industry, frugality, and temperance, and complete freedom of commerce, enable them to stand their ground." In Prussia the same evil prevails, though to a less degree—the law of equal inheritance having barely existed during a generation and a half; but in France the registered mortgages amounted in 1849 to the enormous sum of 560 millions sterling, 400 millions of which was estimated to be upon the *land* alone; and the main portion, indeed nearly the whole, of this enormous debt has been incurred in the course of fifty years, or less than two generations! "The great evil (says Mr. Laing, p. 99) of this universal indebtedness is, that the actual cultivator, although he may have the same extent of land as his predecessor, has not the same means to live, and to expend something on the comforts and conveniences of a civilised and advancing condition. He can make but a bare subsistence out of the estate for himself and his family, after paying the annuities or interest of the principal sum with which he bought out the other co-heirs. It is estimated by the authorities quoted above, that, after paying the interest of his debt and the Government rates and taxes, the peasant proprietor in France has not, on an average, above three-eighths of the yearly produce of his estate left for his own subsistence. On his death the burden on the estate is increased by an additional set of co-heirs"—in case, that is, of his having more than two children. "This is a retrograde, not an advancing, condition of the agricultural population, which is the great mass of the social body. Each generation is worse off than the preceding one, although the land is neither more divided nor worse cultivated." But it will be worse cultivated, because the power of the proprietor to do justice to it will diminish as his incumbrances augment. In all countries a mortgaged proprietary is an impoverished body, and therefore incompetent to the due cultivation of the soil. We confess we see no cure for this sore evil, nor any check to its increase; for, be it remembered, peasant-farming, though it may afford a comfortable subsistence to a family, is not a lucrative occupation which will procure a man the means of paying off his incumbrances. We can discover no escape for France out of the slough into which the law of equal inheritance has plunged her, except by a limitation of the number of children to two, or a recurrence to the law of primogeniture, or, thirdly, by some such unhoped for and millenial development of commerce, or other Eldorado, as should enable the younger sons, who have sought and found their fortune in the world, to purchase back the fee-simple of the estate from their embarrassed elder brother, and pay off all the incumbrance; in which case, of course, the now envied proprietor must in his turn go forth to seek his living, or sink at once to the condition of a day-labourer or a pauper. Can imagination, even, picture any fourth way of salvation?

But, passing over this dreadful and apparently almost incurable social malady of a burdened and mortgaged proprietary, how does the law of equal inheritance, and the consequent partition of the soil among peasant proprietors, even when not carried to excess, operate upon the prospects of those younger sons who receive their portion of the paternal acres in money, and go forth to seek other occupation?—a branch of the question which, vital and momentous as it is, has been hitherto almost entirely overlooked. These other occupations may be classed under the heads of agricultural labour, various branches of industry and handicrafts, and the civil or military service of the State. Let us see in what way the division of the soil among small proprietors affects the demand for hands in these various departments. For hired agricultural labour there can, of course, be no demand; each family cultivating its own land by its own members, neither needs, as we have seen, nor can afford to pay for, any extra hands. This prolific source of employment is therefore altogether cut off. An extract or two from the great admirers of the system will give us the means of estimating its operation on the demand for manufacturing or skilled labour in other branches. "Le paysan qui fait avec ses enfans tout l'ouvrage de son petit heritage, qui ne paie de fermage à personne au dessus de lui, ni de salaire à personne au dessous, qui regle sa production sur sa consommation, qui mange son propre blé, boit son propre vin, se revêt de son chanvre et de ses laines, se soucie peu de connaitre les prix du marché, car il a peu à vendre et peu à acheter." (Sismondi, "Econ. Polit." Essai iii.) "The tendency of peasant proprietors," says Mr. Mill, "and of those who hope to become proprietors, is rather towards penuriousness than prodigality. They deny themselves reasonable indulgences, and live wretchedly, in order to economise. In Switzerland almost everybody saves who has any means of saving. The case of the Flemish farmers I have already noticed. Among the French, though a pleasure-loving, and reputed to be a self-indulgent people, the spirit of thrift is diffused through the rural population." In all countries where the system has been long established—in Schleswig, in the Rhenish provinces, in Auvergne, in Norway, and in many

Digitized by Google

parts of the interior of Germany—domestic manufactures are its invariable concomitant. The family grow, spin, weave, and dye their own wool and their own flax, and generally make their own clothes. "This is a social state," observes Mr. Laing, "which affords no markets, no consumption, no demand for the productions of the ingenuity, skill, and enterprise of other people. All are producers of nearly all they consume, and no class is wealthy enough to set to work a class of producers of objects required for their participation. There can be little interchange of industry, for all are employed equally in producing what they consume. There can be no important home markets for agricultural products, and none for the many products for which great combinations of skill, machinery, and the co-operative labour of body and mind are required, and which are the enjoyments and tastes of civilised life. Where manufactures have been established, as in Switzerland, Belgium, and on the Rhine, it is not upon any consumption at home that they depend, but on the foreign market"—upon countries, that is, where peasant proprietorship either does not exist, or has not had time to produce the same effects as at home. "In the social state of Britain it is the reverse. The interchange of industry for industry among the individual producers in our social state is a perpetual animating principle, like the circulation of the blood in the human frame. But this interchange, this living by each other, and dependance on each other, is necessarily inconsiderable in the other social state, where each family is a self-supporting isolated unit, living a kind of Robinson-Crusoe life on its own patch of land, producing, in a rough way, all its wants, and going without what it cannot produce. . . . In this social state employment does not keep pace with the increase of population, however small; for as every family is producing, generally speaking, all it consumes, by its own labour in the field or at the fireside, the market for the products of those ordinary trades and handicrafts which employ the great mass of the working population in the old social state is limited, and is necessarily falling off, and not increasing, with the increase of population, because that increase brings a diminution, and not an increase, of the means to consume and give employment. Each family, as its numbers increase, must necessarily give up more and more in each succeeding generation the use of, and taste for, those objects which it cannot produce at home. The man whose father employed the tailor and shoemaker, and their dependant branches of industry, can now only afford to wear home-made clothes and shoes."

It may be urged that peasant proprietorship need not lead to domestic manufactures. We can only reply that it always has done, and, we believe, inevitably will. The same disposition which induces the peasant owner to bestow his spare and extra hours in *petits soins* on his own farm, rather than exchange them for moderate payment on the large farm of his neighbour, will prompt him to employ them in tanning his own skins and making his own shoes, in preference to paying his neighbour the tanner, or his friend the shoemaker, for doing these things for him. Then his wife and daughters will have many leisure hours, many long winter evenings, when their help in the field is not wanted; and the same economic disposition, the same habit of turning everything to account, the same feeling of proprietorship, which everywhere characterise this class, will be certain to make them employ these hours in carding their own wool, in spinning their own flax, in dying the produce of their own loom, in making the garments of their husbands and their children, rather than in idleness or in reading, either of which would involve payment to others for doing that which might so easily be done gratuitously at home. The connexion between peasant proprietorship and domestic manufactures may not be one of logical necessity, but it is assuredly one of universal and certain concomitance.

So much for the effect of the subdivision of land on the useful arts, which, as a department of industry supporting a large distinct class, it must in time wholly obliterate. Its operation on the fine arts, on those branches of industry which are devoted to the production of the luxuries and elegancies of life, will be precisely similar. Its first and most certain operation is to extinguish the spending class. It reduces the whole community to one uniform level of moderate competence, with no superfluous income to throw away. By its discouragement of manufacturing enterprise it throws a greater number of hands into the department of that ornamental industry which only a rich and spending class could afford to maintain; and then, by obliterating this class, it cuts away the ground from these artisans altogether. "The small owners of land (says Mr. Laing), more and more burdened with debt in each generation, can afford to buy less, and not more, of the comforts and conveniences of life; and, consequently, the home-market for the products of the useful arts, and the taste for enjoying them, are diminishing along with the means of the great mass of the population to indulge in them. . . . The class of workmen in the ordinary crafts who, in a sound state of society, should find constant employment and a good living in supplying the agricultural class with the objects of the useful arts, are, from the want of means among that class to consume, thrown upon production in the ornamental arts in greater number than the home or foreign markets require, or can absorb. . . . The tastes for the habits, comforts, gratifications, and refinements of a higher state of civilisation are wanting, because the means to form those tastes are wanting; and the classes in the social body who can afford to indulge in them and pay for them are wanting."

The same remarks will apply to those conveniences and luxuries which are the results of foreign commerce. These are only to be purchased by exchanging for them the surplus products of native industry. But, as we have seen, the inevitable and invariable tendency of peasant proprietorship is to diminish, and ultimately to extinguish, this exchangeable surplus, each family producing, every generation more nearly all it needs, and consuming

Digitized by Google

more nearly all it produces. The complete establishment of the system will, therefore, be coincident with the entire extinction of foreign commerce. It seems to us equally impossible to avoid this conclusion, as a logical result, or, when we examine the household life of a Swiss or German peasant owner, to shut our eyes to it as an accomplished or approaching fact. These people are clothed in woollen and linen garments, the products of their own farm and looms; they consume no tea; their coffee is nearly all chicory; their sugar is manufactured from beetroot; and their bad beer and sour wine are the growth of their own hop-garden and vineyard.

The system of equal inheritance and small ownership, then, cuts away from those whom it casts forth to seek a livelihood the employments of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and ornamental handicraft. The civil or military service of the State, the army or the bureau, are the only residual resources. How does the system operate on these? Obviously in the same direction. The servants of the State are paid by taxes levied on the rest of the citizens; and the tendency of peasant proprietorship will be to diminish the surplus which each family can afford to pay to the tax-gatherer, just as it diminishes the surplus each can afford to spend in other ways. A nation of which all the people live on the produce of their estates, and up to that produce, or, as Laing expresses it, "produce all they consume, and consume all they produce," will obviously have less to bestow on its Government than one comprising within it a variety of classes, most of whom have a considerable surplus income to spend on luxuries and to meet the burden of taxation. But this is not all. In proportion as a nation consists of small proprietors, or approaches to that social condition, precisely in that proportion will taxation of necessity assume the form which of all others is the most vexatious, burdensome, and intolerable—the direct form. As foreign commerce, the import of foreign articles of luxury or convenience, dies away (as we have seen that it must do under the prevalence of this system), the source of revenue which is least felt, least annoying, and, under different circumstances, most prolific, viz. customs' duties, or the indirect taxes, is dried up. Its place must be supplied either by direct taxation, or by what is almost worse (and under peasant proprietorships could not long subsist), monopolies and excise. Thus the division of the land into small estates, even under its most favourable circumstances, operates, in the first place, to make an equal amount of taxation more burdensome, as being levied from a class which has no surplus income; and, in the second place, to necessitate the levying of this amount in the most burdensome and vexatious manner. The result of these two operations will, of course, be to cause the revenue to be reduced to the lowest possible amount whenever the people are free, and have a voice in the management of their own affairs. These consequences have not yet followed to their full extent, it is true; partly because in the chief countries of the Continent peasant proprietorship is not yet universal, but is only on the road to become so, and partly because in these countries the people are, for the most part, still subject to despotic or bureaucratic rule. But the difficulty with which direct taxes can be levied upon a free people has been shown in no questionable manner both in America and in France in 1848 and 1849; and that we have not exaggerated the tendency of the subdivision, as contra-distinguished from the aggregation, of landed property to substitute direct for indirect taxation, the following comparison will show. In Prussia the only returns we could obtain mix up the excise, customs, and stamps in a manner which makes our statement with respect to that country only a matter of approximation. In the continental countries a considerable proportion of the revenue is derived from Crown lands, or national domains, &c., which will explain why the "total" is more than the sum of the three divisions in this table.

Countries.	Direct Taxes, including Stamps.	Per Centage of Total Revenue.	Excise and Salt Monopoly, &c.	Per Centage of Total Revenue.	Customs.	Per Centage of Total Revenue.	Total Revenue.
	£		£		£		£
France.	27,200,000	50	15,600,000	28	6,520,000	12	54,800,000
Austria.	4,500,000	23	4,000,000	29	1,550,000	11	13,500,000
Prussia.	3,150,000	41	1,800,000	23	1,500,000	20	7,700,000
GtBritain	16,000,000	30	14,000,000	26	21,000,000	40	53,000,000

Thus in England forty per cent. of our revenue is raised by indirect taxation, against twenty per cent. in Prussia, and twelve per cent. in France.

One result of this difference in the mode of taxation we can only just intimate here: to enter fully into it would lead us away from our main subject; but it is worthy of deep consideration. In England, and in most cases where the chief part of the revenue is derived from customs' duties levied on imported articles, the working man is, or, if he pleases, may be, almost wholly exempt from taxation. He pays no direct taxes whatever. He pays taxes on no article of necessity, except soap. He pays only on articles of luxury: on beer, wine, sugar, spirits, tea, coffee, tobacco. Now, a working man who indulges in articles of luxury—such as Benjamin Franklin eschewed, such as wise men avoid, such as ascetic men despise, such as necessitous men dispense with—ceases, *ipso facto*, to be a poor man, and voluntarily steps into another category. What he pays he pays of his own accord—of his own free choice—of his superfluity. But this never can be the case in an un-commercial country, and is not the case with the German or French peasant or artisan; however poor he be, he pays a poll-tax, a trade-tax, a class-tax, often a meat-tax; and if he lives in town, he pays the *octroi*, which is a tax on all articles of consumption, and most insufferably burdensome. These are taxes which he cannot escape at pleasure. Yet these are taxes which he might escape, if the social condition of the country admitted of raising a main part of the revenue from articles of importation, as with us. The subdivision of land, then, in its full and final operation, by making taxation more burdensome,

Digitized by Google

will necessarily tend more and more to diminish its amount, and thus to curtail the number of servants whom the Government, supported by this taxation, can afford to employ. Thus every mode of livelihood is, by the system of equal inheritance, cut away from under those exiles from the paternal nest, who must exist equally under this system as under the law of primogeniture, if the increase of population is to be suffered to continue.

It may at first sight appear a surprising conclusion that a system of which the first and most apparent result is to augment the produce of the soil, and, in consequence, the numbers whom that soil is capable of maintaining, should yet, in its ultimate issue, be unfavourable to the increase of those numbers, by destroying at its source the fund out of which other branches of industry are to be supported. But our surprise will vanish, and our confidence in the soundness of the conclusion to which our reasoning has led will be confirmed, when we reflect that the subdivision of landed property is, at least in its secondary operation, directly at variance with that principle of political economy, the most certain and irrefragable which that science has brought to light, which proclaims that division of labour, and the combination of divided labour, are essential to full efficiency of production. In other words, the extra labour which the peasant proprietor and his family bestow upon their land, and by means of which its extra produce is obtained, is less effective—*i. e.* produces, ultimately, a smaller return than it would do if otherwise applied; that the aggregate result of the labour of two brothers, for example, is less where both are employed at home upon minute tillage of the patrimonial estate, than it would be were one of them diverted to the production of some other article which might be exchanged against the labour of the other. In this simple consideration lies, as we conceive, the key to the whole mystery—the solution of one of the knottiest, most vital, and most interesting problems propounded to the nineteenth century.

To sum up the whole, the law of equal inheritance implies and involves a stationary, or nearly stationary, state of the population—a state that with each generation must become more and more stationary, as the yield from a given acreage is brought more and more nearly to the maximum of possibility. It is true that if the population *is* thus kept stationary, it may exist in great comfort and respectability; but, granted that postulate, so it might equally under the law of primogeniture. Nay, as we have just seen, the aggregate population that can be subsisted in the same degree of comfort will be greater under the latter than under the former law—in the present condition of the world, at least; because the latter is favourable, and the former unfavourable, to that division of employments by which alone their maximum of productiveness can be arrived at.

Of all modern writers on the subdivision of land, Mr. Kay* is the most enamoured of its advantages, and the most unconscious of its drawbacks and defects. He sees only its present consequences, and is blind to its ultimate operation. He paints its beauties in glowing colours, and entirely ignores its dangers and deformities. We agree in almost all his representations of fact, but we are inclined to quarrel with his omissions, and to question the justice and completeness of his inferences. He brings an overwhelming mass of testimony to prove the admirable effects which the subdivision of land, and the facility with which small portions of it may be obtained, have produced in Prussia, Saxony, and in many parts of Switzerland, in improving the cultivation of the soil, in raising the condition and style of living among the peasantry, and in promoting habits of forethought, economy, industry, and self-restraint, throughout the population generally. The desire to rise into the position of proprietors stimulates the energy of the labourer, renders him cautious, frugal, and sober, and makes him postpone marriage till he is in a condition to maintain a family. In many of these countries, we are told, "the men never marry before the age of twenty-five, and the women seldom till thirty." The average age of marriage in Prussia Mr. Kay states at thirty-five. The desire of the proprietor, again, to retain his position, and if possible to amend it, promotes the growth of similar virtues in him; while the anxiety to transmit his hardly-earned estate undiminished to his children induces him to limit the number of them. By the joint operation of these motives the rate of increase of the population is greatly reduced: a position which the author endeavours to strengthen by means of several statistical tables, which, however, contradict one another, and by no means always bear out his conclusions. Mr. Kay also draws vivid contrasts between the pauperism of England and the comparative freedom from this sore of several of the continental countries, and between the condition of the peasantry in countries which are differently situated in respect to their social institutions—in Bohemia and Saxony, for example, in the Netherlands and in Rhenish Prussia, in the Catholic and Protestant cantons of Switzerland.

Now, if we were disposed to lose sight of the main question in a criticism of particular errors, we might show that religion, education, and race, have at least as much to do with these contrasts as the law of equal inheritance. We might remind Mr. Kay that the Saxons and Bohemians are distinct people—distinct in blood, in language, in religion; the former being a Teutonic, the latter a Sclavonic race; the former being Protestant, the latter Catholics. We might remind him that the small farms of Rhenish Prussia are held by proprietors, and those of Flanders (which are at least equally well cultivated and by at least as prosperous and frugal a people) by rent-paying tenants; and that the Catholic and reformed cantons of Switzerland, so contrasted in the condition of their peasants and the state of their agriculture, acknowledge the same law of equal inheritance. We might remind him that in no country of central Europe is the land more subdivided, or worse cul-

* The Social Condition of the People in England and in Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. Longmans. 1850.

Digitized by Google

tivated, than in many parts of France, or the Sardinian States. We might remind him that a vast improvement in the education of Germany has been coincident with the improvement in the condition of her poor, and may have been as effective a cause of it as the acquisibility of land. But to dwell on these things would divert our attention from the heart and marrow of the question, and we therefore pass them by. We will admit that in almost every country, except France, in which small properties prevail, the land is admirably cultivated—with extreme care, if with little economy and little science; we will admit that since the promulgation of the new system in Prussia, by which feudalism was broken up, and large estates begun to be superseded by smaller ones, the improvement in agriculture and in the condition of the peasant class has been marked, vast, and undeniable. We will concede, moreover, that much of this amelioration is the effect, and the natural and necessary effect, of the change from proletairism to proprietorship; and that, *ceteris paribus*, land will always yield more to the hand of the owner than to hired labour. But all this improvement is but the first effect of the transition from a system of slovenly to one of careful culture; from a system which paralysed the energies of the peasant to a system which stimulates them; from a system under which neither owner nor labourer did their duty to the land, under which it enjoyed the full benefits neither of science nor of industry, to a system under which all unite to develope its capabilities: it is, in fact, the simple result of a transition from bad farming to good, and might easily have been foreseen. But the question for the philosophic statesman regards a future day and a secondary consequence. When the old system shall have been altogether superseded by the new—when the whole of the soil shall be in the hands of peasant proprietors—when industry, science, and the due subdivision of the land shall have brought it all into that state of minute and perfect cultivation which we observe in many parts of Lombardy, of Flanders, and of Switzerland, and which two generations of peasant proprietorship suffices to effect—what then? No new estates can be created, for you have reached the limit at which subdivision is compatible with good agriculture or with comfortable subsistence; no more individuals can be supported from the soil, for its utmost yield has been already extracted from it; manufacturing establishments have been superseded by articles produced at home;* foreign commerce has languished and died under the gradual extinction of exchangeable articles, and available surplus for luxurious expenditure; and the civil and military services have been reduced to a minimum, because only a small revenue can even be raised by direct taxation from a nation which consists only of one vast class of yeomen. Whence, then, are the younger children, the increase of the population, to derive their subsistence? It is abundantly obvious that no such increase is possible, no such younger children are permissible.

Thus we see that the law of equal inheritance, the system of peasant proprietorship, which is recommended by some superficial reasoners as enabling population to augment without peril, and by others, deeper and more clear-headed, as limiting this augmentation, does not solve the great problem of social philosophy: viz., how to reconcile an increasing population with an increasing aggregate or average of comfort. It only cuts the Gordian knot which its votaries conceive it to untie. It is monstrous to see grown men thus running about to catch their bird by putting salt upon its tail. The plan is recommended to us by its ablest advocates, because it leads to the postponement of marriage, and checks the multiplication of mankind. Now, we do not enter here into the question whether this enforced restraint, and the stationary state which would result from it, be objects to be feared or to be desired. We will not ask ourselves whether this self-denial, when universally practised and carried to the degree necessary to obtain its end, be not very much *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. We will, for the present, put aside the reflection which cannot fail to arise in all our minds, whether the discovery of some system which shall render compatible with prudence and with social duty the early formation of those domestic ties which form the charm and the reward of life, would not be a worthier aim for the philosophic statesman than the establishment of a social state which postpones these enjoyments till existence has begun to fade and wane, till feeling has grown dull, and habit has hardened into unsocial temper and unpliant will. We will pass over all this, and will merely observe that, if this severe and general restraint upon multiplication is to be enforced under the system of equal inheritance, any other system would afford at least as good a chance of a happy and prosperous population. If our labouring classes now would only restrict their numbers as tightly and systematically as peasant proprietors are assumed by their advocates to do (and as they must do in order to succeed), it is certain that their social condition would rapidly become, at least, as enviable and as much improved; it is even probable, as we have seen, that a less severe restriction of their numbers would suffice.

So much for the strictly economic part of the question: the consideration of the miscellaneous, social, and political consequences and tendencies of the subdivision of landed property, many of them far-reaching, ominous, and unforeseen, we shall treat of in our next number.

* Mr. Kay speaks in more than one place in high admiration of the plan adopted by many of the Prussian peasants, of hiring themselves to adjacent landowners, till, out of their wages, they have laid by a sufficient sum to become proprietors themselves. He entirely forgets that this resource belongs only to a transition state; and that when all the land is owned in small properties and cultivated by the labour of the family who own it, the landless peasant will find no demand for his services, and, consequently, no access to proprietorship. As long as the process is unfinished, all will go well; it is when it reaches or approaches its completion that the real pressure will be felt.

Digitized by Google

CRAIGALLAN CASTLE.

(*Continued from page 607.*)

CHAPTER IV.

In a dingy street in Paulton stood the dwelling-house of John Graham. Meanlike in its exterior aspect, it was dismal within. The small lobby was dark, and had long been a stranger to paint or paper; the rooms were low roofed, and the furniture scanty and old-fashioned. It had not the air of a peasant hut, where, notwithstanding evident poverty, there is a freshness of look and cheerfulness which bespeak the inmates as pleased and happy with their humble accommodation. In John's parlour there was a dilapidated piano, a broken side-board, a heavy mahogany table, surmounted with a faded green cover, and eight chairs of varied patterns. A huge grate, not built into the chimney, contained a smoky fire not required by the season, but evidently for cooking; and opposite the ungainly chimney-piece sat Mr. and Mrs. Graham. The husband looked haggard and care-worn, and the wife cross and peevish. After a long silence, the spouse asked rather tartly, "What are we to do?"

John gave no answer; and the question being repeated, he sulkily replied, "How should I know?"

"I wish I had never seen you."

"You have told me that often enough before."

"Well, is it not more than flesh and blood can stand, that I should have to live this way? We owe the baker, the butcher, and the grocer; and where to get a morsel of meat this night I know not."

"I know all that already; so don't drive me mad by crooning over things that can't be helped. I have heard of wives who bore up their sinking husbands in evil times; but you do all you can to keep me down."

"And is it not hard that my sisters at home should be living in peace and plenty, and I in this state? It was a black day when I became your wife."

"You and your sisters thought it a good match at the time; and you have had your luck, as others have had before you. And when you think of your family, does it never occur to you that whilst I sit here in poverty Godfrey is living in a castle, and wallowing in thousands."

"You did not behave fairly to Godfrey; and you see what has come of it."

At this remark John became greatly incensed, and clenching his fist, struck the table in great fury. "Mary," said he, gnashing his teeth, "this is intolerable. You counselled me to undermine Godfrey with my father; your cursed ambition made you long to be mistress of a castle; and not one lie was hatched that you did not know of."

In any ordinary conversation Mrs. Graham would have maintained the argument; but when the choler of her husband was fairly roused she knew that backbiting was useless. She therefore added, in a more subdued tone, "It does not matter how we have been ruined; ruined we are, and something must be done."

"I know not what to do," replied John, despairingly.

"Try your brother again."

"I cannot do it. Three times have I been bankrupt; and each time he has paid my compositions. Last time that I failed he told me that I must get into some situation, as I was evidently unfit for business, and he had made up his mind to assist me no more if I again went wrong from speculation. I could not get into any situation."

"You did not try very hard."

"My pride would not allow me; but if it had, people sneered at me, and said that one who had not done well for himself could not do well for any other body. God is my witness, I have often done ill; but as often have I been willing to do well, but never could find the opportunity. I am doomed, and how I cannot tell. When others prospered I have been unfortunate; adventures which always turned well out when my father was alive, and when I did not want money, have failed when I would have been thankful to raise a few pounds to pay house-rent."

"Ours is a hard case," continued Mrs. Graham, still keeping to her own line of remark. "I have parted with every trinket, chains, brooches, and everything except my marriage-ring, and it must go next, I suppose."

"There's somebody at the door," said her husband.

Mrs. Graham answered to the summons, and came back wringing her hands.

"It is," said she, "the collector of the water-rate; and he says he has called so often that, if not paid to-morrow, the pipe will be cut off. That would have been bad enough at any time; but now that we have parted with our servant we shall be in a pretty state."

"This is indeed misery!" said John.

"I have it!" said his wife. "Go to Godfrey, and tell him that if he will pay your debts for this once you will emigrate, and trouble him no more."

"And where can we emigrate to? If we are to starve, die, and rot, why not do it here as well as in America?"

"We can work there with our hands, and we can't do that here."

"But I cannot speak to Godfrey."

"It is our last shift, and you must do it."

"I tell you, woman, I cannot do it."

"Well, Sarah will do it for you."

"Yes," rejoined John, with a deep sneer, "and, like a beggar, be dismissed with another sovereign."

"John Graham, that sovereign was kindly meant, and kept our house for a week, and I only wish that I had another this night."

Digitized by Google

"What a dignified spirit you have got!"

"When one has the prospect of going supperless to bed, they can afford to drop their dignity."

At this juncture, Sarah entered the room. Perceiving her parents to be in a mood that was by no means uncommon, she quietly went up to the piano, opened the case, and proceeded to practise one of her music-lessons.

"Stop that infernal bumming!" said her father, harshly.

Poor Mary! she had that day been kept in at school for not being able to play over her lessons, and that from no fault of hers; for at previous times, as on this occasion, she was not allowed to practise when her father was in bad humour. In how many forms is the Egyptian tyranny of bricks without straw enacted in this miserable world! Without one word of remonstrance Mary gently closed the instrument, and sat down in a corner. The luxury of a sob was denied her, as her father was irritable to extreme sensitiveness; and when the demon possessed him, the slightest sound touched him to the quick. Mary knew this well, and tried hard to suppress the rising tear, although it was the only means of relieving a very heavy heart. Another cause of grief she had, but she dared not express it. As she was ordered by the assistant teacher into the penal apartment adjoining the school-room, the principal ironically remarked, and loud enough to be heard by all around, "that there was no use taking much trouble with that girl, as the last two quarters had not been paid." Mary could have borne the insertion of a knife into her bosom sooner than that cruel taunt. Of all kinds of sufferers youthful sufferers are the most helpless. When calamity overtakes one in middle or later life they can command sympathy from former companions, or they can summon philosophy to their aid; but when misery marks a child as its own it has neither the one resource nor the other.

John Graham did not dislike his daughter, neither did his wife, although she would have greatly preferred that her only child had been of the opposite sex. Worldly crosses, however, had so soured both her parents, that Mary hardly knew the meaning of parental affection. Poverty, she had the sense to perceive, was at the bottom of all their unhappiness; and, having no idea that any blame was attachable either to father or mother, pity for them was generally the uppermost feeling in her kind nature.

After another interval of silence, Mrs. Graham again took up the harp of lamentation. "Everything," said she, "is against us. Had we had a boy, he would soon have been off our hands, and doing for himself; but a girl is always in the road, moping about the house, and good for nothing in every way."

"Don't say that, mother," answered Mary, tremblingly; "now that Betty has left us, I will stop at home and help you. I do not care for going to school."

"I dare say not; you are an idle hussey, and want to stop at home to get rid of your lessons."

Mary could not stand this; she hid her face in her hands, and, weeping bitterly, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, if you knew what Miss Thom said to-day you would not blame me."

In most cases, a daughter's tears open the heart of the father just as the son's first touch that of the mother. John Graham, accordingly, inquired as to the nature of Miss Thom's saying. On Sarah informing them of what had taken place, the father thought of her wounded feelings, and the mother of the poverty of the family being noised abroad. After another long pause, John turned to Sarah, and asked if she would carry a message to her uncle. Sarah joyfully said that she would be glad to do so.

"But," said her father, "it is a rather disagreeable message, Sarah."

"No bad news, I hope?"

"No, it is to ask him a favour."

"I am sure I shall be glad to do that, father; uncle is so kind, I could ask him anything."

"I am afraid you are very simple, Sarah, so notice what I say, and try to understand me. Your mother and I are poor, very poor, Sarah; we have no money to pay for your school-fees, nor for anything else. You will therefore go to Craigallan, and tell your uncle that if he will be kind enough to give us as much money as will take us out to America, it is the last time that ever we shall trouble him. Do you understand me, Sarah?"

"I think I do."

"You see, we have troubled him often before, but we do not intend doing it again; and say, also, that you are very wretched, and that often, as to night, you have to go to bed without getting anything to eat."

"I don't care for myself, but I'll tell him how unhappy you and mother are."

"You need not tell him that, he does not like us; but tell him how unhappy you yourself are; and, as he seems fond of you, he will, for your sake, do something for the whole of us."

"If uncle does not like you, then I cannot like him; and I would rather not go, dear father, if I am going to speak about nobody but myself."

"Leave it to herself to do any way she thinks best," said the mother, who saw that the secret of Sarah's success with Godfrey lay in her ingenuousness, and that if she but understood that he alone could help them out of their difficulties, Sarah could find ways and means to carry the point. This being settled, this singular family proposed to retire to rest, it being a feature which the annals of the poor would develope, if inquired into, that all persons slenderly provisioned go early to bed, as they are thus enabled to sleep off a part of their hunger. The Grahams, however, were not destined to worship the leaden god at the early hour they had fixed on, for another knock was heard at the door. It remained unanswered, for both husband and wife felt that as they had come to a sort of understanding as to the means of relief to be pursued, it was a pity to disturb their newly-acquired equanimity by having to answer the demand of some new creditor. The knocking accordingly went on unheeded, and would have continued so, but the intruder having failed at the

Digitized by Google

door, now assailed the window. John pulled back the shutters, threw up the sash, and called out.

"It's me," said Mrs. Martha Martin.

Sarah at once recognised the voice, and having apprised her father and mother who Mrs. Martha was, the visit was pronounced of good omen, and the door was at once opened. Mrs. Graham muttered something about the absence of her servant.

"I jaloused that, mem," said Mrs. Martha, "and that made me try the window. In town or country its a' the same. Idle sluts! ye canna turn your back, but they are after some o' their black roads. Ye see, Miss Sarah telled me that ye had had nae hotch-potch this year; and as we hae mair vegetables at the Castle than we can make use of, I brought in some."

"They will be a perfect treat," said Mrs. Graham; "and we are so much obliged. We are all fond of hotch-potch; but the market vegetables are so rank and bitter we never think of buying them."

"Yes, mem," said Martha; "and I also called to say that Mr. Graham, puir man, is very ill. The doctor saw him in the morning, and he was very bad then, and I cam' in for some medicine; but instead o' waitin' till I came out, like a wise body, he cam' into the town himsel', and him half dead, and he has been awful ill since he cam' out again. I came in wi' the coach, to tell the doctor to come out as fast as he could. And as the vegetables were ready, I brocht them in."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Graham, "is he so ill as all that? we are so sorry. What do you think has been the matter with him?"

"I dinna ken, mem; but I think there is something upon his mind."

"Sarah," said John, "you must go out tomorrow, and call for your uncle."

"She'll no be able to see him, sir," said Martha; "for the doctor forbade anybody but the nurse, or Mr. Grant, the lawyer, to see him."

"Mr. Grant, the lawyer!" said John, somewhat troubled; "he is only newly come to town, and how can he know about him? My brother is not generally in the habit of making up to strangers."

"No, sir, that he is not; and this Mr. Grant called one day of his ain accord, and Mr. Graham was very angry with him, and gave me particular orders not to let him in again. But whenever he turned unwell, he sent for Grant the first thing; and he was in the carriage with him this very nicht. But I maun awa; the coach will be on the road noo from the doctor's; and I am gaun to ride hame on the dickey. Good nicht."

"Good night, Mrs. Martin, and we are very much obliged to you," replied Mrs. Graham, closing the door.

Martha's viands were in part discussed that evening. The husband and wife conversed apart, that they might not be heard by Sarah.

"Our usual luck!" said John. "Extraordinary chances occurring, and, after all, nothing coming of them. Godfrey looks as life-like as me, and more so; and yet here is he very ill, by all accounts. But catch him die intestate! The first thing he does is to send for that lawyer, Grant, whom he had quarrelled with only the day before. Of all men in the world, that man is the worst man for us that could be chosen. In order to get business, he has been undertaking to collect all the bad debts in the town, and mine among the rest. He met me yesterday, and told me that if I did not pay Dips, the grocer, in three days, he would throw me into prison. 'What would you make by that?' said I. 'You would require to maintain me there.' 'Of course,' replied the scoundrel. 'I would have to do so for a few weeks, by which time your brother Godfrey, ashamed of the disgrace of having his brother in gaol, would pay the amount.' Now, supposing Godfrey were proposing to leave a small legacy, or annuity, or anything of that kind, to poor Sarah, Grant is just the sort of man to prevent him."

"It is all up with us," said Mrs. Graham. "If he die, we shan't get money to emigrate; and if he live, Grant will put you in prison, and that will sour him."

"Bah!" rejoined her gentle spouse, "you are always prophesying evil." The poor woman only reflected his own black forebodings, but consistent man is sometimes displeased when this process takes place.

CHAPTER V.

After Godfrey Graham left his niece in the manner described in a previous chapter, he walked about amongst some remote plantations. Soon night began to fall, and, after a short interval of semi-darkness, the moon rose cold and clear, and bathed lake and tree in silver radiance. Sentimentalists often talk about the soothing influence of nature; but they are wrong, and mistake cause for effect. When one is in a tranquil mood, we are capable of recognising and appreciating the sedative aspect of nature, and external tranquillity reacts on mental serenity, and enhances the chastened state of feeling; but when man is the victim of strong and rending emotions, no landscape will ever be able to hush the storm, and cause it to be still. Mind, not matter, must do that. At least this was the experience of Godfrey Graham. The luminary of night momentarily attracted his attention as it ploughed its way through the sable fields of the sky, but it was only for a moment, and he again returned and sat down in the same arbour where he had been during the early part of the evening. It was one of those chill nights which in our climate succeed a warm day. Before feverishly hot, Godfrey now became feverishly cold. A clammy sweat broke out upon him, his teeth chattered, and his bones seemed to freeze in their sockets. He rose to retire for the night, but found his limbs unwilling to perform their office; after a desperate effort, he contrived to reach the castle, and get into his bed-chamber. Sick and exhausted, he flung himself down on the floor, but slumber refused to relieve his weary eyes. One reverie would show him Mary looking at him with the maddened eye of a raving maniac, then an uneasy interval of stupor, and then she would again re-

Digitized by Google

appear, and cast on him a look of mild reproach. Shut or open his eyes, turn them to right or left, there was the injured woman. Towards morning a little sleep was obtained, but on waking he found himself in great pain, and excessively weak. Mrs. Martin was alarmed at his appearance, and upbraided him both for not going to bed, and also for not calling her; and she urged upon him the necessity of calling medical assistance. Godfrey had never consulted a medical man in his life; but, yielding to the solicitations of Martha, a physician was sent for.

In due time Dr. Anthony Fitzgibbon made his appearance. As a matter of course he was dressed in black, had a stick, a gold watch with a seconds dial, and a mysterious look. He sat down by the bedside of his patient, observed his prostrate appearance, felt his pulse, put his ear to the left side of the chest (the stethescope was not as yet invented), then beckoning Martha to the outside of the chamber, he asked her if Mr. Graham had any relations in the house. On being answered in the negative, he inquired if they could not be sent for, and on being informed as to the impracticability of that course he cogitated for a few minutes.

"Is Mr. Graham very ill?" asked the anxious Martha. The leech shook his head.

"Anything serious, doctor?"

Again the oracle made the horizontal motion.

"My goodness gracious me!" said Martha. "I thought as much when I saw his blue look."

The doctor returned to the sick man alone, and after carefully closing the door, he resumed his seat at the bedside. He expected that the patient would break the ice; but of that there being no appearance, and knowing that he had to visit Mrs. Hayes, the grocer's wife, at twelve o'clock, who was "nervish," he was obliged to open the conversation himself.

"I am afraid, sir, that you are ill—very ill."

"I feel unwell," muttered Godfrey.

A pause.

"I am not accustomed to lie in bed," resumed the patient, "and I would rather that you used active remedies."

The physician smiled gravely, and shook his head. "Active remedies, in your case, Mr. Graham, would only accelerate a fatal result."

"Then any way you like."

"It is extremely distressing, sir, but it is best to be candid. I really can do nothing for you. You are labouring under an organic affection, which has been brought to a crisis by your unfortunate exposure last night."

"You do not mean to say that I am dying?"

"Disease has been going on in the heart for a considerable time. The issue may be longer or shorter by a few months, but a fatal termination must be looked for; and as it may be sudden, I hope you will excuse me in suggesting that if you have any affairs that require settling, they should receive your immediate attention."

Death is a terrible thing, but it is not equally terrible to all. To the young, with hopes and fears centred in the future, it is an awful object; and to all who have schemes undeveloped, and plans unexecuted, and passions unsatiated, it is also appalling; but to those who have traversed the round of worldly things, who have cast the dice and found nothing, whose aims have been blasted, who see before them mountains of difficulty that cannot be removed—on such Death has little power; they would not live alway, and they are content to go. Godfrey Graham had nothing to live for, and therefore was not unwilling that the mortal coil should be shuffled off. Of a hereafter he did not think; people who do not think of that during life often omit to do so when eternity casts its shadows before. He rapidly thought of the destination of his property, should he die without making some proper settlement. Mary might become a pauper lunatic, her child and his child a beggar, while John, his brother John, would inherit all; and the last thought stung him to the quick, and determined him to instant decision. He accordingly sent for Ludovicko.

That worthy was giving orders for the incarceration of John when the message arrived. As was his wont, he turned over in his mind the probable bearings of the approaching interview on the matter in hand. The message was a verbal one, brought by a porter, so that he could make nothing of the messenger; but acting with his habitual caution, he desired Rankin to delay diligence till his return. Ludovicko then set out for Craigallan, and, on being introduced, Godfrey at once proceeded to business.

"The doctor, Mr. Grant, says that I am very unwell; I cannot believe him, but, to guard against contingencies, I have resolved on settling my affairs so as to provide for Mary and her child."

"Mr. Graham, you are in that acting as you always do, with the most perfect good sense—on that point most emphatic."

"Do not interrupt me with unmeaning compliments; I sent for you because my settlement will be peculiar, and I know that you will do what others will not do."

Ludovicko grinned at this left-handed tribute, and, with as much suavity as his nature permitted, beckoned his client to go on.

"I believe that Mary's child will be my heir-at-law, you being able to substantiate the marriage."

"Of course he will, provided his mother has not lost her marriage lines."

"I thought you had them."

"I had them up to the time the child was born, but when that took place, she asked me for them, as she said they would be of use to the child. I objected as much as I could; but as she insisted and would take no denial, I was obliged to yield, giving her every caution, however, to take care of them; but now that her senses are gone, it is doubtful if she has observed my injunction."

"If these are lost, what then?"

"It will be difficult to prove the marriage."

"In the stable, you made it a very easy matter," said Godfrey, ironically.

"Then, Mr. Graham, you were not my client; now I am upon honour. Here lies the difficulty: Kilbadie, the minister-fellow, is crazy, and his testimony might be shaken. Hundreds saw you

Digitized by Google

married, and could swear to you were you alive; but, were you dead, not one of them could give oath that the unknown traveller was Mr. Graham of Craigallan, since dead. Had you visited her then, cohabitation might have been established, but you did not."

"What can you do, then?"

"Make out your will in favour of your child, and have it so worded that the property, or whatever else you design, shall go to him whether his parentage be proven or not."

At this juncture the doctor entered, and, in virtue of his office, proceeded at once to the bedside.

"Mr. Graham," said Fitzgibbon, warmly, "you must have no more legal consultations, your pulse is worse than it was, and I can easily see that you have been excited. Excuse me, Mr. Grant, but you are trenching on my department, and I will not be answerable for the consequences if Mr. Graham is permitted to speak much, or be agitated in any way."

"I came here," rejoined Ludovicko, "by request; and if the case be urgent, my department will not brook delay any more than yours, doctor. Mr. Graham wishes to make a settlement; and if he does not live sixty days after making it, it is liable to be challenged."

"Sixty days! I will not answer for sixty hours!"

Godfrey groaned.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," interposed Ludovicko, "the law is liberal. You must live sixty days, *or* be at kirk or market; and surely, doctor, Mr. Graham is not so bad that he may not do either of these. Are you sure that there is no mistake? Although he has always been pale in the face, he is strong and muscular, and cannot possibly be so near Death's door as ye represent."

Godfrey turned himself heavily, and, yielding to an opiate, dozed into slumber.

"Mr. Grant," said the now enraged physician, "this is insulting. I should have considered it unmannerly had a brother practitioner made any such remark; but for you, sir, an unprofessional party, to question my prognosis!—sir, it is the sanctity of the sick-room alone that prevents me from resenting your impertinence. You judge, sir, by vulgar external appearance; but common observation, sir, must have made you familiar with cases where people have dropped down dead in the street, sir. I suppose every fishwife has known instances of that, sir; and is it anything uncommon that a gentleman should die in his bed, despite the best medical attendance, after a few days' illness?"

"Doctor, I beg your pardon. I really did not mean —"

"Don't trouble yourself, sir; this is an interference that can't be rubbed out by a mere verbal apology."

"You quite mistake me, doctor; it was from no wish to impugn your professional skill that I made the remark, but merely from anxiety to prevent Mr. Graham from postponing the execution of his settlement. It is an awful thing to die intestate, doctor. You must, in your large practice, know many cases where the peace of families has for ever been broken up, domestic brawls, endless litigations, and complete swallowing up of funds; and even when a small part of the property is entailed —"

"You know *your* business—I know *mine;* and as I desire to know no other, I want no details," replied the leech. "This apartment you must leave instantly; or, if you won't, I will. In the sick-room lawyer and clergyman must yield to the physician; you may at times be great in your several spheres, but here I am supreme. Will you go, sir, at once, or shall I rouse Mr. Graham, perhaps at the risk of his life?"

"Doctor, you undoubtedly have a commission, but you must not ride on the top of it. Be calm. Mr. Graham (here lowering his voice) has legatees in his eye; and if you will only be reasonable I shall use my humble influence with him—you understand me. Then, when all is over, I shall have the paying of your bill; you can, perhaps, understand that too."

"Low man!" said Dr. Fitzgibbon, "I belong to a profession, not a trade—a noble profession, which has never sacrificed its opportunities to degrading purposes. Mr. Graham shall be apprised of your proposal, and doubtless some other legal adviser will be chosen. Go, sir, immediately! Come one step nearer, and I shall ring the bell and order you out."

"You need not trouble yourself to ring, I shall go without the necessity of that ceremony; but mark me, Doctor Fitzgibbon! my going will cost you dear. Another patient of yours, Mrs. Hayes, the grocer's lady, has been speaking to me about her will (Ludovicko had spoken to her), and if there should be any mention of a legacy to your wife, I shall take care to remind her of the numerous payments made to the husband."

Alas for human, or rather medical, virtue! Dr. Fitzgibbon looked as wild as if he had received an electric shock. To be left out of Mrs. Hayes' will was indeed to spring a mine beneath his feet. For ten dreary long years had he prescribed for the ailments, real and imaginary, of Mrs. Hayes; he had taken lodgings for her in the country, lodgings at the sea-side; his wife had sent her jellies and marmalade every time that the blessed delicacies came into season. One of his daughters was named after her, and one of his sons after her husband; and every time that they got new hats or frocks, the little dears visited the old couple, and were rewarded with a kiss and sixpence each. Every time that the old woman had hiccup or heartburn, corns, deafness, toothache, or the all-pervading "nervishness," had he been called, and attended Sunday and Saturday, summer and winter, night and day, rain or snow. And what had been his reward? Just three guineas (beg pardon—pounds) per annum, which no more paid shoe-leather than it paid the interest of the national debt. And this was all. No, not exactly all; for Mrs. Fitzgibbon had got a Rob Roy tartan shawl from old Hayes five years before, which garment old Hayes expected she should wear when visiting his house on state occasions. Patients had in olden times left money to their physicians, but Dr. Fitz-

Digitized by Google

gibbon thought these halcyon days had passed away till the Hayeses cast up. They had no children or near relations. Hayes himself never had any complaints, but his stout spouse had so many that, in all save her purse-strings, Fitzgibbon had absolute control over her; what, therefore, more likely than that he should be left a smart legacy, if not the bulk of the whole fortune of the pair? Not only was the money at stake, but the prophetic gifts of the doctor were in the scales of chance. Not content with having poor Fitzgibbon, night after night, playing at backgammon and draughts with old Hayes, her ladyship would have Mrs. Fitzgibbon over to take rubbers of whist. Then followed suppers of unsavoury cheese, stale eggs, and beer villanously acid, all which, Mrs. Fitzgibbon averred, was the refuse of Hayes's shop. Many was the mild look which Fitzgibbon had to reproach his wife for casting on his venerable patient across the card-table, and many was the hot dispute on the way home as to the probability of anything ever coming their way at all, which disputes generally ended in the lady casting her bonnet and Rob Roy shawl on the floor, and then, in the event of a nursery *émeute*, exercising discipline on the person of Jean Maria Hayes with double emphasis. To live with his wife after being cut off by Mrs. Hayes would be impossible, and Dr. Fitzgibbon saw it.

"My dear Mr. Grant," said the now humbled herbalist, "forgive me, pray do! The fact is, I once knocked my head against the door of the hospital when a student, and it disturbed the cerebral circulation; and hence, when excited, I am apt to speak to my friends with more warmth than occasion requires. With regard to Mr. Graham, you may do anything you please; and as to that little matter about the Hayeses, consider, Mr. Grant, that I have a small family, and let not anything be between us on that score."

"Nothing shall be," said Ludovicko; but, thought Ludovicko, there shall. "But to business, doctor. Any chance of Graham having heard us?"

"None. I gave him a sleeping draught; and, besides, we have not spoken loud."

"He may have feigned sleeping."

"Yes, but he could not change his pulse, which has improved again."

"Now, as to his state—any professional humbug? Don't take it amiss. I sometimes humbug my clients; why should you not do the same with your patients?"

"No deceit, I assure you. Under no circumstances could he have lived long; but his midnight caper has accelerated his disease very materially."

"Could he be dressed and go down to his office in the course of the forenoon?"

"Impossible, my dear sir!"

"Come, doctor, no impossibilities. This is market-day. I'll have his will done in a twinkling. If he but go to his place of business, and buys and sells, the settlement may hold good. There is, to be sure, a provision that if a man dies of the same disease that he had about him when he signs the document, there may be a challenge—but you could mystify that, could you not?"

"Oh, yes. Between ourselves, I am not sure of the precise disease; but, from its indications, his days are numbered. And as to diagnosis, call in six members of the college, and even at his *post mortem* they will all have different opinions. But hush! he is waking."

CHAPTER VI.

Godfrey Graham's place of business contained three apartments; the outer office, where Jones and Ogle sat, the middle one, where old Trotter kept the books, and the inner of all, where Godfrey had wont to sit in solitary majesty. Counselled by Ludovicko, Godfrey proceeded to his sanctum, his appearance giving little or no token that the winding-sheet was high upon his breast. Having taken his place there, Ludovicko proceeded to unfold his instructions systematically.

"You must appear, Mr. Graham," said that worthy, "as if nothing can be the matter with you; you must be rather more strict and attentive to business than usual. My appearance here must be accounted for; and as it so happens that I have the management of the bankrupt estate of Gillott, the chandler, who has received payment from you for stores consigned to him by a Newcastle house, which he has not given credit for, that will be a sufficient reason for your asking Mr. Trotter to show me all the documents connected with the transactions between you and him; and as it is not possible that he can produce them in a hurry, I shall have ample time to prepare the settlement. In the meantime, have the goodness to give me the title-deeds of the Craigallan estate, as I require them for the will."

Godfrey mechanically opened a desk, and handed Ludovicko a packet of parchment papers secured by red tape, and having done this he sank into his chair, and seemed buried in reflection. Like most emotional men, he only required a motive in order to induce him to pursue a steady course; and a motive once presented, no obstacle was too great for him to surmount. The consciousness of having injured Mary by a neglect which had driven her into lunacy, and the consideration that the effects of that neglect, so far as she was concerned, were irreparable, suggested to him the necessity of making ample atonement to her innocent child; and when he thought that even this poor recompense might be beyond his power, he sighed at the thought of his procrastination, and, for the first time in his life, seriously reflected on the impotency and short-sightedness of man. But there was still hope, and he determined that every effort should be used to carry out the remedial instructions of Ludovicko. With this view, he rallied himself for the purpose of going into the next apartment to give instructions to old Trotter; but a sudden tremor came over him, and he fell back like a child. "Can this be death?" thought Graham. The feeling was chill and unearthly, something that had never been felt before, but which, when felt, sent new sensations throughout the frame. It was as if the process of unrobing the soul had commenced, and the shivering blast

Digitized by Google

of death had come in at the first opening: if the first instalment produced such freezing, how would the spirit brave it when flung out on the cold bleak sea of eternity? Now the question of life seemed squeezed into the few moments that connect vitality with corruption—twilight with night. Graham sickened at the thought; the windows appeared to fly upward—a hissing darkness followed—then sparks came from his eyes, and the unhappy man, making a last effort, fell forward as if to the ground. Thought is invisible; and it was not until the sound of falling fell upon the ear of Ludovicko that he was conscious of any change on his client. Ever on the alert to anticipate contingencies, the wily lawyer had asked the doctor to furnish him with a restorative, in case of any relapse; and on applying this to the lips of his prostrate friend, he rallied, and gradually came back to consciousness; and, after a short space, he was so far recovered as to be able to proceed to the outer office, whither he was accompanied by Rankin.

The curiosity of Skipton was irrepressible; and, with the view of picking up some intelligence, he returned to the office, and, to his dismay, was at once confronted with Godfrey. He stared with dumb astonishment, and was not able to articulate a single word. Godfrey's thoughts were otherwise occupied; but at last he asked Skipton his business. The poor brazier, however bold at grimace among his fellows, was sadly at a loss when the difficulties of actual life presented themselves, and could not answer. Old Trotter repeated the query, but still Skipton stammered and stuttered. At last Jones took pity on the embarrassment of his quondam theatrical associate, and prompted him.

"You will be come again about that account against the *Minerva;* but it is of no use bothering Mr. Graham; you know I told you that unless endorsed by the captain we could not on any account pay it."

"Certainly not," added Godfrey; "and I wonder that my practice in this respect should not be known to everybody that works for me."

"I beg pardon," muttered Skipton, making a desperate rush towards the door.

"Stop," interposed Godfrey. "How much does your account amount to?"

Skipton quivered and turned pale.

"How much does your account amount to?"

An angry signal being made by Jones, Skipton hesitatingly said, "About five pounds."

"Well," said Godfrey, "take his receipt for three; he may be in want of money, and the balance can be adjusted afterwards."

Skipton, before whose mind floated visions of prison and transportation for money received under false pretences, was not for taking the proffered sum; but he had no alternative, and left the office, after signing the necessary document.

"Some screw loose there," said the sharp Rankin; but his remark passed unheeded.

The door again opened, and a huge farmer came in, who at once accosted Godfrey. "Dear me, Mr. Graham, I am glad to see you. I heard ye was at Death's door; but ye're no looking very ill after a'. His *ways* are not like ours. I have come to offer you some corn: it's a bonny sample."

"I buy none by sample. Whenever your corn is weighed, you will be paid by its weight, and I will purchase it no other way."

"But in that way, sir, a coarse corn has no advantage o'er a bonny oat like mine."

"I care not, that is my way of doing business, and sell or not as you think fit," answered Godfrey, who was beginning to get tired with the contradiction of his visitors. Again the door opened, and Sarah came timidly in, and was in her turn surprised at seeing Godfrey. She went up to him, and, seizing his hand, exclaimed, "Dear uncle, I'm glad to see you, very glad indeed; they told me you were so ill!"

"I feel rather better now, Sarah."

"But you look pale, uncle, and you would be far better at home among the trees and flowers than sitting here among so many papers."

"I shall not be long in going home."

"Are you busy just now, uncle?"

"Very, my dear."

A single sigh, and a mild imploring look, was the commentary on this reply. Henry Martyn, the missionary, spoke well when he exclaimed, "Oh, the overwhelming force of gentleness!" and it was exemplified in the case of Godfrey Graham, on whom the meek face made its due impression.

"Do you want anything, Sarah?" said the uncle.

"I wished to speak with you by yourself, uncle; but, as you are busy, I shall call some other time."

"There is no time like the present," replied Godfrey, and he beckoned her into the middle room where Trotter was in the habit of sitting. "You must not keep me long, Sarah," said he, "as I have a great many things to do."

"No, uncle, I shall not keep you—five minutes will do. We are poor, very poor, uncle;" and here she looked tremblingly to the door. "Some nights we go to bed without any supper, and sometimes I go to school without having any breakfast; and I cannot play and laugh like the other girls—often because I am hungry, and oftener because I feel so sad at heart. And father and mother are also unhappy. You will think it curious in me speaking about myself and not about them, but they told me to do it, and they said that you would be kinder if I spoke about myself; but I cannot do that, for I am sure they are much more unhappy than I am. You are father's brother, and I often wish that I had a brother; it would not be so lonely in the long dark nights if I had a brother as other girls have, and I would be very fond of him. But mother says it is better that I have no brother, as he would starve too; and I dare say so it is, for if he got nothing to eat, he might cry, and it would be terrible to hear a little boy cry for that."

"My poor girl, I should be glad to assist you; you are too young to know about these things, but I have often assisted your father."

"Oh, yes; they told me all about that, and they desired me to say that they were very much obliged to you for your kindness; and now, if you would only give them as much as would take us all to

Digitized by Google

America, we would never give you any more trouble."

"I will see what can be done, Sarah."

"Thanks; many thanks, dear uncle."

And Sarah was dismissed; and Godfrey went in to Ludovicko, who, by the aid of the key-hole, had made himself master of the conversation, although he heard Godfrey's abstract of it with all the gravity of one who listens to a new communication.

"It is all humbug," said Ludovicko; "he merely wishes to raise the wind, and has no more thoughts of emigration than I have. It is too good news to be true. Several emigrant ships have been lost, and if he could go to the bottom too, it were the best thing that could happen."

"I should like to do something for the girl; I am sure she has no deceit."

"She is out of a bad nest; and, as to deceit, if you had only attended to your duties as a justice of the peace, you would have seen from young beggars how the veriest imps of Satan can simper and turn up their eyes."

"Mr. Grant, I wish to provide for my niece, and that is enough."

"Oh, certainly, it is no affair of mine; but it must just be as much as will keep soul and body together, and no more; for, if it be, the father will get into as deep water as ever."

"You do not think he will go away, as the girl says?"

"I don't; but there is no harm in trying. The settlement is now ready for signature. The legacy to the girl can be inserted afterwards. I shall be one witness, and my clerk will be the other. Bless me, how your hand shakes! Take time, you have to sign each of the three pages, and it won't do if they are not all alike. That's better. Now I will sign."

And so Ludovicko signed, and after throwing a sheet of blotting-paper, as if by accident, over the body of the deed, he called for Rankin.

"Sign there as a witness."

Rankin, also as if by accident, knocked aside the blotting-paper, and made quick use of his eyes. Ludovicko restored it to its place, and emphatically asked him to sign.

"I did not see the gentleman subscribe," said the clerk, doggedly.

Lord Chatham, in the days of his greatness, made Lords of the Admiralty put their signatures to blank documents; and, although not so great a man as Lord Chatham, Ludovicko had a touch of the arbitrary about him. He fixed his cold grey eye on Rankin for a second time, and then repeated the monosyllable command in a tone of such peculiar character that the humbled assistant took up the pen, and signed according to order.

"Now, sir, go away to the office; and if anybody wants me, say that I shall be there in an hour."

Rankin took his hat, and skulked out.

"He is a horrid fellow," muttered the clerk. "When my old master got into a rage I could get into one too; but this unearthly coolness of Grant's floors me. The more angry that I get, the cooler he becomes; and then, that horrid look of his, it freezes me. But I'll be upsides with him. If he would tell me when he is going to do a thing off the square, I might go snacks with him; but he will let nobody into his confidence."

Pursuing this train of reflection, Rankin did not take particular heed as to his footsteps, and, turning a corner, he jumbled on John Graham. From repeated visits paid to John soliciting payment of debts intrusted to Grant for collection, Rankin was not unknown to him; and John was not sorry to embrace the opportunity in order that he might gain some intelligence regarding the rumoured will. He could not have spoken to the chafed assistant at a more fitting opportunity.

"How do ye do, Mr. Rankin? Very busy just now, I suppose? I hear of a great many jobs going your way—wills and such things, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham, we are pretty busy; how do you find business?"

"Never so bad; in fact, between you and me, I am going to give it up, and emigrate, if you gentlemen of the law would allow me."

"Emigrate! Ah, let me see. No—yes—dang it, I may do something on my own account. Can you be on honour, Mr. Graham?"

"Certainly."

"Bright?"

"You may trust me thoroughly; on oath, if you like."

"Well, all that I say is, don't emigrate; things are looking up for you in this country. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Craigallan; I can't say more."

"But has not my brother made a will?"

"I dare not say one word more; only, if you are your own friend, do not leave."

"Thank you, Mr. Rankin, I will not."

They separated, the one knowing that he had said too much, and the other perplexed about the possible meaning of a hint from such a quarter. Proceeding further up the street, John espied Ludovicko; but knowing that that gentleman always made unpleasant allusions to his obligations, he tried to avoid him, but in vain: Ludovicko made directly up to him.

"I am glad I have seen you," said the lawyer, "I was just going to have called on you. You are aware, my dear sir, that your excellent brother has done me the honour to consult me regarding his affairs, and he has let me into a small piece of family history; in our profession, we sometimes cannot help receiving such communications. Your daughter, a very interesting child, has informed her uncle that you wish to emigrate. I had no idea that matters were so bad with you; of course I knew, as you are aware, that you have been a little pushed, but I had no conception that matters had come to such an extremity. Your brother, although much disposed to favour his niece, is yet so incensed at his former losses by you, that he was not at first disposed to listen to the proposal; but, after much persuasion, I have at last induced him to agree to it, and I have now the satisfaction of informing you that he is willing to pay a small composition to your creditors, defray your passage and outfits, and also lodge, in a correspondent's hands at Quebec or

Digitized by Google

Montreal, a small sum to assist you in getting up the country."

"Mr. Grant, I beg you will—"

"Nay, no thanks, Mr. Graham; it is our duty, you know, to assist one another."

"You mistake me, Mr. Grant; I certainly did intend to thank you, but I also intended doing something else."

"Oh, command me in any way you please."

"You still mistake me; I have changed my mind on the subject of emigration. A little temporary assistance would be very acceptable, but not for the purpose of emigration."

"Why have you changed your mind?" said Ludovicko, his face assuming a regret which his inner man did not feel.

"Why," replied John, with some embarrassment, "I have no certainty that I shall succeed better there than here."

"No certainty! of course nothing is certain here below," answered Ludovicko, "but there is hope. Let me advise you to reconsider this, Mr. Graham. At all events, I shall give you another opportunity for reconsideration. I like all such matters to be discussed in writing; I shall therefore send you a note, which you can answer at leisure."

"It is of no use, Mr. Grant, I have quite made up my mind not to go."

"Very well, sir. Only take this warning: the moment that I show your brother your declination, his interest in you and yours is at an end. Your daughter was beginning to make an impression on him; but this will send you all to the wall together."

"My brother surely would not have us leave the country when he is so unwell."

"I thought as much. Ah! the shoe pinches there, does it? Well, I'll be candid with you, Mr. Graham. Were you to go off quietly, your brother may remember you when he comes to make his will; but refuse his offer, and, believe me, not one halfpenny shall you ever receive."

They parted, Ludovicko chuckling that the intervention of "the brat," as he called Sarah, would now be nipped in the bud, and John hesitating whether he were right in refusing the emigration grant, and yet satisfied that there was something in Rankin's warning, and something also in Ludovicko's keenness for his departure.

AUTUMN FRUIT.

"Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy."—MILNES.

HEBREWS, CHAPTER XII., VERSE XI.

When apple-blossoms snowed the ground,
And angry winds went rolling by
Below the dreary, gloomy sky,
I said, "Where will the fruit be found?"

And so I closed my eyes in sleep,
And so I rose for many a morn,
And walked all hopeless and forlorn:
My weary soul no rest could keep.

On many sorrows I did feed,
My grief I carried day by day,
Nor knew, as onward I did stray,
Whither the path I took would lead—

Until I to my orchard came,
Saw rich fruit hanging on each tree:
I said, "This fruit grew ripe for me;"
And plucked it in a moody frame.

And then I thought of that rough time
That blew the blossoms to the ground,
And tore the trees with wrathful sound,
Somewhere about the season's prime.

A thing of marvel and of ruth:
From aught that is a worthy prize,
Do rainy tears and stormy sighs
Strip the lush blossomings of youth.

Digitized by Google

BARON STEIN.*

We will commence our account of the life of Stein, by M. Pertz, by reminding our readers that Stein was the Minister who reconstructed the Prussian monarchy after the disastrous battle of Jena. His name is well known amongst us, and that part of his career has been rather celebrated; but its beginning and its end are lost in obscurity. A slight sketch of the whole will put our readers in possession of some peculiarities of German society towards the end of the last century, make them acquainted with the mode in which politicians were brought up in Germany, and throw a faint light over an important part of European history.

In the Duchy of Nassau the noble family of Stein had been planted time out of mind. Amongst a people remarkably careful of their genealogies, its origin was not known; but, from the year 1235, when the lesser nobility of the empire begun to have fixed titles and coats of arms, the Steins had possessed, and bequeathed from father to son, a castle on the River Lahn, bearing their name, and a residence in Nassau. In the middle of the last century, the head of this ancient house, who inherited his property incumbered with debts, and dilapidated, was a Privy Counsellor in the service of the Elector of Mayence. He had four sons and three daughters; and the youngest of the sons, Henry Frederick Charles, known as Charles Frederick, born in October, 1757, was the Prussian Minister whose life Herr Pertz has written, and whose fame at one time extended over all Europe.

Although none of the brothers have any part in the subsequent history of the Minister, it is useful to remark, remembering the feud that existed between Austria and Prussia at that period, that the eldest was in the service of the King of Prussia, and the second in the service of the Emperor of Austria. The third, though in the end a worthless person, served in the French army; and the fourth, after some doubt and hesitation, entered the service of Prussia. Such a distribution of the children of a noble German family amongst the rival and contending powers of the Continent was then usual. War and politics, wholly unconnected with patriotism, were regular professions; and the skilful administrator and the aspiring soldier alike offered their services to the best bidder. The want of patriotism which became so painfully apparent in the military chiefs and the superior civilians in most of the States of Germany, when Bonaparte penetrated into their country, was a characteristic of long standing. In truth, the Germans have a common language and a common literature; but they have lived under various and conflicting Governments, have never composed a State, and have long wanted that moral rather than physical entity we call a country.

The future Minister was educated, first at home, and afterwards at Gottingen; and out of this period of his existence we may extract another example of the manners of the German nobility bearing on the morals and fate of the nation. When he was about seventeen years of age his mother, a vigorous-minded woman, who dreaded the ruin of the family should the property fall to the eldest son, an extravagant man, brought a family compact to bear, by which all the sons agreed, by a formal document, to give up all their right to the estates in favour of that one of them whom the parents should select to marry and continue the noble family of Stein. It was at the same time settled that if the daughters married out of the rank of nobility they should lose their share of the property. The choice of the parents, led by the mother, fell on her youngest son. Her foresight was so far justified that he kept the property together, and paid off the debts; but he was averse to matrimony. His marriage, in obedience to the compact, was not blessed with sons; and in him the legitimate male descendants of the old baronial house of Stein were for ever extinguished. Such a wilful sacrifice of all affection on the part of both sexes to a dominant family pride—similar arrangements being common to the nobility of Germany, whom prejudice and custom exclude from all the means of preserving their ancient relative superiority by accumulating wealth in manufactures and trade, the new arts of civilised life—is a clue to much of the loose morality which long prevailed in the Courts and amongst the upper classes of Germany, and had a most deleterious influence on the manners of the whole people. Nor was it calculated to answer the end proposed; and must in many instances, as in this, have hastened the extinction of the family it was meant to preserve.

In February, 1780, Stein began his career in the Prussian service. Frederick the Great was then King, and Stein was placed in the department of the Mines. Our administration has no corresponding department. Here the mines generally are private property; in Germany they are all royal property, including all the salt-mines, which carries with it a royal monopoly of salt; and they are all worked under the direction of the Sovereign, and for his advantage. The department in Prussia, which is a combination of our Woods and Forests and our Board of Trade, with a great State shop in addition, has long been an important part of the financial administration. When Stein joined it Herr von Kleinitz was at its head, and he had recently entered the service of Prussia from that of Saxony to reform the management. Stein attended the meetings of the Mine Councillors, accompanied the Minister in his journeys of inspection, was diligent in his calling, and was soon promoted. In 1782 he was made Ober-Berg-Rath, or Upper Mine Councillor, and in 1784 he was appointed Superintendent of the Westphalian Mines,

* Das Leben des Ministers, Freiherrn von Stein. Von G. H. Pertz.—The Life of the (Prussian) Minister Baron Stein. Vols. I. and II. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1849-50.

Digitized by Google

and removed from Berlin to Hugen. His probation had been without a stipend; his new appointment carried with it a salary of 1,260 thalers, about 189*l.* (Stein is said to have wept on receiving the money), a house, and some perquisites.

With the exceptions of a mission to Mayence, where for a short time, and at a critical period, he was Frederick's envoy, and of his being employed as a sort of chief commissary to provide for the Duke of Brunswick's army, when it entered France in 1792, Stein was for a long period entirely occupied with the details of the management of mines, forests, and all that belongs to them. He was shifted from one place to another, always remaining out of the capital, and rose gradually to the highest provincial honours. From being the chief of a mining district he became the chief administrator of a province; and after twenty-four years' service, having filled many subordinate situations to the satisfaction of the Ministers of three kings, and to the contentment of his inferiors and the people under him, he became a Cabinet Minister. In 1804 he was placed at the head of the excise, customs, and manufactures, being more than anyone else the Finance Minister, the finances not being all collected under one head; and then began the more distinguished, if not more active, part of his life. His salary as a Minister was 4,000 thalers, or about 600*l.* a-year.

The length of time he filled subordinate stations, notwithstanding his assiduity and acquirements, marks the difference by which the highest offices of the State are reached in Prussia and in England. Mr. Herries, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Goulburn, and some others, have become Ministers after years of probation in subordinate stations; but those gentlemen, almost from the first, had seats in Parliament; and there, at the very source of all our policy, sharing in the conflicts of the master minds of the empire, as well as attending to the details of administration in the capital—not on the hills of Cornwall or Wales—they acquired those enlarged views and business habits that fitted them for successful statesmen. More generally, however, the education of our Ministers has been almost exclusively, with one or two years' service as a junior Lord of the Treasury or Admiralty, or Secretary for Ireland, in one or the other House of Parliament. Our system imparts to statesmen large and world-wide views; but it makes them dependant for administrative details on permanent secretaries and clerks. The German system gives statesmen the education of clerks. They acquire a perfect familiarity with all the details of administration; they are skilful at concepts, references, memorials, reports, stating opinions, protocols, and all the needless complexities of a system which is mainly carried on by much writing; but they generally fail in forming sound statesman-like views. They know nothing of a national policy. To such men, a Sovereign whose mind is unencumbered with many petty details, though an insignificant man, may with some justice aspire to dictate. Frederick the Great did it most successfully. He was at once King and Minister. His successors had the same task to execute, without his abilities. Feeble, vacillating, capricious, vain, and selfish, they were unfit to govern; and the system raised men to be Ministers who, from their mode of education, were equally unfit. The kings continually interfered, the clerk-ministers submitted to the royal caprices, changes were incessant, and the system was running fast to ruin before it was mowed down by the victorious sword of Bonaparte.

Stein was a student of Adam Smith; and he contemplated removing, as far as was in his power, restrictions on trade, and on the use of the soil. In all the provinces of Prussia, but more particularly the eastern provinces, the old feudal system, with all its forced services for the peasantry, and all its privileges and monopolies for the nobility, was in full vigour. The sale and use of land were prevented by restrictions, intended to preserve the power of the nobility, and the rights of the peasantry. Industry was hampered by different regulations in the different provinces, trade being subjected to different rules and different taxes. Heavy duties were levied on commodities entering towns; and heavy tolls both on land and water-carriage, in all the provinces, impeded communication. Frederick the Great, his predecessors and successors, had added the cumbrous regulations of the mercantile system and the restrictions of financial monopolies to the old feudal system, and society was hampered in every limb. It was the duty of Stein, as of every statesman, though he might not be aware of it, to get rid of these trammels, and destroy, however gradually, a system in all the details of which his mind had been nurtured.

Stein had a genius for administrative reform, and had been making improvements in bureaux and mine-working, though of a trifling character, from the beginning of his career. He commenced his Ministry by proposing to transfer the management of the salt-works, and all that concerned the sale of the article, from the department of the Mines to that of the Excise. The project was approved of by the King. He also succeeded in procuring the abolition of all tolls on the borders of the different provinces, Germany not having had till lately, and not having yet completely, that free internal communication which has been possessed by England almost for ages. To cover the deficiency of revenue occasioned by these two alterations, Stein proposed to levy an equal tax of six thalers the last on salt throughout the kingdom, putting an end to the unequal taxes in the different provinces, which had led to much smuggling. The King, who was referred to on all occasions, fixed the tax, however, at twelve thalers, but gave up some other trifling taxes. Stein began his administration well by abolishing tolls, though it was not in the spirit of Smith to increase the tax on salt, and merely improve the State management of the trade, instead of setting that branch of industry entirely free.

He has the merit, too, of establishing at this period the statistical bureau at Berlin, which, greatly to the satisfaction of those who mistake mere enumeration for statesmanship, has ever since continued to collect and publish accurate accounts

Digitized by Google

of population, revenue, trade, &c. He busied himself, too, with a scheme to improve the eastern provinces, and particularly the trading towns of Stettin and Konigsberg, by better Customs regulations; and he travelled through the country to gather information in the different localities. He also set about improving the regulations under which the tax on spirits and beer was levied, and laid it exclusively on the quantity of malt or corn employed by the distiller or the brewer. In all these useful labours he displayed the zeal of an enthusiastic reformer. They were soon to be interrupted; but they are evidence of his discernment, and of the administration of Prussia prior to the Battle of Jena.

Before Stein had been a year in office, the aggressions of Bonaparte compelled Prussia to increase her military power, and Stein, as Finance Minister, was called on to supply the means. Being well aware of the financial difficulties of the country, but supposing he could meet them, he was for taking an active part against France in 1805, when Austria began the contest which ended in the Treaty of Presburg. Frederick William III., always vacillating and procrastinating, and his ambassador, Count Haugwitz, notorious for his attachment to Napoleon, and accused of treachery to his country, managed, however, to allow the Austrians to be beaten before they made their declaration. Then the Count took the opportunity, contrary to his instructions, to conclude a treaty of alliance with Bonaparte, and the King readily accepted it as a present solution of his difficulties, to commence a few months later, under far less honourable auspices, a war against him single-handed. At this discreditable period of the history of Prussia, Stein struggled manfully and generously for a nobler policy. He acquiesced in the Haugwitz arrangement, because he could not help himself; but encouraged his friends to trust in Providence, and reserve their energies for more favourable times.

Thinking there was a great defect in the organisation of the Cabinet, he proposed a new arrangement, which would make each Minister more clearly responsible for his own department, and the whole Ministry act more together, and be responsible for the advice they gave in common to the Sovereign. He also recommended a change of some Ministers. The propositions did not please the King, who thought Stein somewhat presumptuous, and from that time disliked him, and never afterwards fully confided in him. His Majesty was further offended by a combined representation made to him on the state of Prussia, by his two brothers, by Prince Louis Ferdinand, the Prince of Orange, and Stein. He was averse to strong and decisive measures, reproved his brothers and the Prince of Orange for their interference, sent them to their regiments, and signified his displeasure to Stein. The incident is a counterpart to many similar representations by the courtiers (perhaps they may be called intrigues) which were continually made to the weak monarch. They rarely originated in patriotism. Stein was himself, when in office, frequently their object, and finally their victim.

When Bonaparte at length forced the King to try the fortune of war, and the decisive battle of Jena placed Prussia at his feet, Stein carried off from Berlin all the remaining treasures of the State, and placed them in security in Stettin and Konigsberg. He soon afterwards made some further attempts to procure a reform in the Cabinet, but he declined to accept the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, as embracing duties for which his previous studies had not fitted him. The King, irritated probably at his own misconduct, and smarting under defeat, wrote with his own hand a Cabinet order, such as no king, perhaps, ever wrote before, and immediately despatched it to Stein. It is worthy of being preserved entire as a record of royal petulance, as well as of the mode of managing affairs in Prussia:—

"Long ago I was prejudiced against you. I always regarded you, indeed, as a thinking man, full of talent, and able to form great conceptions; at the same time, I took you for eccentric and self-willed: in one word, for a man who always held his own opinion to be true, and was, therefore, not adapted to a post where a man of business must always meet with points of conflict which must soon vex and annoy him. I overcame these prejudices, as I have always endeavoured to select the servants of the State, not by my personal caprices, but on reasonable grounds. It is, however, very striking, that precisely those persons to whom you are at present most inimical, and wish to displace, are the very persons who formerly spoke the most strongly in your favour; and I gave in. You supplied the place of the late Struensee. I was soon convinced that your management of your department was a model; and the thought arose that I would bring you nearer to myself, in order to place you in a larger sphere of operations. An ironical observation last summer, on our commercial circumstances, improper in a ministerial report, drew on you a well-merited reproof from me. You were silent. Whether it was from a conviction of your impropriety or not, I will not inquire. Not long afterwards, I saw your name, amongst many others, subscribed to a paper, which I will rather, on account of its extraordinary form, pass over in silence. Notwithstanding all this, I continued to repose confidence in you, and called you to my councils on all great occasions. Your judgment was always that of an acute man. I considered, therefore, of the means to bring you nearer to the chief working-point of the great State machine, and, consequently, proposed that you should, at least temporarily, take the *portefeuille* of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In a writing rich in bombast you declined to assume this honourable office, alleging particularly your want of experience in this department. Though your refusal at that time placed me in great difficulties, I gave in to your objections; and in order more effectually to carry out your views in relation to introducing a better mode of proceeding into the business of Government, I issued, on the 17th of December last year, the order with which you are probably acquainted. I say probably, because otherwise your continued silence, which I referred

Digitized by Google

at first to the state of your health, must remain quite inexplicable. I know, indeed, very well in what an impertinent manner you have, on this subject, both in writing and speech, expressed yourself to Generals Von Rüchel, Von Zastrow, and Von Kockritz;* and that you have now twice refused to make a report on an arrangement that was sent by you to me, and that therefore properly belongs to your department.

"From all these circumstances I have become painfully convinced that I was not unfortunately mistaken in you at the first; but that you are to be regarded as a thwarting, impertinent, obstinate, and disobedient servant of the State, puffed up by his own talent and genius; who, far from keeping the public welfare in view, is only guided by his own caprices and passions, and acts only from personal enmities and hatred. Such servants of the State are precisely those whose mode of proceeding works most injuriously and dangerously for the unity of the whole. I am very sorry to be obliged to speak so clearly and plainly to you. As you, however, represent yourself to be a truth-loving man, I have told you my opinion in good German; and I must now add, that if you are not willing to alter your disrespectful and improper behaviour, the State cannot much rely on your continued services.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"*Konigsberg, Jan.* 3, 1807."

At the place marked by an asterisk the King had originally added, but afterwards expunged, the passage—"I cannot possibly regard silence as mere impertinence and disobedience to my orders, otherwise I must have had a proper lodging prepared for you." His Majesty was willing to excuse the disobedience on account of Stein's ill health; and but for that he would have shut him up in a fortress. Stein immediately replied, quoting the hard words the King applied to him, expressing his concurrence in the King's opinion that such persons were dangerous servants to the State, and requested his dismissal. The King on the following day wrote, "As Baron von Stein has yesterday pronounced judgment on himself, I have nothing to add." His resignation was formally accepted. The Court, not feeling secure at Konigsberg, went to Memel; and Stein repaired to his estate in Nassau.

Stein's separation from Prussia was the subject of as much regret as the fall of a statesman can be at a Court where almost every man but mere personal dependants is an envious rival. Hardenberg, not then a prince, supplied Stein's place, and remained in office about six months, when, at the peace of Tilsit, Bonaparte insisted on his dismissal, and joined with Hardenberg in recommending the King of Prussia to recall Stein to his service. Other persons about his Majesty pressed the same advice on him: and Stein, listening to the representations of his friends, who flattered him by saying that he was the only person who could save the monarchy, accepted the offer. After an absence of eight months, he re-entered the Prussian service. He was spared the pain of being concerned in bringing about the peace of Tilsit, which deprived Prussia of half its dominions; and the King, who had driven him from his councils with anger, now, humbled and submissive, was glad to reinstate him. His Majesty talked of an adverse fate, which doomed him to misfortunes, and of saving the country from further disasters by retiring into private life. He did not give effect to this language, but placed Stein at the head of all civil affairs, consented that Herr Beyme, who had before been a source of quarrel, should not remain near him, and adopted Stein's plans for the restoration of the State. The salary appointed by the King was 10,200 thalers; but Stein, looking at the condition of Prussia, accepted only the half. As Prime Minister, he had not more than 765*l.* a year. Whatever other qualities Stein might possess, he was indefatigable in carrying out administrative reforms. He immediately laid down a plan for introducing a unity of action into all the acts of the Cabinet, which included a participation by him in the proceedings of the commission for re-organising the army. Stein's principle, from which he never departed, was to awaken a moral, religious, and patriotic feeling in the nation, restore courage and confidence by popular appeals, and prepare it to contend once more, at whatever sacrifice, for national independence. Degraded as Prussia then was, deprived of many of its resources, his task was a difficult one; but, aided by Scharnhorst, Schrotter, Blucher, and other patriots, he contributed much to save the wreck of the monarchy, to reconstruct it, and infuse new political life into the Government and the people.

One of his first acts after organising the Cabinet was his famous measure for abolishing serfdom (Erbunterthanigkeil), for which the nation had been prepared by the example of other countries, by the teaching of Professor Kraus at Konigsberg, and by the evident necessity for making the land and those who cultivate it free. Not ten days had elapsed from the period of his arrival at Memel, and taking on him the administration, when the edict was issued for improving the possession and the use of the soil, and the personal relations of its inhabitants. A Commission drew up and debated the measure, but otherwise public opinion was not consulted nor prepared for it, as public opinion is here consulted and prepared for all measures of importance. Though beneficial it was arbitrary, and set an example of the State dealing with the property of the people which seems not to have been without its influence in more recent times. The necessity of some such law had become imperative, teaching us that we must submit to some kind of compulsion when we are not sufficiently enlightened to do what is right of our own accord. The law begun by stating, "That every inhabitant of our dominions is authorised, without any restriction on the part of the State, to acquire in full property land of every description." Before then the nobility could only possess noble estates; the peasants and citizens could only possess land not noble. The people were rigidly divided into castes, and forbidden an interchange of properties. Many of these onerous restrictions were done away by the edict of October 9, 1807.

Digitized by Google

Stein remained in office little more than a year. He was then declared an enemy to France by Napoleon, and compelled to resign. Though recommended by him to be Minister, he was one of Napoleon's most active foes, who left Stein no option, when he discovered his mistake, but to retire or see Prussia still occupied by his troops, a prey to his vengeance. On this occasion the King of Prussia expressed his deep regret to lose Stein's services, but the nation was the greatest loser. The King never cordially loved nor trusted Stein. He continually refused his assent to the plan for raising his people. He not unfrequently listened to intriguers who wished to be in Stein's place, without possessing his abilities. Against them and against the prepossessions of the monarch Stein had to support himself. He had to contend, also, against a very powerful French party, which was extremely zealous and active at Berlin, and had ramifications in the Court, and in almost every part of the kingdom. He was supported by the approbation of the public, and by the most enlightened and patriotic of the generals and civil servants of the State; but the immense difficulties he had to contend with did not all arise from the dilapidated state of the finances and the shattered condition of the monarchy.

Notwithstanding the opposition he had to encounter in the thirteen months that he was in office, he introduced order in the finances, he helped materially to re-organise the army, he abolished guilds, put an end to the monopolies possessed by many towns, did away with a great number of feudal customs—such as exclusive mill privileges and local tolls—and took steps for establishing similar and equal laws for all the disjointed and different provinces of Prussia. He sowed the seeds of reform rather than gathered the harvest. Some of them were cultivated by his successors; but many were neglected, as too bold and searching, and some were strangled as unsuitable or unworthy. He began a great work which time must finish. The errors of ages that have formed national habits cannot be rooted out in a month or a year. It was Stein's fault that he attributed too much power to administration, and supposed that edicts could alter the habits and relations of a people as they had remodelled a bureau and re-organised a Cabinet.

He remarked, in one of his representations to the King concerning Prince William, that the man was in a great measure formed by the active occupations in which he was engaged. This is entirely true of himself. He had been so continually employed in administering minute affairs and in reforming modes of administration, that the practice had become a confirmed habit, and he was continually devising new regulations for the conduct of the every-day business of the State. When he left office, he had other plans in hand for making further reforms in the Cabinet in the provincial governments, and in the subordinate offices of the State. His practical education in office made him more an administrative reformer than a philosophical statesman. He thought of appealing to the people to give effect to his projects—he had no notion of relying on them to execute projects of their own. He had never fully comprehended nor heartily adopted Adam Smith's principle, that the surest way to promote the public benefit is to give free scope to the exertions of individuals. He had not even learned that the union of a people and the nourishment of patriotism are best promoted by the complete freedom of the press, and he put down a newspaper of which he disliked the principles.

He carried his habits with him into his retirement. Denounced by Bonaparte as an enemy to France, his property confiscated, and his person ordered to be seized, he took refuge in Bohemia, and there employed himself in examining the political schemes of his successors. He took a deep interest in the war between Austria and France in 1809, and suggested improvements in the Austrian system of finance. He tried too, without success, to urge forward the statesmen of Austria in the career of reform. On many points, he admitted, Austria had preceded Prussia, but had remained behind as to education, which Stein recommended the Austrians to promote.

At one time, Stein almost despaired of his country, and contemplated taking refuge in Kentucky; but he lived on, corresponding with his friends in Berlin, and taking a continued interest in the affairs of Prussia. In the summer of 1810, Hardenberg, with the permission of Bonaparte, was again taken into the service of Prussia, and his financial plans found more favour with Stein than with many of his Berlin friends. About September 16, 1810, a remarkable interview, at the suggestion of Hardenberg, took place between him and Stein in a lonely house on the Austrian side of the Bohemian frontier. The Prime Minister in possession consulted his displaced and banished predecessor, and Hardenberg, deferring to the judgment of Stein, modified the measure he had introduced. Stein was not, however, again brought prominently before the public till 1812. From 1808 till that period he remained in retirement in Bohemia, planning schemes for the welfare of the country he was not allowed to serve more actively.

The war between France and Russia called him from his retirement, and he assisted Alexander with his counsels. He took an active part in the German War of Liberation; and, six years after Bonaparte denounced him, he retorted the denunciation, and saw it carried into effect. In 1813, he was appointed by the Allied Powers chief of the administrative council, and made the resources of the French provinces available to the allied armies. He accompanied them to Paris. He was not, however, restored to place and power in Prussia. He was too active a reformer for Hardenberg, and too rigid a moralist for the King. His influence was felt amongst the people, though he had no place at Court. After the peace, he retired into private life, and died in June, 1831, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. By his marriage with a Countess Walmoden he left two daughters, one married to a Count Giech, the other to Count Kielmansegge; but he left no son in whom the Germans might honour one of the greatest patriots their country has produced in modern times.

For the details of his latter years we must wait

Digitized by Google

till Herr Pertz publishes the two remaining volumes of his work. The few particulars we have placed before our readers, and the few remarks we have made, will suffice to give them an idea of the life and character of Stein. He had an acute and vigorous intellect: he was thoroughly German; more a master of details than of principles, and rash in his reforms from not being comprehensive, and dealing with the affairs of the nation as he had been accustomed to deal with the bureaux and shops he had presided over. His sincerity seems to have amounted to bluntness; and probably his manners, formed in provincial society, were not considered models at Court. He is accused, consistently with this, of bestowing his confidence on vulgar flatterers. His great virtues and his great talents obtained for him the friendship and the admiration of the best men of Prussia, but he seems to have wanted the showy qualities which captivate the multitude.

The life of such a statesman, active in three reigns, beginning his career under Frederick the Great, and not quitting the scene till after the Revolution of 1830, and being himself a great moving power in some of the greatest changes in the north of Germany, must necessarily be full of interest. We have confined our remarks principally to the man, but the book contains many materials for history. The character of the late King of Prussia, and of his Court, are better described, though incidentally, than in any other work we are acquainted with. Stein, in a few words, points out some of the defects of his royal master, and their causes:—

"His early education was confided to a fantastic hypochondriac of the name of Behnisch, who was tortured by the appearance of spirits, and by pangs of conscience for having sinned against the Holy Ghost. In his sixteenth year, the King was placed under reasonable teachers, but he had acquired habits of vague contemplation and dislike to work. When he attained manhood, Major-General Von Kockeritz was appointed his adjutant, and soon became his friend and confidant. Kockeritz was an honourable and well-meaning man, and, according to his convictions, a good councillor for the King; but he was of very limited comprehension, and without education. His whole life had been passed in the routine service of the Potsdam Garrison, where, by the severest discipline, the annihilation of independence, subserviency, and monkish obedience were brought about. His narrow mind was there drilled into vulgarity and submissiveness; and, capable only of the shallowest insight, had no other wish than to enjoy in peace and quietness, undisturbed either by foreign or home affairs, his game of cards and his pipe."

Of a soft and yielding nature, under such teaching and with such companions, Frederick William the Third, like most of the hereditary monarchs of the period, was quite unequal to its emergencies. Continual complaints were made by all his councillors, but it was impossible to bring him to a decision; so that favourable opportunities were lost, and the nation sacrificed by his procrastination. If, in the end, Prussia was triumphant, it was due to the insane arrogance of his conqueror, a very severe winter, and the control which Prince Hardenberg obtained over the King and his affairs. He seems to have been only obstinately consistent in refusing to allow an appeal to his people, whose freedom he dreaded apparently more than the success of the French. From the character of the monarch, and the nature of his government, we are at no loss to account for the degradation of Prussia till a Russian winter destroyed the French army. We cannot, however, fail to remark that the system requires revision which places the destiny of a fettered people in the hands of an uncontrolled hereditary monarch.

Besides the character of the monarch, the life of Stein makes us acquainted with the character of the nobility and people of Germany. The former were without patriotism, and the latter without political energy. The character of both was the result of the system, and we have seen it, after thirty-five years' peace and comparatively little improvement, terminate in a violent revolution, to be restored, for a time only we hope, by as violent a reaction. Stein corresponded with many of the leading men of the day, and the publication of their letters makes us acquainted with them and their views. Gentz, Gneisenau, the then Prince of Orange, the present King of the Netherlands, in conjunction with Stein, entertained the project, in 1809, of arming the Northern Germans in spite of their Courts; but the feeble resistance of Austria and the rapid success of Bonaparte put an end to the scheme. Many other subjects of interest are embraced by the work, which is a valuable addition to the historical literature of the first thirty years of this century.

For English taste, and for the time English readers can bestow on such works, the Life of Stein is overloaded with documentary matter. It is well written, well arranged, and not deficient in descriptive power, but it is far too voluminous. At the same time, we have derived from it so much information, that we look with some impatience for the concluding volumes.

Digitized by Google

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

"Then you believe in the justice of this world, after the fashion of our old nursery-tales, in which the good boy always got the plum-cake, and the bad one was invariably put in the closet?" said Charles Monroe, addressing at once Lady Annette Leveson and her temporary squire, old Judge Naresby, as they paused in a moral disquisition, on which her ladyship had employed the greater part of their afternoon's stroll through Leveson Park, interrupted only by an occasional remark from her niece Emma, a girl just returned from school, who hung on Charles's arm, and called the party's attention to every woodland prospect and grand old tree they passed.

Lady Annette had relations in the peerage, though they were not reckoned among the wealthiest of that body. Her husband had been similarly connected, but he was long dead; and his childless widow's jointure consisted of little more than a castellated mansion, a park, renowned for the antiquity of its oaks, on the borders of one of the midland counties, and an old-fashioned house in Park-lane, London. These possessions were to descend, on her death, to the orphan daughter of her husband's brother, who, having besides a dowry of some five thousand in the funds, was, by the unanimous vote of her family, placed under Lady Annette's guardianship. In speeding on that orphan girl's education from one boarding-school to another, in dipping a short way into all the popular philosophy of the age, and taking an easy interest in all its social improvements, Lady Annette had spent her limited income and quiet years without the usual excitements of either working altar-cloths or setting up a Dissenting chapel. Lady Annette was, of course, a sort of positivist in her way. She had an almost material faith in virtue rewarded. Good for good, love for love, was the substance of her creed regarding time's returns; and being somewhat zealous in the doctrine, she had exerted all her eloquence to prove it to the satisfaction of the Judge. He was a man after her own faith and fortunes—well born, as it is called, and gifted with a cool clear head, which, just fitting him for the study of law, and no more, had calmly raised him through the intervening steps of his profession to the bench; but his experience of life had been far wider, and he had seen certain occurrences in its course which made him doubt her ladyship's philosophy.

The Judge's opposition had ceased, nevertheless, and Lady Annette remained mistress of the field, when Charles Monroe volunteered the above interpretation. Considering that, besides her title, the lady had full twenty years the start of him in life's journey, the attack was bold; but Charles was known at Leveson Park as her Scottish cousin, belonging to a poor but honourable family north of Tweed, and already named as a rising barrister, though comparatively young in the profession. He had been engaged for sundry cases on that circuit which the Judge had just completed—as concerned her ladyship's county with a maiden assize, where, after white gloves and congratulations had been duly presented, the evening was devoted to a family dinner and chat with Lady Annette, preparatory to justice and he taking their way on the morrow to the neighbouring shire.

Lady Annette and the Judge were old acquaintances, and he had come early enough to find the three among the old oaks, where it was pleasant to talk in that bright summer afternoon till the dinner-hour and the rest of the party arrived; so they found time for argument.

"Well, Charles," said Lady Annette, whose habitually good temper seemed slightly ruffled by her cousin's remark, "there are sounder lessons taught men in the nursery than most of them practise in after-life; and the teaching of those tales appears to me a truth verified by every day's experience. Do we not see that industry and good conduct generally bring the working-classes to comparative wealth, while the best families are reduced by extravagance and profligacy? Does not even the popular mind regard virtue with honour, and vice with contempt? Surely there is, even in this world, an unslumbering Providence, which, eventually, rewards the good and punishes the wicked?"

"Sometimes," said Charles.

"Well, your response is amusing," said Lady Annette, smiling; "but let us hear your view of the subject."

"I fear it is not very definite," said her cousin. "Perhaps I am not clearsighted enough; but this life has always seemed to me full of inconsistencies and contradictions; yet, one thing I believe, that moral goodness does not always lead to good fortune, nor moral evil to bad. Sometimes that for which I have no name but the ancient one of friendly stars, and sometimes a practical knowledge of men and things as they are, or the want of these, conducts us to the one, or leaves us to the other."

"Oh, Charles, what a pity that pretty girl should be lame!" whispered Emma, as they now emerged on a broad walk, which, being the most direct route to a neighbouring village, had been long open to pedestrians. And a young girl, evidently of the servant class, who walked with considerable difficulty, laid down a small bundle she carried, and leant for rest against a mossy tree. The girl was not more than eighteen; her soft dark hair, fine features, and small, but graceful, figure, were singularly attractive, in spite of a sickly pallor and remarkable lameness; but the face had such an expression of fearless honesty and truth as made it truly noble, and took the whole party's attention.

Digitized by Google

"That's a fine face," said the Judge, when they had passed. "There looks something like goodness there; and, *apropos* of our controversy, it somehow reminds me of a case which is to be tried to-morrow, in which the principal witness is a young girl, who defended her master's house single-handed against two burglars, and actually detained one of them till he was arrested."

"Oh, aunt, we must go to hear the case," said young Emma earnestly.

"It certainly will be interesting," said Lady Annette. "What a noble girl in her station, too! Charles, I hope you will allow there is some probability of her being rewarded?"

"Perhaps," said Charles.

"Oh, never mind him," interrupted the Judge, who got very soon tired of moral questions; "he debated the same subject with Thornley and me t'other evening, and would have totally routed us if we had not taken refuge in whist."

Charles made do reply, for his attention was once more engaged by the girl, who, with a flushed cheek, and all the speed she could muster, passed them at that moment, and the Judge had succeeded in diverting Lady Annette's thoughts to another channel.

"Thornley should be an able antagonist," said she, "I am told he is very clever. It was but t'other day that, in looking over one of his mother's old letters from Florence, I recollected she had mentioned his Italian tutor's predictions of the great figure he should make at Cambridge. By the way, Charles, he was your class-fellow there. How far were they fulfilled?"

"The only time ever I remember him to make a figure," answered Charles, vainly endeavouring to suppress a smile, "was, when he refused the challenge of a wild Welsh student, on whose pranks he had been rather censorious, saying a duel was contrary to his principles; and though the Welshman actually insulted him in the very streets, he preferred a formal apology to fighting."

"What a high-principled young man!" exclaimed Lady Annette and her niece in the same breath.

"Yes," said the Judge, "so much conscientiousness and moral courage is worth a world of talent."

"It must be a comfort," continued her ladyship with enthusiasm, "to Mr. Thornley, to find the pains bestowed on his son's education so well repaid. Do you know he would never allow him to enter a public school, saying, that knowledge in such places was paid for with both morals and manners; and Edmund was educated under his own eye, by some of the best scholars in Florence."

"Mr. Thornley had great discernment," remarked the Judge; "I wonder he didn't show it more in his pecuniary affairs."

"Ah, what a falling off was there!" half sighed Lady Annette. "It vexes me yet to think of it, they were such old friends of ours. What a belle poor Mrs. Thornley was!—they tell me she has grown very old and dowdy now. And how he used to sport! and yet one might have known the estate would go to creditors. But his misfortunes improved him greatly, they say, turned his attention entirely to high subjects—Italian progress, and all that. Do you know, when they lived in Florence, the Austrian police had quite an eye upon him, and he was proud of that, poor man! I wish you had seen his letters."

Here her ladyship stopped short, for a figure was seen rapidly approaching, which all the party knew to be that of Edmund Thornley. The gentleman whose education, character, and family history had been thus freely discussed, was a tall, well-proportioned man, with fair complexion, and curling auburn hair. There was something almost feminine about his small mouth and pearly teeth; but his full blue eyes and smooth white brow had no expression but those of health and youth, retaining the latter to an extreme degree, though he was rather advanced in the twenties. The story of his parentage and prospects was already talked over by the Thornleys' old friends in Leveson Park. An only son, born in the ranks of English gentry, but brought up in Italy, to which pecuniary embarrassment had early obliged his father to retire, he had been educated, it was said, most carefully under the paternal roof, with all home influences around him—sent first to the University of Cambridge, and subsequently to the study of English law, partly by way of scope for his talents, and partly as the best provision for the heir of a deeply-mortgaged estate.

Edmund Thornley was a young man for whom friends did everything. His parents and tutors in Italy had promised and vowed great things in his name to his relatives in England; and though they could not believe the report, for he had as yet astonished neither Cambridge nor the Temple, it was proper for them to allow there was talent in him which must come out some day; and all that interest and solicitation could do was done with the Thornleys' old acquaintances to secure patronage for their son. By that influence the Judge had been induced to make choice of him for his marshal, as it is legal etiquette to style a sort of humble companion or assistant on the circuit. Hitherto he had filled the post to his superior's entire satisfaction; but Naresby, who specially understood the art of making his dependants useful, had that day left him some letters to write previous to joining Lady Annette's party.

The hostess warmly welcomed the son of her old friends, whose doings she had just canvassed. Charles received his former class-fellow with cold civility; and, warned by the dinner-bell, the company adjourned to Leveson Hall, in time to meet the Rector and his lady, a quiet country pair, who completed their party. It was soon manifest what advantage Thornley's gentle attentive manner gave him in the eyes of the ladies compared with the sometimes abrupt, and often careless, address of their Scotch cousin. Emma found him particularly agreeable; and the subject of the approaching trial being renewed after dinner, both she and her aunt were charmed with the enthusiastic admiration of the young girl's courage and devotedness which he expressed in the warmest terms; while Charles merely hoped that those whom she had served so well would not forget her poverty.

"Such," said Lady Annette, in a whispered dis-

Digitized by Google

sertation on the contrast of the young men, while she and the Judge sat at whist by themselves, "Such are the natural effects of a home education and a mother's influence."

"Oh, yes," responded Naresby, somewhat confused by the cards which he was shuffling; "Thornley is an excellent person, and very accommodating. He never troubles one with a view of his own, like other lads."

On the following day there was a crowded court-house in the assize town of the neighbouring county. The case to be tried had been the topic of gossip and wonder there for many a week, and Lady Annette and her niece were not the only members of surrounding gentility among the audience. Charles Monroe had the honour of escorting them, for the first time in their lives, to a court of justice; and all his explaining powers were put in requisition by Emma's whispered inquiries, till, the usual preliminaries being gone through, the prisoner was placed at the bar. He was a dark-looking, muscular fellow, whose way seemed to have lain through the wild places of low life; but when he pleaded "Not guilty," in a strong Welsh accent, some strange recollections appeared to strike Charles, and he whispered to Lady Annette, "That man used to look after game-dogs for Harry Williams, with whom Thornley wouldn't fight at Cambridge; and they told me Harry had been expelled."

"Yes," replied her ladyship, in a low but triumphant tone, as she cast a glance of more than approbation on the Marshal, now occupying his usual place near the Judge; "men are even in this world rewarded according to their works."

Charles smiled incredulously, but his smile changed to a look of surprised recognition, for the principal witness, who just then stood up to take the oath, was none other than the girl they had met in Leveson Park. Many a curious eye was turned on that fair honest face; the Judge himself seemed to recognise her, and the Marshal to forget his habitual composure in astonishment that one so young and pretty should be the heroine of such a tale; but, without either the vanity or the bashfulness nearly always allied to it, which would have upset most young people in her position, the girl told her story modestly and plainly, like one who felt she had done her duty, and made no display about it. Her evidence was simply to the effect that her name was Grace Greenside, that she was a servant at Daisy Dell—the local designation of a property occupied by one of the better class of farmers in the shire—and had been for two years maid-of-all-work at the farm-house, which was situated in a solitary part of the country, and at some distance from the high road. On the fifth of the previous month, it being Sunday, and the other three servants having gone in different directions, her mistress took their little boy and girl with them to the parish church, about a mile distant, leaving her alone in the house, with strict orders not to quit it, and admit none but special friends of the family till their return; on account, as she believed, of a considerable sum of money which her master had drawn from the bank but a few days before, for the purchase of an adjoining farm. Soon after they were gone, two men, one of whom was the prisoner, knocked loudly at the front door, and demanded admission, which, owing to her orders and their suspicious appearance, she refused, when they tried to force an entrance; but, arming herself with her master's loaded gun, she defended the premises, which were well secured—being built, as the girl described, in old fighting times—till, by sounding one of those antiquated horns kept for similar purposes in many an old country house, she alarmed half the parish, and men were seen coming across the fields, on which the assailants fled. The prisoner, however, carried with him a fine vest of her master's, which, owing to an accident, had been spread out to dry on a hedge hard by; and, bitterly blaming herself for leaving the article within his reach, the girl pursued him in hopes of recovering it, and actually overtook, laid hold of, and detained him till the neighbours came up and completed the capture, in spite of his blows, by which she had been so seriously injured as to be confined to the house till the previous day, when she walked with great difficulty about two miles to see her relatives.

Her tale was confirmed by the evidence of several country people who had assisted in securing the prisoner, by that of her master, a hard-looking, worldly man, of her father, a clownish labourer, and of an ill-tempered, slatternly woman, who proved to be her stepmother. Grace dropped a curtsey, and quitted the witness-box, amid a general murmur of applause. The jury, without retiring, found a unanimous verdict of "Guilty;" and, after a lengthy address, equally divided between eulogy of the girl's conduct and reprobation of the criminal's, not forgetting some prophetic hints touching the future destiny of his companion who had escaped, the Judge commanded sentence of death to be recorded against him, and a small sum of money to be immediately bestowed on Grace, not only in testimony of the court's sense of her merits, but by way of compensation for the injuries she had received, as his lordship phrased it, "in the service of justice and good order."

"A poor reward, but, perhaps, not unacceptable," thought Charles, glancing at her apparel, which, though clean and neatly worn, was such as indicated almost the lowest state of feminine funds, as with a grateful countenance she stepped out to await the leisure of the court functionaries in that matter, and another case came on.

"Let us go now," said Lady Annette to her niece. "How very interesting it was, and how delighted Edmund Thornley seemed!"

"He has just gone out, aunt," remarked Emma, who had grown singularly alive to the Marshal's motions; and Charles, as he resumed the duties of a cavalier, silently recollected that, throughout the trial, while Thornley conversed with the Judge or took notes for him, according to custom, his eye had often wandered towards Grace Greenside, and he had left the court the first unobserved moment after she quitted it. The young barrister was, therefore, not surprised, on crossing one of the outer divisions, to find him there by her side, talking in a most animated manner. They were words

Digitized by Google

of praise he had been uttering; and there was a glow on the girl's cheek, and a light in her eye, which neither the Judge's encomiums nor the applause of a crowded court had called forth; yet, at their approach, a sudden confusion came over Thornley for an instant, but the next he saluted the ladies with his usual courtesy, and more than his usual warmth.

"You find me conversing with the heroine of Daisy Dell," said he; and the remnant of his speech was so low, that Charles could only catch, "artless simplicity," and "mind above her station." It reached the girl's ear, nevertheless; and a wild, waking dream of hope, or passion, or it might be vanity, passed over that young face.

"Oh, aunt, let us speak to her," said Emma; and fully conscious of the honour and reward which a few words from her patrician lips must confer on plebeian merit, Lady Annette stepped up, and addressed some complimentary inquiries to Grace.

The gratified girl replied with many a curtsey. There was an asking-leave look in young Emma's face as it turned to her aunt for a moment, and then, like one determined to venture, she drew a small turquoise ring from her finger, and pressed it into the girl's hand, with a low whisper, "You have been very good and honest; take this from me."

"It is the first ring I ever wore," said Grace, endeavouring to force the small circlet on one finger after another, which hard work had roughened and expanded; but Emma's turquoise could find rest only on the little one. "It is the lucky finger," said she, blushing to the brow; "and a thousand thanks, my lady; but it is too fine for the like of me."

"May it be lucky to you, my girl!" half murmured Charles, emptying his light purse almost unperceived into her other hand, while Lady Annette was assuring her that good conduct always had its reward; and before the girl had time to thank him, he hurried away with the delighted Emma, while Thornley conducted her ladyship to their carriage over the way.

Scarce had Charles handed in his charge when one of his clients, who had litigated a garden-fence for four years past, pounced upon him with a lately-discovered evidence for his claim, which occupied some hours in explanation; and before he returned to the court-house, Grace Greenside had received her money, and went her way. The Marshal was busy writing a note for the Judge, and his lordship was passing sentence on a turnip-stealer.

Next day Charles gained the case touching the garden-fence, according to the county newspapers by a display of legal learning and eloquence never before equalled in that court-house; but the same evening a letter brought the hard-working barrister the joyful intelligence that a legal appointment in one of the West India Islands, for which he had canvassed and despaired till it was refused by some half-dozen of the better provided, had been conferred upon him.

It is doubtful if three years can pass over any spot of this inhabited earth without bringing many changes, and they had brought its share to the border of that midland county since Lady Annette convinced the Judge, and vanquished her Scotch cousin, on a great moral question, among the old trees of Leveson Park. Leveson Park and Hall were lonely now in the summer-time, for another uncle had died, leaving Emma some additional thousands, and her aunt removed to the house in Park-lane every London season to have her properly brought out.

In the adjoining shire, trials of still greater interest (for there was a murder and two breaches of promise among them) had long superseded in the popular mind the case of Daisy Dell; but the neighbours for miles round that solitary farm-house still talked at intervals of Grace Greenside, how a fine gentleman who had spoken to her in court came many a day after the assizes privately about the fields to see her, and how she had been seen driving away with him in a chaise from the end of the green lane late one evening, when her mistress imagined she was busy in the dairy. The girl's relatives said he was nephew to the judge who had been on the circuit that year, and would soon be a judge himself; that he had taken Grace to London, and made a real lady of her; but their neighbours knew the way of the world too well to place entire faith in that statement, and the master of the house she had defended (it was said gratuitously) gave it as his private judgment that the girl had been ruined by being made so much of.

The old house in Park-lane looked as comfortable as handsome but antiquated furniture could make it. It was the height of the London season, and Lady Annette Leveson had given a dinner-party—as it was understood, by way of welcome to her cousin, Mr. Monroe, who had just returned from Barbadoes, with an older look, a darker complexion, and his footing made sure in Government employ at home. His residence was now in London; and his near relationship, of which Lady Annette had grown singularly mindful of late, made him an intimate visitor at her house, where, on the present occasion, he did the honours to a number of gentlemen, still conversing over their wine; while, as British etiquette prescribes, Lady Annette had led the fairer portion of her company to small talk and the drawing-room.

Useful as Charles was often pronounced by her ladyship, and a rising cousin as he had become, the assiduous attentions and quietly agreeable manner of Edmund Thornley made much greater way in the secret favour of both aunt and niece. Edmund was by this time called to the bar. He made no great figure there, but friends were still doing for him, and he had sundry relations who took care of his interests in London. The chief of these was a brother-in-law of his father; but Miss Thornley had been his first wife, and a second had reigned for eleven years in her stead. Mr. Crainor was a barrister of the West-end, who worshipped respectability, and had no family but two married daughters. It was through him that all advices and letters of credit came from Italy, where Thornley senior still found it convenient to sojourn; and he was Edmund's counsellor in all things. Being an acquaintance of Emma's last bequeathing uncle, that

Digitized by Google

gentleman had thought proper to make him one of his executors; he had, consequently, considerable influence at the house in Park-lane, and was believed to use it in favour of his nephew-in-law, who, shrewd people said, might form an eligible connexion there; but, as yet, rumour went no further on the subject. There were also those who thought Charles Monroe might be a successful rival, as his prospects were now more promising, and his talents known to be superior; but Emma's private opinion of him was, that he looked wonderfully old, had no sensibility, and an almost vulgar way of conducting himself to ladies. He had left her a school-girl, not sixteen, and found her a graceful accomplished woman of the harmlessly sentimental school, who shed tears at tragedies, and gave largely, considering her purse, at charity sermons, made collections of poetry, and never inquired beyond the surface of her own circle, except regarding some very romantic story of real life.

Edmund Thornley sat on an ottoman between Lady Annette and her niece, turning over for their edification the leaves and plates of one of those richly-got-up annuals so dear to London drawing-rooms at a period within most people's memory. He never lingered long with the gentlemen, at least in Park-lane.

"Oh, what a lovely picture!" said Emma, as a Swiss scene turned up. "And that figure," she continued, pointing to one at a cottage door, "how much it reminds me of the girl—I forget her name—who defended the farm-house against robbers. Don't you remember, Mr. Thornley, how you called her the heroine of Daisy Dell?"

"Oh, yes!" said Edmund, after a trial of recollection. "It is like her, but I think she was not quite so pretty."

"Certainly not so tastefully dressed," said Lady Annette; "these Swiss have so much the advantage of our peasantry; but she was a most interesting creature. And yet, Mr. Thornley," added her ladyship, who retained the taste for morality, "I fear the transaction did not turn out to her benefit. They had strange reports in that part of the country, and my niece and I have often observed her since we came to London."

"Oh, aunt!" interposed Emma, "but she dressed and looked so—so—very properly. I am sure she has married some person of her choice, and lives happily. It would just complete her story."

The mention of a story after dinner, in the height of the London season, is sufficient to wake up any drawing-room, and had its natural effect on Lady Annette's.

"Oh, pray what was it?" demanded half-a-dozen voices; and Emma was of course obliged to relate the tale, with frequent applications for assistance to Mr. Thornley, whose replies, though always brief, were satisfactory, as he turned over the annual, apparently the least interested person in the room. When they had marvelled sufficiently over her narrative, Lady Annette, being a little proud of Miss Leveson's sentiment, felt bound to acquaint them with the episode of the ring, which she had just finished when the first of the dining-room deserters straggled in.

"The last time I saw her she looked sickly and careworn—far worse than that day we met her in the Park. You will recollect it, Charles. We are speaking of Grace Greenside," said Emma, addressing her aunt's cousin, as he took the nearest seat.

"What of her now?" said Charles, bending eagerly forward; but here Mr. Crainor interposed, with a petition that Emma would sing them that charming song with which she enchanted Lady Wharton's party, as he, and in fact the whole company, was dying to hear it. In less than five minutes, which were consumed in general pressing, Emma was conducted to the piano by Mr. Thornley. There was a deal of music, tea, chit-chat, and a breaking up, but no more talk of Grace Greenside.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Crainor, taking his nephew's arm with something of the warmth of wine in his manner, when they were fairly in the streets, it being eleven o'clock on a calm summer night, and part of their way the same—"My dear boy, you are not aware of what injury you are doing to your best interests, as one may say, by keeping that girl so long about you. She has been notorious, and notorious people—women, I mean—are always dangerous. Weren't they talking of her at Lady Annette's to-night? Depend on it, the story will ooze out, you are so well known and so much visited now. Then people will call you dissipated, and I can't tell what. Such tales always spoil a man's chances with advantageous ladies."

"I was thinking of that myself," said Edmund; "but it's a delicate point, and one wouldn't like a scene, you know."

"True," responded his adviser; "but a little management will prevent that. Captain Lancer is your man, if you want to get clear off. Just introduce him, and the whole business is done."

"Do you really think so?" said Edmund, with a languid smile.

"I'll take ten to one on it," replied Crainor; "Lancer has tenfold your attractions for any woman, irresistible as you think yourself—a fine, forward-looking military man, who has fought half-a-dozen duels, not to speak of his experience. Don't you know the Captain is married, though he passes for a bachelor here?—married an old ebony, with a whole sugar-plantation in Jamaica, five years ago! That's what he sports upon; while rum, they say, consoles the lady for his absence. He told me the other day he was in want of some occupation, and I advise you to give him one; but, good night," added the sage counsellor, for by this time they were near Edmund's lodgings; and even through the gaslight a pale face might be seen at the front window, looking anxiously out for him.

Sadly indeed was Grace Greenside altered since the day when the four passed her in the walk through Leveson Park. The lameness was long gone—her naturally good constitution had shaken off the effects of that fearful struggle; her dress was of somewhat better materials and a neater cut. She herself had something of a town look about her, as one whom three years' residence had made

Digitized by Google

familiar with the noisy streets of London; but in the thin face and sunken eyes there were lines of care, and a weary look, which told of lonely winter evenings and pining summer days. For three long years the girl had shared Edmund Thornley's apartments, in the strangely-blended capacities of mistress and valet. That a maid-of-all-work in a solitary farm-house, who was eighteen, could scarcely read, and had a cross stepmother, should have been induced to enter on such a course by a man so far her superior in fortune and education, not to speak of eight years' seniority, must be matter of marvel to those only whose wisdom and virtue are of the untried sort. But so it was; and farm-servant as she had been, it was wonderful how little poor Grace was spoiled by her change of position. It might be that the girl was by nature too simple or too honest to take its ordinary advantages, such as they are; perhaps it was not fine things and nothing to do alone that she expected in London with Edmund, when leaving behind her good name and country summers—the only good things that life had given her; at all events, she lived humble and retired days, aiming only to take care of Thornley's domestic interest to the utmost of her power, and make herself generally useful to him in sickness and health. There was a suitability in that conduct to the peculiar tastes of the gentleman. Like most selfish people, he was a great admirer of self-devotedness in others; and, long after the days of first fancy and flattery were over, continued to value Grace as a contributor to his comfort, in the fashion of an easy chair or a good fire. Did not she keep everything in order for his comings and goings, which, with Edmund Thornley, were as regular as the clock on the mantle-piece, for he was a most quiet bachelor, and never forgot himself; but now the convenience might cost him too dear, and must be parted with, according to his uncle's counsel. So, with it on his mind, and the usual calm smile on his face, he received her kindly greeting, heard and repeated the intelligence of the day over a nice supper, and retired to rest.

Next day, Mr. Crainor introduced Captain Lancer to his nephew, at a coffee-house; and Thornley brought him home to dine, and introduced him to Grace, after which, as his servant remarked, "it was hextonishing how often that ansum Capting called, and how many messages the master sent him home with to Miss Greenside; till one day he eard her speak monstrous loud up stairs, and there was a door slammed, and the Capting came down looking all of a eap."

The servant might also have observed that, during the day, Grace looked impatiently for his master; but Edmund did not come, for he and Captain Lancer dined together at a tavern.

The nights were growing long, and the harvest moon could be seen at intervals through the fog and smoke of London. Grace thought how it shone on corn-fields and laden orchards far away, and how long it was since she left them; but other and more troubled thoughts passed through her mind as she sat waiting for Thornley. It was not yet eight, but that was his knock, and in another minute he stepped into the room.

"Edmund, dear," said the girl, eager to unburden her mind, "I have a strange story for you to-night. That Captain Lancer is a bad, bad man. Would you believe it, Edmund, he told all sorts of stories on you this day, and asked me to go with him to France, the villain!"

"Indeed!" said Thornley, seating himself, with a look of prepared resolution. "That was a good offer, Grace. The Captain is very rich, and might marry you."

Grace stared upon him in blank astonishment. "You see," continued the unmoved Edmund, "you and I can live together no longer; my character would suffer, and my prospects too, Grace. You would not injure my prospects? Besides, you want country air; it would be good for you to go home a little time, and I would give you something handsome, and see you off on the Middlesex coach."

The amazement had passed from the girl's face now; for all that she had half suspected, and tried not to believe so long, was proved true to her.

"Is it Emma Leveson you are going to marry?" she said, growing deadly pale.

"Perhaps," said Thornley. "But, dear me, what is the matter?" as Grace looked down for an instant at the ring on her little finger, then sunk down on a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Here," continued Edmund, pulling out his pocket-book, which contained the only consolation known to him, "I have not much to myself, but here are two hundred pounds; it will make you live like a lady among them;" and he laid the notes in her lap.

Grace never looked at him or them; she sat for about a minute stiff and silent, then rose, letting the bank-paper scatter on the carpet, and walked quickly out. Edmund heard her go up stairs, and come down again; there was a sound of the hall-door shutting quietly, and when he inquired after it the servant told him Miss Greenside had gone without saying anything. Edmund gathered up the notes, and locked them in his desk, smoked a cigar, read the *Court Journal*; but Grace did not come back, nor did she ever again cross the threshold. When Thornley told Mr. Crainor, on the earliest opportunity, that gentleman averred that the girl had looked out for herself before Captain Lancer came, and Edmund said, "It was wonderful that she left the notes behind her, for all the money she could have was some savings in a little purse."

One Sunday, about six weeks after the event we have related, Charles Monroe, on search of a short way from the Scotch church to his chambers, was passing through a poor but decent street, known as Cowslip-court, though a Cowslip had never been seen there within the memory of man, when his attention was attracted by an old woman in dingy black, looking for something on the ground, with a most rueful countenance.

"What have you lost, my good woman?" inquired Charles in some curiosity.

"It's a ring, sir," said the dame, "was left me by a poor soul as was buried this morning. Some people thought it strange to see her so young by herself, but she wor a decent creature for all that,

Digitized by Google

and did what she could in honesty. First she took to sewing, sir; but that didn't do, for she was sickly, and got worse, till at last she died, all alone in my two-pair back. And I'm sure that ring wor a love-token, or something of the sort, for she used to cry over it when no one was by, and once bade me take it when she was gone, because I minded her in her sickness; and I was just going to show it to Mrs. Tillet, when it dropped out of my fingers. But lauk, sir, there it is!"

"It's Emma Leveson's ring," said Charles, picking up the little turquoise from among the dust at his feet. "Was the woman's name Grace Greenside?"

"Just the same, sir," said its new owner, clutching at the ring; "an' she was —"

"A fool," added a more than half-intoxicated soldier, with a long pipe in his mouth, lolling on the steps of an empty house as if they had been a sofa. "I tell you she was a fool; and I was a gentleman once in my day, but I was unfortunate. They wouldn't let me stay at college, though I kept the gamest pack in Cambridge; and after that I took—to a variety of business," said he, with another puff; but if that girl had taken me at my word, I would have stood by her. See the foolishness of women! She would keep the old house, and transport Skulking Tom; he partly deserved it for hitting her so hard, and there's what's come of it." With a repetition of his last aphorism, the soldier smoked on, and Charles, after minute inspection, recognised in the dirty and prematurely old man his once boisterous class-fellow, Harry Williams. The time for remonstrance or improvement was long past with him, and Charles had grown a stranger to his memory; so, without word or sign of former acquaintance, he purchased the ring from that communicative old woman at about three times its lawful price, collected what further information he could regarding the deceased, and went his way.

"Aye," said Charles, gazing on the ring some time after, when the whole particulars of her story were gathered, "had she been worse or wiser, poor Grace would have fared better in this world;" and then he thought of the ring's first owner. But, before the period of his musings, Lady Annette and her niece had gone with some of their noble relations to spend the winter in Italy, Edmund Thornley accompanying them on a visit to his father's residence; and, in her latest letter to a confidential cousin, Emma had mentioned that his fine sense of propriety, and his enthusiasm for all that was great and good, made him a most delightful companion on the Continent.

LAMENT FOR SIR LANCELOT.

It was the aged shield-bearer that lingered there alone,
When the requiem was chanted, and the sable monks were gone:
Hard by the grave of his loved lord he sate him on a stone,
And thus for brave Sir Lancelot the grey-beard made his moan.

"Thou wert the stoutest man-at-arms that e'er laid lance in rest,
The kindest knight that e'er drew sword to succour the distrest,
The meekest that e'er sate in hall with ladies at a feast,
The loyalest that mounted steed at good King Arthur's hest.

"Thou wert the truest lover that ever woman loved,
In arms the trustiest brother that ever comrade proved,
As firm as is the earth-fast rock that never yet was moved,
Yet gentle as a little child that seldom is reproved.

"Thou wert the surest counsellor to counsel king in need,
For what was noble, wise, and bold, was ever in thy rede;
Yet wert thou modest as a bride that to the church doth speed,
And pitiful withal as one that ne'er saw foeman bleed.

"Now out, alas! that thou shouldst pass away, as others do,
For such as thou, from Brute till now, broad England never knew;
Nor e'er again shall mortal men, in bower or battle, rue
The death of knight so wise and wight, so tender and so true."

E O S.

O Spirit of the dusky dawn,
Cold sequel to the dewless night,
Dim brooding where grey clouds, withdrawn,
Reveal long lines of silver light—

Rise! stretch thy heaven-broad wings, and flee
Beyond the distant mountain-land,
Beyond the dark and rolling sea
That breaks upon the sounding strand.

And bring, sweet Sun, a day of joy,
Broad, beautiful, and blue with beams
That all the seeds of night destroy,
And light the soul with inner gleams.

Digitized by Google

TALES FROM THE OLD DRAMATISTS.—No. I.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

FROM FORD.

Agenor, Prince of Cyprus, for many years governed his State with great prudence and moderation, and thereby won the esteem and affection of his people. He contrived ever to form secure alliances with his more powerful neighbours, while he rendered the weaker ones his tributaries, and thus increased the wealth of his own princedom. Towards the latter end of his reign, when he was becoming advanced in years, and should have been in wisdom, a sad change appeared to come over him. He became tyrannical over the smaller States, so as sometimes to drive them into open resistance; while, on the other hand, by his own remissness in paying tribute to his more formidable allies, he ran great risk of provoking a serious breach with them. Syria, in particular, was becoming urgent in her demands upon him. On one occasion he detained some ships belonging to Crete, which gave rise to a long and angry altercation. And, unfortunately for his own interests, while his relations with foreign potentates were thus becoming every day more and more embroiled, he was gradually losing his hold on the affections of his people by the misconduct of his domestic affairs; until at length one crowning act of tyranny seemed to fill the measure of his injustice.

He had an only son, named Palador, a young prince of great promise, but whose chief fault was—and a fault indeed it was in one who was destined to rule the destinies of others, though it might have been a virtue in one of private condition—that he loved his studies and his books so much that he could not be brought to take any interest in affairs concerning the commonweal. This, while it was a serious grievance to the prince his father, may, in some measure, have accounted for the growing tendencies to misgovernment on the part of the latter, who might possibly feel that, from his son's indifference to public affairs, it was of little avail to leave a good name behind him.

From this apathy to all worldly concerns the Prince Palador, however, was at length aroused by an attachment he formed with the Lady Eroclea, the elder daughter of the noble Meleander, a statesman who, in the best days of Agenor's rule, had stood high in that prince's favour. Agenor was at first so pleased at the healthful change which this attachment wrought in his son's temperament, that though he might assuredly have looked for a higher alliance for the young prince, he offered no obstacle to his wishes, and desired to see the young couple contracted together.

It happened that Agenor had never seen the Lady Eroclea, though her father had been so much in his confidence; for she had lived with her sister Cleophila in thorough retirement since the death of their mother, which took place when they were both quite young. Eroclea was now, however, sent for to Court; and no sooner was she seen by the now aging monarch than his passions were inflamed by her beauty; and under the pretence of courting her for his son, he endeavoured to win her for himself. When, however, he found he could no way gain her affections, which she had in all truth bestowed upon the young prince, and that her ambition was not to be tempted by the offer of presents, power, and wealth, he had recourse to insolence; and, in brief, by the aid of some bad agents, attempted to carry her off. She was rescued, however, by the Lord Meleander, her father; and, with the assistance of his brother Sophronos, conveyed away. Agenor was now too far gone in guilt to recede. Lord Meleander was accused of treason; his land was seized; he himself was arrested, and confined in a dungeon; where the poor old man, distracted with grief and anger, was affectionately tended by his younger daughter, Cleophila. What became of Eroclea was not known.

Soon after this enormity, whereby Agenor lost every claim on the loves of all whose love was worth having, incensed at the ill success of his ill aims, and worn out with rage and disappointment, he died.

His son, Palador, succeeded, without question, to the princedom; but the sad blow he had met with drove him into a settled melancholy. His books now were more than ever his only companions. When he could not avoid society he would sometimes speak sense, but seldom mirth; he could smile, but seldom laugh; he would at times lend an ear to business, but lead in none; he would even gaze upon revels and antic fopperies, but was never moved by them; he would discourse sparingly—would hear music; but what most he took delight in was gazing at handsome pictures; in fine, he was a victim to the Lover's Melancholy.

Sophronos, the brother of Meleander, had an only son, named Menaphon. He had formed an early friendship with Amethus, a cousin to Prince Palador; and so large was the affection between these young men, that it had extended to their female relations. And thus Amethus had become enamoured of Menaphon's cousin, Cleophila, while Menaphon had raised his affections to his friend's sister, the Lady Thamasta. But in this respect neither of the young men seemed to be fortunate. Thamasta was of a haughty disposition—haughty, not only in respect of her beauty, but also of her birth; and she slighted the suit of Menaphon, notwithstanding his own deserts and the urgent wishes of her brother, in the thought that she should better match herself with some one of higher rank.

Digitized by Google

On the other hand, Cleophila, though very far from being influenced by the superior position of Amethus, was not indisposed to return his affections; when her father's imprisonment and loss of reason, following upon the unhappy attempt upon her sister Eroclea, induced her to forswear society, and to devote all her time and attention to her bereaved parent. And from this time forth Amethus sped not the least in his suit, as he could but seldom gain sight of his beloved Cleophila; and when he did, he found that she had more pity for her poor father's afflictions than for the tide of his complaints.

Soon after the occurrence of these sad events, which had thus deprived his uncle Meleander of reason, young Menaphon, sickened with the Court, and finding that his love for Thamasta seemed only to earn her disdain, left Cyprus, with the intent of trying what travel would do to dissipate his sorrows and create new feelings in his mind.

For one whole year he was absent; and on his return to Famagosta, the chief town of Cyprus, he found matters quite unchanged. Prince Palador was still the same melancholy man as at his father's death, and still displayed the same lamentable indifference for all public affairs. His uncle Meleander was still detained in the castle, or, perhaps, it might be said, still remained there; for the poor old man, though ever constantly and affectionately tended by his daughter Cleophila, was unable to express or even form a wish for his release. Of Eroclea nothing had been heard.

These and other matters he learnt in his first interview with Amethus, whose friendship remained as warm as ever for him. Menaphon, with a timid heart, asked after his friend's princely sister, Thamasta, expressing a hope, which he was far from truly entertaining, that she had conferred her affection on some worthy choice. Amethus informed him she had not, but that her bosom yet was intermined with ice, though he assured his friend that he had scarcely let a day pass without urging upon her the deserts and constancy of his friend. Menaphon changed the subject, and talked of other matters.

He had brought home with him a youth, of whose qualities he spoke in terms of extravagant praise. He told Amethus he had found him in a strange manner. And thus ran his story:—

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales which poets of the olden time had feigned to glorify their Tempe had bred in him the desire of visiting that paradise. He came, therefore, to Thessaly; and living privately, with no companions but his own thoughts and the memory of his love, day by day he frequented silent groves and solitary walks. Early one morning he heard what he described as the most ravishing contention that art and nature were ever at strife in. He heard a sound of music that not only touched his ears but entranced his soul. As, incited by the melody, he stole nearer, he saw a fair-faced youth, who was playing upon a lute, and seemed with strains of strange variety and harmony to be proclaiming a bold challenge to the choristers of the woods; and the birds, as they perched round him, all stood silent, as if wondering at what they heard. Among them a nightingale seemed to undertake the challenge, and for every several strain the youth could touch she sang her answer. The rivalry between them continued for some time, until at last the youth grew into a pretty anger that a bird, who had never learnt the art of music, should vie for mastery with him whom study and long practice had, as he thought, rendered perfect. And so, to end the controversy, he played in a sort of rapture a voluntary upon his instrument, wherein he curiously mingled swiftness with cunning, and concord with discord. The bird, who seemed ordained to be music's first martyr, strove to imitate the sounds; and when her warbling throat failed in them, for grief she dropped down on his lute and broke her heart. The youth, now the conqueror, was touched with pity, and wept an elegy of tears over his rival. He looked upon the trophies of his art, and sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed again, and cried, "Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge this cruelty upon its author. Henceforth this lute, now guilty of innocent blood, shall never more betray a harmless peace to an untimely end." And then as, in his sorrow, he was hurling his lute against a tree, Menaphon had stepped in, and by his entreaties reprieved the intended execution. By degrees he won this strange youth to be his companion; but, as he told Amethus, though he had modestly inquired whence and who he was, the youth would so gently urge him not to press these questions for reasons reserved to himself, that he had forborne to do so. He had told him, however, that some remnant of his life was to be spent in travel; as for his fortunes, they were neither mean nor riotous; his friends, though not obscure, were not published to the world; his country, he said, was Athens; his name, Parthenophill.

Menaphon willingly acceded to his friend's invitation, and lost no time in paying his respects to the princely Lady Thamasta, accompanied by his young friend Parthenophill. She received the former courteously though coldly; but to the latter she paid more marked attention. Amethus took an opportunity, while Menaphon and the stranger were surveying the gardens, to rate his sister upon the constant scorn she showed his friend, asking her tauntingly why, during his absence, she had not disposed of her affections on some monarch, or sent ambassadors to some neighbouring kings with protestations of her own graces, her rare perfections, and her admirable beauty. Thamasta told her brother he was bitter, but not kindly wise. Her freedom, she said, was her birth; and she was not bound to fancy her brother's approvements, but her own. She twitted him with his visits to Cleophila; and intimated that he wished her to favour the suit of Menaphon as a means of furthering his own suit with Menaphon's kinswoman.

A sharp and perhaps angry altercation was like to have arisen between the brother and sister, when it was prevented by the return of Menaphon and his young friend. And now Thamasta, willing, as it would seem, to appease her brother, told Menaphon, who continued to address her in terms of distant respect, that she would accept him as her servant, or privileged admirer. Menaphon was enraptured

Digitized by Google

at this mark of favour; and Amethus was well pleased at this change in his sister's behaviour.

But both were, in truth, deceived. Thamasta was, indeed, anxious to have more of Menaphon's company, but it was not for his own sake. The appearance and conversation of his young companion, Parthenophill, had made a sudden but deep impression upon her; so much so that she felt her greatness was giving way, and how great a tyrant Love was when resisted. She half disclosed her secret to her attendant, Kala, who at once, however, perceived the whole truth. Thamasta begged her to intimate to the young stranger that she would gladly see him alone to hear more of his travels and adventures; and Kala promised she would undertake this, saying she would make it her own case, and that he should not think she was in love with him. And when her lady eagerly expressed a hope that she was not, Kala replied that it was for her sake she would tell him so, but that, in faith, she was not. And it was not long before Kala had an opportunity of performing her promise.

Owing to the continued apathy of Prince Palador, the affairs of the State were becoming more and more entangled. The leading nobles took counsel together, feeling that the commonwealth was sick, and that it was more than time to wake its head, who slept in the dull lethargy of security. The commons began to murmur; the Court was turned antic and grew wild; whilst all the neighbouring nations stood at gaze, watching for a fit opportunity to wreak their just fury, as they conceived it, for such injuries as the late Prince had committed against the laws of truth and honour. The nobles advised with Corax, the household physician, whether any means could be adopted to wean the Prince from his melancholy; and Corax undertook to attempt his cure, for he considered it as a disease. Sophronos and some of the principal lords, meanwhile, took an occasion of representing to their master the serious state of affairs; they urged upon him that letters were come from Crete, requiring a speedy restitution of such ships as were long since detained by his father; and that if this were not complied with, defiance was threatened. The Syrian, too, was pressing for payment of the tribute that had been intermitted. His own subjects muttered strangely through his land, and imagined more than they dared speak publicly; and yet, added Corax, they talked but oddly of him. This somewhat nettled the young Prince; and he told the nobles he would borrow patience a little time to listen to their wrongs, and from the few of them which were present gather the general voice; and he charged them, by all their loves, without fear or flattery, to let him know their thoughts, and how he was interpreted.

Sophronos then told the Prince plainly he thought he was of a mild and easy nature, and not willingly provoked; but, withal, headstrong in any passion that misled his judgment; that he was too indulgent to such motions as sprung out of his own affections; was too old to be reformed, and yet too young to take fit counsel from himself of what was most amiss.

These were hard truths for a prince to hear; but he did hear them patiently, and next asked Aretus, who had been his tutor, for his opinion. Aretus, apologising for his freedom, told him he thought he doted too much upon his pleasures; and these pleasures were so wrapt up in self-love, that he coveted no other change of fortune; that he wished still to be what his birth had made him, but was loth to toil in such affairs of state as broke his sleeps.

Corax added, that he thought he wished to be reputed by the world a man complete in every point; but that he was in manners and effect a child—a very boy.

One of the courtiers who was present, imagining that so much freedom must needs be displeasing to his master, gave it as his opinion, unasked, that the Prince contained within himself the great elixir, soul, and quintessence of all divine perfections; that he was the glory of mankind, and the only strict example for earthly monarchs to square their lives by; that in knowledge, wit, sweetness, discourse, arms—But the Prince, who had listened quietly to the other lords, could not brook this fulsome flattery, and cut short the idle babbler at once.

There happened to be present a decayed old gentleman named Rhetias, who had formerly acted as a sort of servant or attendant to the Lady Eroclea, since whose departure he had affected a certain roughness and bluntness of manner which rendered him anything but an agreeable companion. The Prince, seeing him, said he had not spoken yet; and receiving no answer, added, he was somewhat long of thinking. Rhetias answered, he did not think at all.

"Am I not worthy of your thought?" asked the Prince.

"Of my pity, you are," replied Rhetias, "but not my reprehension."

"Pity!" exclaimed Palador.

"Yes; for I pity such to whom I owe service, who exchange their happiness for a misery."

"Is it a misery to be a prince?" asked Palador.

"Princes who forget their sovereignty, and yield to affected passion, are weary of command. You had a father."

Palador asked him what he meant; and finding that Rhetias gave him no direct answer, he charged him, by the duty that he owed him, to be plain in what he meant to speak. Then, looking round, he saw that all the others were stolen away, and that they were alone. It looked almost like a thing of design. He again appealed to Rhetias, telling him that he had a honest look, and he hoped his tongue was not oiled with flattery. It was true, he said, that in his younger days he oft had heard his father's name more traduced than he could then observe; yet he protested he never had a friend, a certain friend, that would inform him thoroughly of such errors as were oftentimes incident to princes.

Rhetias then said he would remember him of an old tale, that something concerned him; and he began to relate the whole history of the Prince's attachment to the Lady Eroclea, and of the manner in which she had been treated, and had disap-

Digitized by Google

peared. The recital wrought strongly upon the young Prince; and when it was finished he broke into an exclamation that no hope lived of ever, ever seeing Eroclea again. But Rhetias said he had told him an old tale, and that he had now a new one, which might perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish. He related that his lord Meleander falling, on whose favour his fortunes relied, he furnished himself for travel, and bent his course to Athens, where a pretty accident after a while came to his knowledge. A young lady, contracted to a noble gentleman, as the Lady Eroclea and his highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy in a merchant-vessel from the country where she lived into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens, where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity; till, within the last three months or less, her father dying some year before, she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it, at Athens enjoyed her happiness. She was long an exile.

"Now," concluded Rhetias, "if you, noble sir, did love the Lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her as directed the other? 'Tis not impossible."

Palador had listened with deep interest to this tale; and he took Rhetias by the hand, and intreated him, as he did serve Meleander, and was still true to the family, thenceforth to serve him; and he told him he had unlocked a tongue that was vowed to silence; and binding him to an oath of secrecy, he bade him unloose the buttons of his doublet, and there Rhetias found, in a tablet, the picture of Eroclea—"Or of her," said Palador, "that was once Eroclea." The Prince again implored him to be faithful, and to let no politic lord work his grief from his bosom, though he could not help suspecting he had been put on to sift him.

They were now interrupted by the arrival of Amethus and his cousin and his sister, attended by Menaphon and Parthenophill. Palador welcomed Menaphon back to Famagosta, and Thamasta introduced the Athenian stranger to him as one that he would do right to his own judgment in taking more than common notice of. The Prince received him kindly, and asked a few questions concerning him, but not with much real interest; for when Thamasta was about to narrate the story of the first interview between Menaphon and Parthenophill, which she said was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident that ever delighted his attention, the Prince said he would hear it some time, and in a melancholy mood left them.

When the rest of the party were breaking up, Kala, who had attended her mistress, contrived to detain Parthenophill, and, trusting she might not be offensive, begged him to resolve her if he had a mistress or a wife.

"I have neither," answered Parthenophill.

Kala then asked if he ever in earnest loved any fair lady whom he wished to make his own.

"Not any, truly," said the stranger.

Kala said she would not be inquisitive to know what his friends and means were; but if a dower of beauty, noble birth, and sincere affection were thrown down before his choice, she asked him how he would entertain it, and assured him she did not tempt him idly.

"I shall thank you," answered Parthenophill, "when my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible of what it is to be happy. For the present I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman, pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance, for my weak brains conceive not what concerns me."

Thamasta joined them just at this moment, as Parthenophill was going, and she said she feared she broke off their parley; and added that sure her woman loved him, and asked him if she spoke well.

"She can speak discreetly and chastely," answered the young stranger. "She hath much won on my belief, and in few but pithy words hath much moved my thankfulness. You are her lady; your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment; therefore I may be bold to make confession of truth. If ever I desire to thrive in woman's favour, Kala is the first whom my ambition shall bend to."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the astonished Thamasta. "But if a nobler love should interpose?" she asked.

Parthenophill replied, that where real worth and constancy first settled a hearty truth, there greatness could not shake it. And tendering a respectful duty, the stranger departed.

Thamasta was no sooner alone with Kala than she passionately upbraided her for her treachery, as it seemed to her. At first Kala endeavoured to appease her lady, and defend herself from the charge; but when she found it was of no avail, she determined with herself that she might chance to cross her lady's peevishness; and though she never meant the young man for herself, yet if he loved her she would have him, or she would run away with him; and her mistress might do her worst then. And with this resolve she somewhat consoled herself for her lady's wrath.

Soon after this Thamasta sent to request an interview with Parthenophill; but Kala managed to waylay the young Athenian, and urged that if he intended to love her, and her only, they should, without more circumstance, betroth themselves before they parted. Parthenophill, however, seemed by no means anxious to avail himself of this proffered occasion: and when the waiting-woman became more pressing, she received this answer: "Then, to resolve all further hopes, you never can be mine—must not—and pardon me though I say you shall not."

And Parthenophill passed on, and left Kala in great dudgeon. She vowed, however, she would mar her mistress's market, and thought she soon had her chance; for it happened that Menaphon came thither in quest of Parthenophill, whom he had seen pass that way, and prayed Kala to direct him. But she told him he must forbear; and soon gave him to understand that the stranger whom his courtesy had received for a friend was made his rival. Menaphon could not credit this, but

Digitized by Google

Kala assured him that her lady doated on him; and she offered to place Menaphon in a room where, though he could not hear, yet he should see such passages as should confirm the truth of her intelligence. Menaphon, stung with jealousy, closed with the proposal, though he said it would make him mad; and the honest waiting-maid declared it made her mad too, that a gentleman so excellently sweet, so liberal, so kind, and so proper, should be betrayed by a young, smooth-chinned straggler. And then beseeching him for love's sake to bear all with manly courage, and not to utter a word, or she should be undone, all which he promised, she conveyed him, unseen and unsuspected, up a back stair.

Meantime Parthenophill had been most graciously received by the Lady Thamasta, who said she was aware she exposed the honour of her birth, her fame, and her youth, to the hazard of much hard construction in seeking an adventure of so private a parley with a stranger. If his thoughts, she said, did not censure her with mercy, he might conceive she had laid by that modesty which ought to preserve a virtuous name unstained.

"I have sufficient experience of your most noble nature, lady," answered Parthenophill, "that to question the least part of your bounties, or that freedom which Heaven hath made you plentifully rich in, would argue me uncivil, and, which is more, base bred, and, which is worst of all, ungrateful."

"The loadstone and the steel are found in different mines," continued Thamasta; "yet is there such a league between those minerals as if one vein of earth had nourished both. The myrtle is not engrafted upon an olive's stock, yet nature hath locked between them a secret of such sympathy that, if they are planted near each other they will, both with their branches and their roots, embrace each other; the ivy doth twine round the oak; the vine doth court the elm; yet these are different plants. Consider this aright, Parthenophill, and these slight creatures will fortify the reasons that I should frame for the unguarded affection which is submitted to a stranger's pity."

"Great lady," replied Parthenophill, "it were a dulness that must exceed the grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance not to be sensible of your intents. I clearly understand them. Yet so great is the difference between the height and lowness which distinguishes our unequal fortunes, and dissuades me from ambition, that I am humbler in my desires than love's own power can any way raise up."

"I am a princess," rejoined the lady, "and know no law of slavery."

"And I," said the young Athenian, "am so much a subject of every law of honesty, that to transgress the vows of friendship I hold a sacrilege as foul and cursed as to rob some holy temple."

"Thou art unwise, young man, to enrage a lioness."

"It were unjust," answered Parthenophill, "to falsify a faith; and ever after, disrobed of that fair ornament, live a scorn to time and truth."

"Remember well," exclaimed Thamasta, "who I am, and what thou art!"

"It is that remembrance that prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady," continued Parthenophill, "if some few days have tempted your free heart to cast away affection on a stranger, if that affection have so overswayed your judgment that it in a manner hath declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit, how can you turn your eyes off from that glass wherein you may new trim and settle right a memorable name?"

"The youth is idle!" cried the Princess.

"Days, months, and years are past," continued the Athenian, "since Menaphon hath loved and served you truly—Menaphon, a man of no large distance in his blood from yours, desertful in qualities, graced with youth, experience, and every happy gift that can either by nature or by education improve a gentleman. For him let me prevail, great lady, that you will at last unlock the bounty which your love and care have wisely treasured up to enrich his life."

"Thou hast a moving eloquence, Parthenophill," said Thamasta. "Parthenophill, we in vain strive to cross the destiny that guides us. My heart is so much stooped beneath the pride that first disguised it, that I now prefer a miserable life with thee before all earthly comforts."

"Menaphon, by me," said Parthenophill, "repeats the self-same words to you. You are too cruel if you can distrust his truth or my report."

And thus while, true to friendship, Parthenophill kept urging the suit of Menaphon, Thamasta, urged by love, and having broken down the bounds of self-restraint, continued to press her own suit upon the young Athenian, until, at length, Parthenophill entreated her patience and attention, and thus spoke to her: "Lady, take a secret, then. I am as you are—in a lower rank, else of the self-same sex—a maid, a virgin! And now, to use your own words, if your thoughts do not censure me with mercy, you may conceive I have laid by that modesty which ought to preserve a virtuous name unstained."

Thamasta was struck almost speechless with this announcement.

"When you shall know the story of my sorrows," continued the unknown, "with the change of my misfortunes, which I will briefly relate to you, I believe you will not think that the shedding of one tear will be a prodigality misbecoming to your pity and my fortune."

Thamasta could do little more than stammer out a hope that she would conceal the errors of her passions, when Kala announced that Menaphon desired admittance. He expressed himself, as might have been expected, in terms of great indignation at the conduct of Parthenophill, and uttered such taunts to his mistress that she angrily asked him how he dared talk so to her. He replied, that if she were not own sister to his friend, sister to his Amethus, he would hurl her as far off from his eyes as from his heart; for he would never more look on her. And while he was yet in this frenzy of passion, Amethus joined them, with a summons to attend the Court, as the Prince was pleased to see

Digitized by Google

a masque that night, and they must attend him. He asked his friend how his suit throve. To which Menaphon only answered, that the judge, his sister, would shortly decide it. And to the Court accordingly they proceeded in obedience to the Prince's summons.

Now this masque was a device hit upon by the physician Corax, whereby he hoped to effect a wholesome influence upon the Prince's mind. He explained that it was called the Masque of Melancholy, and that its object was to exhibit the different attributes of madness, or melancholy, as it was then termed by scholars. For this purpose he had procured Rhetias and others about the Court to represent persons labouring under various degrees of madness, so as to show the delusions by which they were affected. The Prince looked on, and hearkened to the learned explanations of Corax with listless indifference; and when the masque was at length concluded, he, after thanking the physician, pointed to a sort of programme, or paper-plot, as it was called, which had been handed to him at the beginning, and said there was an empty space there, and asked the meaning of it. Corax answered, there was one kind of melancholy which had been left untouched, for it was a fancy that it was not in art to personate the shadow of; it was named love-melancholy. "As, for instance," he said, "suppose this stranger here (and he bade the disguised Athenian damsel to stand forth), entangled by the beauty of the lady Thamasta, had cherished in his heart the weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible to limn his passions in such lively colours as his own proper sufferance could express." And, not heeding the annoyance he was likely to cause to the two parties towards whom he had thus directed the notice of the assembled Court, Corax continued to observe that love was the tyrant of the heart; that it darkened reason, and confounded discretion, and, deaf to counsel, it ran a headlong course to desperate madness. "Oh! were your highness but touched home," he exclaimed, "and thoroughly, with this—what shall I call it?—devil!"

At this the Prince, who now for the first time seemed to have thoroughly noticed the seeming youth, and, having done so, had never taken his eyes from him, started from his seat, bidding no man henceforth to name that word again; and, desiring Parthenophill to wait his pleasure, abruptly broke up the Court, saying it was late, and he would to rest. This sudden and abrupt demeanour on the part of the Prince, though it astonished most who were present, gave great satisfaction to Corax and those who were in his secret.

When Amethus was informed by his friend of the encouragement that Thamasta had held out to the young stranger, he at first would not believe it, and was disposed almost to quarrel with Menaphon for putting such a slight upon his sister's good name. But when he was satisfied by his earnestness that he had told the truth, he became ten times more incensed against her; and, as chance would have it, Thamasta fell in with the two friends while her brother was in this angry mood. He commenced at once, in no measured terms, to upbraid her for her conduct, and made her smart severely by his observations, telling her that the mask of her ambition had now fallen off, her pride having stooped to such an abject lowness. Thamasta at first strove to brave her brother's taunts, but she could not do so long; and she appealed to Menaphon, humbled and repentant, and framed some excuse, which she had better have left untried, about having used a woman's skill to sift the constancy of his protested love. But her pride was doomed to meet another rebuff, for Menaphon answered that he quarrelled with his own ambition, that durst to soar so high as to feed a hope of any the least desert that might entitle his duty to a pension from her favours; and her brother told her, and begged her to observe that his friend henceforward coveted plain equality, endeavouring to rank his fortunes low with some fit partner, whom, without offence or danger, he might cherish, and command too, as a wife. Thamasta said she perceived indeed that the league of amity which they had long vowed and kept between them was sacred and inviolable; that secrets of every nature were common to them; and she owned she had trespassed and had been faulty, and she implored that too rude a censure might not doom her guilty, or judge her error wilful, without pardon. Menaphon was touched at her contrition, and was on the point of relenting; but Amethus interposed, and told his friend that it was a trick, and that there was no trust in female cunning. "Let her," he said, "first purge her past follies, and clear the wrong done to her honour by some sure and apparent testimony of her constancy, or they would not believe such childish plots;" and he conjured Menaphon, as he respected his friendship, not to lend an ear to a reply; and so he hurried him away.

Thamasta, left to herself, felt as if awakened from a dream. She felt how much she had lost in her own esteem. She felt as if for the first time her eyes were opened to all the merits of young Menaphon. She took her resolve on the instant, and wrote and sent a letter to his cousin, Cleophila, who was still constant in her unwearied attendance upon her poor deranged father, requesting an immediate interview with her.

The Prince, meanwhile, having retired to his private chambers, was incessant in his inquiries after the young stranger, and his courtiers were despatched in every direction in quest of him. Rhetias at length was introduced to him, and Palador desiring to be alone with him, told him the cause of his anxiety to see Parthenophill, as he was so like something he remembered a great while since—a long, long time ago. Rhetias assured him that he had been diligent to pry into every corner for discovery, but could not meet with him. He said he was confident there was some trick, and added, he had apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as could by possibility be discerned; but he could get no answer from her. Prince Palador immediately concluded it was the young man in disguise in order to steal out of the land, and he desired Rhetias to send the stranger to him

Digitized by Google

without delay. Rhetias left him for that purpose, and the Prince was soon joined by the stranger lady, now in her own attire.

Palador was now more than ever struck with her likeness to Eroclea, but firmly believed it was a trick practised upon him in order to draw his secret from him, and that it was the youth Parthenophill in disguise before him; nor was it till after much questioning that he became satisfied it was indeed Eroclea. His joy then knew no bounds; and so anxious was he to claim her as his bride in public, that he had hardly patience to listen even to the outline of her story by what means she had been conveyed from Cyprus, and by what preserved at Athens, and what returned; and how Rhetias, her trusty servant, had all along been in her secret, directed by the wisdom of her uncle Sophronos. The pleasure of Eroclea was dashed by the thought of her father's sufferings, for she had more than once seen him in her disguise, and had wept bitter tears at his state, to the wonder of those who knew not who was Parthenophill. Palador comforted her with the assurance that to behold her safe would make him young again, and said it should be their first task to visit him in his solitude.

Thamasta was at this very time in conference with Cleophila, suing for pardon to her for her previous haughty neglect of her, and intreating her to intercede with her cousin Menaphon, and to use her influence with her own brother Amethus, that the past might be forgotten. She told her she knew she had deserved ill from her; but Cleophila said she had not wronged her, for it was a presumption on her part to wish so great a lady should lose her affections on her uncle's son; and, said she, it was almost sin for her to hope that Thamasta's brother should stoop to such a lowness as to love a cast-away, a poor, despised maid like herself; but in truth, she declared, she had never tempted him.

While thus discoursing they were joined by Amethus and Menaphon, and the latter required but little persuasion to be won to his happiness as the accepted lover of Thamasta. Amethus also gained from Cleophila the avowal, that though she was young and simple, and had not any power to dispose her own will, without warrant from her father, yet that that once purchased, she was his. These were indeed joyful tidings for Amethus, for he knew that the physician Corax was in hopes that, by skilful treatment, the old man might now be restored to his senses; with this view he had caused an opiate to be administered to him, and while under its influence he had had the old man newly attired by the tailor, and his beard trimmed by the barber; for during his long confinement it had been allowed to grow without check. The party was now joined by the Prince and Eroclea, accompanied by such of her relations and friends as were in the secret of the experiment about to be tried upon Meleander. The meeting between the two sisters was most moving, and for some seconds they were locked, speechless and in tears, in each other's arms. At last the Prince, who was impatient that the essay of Corax should proceed, knowing how well he had succeeded in his own case, parted the two weeping girls, saying jestingly, that his arms came as an island between two fair rivulets. And then speaking earnestly to Cleophila, he told her that her constant piety had built a monument of memorable fame to her young years, and that some great reward must wait on her desert. She blushed, and made no answer.

Corax now begged them all to withdraw but Rhetias, as the good old man would soon awake. They did so; and the curtain was withdrawn from before the couch upon which Meleander was asleep, while a boy in attendance sang the following song:—

> "Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
> Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
> Though the eyes be overtaken,
> Yet the heart doth ever waken
> Thoughts chained up in busy snares
> Of continual woes and cares:
> Loves and griefs are so expressed,
> As they rather sigh than rest.
> Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
> Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!"

While the music accompanying this song was still playing, Meleander awoke; and for a minute or two did not know where he was. His malady had not, indeed, left him, but he was wondrously refreshed by the long sleep which the leech's draught had procured for him; and he at first thought he was in a dream, and wished to dream it out. Corax first spoke to him, but he did not know him, for he had never seen him; and he mocked him when he told him he had taken physic. He knew Rhetias, however; and this was a great joy to this faithful servant, who had oftentimes been in his master's presence since his illness, and never before been recognised by him.

Corax then informed him he had prepared another cordial for him, and despatched Rhetias in quest of it. Meleander, in his absence, began to talk wildly, and to scoff at the thought of physic remedying his ills. The weight of his disease, he said, sat so heavy on his heart that all the hands of art could not remove one grain to ease his grief.

"I'll burn my books, old man," quoth Corax, "but I will do thee good, and quickly too."

As he said this, Aretus joined them, with a parchment scroll; and greeting Meleander by name, told him that the Prince had sent him a patent, in which was contained not only a confirmation of the honours he formerly enjoyed, but the addition of the marshalship of Cyprus, and that ere long he intended to visit him; and then begging him to excuse his haste, as he must attend the Prince, he left him.

Ere Meleander could collect his senses rightly to understand the meaning of this, Amethus came in with a staff, and told him the Prince had sent him that staff of office, and, withal, saluted him grand commander of the ports throughout his principalities. And he also, excusing himself on the score of attending the Prince, departed.

Corax now asked Meleander if he felt his physic stirring yet; for, in truth, the tide of old memories

Digitized by Google

was beginning to flow in the old man's heart. And now they were joined by Sophronos, who, greeting him as his dear brother, presented him with a rich relic from the Prince—a jewel he had long worn in his bosom; and the Prince bade him say, he added, that henceforth he besought him to call him son, for he would call him father; and then entreating his brother to be moderate in his joys, he and Corax left the old man alone.

Meleander gazed long and silently upon the portrait of Eroclea, for it was that the Prince had sent him; and wished only it could breathe and speak to him.

And while he thus gazed, Rhetias came back with the cordial that Corax had provided; and the old man's two daughters knelt before him. Cleophila first spoke; and told him, pointing to her sister, that the Prince presented him with a gift more precious to him than his birthright; but Meleander scarcely seemed to heed her, and he looked so earnestly and fixedly upon Eroclea, that at last she said to him, "Dear sir, you know me?"

"Yes," answered Meleander; "thou art my daughter—my eldest blessing! Know thee? Why, Eroclea, I never did forget thee in thy absence." And then he bade her stand up, and prayed the gods might ever preserve her. And he thanked Cleophila and the Prince; and he thanked Eroclea too, that, in pity of his age, as he said, she would take so much pains to live till he might once more look upon her, before he broke his heart. And his old eyes filled with pleasant tears: and he again said to her, "Let us gaze on one another freely, and surfeit with our eyes. Let me be plain. If I should speak as much as I should speak, I should talk of a thousand things at once, and all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!" And he took her to his heart, and kissed her, and told her that her presence had stored him with pride, and strength, and courage, and fresh blood; and he knelt in thankfulness to the great gods, whose sovereignty had kept guard about her safety.

It were tedious to tell all that passed at this happy meeting; how the old man was sore puzzled at many things, and especially at remembering what Cleophila had said about the Prince having sent her sister as a present to him; and how eagerly he listened to the tale of Eroclea's exile; and how, when she told him that, with all its charms, Athens was to her but a fair prison, as the thoughts of him, her sister, her country, and something of the Prince, had barred all her contentment, he checked her, and said, that "something of the Prince" bore danger in it; and now he called for a glass, and could not understand how he came so courtly, in fresh raiments and in trim too, though he guessed it was the goodness of Cleophila.

And now the Prince, accompanied by all those who were likely to take an interest in this happy event, came to see the old lord, according to his promise. And he raised him from his knees, and called him father, and said he had sent him the picture of Eroclea, which he might keep, but in exchange he should take the real substance. And, with Meleander's full consent, he ratified the vows between Cleophila and Amethus, as also between Menaphon and Thamasta. And in the temple that day the three marriages were solemnised. And Prince Palador vowed, and kept his vow, that he would retrieve his father's memory; and in the happiness which he felt and spread around him he found a cure for THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

Digitized by Google

THE BACHELOR'S TALE.

WHAT! with these hoary locks and timeworn frame,
Must I take part, fair ladies, in your game?—
I who, a bachelor at sixty-three,
Pray Heaven help slaves, and thank Heaven I am free?
Well, then, take heed; my tongue is rough and rude,
As fits a thrall escaped from servitude.

Aloft a cherub, so the sea-creed runs,
Keeps watch o'er mariners, when it blows great guns.
By hairbreadth scapes of reeling sots is shown,
That jolly Bacchus still protects his own.
But no one god can all Olympus find,
To ward the woes that come from womankind.
'Tis when to Themis would-be wives resort,
Wigged Mercury can laugh them out of Court;
When "marked attentions" meet untimely end,
Mars helps us with "a military friend;"
And sometimes Mulciber's steam-engines hiss,
To bear us from involuntary bliss:
Of gods, in short, above the clouds, beneath,
Each takes his turn, and each is worked to death;
While wicked Cupid, in a thousand shapes,
Strives night and day to get us into scrapes.
But to my tale: far south the scene I lay,
And Momus is on duty for the day.

In a suburban villa near Verona,
The worthy Signor Conrad lived, alone, a
Bachelor's life: a horse, a book, a gun,
His pastimes: all his household was but one
Varlet, who groomed, dressed dinners, and cleaned shoes, full,
Of zeal to be thought "generally useful."
A soldier-servant, he, though past the war,
Deemed Conrad still his captain as before.

One day, when mounting for his morning's ride,
To his factotum Signor Conrad cried,
"Two covers, Jerome, you will serve at three,
Ghino di Tacco means to dine with me;
So to the usual viands add the crane
That I shot yesterday, and roast it plain."

The order clear, and nothing left for guess,
The knave replied a ready "Yes, sir, yes."
And pulled his hair with gesture country-bred,
As though, for lack of hat, to doff his head.
Time flew. The bird, before the fire put down,
Assumed the hue of dinner-boding brown,
And Jerome basted, till upon the floor
Hearing a footstep and the opening door,
Up from his task he raised his eyes, which met a
Not unexpected sight in his Brunetta—
A buxom village lass: she often looked
In on her busy lover as he cooked.

It boots not to detail the interview:
Hearts, darts, bliss, kisses, promises not few
Of lasting faith, unlimited devotion,
And all the ingredients of Dan Cupid's potion,
Which mads the wise, yet oft makes fools discreet,
No doubt the lovers mixed as they found meet,
Until Brunetta—"Jerome, dear, explain
What fowl is yon?" Quoth he, "Sweet love, a crane."
"A crane? indeed! So help me Virgin blest,
Till now I never thought to see one drest.
And I must taste it." Jerome answered, "Pish!"
Afraid to grant or to deny her wish.
Pressed hard, he stammered out a lame excuse,
Saw all his risk, and shivered in his shoes.

"Are these your promises?" Brunetta cried,
"Is the first boon I ask to be denied?
Your master! Pooh! Why, prithee, what can he do?
A leg, or wing, or else I marry Guido."
She cried, she pouted—Jerome's strength was gone.
Eve's daughter she, he no less Adam's son,
Like our first parents fell. A leg they sever
From the doomed crane, for ever and for ever.

Triumphant sped the temptress forth, but he
Writhed in repentance when the clock struck three.
Came punctual to a minute guest and host;
Dinner was served; and soon—"Bring in the roast
Crane," said the Signor. Jerome, shuddering, heard
His hest, and brought the mutilated bird.

O'er Conrad's face, when seen the imperfect fowl,
There passed at first a stare and then a scowl.
He looked the indignant query ere he said,
"What means this, sirrah?" Jerome hung his head,
And echoed, "What?" (All servants, when defence
Fails them, assume a stupid innocence.)
"Where's the other thigh and drumstick?" "Nay, I beg
Your pardon, sir, a crane has but one leg."
"But one leg, fellow!" "As I wish to thrive,
Cranes have but one, sir, be they dead or live.
Such you may see by dozens in the shoal
Water, if by the stream you take a stroll."

The Signor, too well bred before his guest
To scold or fret, his rising wrath repressed,
Shrugged up his shoulders, and took wine with Tacco,
And merely muttered to himself *per Bacco!*
But not forgot the offence, that night he lay
Planning revenge, and rose by break of day.
He bade his steed be brought, and from the wall
Took down the heaviest horsewhip in his hall.
"Come hither, Jerome," said he; "I will ride,
And you afoot shall seek the waterside.
Thither arrived, we may explain the mystery
That hangs about some facts in Natural History."

Now servants often, in the middle ages,
Got drubbings in addition to their wages.
And Conrad being, to those who dared to vary an
Inch from his rules, a stern disciplinarian,
Had vowed the knave his roguery, in view
Of the calumniated birds, should rue.
"See'st, fellow?" quoth he, pointing to a score
Or so of cranes, that lined the river shore—
"Now, sirrah, prove thy words; what say'st to these?"
"Nay, honoured master," Jerome answered; "Please
To note, each crane stands on one single shank."
"Indeed!" rejoined his lord, and to the bank
Cantered, and cracked his whip and cried—"Halloo!"
Up soared the cranes, each showing as it flew
Two outstretched legs. "See'st *now?*" from Conrad's lips
Thundered. With that he raised his heavy whip.
"Hold," faltered Jerome; "strike not me. If you
Had only shouted yesterday, 'Halloo!'
As you do now, be sure the accursed crane
Instead of one leg would have put out twain."
He spoke. But stern revenge had done its worst—
The executioner must laugh or burst.
The uplifted lash dropped harmless by his side,
And Conrad, chuckling, home to breakfast hied.
Sly Jerome told Brunetta with a grin,
At their next meeting, how he saved his skin.

Digitized by Google

THE DEVIL IN TURKEY.*

A STRANGE title, and a still stranger book. We are told in the preface that the work, which professes to be a novel of Oriental life, was originally written in modern Greek. As far as we can perceive, there is nothing in the book to convince us to the contrary. At the same time, the manners of the East have been so admirably pourtrayed by various writers, both in our country and in France, that we shall certainly not without further proof accept "The Devil in Turkey" as a genuine production. This much, however, we shall venture to say, that the author, whoever he may happen to be, is thoroughly acquainted, from personal observation, with the scenery, the manners, and the habits of thought peculiar to the East. Whether two such individuals as Stefanos Xenos and Henry Corpe exist, we have not at present the means of ascertaining; but we can vouch for the vigour and originality of the work to which their names have been prefixed.

The period which the novelist has chosen for illustration, is one of deep interest in Turkish history. The restoration of Grecian independence had attracted the attention of the whole civilised world to the condition of the Ottoman empire. The frightful abuses which had crept into every branch of its administration became then, for the first time, fully displayed to the eyes of Europe. The late Sultan, Mahmoud II., a high-spirited and benevolent, though not always a wise monarch, had determined to make a strenuous effort to establish some degree of order and justice throughout his vast dominions. We are well aware how his European innovations were at first resisted by his rebellious pachas and his lawless soldiery. Many of us can remember the opposition which his policy encountered, even from English Conservatives and French Legitimists. But Mahmoud persevered in spite of the Janissaries of the East, and the Tories of the West; and it is at the period when the Sultan is engaged in this momentous struggle, some three or four-and-twenty years ago, that our tale commences.

In the opening chapter we find ourselves at Smyrna, in company with a young Greek named Leonidas. We learn that this youth, although apparently engaged in all the pleasures of that gay city, is in reality in search of a treasure, which has been secreted somewhere in the neighbourhood by a certain dead pasha with an unpronounceable name. It appears that Leonidas is the son of a Greek functionary of high rank, who has been ruined through the instrumentality of the then Grand Vizir. This latter person had risen to power by means of the foulest crimes; and the father of Leonidas, who was an upright and unsuspicious man, had become at once the instrument and the dupe of this successful villain. He had advanced to the Vizir large sums of money, to aid him in his ambitious projects; and when the latter at length obtained the high office to which he aspired, he repaid the loan in counterfeit coin. The Grand Vizir took good care to awaken public suspicion against his victim, who, shocked by the imputations of which he soon found himself the object, and still more by the perfidy of his friend, put an end to his wretched existence, leaving his family not only in poverty but branded with infamy. It is to the fortunes of this ill-fated family that the largest space in the work before us is devoted.

The mother and sisters of Leonidas have been living in one of the suburbs of Constantinople for seven or eight years, in a state of the greatest poverty; and the effect of protracted want upon the manners and feelings of this miserable household is depicted in a manner which, we fear, is painfully true to nature. Let us take a glance at two of the once proud and wealthy sisters of Leonidas, and their younger brother. The former are both women of middle age, each with still some pretensions to beauty, but both bearing in their features abundant traces of every evil passion. Their little brother, the personification of filth and idleness, is lolling on the floor and warming his hands in the ashes of the stove. The name of this hopeful boy is Psophios.

"Why ain't you at school to-day?" asked Scoulika. "Come—be off with you, and may the Devil take you and your master too. Let a flea only skip, and he gives a holiday directly; and then there is no getting rid of you."

"Come, get up, my child, and go down stairs and play with Malamatenia—leave them to themselves, they are raving mad," whispered the mother in the ears of the boy.

"I won't go down stairs, I can't stop a minute with such a stupid. She has always a book or a needle in her hand; she'll neither play at nuts, nor help me to whip my top: it's more comfortable being here close to the stove—it is warm."

"You ask him to go down stairs? why don't you take him by the nape of the neck and throw him from top to bottom," said Scoulika, without, however, once raising her eyes to see what was going on.

"But don't you know," added Tisiphone, "she's afraid of disturbing the neighbourhood—she is afraid of their finding her out?"

"God knows, there is nothing for them to find out. Nothing that I care about, except the lies you utter to ruin my character: may you never have cause to repent! But this is your gratitude for suckling you at my breast, and bringing you up in the midst of hardships and privations."

"'Tis false! We never condescended to take your breast; we were put out to nurse—it was your pet Malamatenia, the odious hussey, that you suckled!" spitefully answered Tisiphone; "you know that very well."

Struck to the very soul at the bitter sarcasms of her daughters, the old woman turned towards her son, who was standing stock still, and staring at them with his mouth wide open. "Go, my child," said she, growing impatient, "go down stairs and play with your sister, here's money for you, go, so that your ears may be no longer polluted with such foul language."

"I shan't, mother; I like better to see the women quarrel

* The Devil in Turkey; or, Scenes in Constantinople. By Stefanos Xenos. Translated from the author's unpublished Greek Manuscript by Henry Corpe, &c. &c. London: Effingham Wilson.

Digitized by Google

than going down stairs. There'll be a precious row by-and-by—they'll get kicking and fighting, and I shall be glad. I hope they'll be well whopped, the stinking husseys! for the beating they gave me a little while ago, because I tried to save Malamatenia, whom they were knocking about with a stick, because she told them she hadn't the keys of your box."

"And you've learned to tell a pack of lies, you gallows young wretch! Just stop a moment, and I'll cut your lying tongue out." And, foaming with passion, Scoulika rose from her seat, with the intention of executing her threat.

"Go, my child—go down stairs," said Sphyrla, at the same time interposing to prevent Scoulika from getting at him.

"You'll have the stove at your head, you lanky beast, if you try to come the bully over me—you thief, you will," said he, without, however, moving from his position near the stove, in the ashes of which he was warming his hands.

As the mother, who bears the name of Sphyrla, acts a very prominent part in the tale, we shall allow the author to describe her in his own words.

It was impossible to look upon this woman, and not perceive, in the masculine character of her features, which were livid, wrinkled, and covered with downy hair, and in her lecherous looks, shrill voice, and resolute tone, that she possessed a character that delighted in intrigue—a craving after money so insatiate that she would spare nothing, not even female honour, to procure it, and powers of dissimulation fully capable of concealing the horrid imaginings of her black and polluted soul.

A pair of bushy brows, of a fiery red, and straight as a line, and a thick aquiline nose, expressed her wickedness and recklessness. The plausibility of her manner concealed her artfulness; she appeared so humble as to move your pity, even at the moment she was meditating your ruin. Her tears and conjurations, her protestations, promises, and flattery, would deceive the most distrustful; yet she was fearless and merciless in carrying out her designs, and cruelty, bloodthirstiness, boldness and profligacy would take the place of all this seeming mildness and timidity, with a rapidity that was truly incredible.

In stature she was rather tall, but she was neither thin nor inclining to *embonpoint*. She was dressed in widow's weeds: on her head was a black bonnet, with white weepers, and fastened underneath her chin by two black ribands, and her shoulders were covered completely with a handkerchief, called *boras*.

Yet in this disgusting den there dwelt a paragon of innocence and beauty, the youngest daughter of the old woman, whose name was Malamatenia. She had but recently returned from school, whither she had been sent by some relatives of her father, and, compelled to be a daily witness of the wranglings between her mother and her sisters, she became subject to fits of deep melancholy, during which she was wont to retire to her own apartment. Upon one of these occasions she perceived a European lady richly dressed passing the house. Surprised that such a person should be alone in the humble quarter of the city where she resided, Malamatenia approached the window, and, to her inexpressible delight, discovered in the handsomely-attired stranger her dearest and most intimate friend. The stranger was an Armenian of great beauty and accomplishments, who had won the heart of a young English nobleman who was travelling in the East. He had married her; and Malamatenia now beheld in Lady Gordon the schoolfellow whose loss she had never ceased to deplore.

The cordial meeting of the two friends is very gracefully described; and on finding herself seated in Malamatenia's apartment, Lady Gordon, in true Eastern fashion, recounts her history; and after warmly dwelling on the virtues of her husband, invites her friend to accompany her to England. Malamatenia joyfully accepts the invitation, subject to the approval of her mother. That personage, in due time, makes her appearance; but the two young friends have had so much to say to each other that it is now getting dark. Lady Gordon rises to take her leave, after obtaining the consent of the old woman as to her daughter accompanying her to England. The old woman now reminds her guest that it is unsafe for a female to be seen in the streets of Constantinople after daylight, and invites her to pass the night in her house. Malamatenia joyfully seconds the invitation; and Lady Gordon at length consents to share her friend's hospitality, as her husband is now absent for a few days from the metropolis upon public business. The old woman then leaves the two friends together, in order to make the necessary arrangements for the night. She immediately joins her two eldest daughters in another apartment, when Tisiphone accosts her as follows:—

"What the devil have you been doing with yourself, you good for nothing old hag—you that annoy us from morning till night with your detestable presence? We have not seen your ugly face the whole of this blessed day. Here we have a godsend right in our grasp, and you will not put yourself at all out of the way. Why were you not here an hour ago? Come, tell us who is that dashing woman below, decked out just like a bride with her jewels? how came such a precious piece of goods to drop into our house? Had we searched up and down with a light, we never should have stumbled on such a treasure. Come, look about, we have no time to lose—what shall we do? how shall we go to work with her? what's the matter with you? what are you making such faces for? why are you so down in the mouth."

"She is the wife of an English nobleman, who has just arrived from his native country, and is going shortly to return," said the old woman, in a tone which signified the impossibility of putting into execution the project to which the daughter's words evidently alluded. "She was at the same school with Malamatenia, and from motives of friendship has called to pay her a visit; and as it is growing late, I have prevailed upon her to sleep here to night. You cannot imagine what a kind-hearted creature she is—she is a perfect angel. She has declared her intention of taking Malamatenia with her to England, and this will relieve me from the necessity of delivering her up into the hands of that infernal Vizir. She is also going to assist us, inasmuch as ——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Scoulika, at the top of her voice, "that won't go down with us. Do you hear her, Tisiphone? For the sake of her girl, who wants to go to England, we are not going to lose 100,000 groshen worth of jewellery. No, no! and so you want to get her away for fear of the Vizir, as if the Vizir would eat her when he got her." Then twisting her features, so as to display the contempt she felt for her mother and her mother's wishes, she continued, "'Tis very true; all of us—everybody, indeed, without exception—act like fools, more or less; but for you to act so, that bothers me; but you don't mean it. What! because she has promised to take your girl with her to London, do you intend we shall lose this godsend, and suffer such a treasure to slip out of our hands?"

"I'll have nothing to do with any undertaking that may cost us all our heads," resumed the old woman, "that's plain speaking. I wash my hands of it altogether. Her husband is a powerful man, his influence is enormous, and he can turn the world upside down. She is not a woman after whom no inquiry will be made, and our case would be hopeless. You know that, Tisiphone, as well as I do."

"Certainly I do; but are you so stupid as not to see

Digitized by Google

that you can deliver her into the hands of the Vizir, and that this might be done this very evening. We ought to avail ourselves of the opportunity, and throw the whole responsibility upon his shoulders," exclaimed Tisiphone, in a low malicious tone.

"From the manner in which that rascally Turk has treated us," continued she, "depend upon it he has something in view, and we shall become his victims. He has befooled and over-reached us so many times, let us now, for once, play with him at his own game. He has such a passion for European women, that if he were to have only a single glance at her figure, I warrant you he would risk his head to get possession of her person. Tell him that she is an Englishwoman, and our fortune is made. We shall receive from him a good round sum, and shall afterwards find no difficulty in hastening her departure into the other world. And should the Devil play us a scurvy trick, and suspicion fall upon us, he must shield us and protect us from consequences, whether he likes it or not."

After some demurring on the part of the old woman, she assents to the Satanic proposal of her eldest daughter. She sends a message to her *ci-devant* paramour, the Grand Vizir, that there is at her house an English lady of surpassing beauty, who has separated from her husband on account of his brutality, and who can be sent to his harem in the course of to-morrow. She begs him to come instantly and see her. Tisiphone, in the mean time, sends to a neighbouring apothecary for a dose of deadly poison. After despatching these several messages, the mother and her two daughters join Lady Gordon and Malamatenia. The fair Armenian shrinks instinctively from the sisters of her friend; but the tact of the old woman enables her to engage her guest in conversation until the arrival of the Vizir. He comes at length, accompanied by an Ethiopian slave, the companion and the instrument of his secret crimes, while Lady Gordon is ushered into the apartment in which she is to pass the night.

The Vizir, meanwhile, is calmly smoking his pipe in another chamber. He is there joined by the old woman, who beholds once more, face to face, the potent enemy of her fallen house, and the paramour who has long since cast her off. Dissembling as she best may her secret thoughts, she dwells upon the charms of this unknown English beauty, who has sought a refuge in her house. She beckons the Vizir to follow her up stairs; and from a concealed window shows him Lady Gordon at her devotions in her apartment. The Vizir is transported at the sight; and on condition of her being sent to his harem next day, grants everything which the old woman asks. He gives up all the money and jewels he has upon his person, and signs a free passport for the old woman and her daughters to quit Constantinople whenever they please. After all is thus arranged, he insists upon again beholding his matchless prize before leaving the house. He again ascends the stairs; and this time he expresses his admiration in tones so loud that he is overheard by Lady Gordon, who advances in terror to the door of the chamber. Forgetting everything, the Vizir rushes into the room; and, appalled by his language and his appearance, the unfortunate lady sinks in a swoon at his feet.

He summons the old woman and her daughters to the aid of their guest, while he resumes his pipe in another room. Lady Gordon quickly recovers her consciousness, and drinks a cordial which Tisiphone prepares for her. We need scarcely add that it is poisoned; and the unsuspecting victim dies in the space of a quarter of an hour in terrible convulsions. The Vizir, ignorant of the truth, is made to believe that the lady has died in the pangs of premature labour, induced by terror at his abrupt appearance. The whole of the details of this atrocious murder display remarkable power. Mrs. Radcliffe once astonished the world with her graphic delineations of Italian perfidy; but if this book is to be taken as a true picture of Eastern manners, we may safely conclude that the Greek surpasses the Italian as far as the Italian does the Saxon in the depths of refined iniquity to which each can severally attain.

Through the artifice of her mother, Malamatenia is kept in ignorance of the fate of her beloved friend for two days. Owing to an extensive fire breaking out in the quarter, she at length discovers the horrible truth. She flies half distracted from the house, she knows not whither. After traversing a number of streets, she finds herself in the midst of a crowd, in front of a splendid mansion, brilliantly lighted up. A guest, who is about to enter the house, perceiving her unprotected plight, prevails upon her to take refuge within; and she speedily finds herself in a lofty saloon, in which are assembled the *elite* of the Turkish metropolis. The pale and trembling girl is silent when questioned as to her name and family, and the cause of her too palpable agitation. The wife of the English ambassador, who is present, prepossessed by her appearance, offers her an asylum in her house, and she accompanies that lady home. But we may guess the feelings of Malamatenia when, on arriving at the embassy, she hears that, through the exertions of Lord Gordon, the murderers of his wife have been apprehended, and that they are now detained as prisoners under the same roof as their innocent relative.

Let us now return to the Grand Vizir. On hearing of the arrest of the two sisters—for the mother had escaped—that personage is overwhelmed with dread, as he conceives the prisoners will not hesitate to throw the whole blame of Lady Gordon's death upon him. After consulting with his favourite slave, however, he perceives a chance of escape from the perilous dilemma in which he is placed. By handsomely bribing the Turkish guard who had charge of the prisoners at the English embassy, his faithful Ali succeeds in obtaining the two guilty sisters, with their youthful brother, Psophios, the cross-grained urchin who has been already introduced to the reader's notice. They are all brought before the Vizir; and he elicits from Psophios, who had been employed to purchase the poison for Lady Gordon, the true cause of her death. The interview which followed between this high functionary and the two sisters we give in the author's words:—

"Tell me, you personification of all that is abominable," vociferated the tyrant, turning to Tisiphone, "why did you poison that innocent, that excellent lady, who was so kindly disposed to befriend your sister, and to do

Digitized by Google

good to all your family? Why did you poison her, I ask?"

"Poison her, my dear Vizir!—I poison her!—I never dreamt of such a thing. Don't hearken to what these boys say; they are children, and don't know what they are talking about," replied the vile creature, in the most canting and hypocritical voice. Then suddenly altering her tone and manner, she turned towards Psophios: "You Judas Iscariot, what do you mean by telling such lies? You are the cause of our troubles. It was you who set the house on fire by upsetting the stove purposely."

"Why did that lanky thing there strike me over the head with her measuring yard? It wasn't the first time she came the bounce over me, and now look at her, she looks very much like a frightened cat."

This taunt roused Scoulika into fury; she forgot where she was, and cried out, "I'll do for you! You are no brother of ours, you little bastard!"

The Vizir darted an angry look at her; his countenance glowed with rage, but he could not help throwing a glance on the boy.

"Do you think you'll escape, you little villain?" continued she. "If we die, your mother lives to avenge our death; and you'll richly pay for this, you will, you dirty little vagabond."

"Mother, indeed! yes, she is so fond of you! She won't forget how you used her because she wouldn't give you up the jewels and the earrings that were the Armenian's," answered Psophios, shrugging up his shoulders, and wiping his nose with his filthy sleeve.

"Oh that my hands were free, I would tear you with my teeth into pieces, you cursed, abominable little traitor!" screamed Tisiphone, frantic with rage; at the same time, stamping the floor, she advanced towards him in a threatening attitude.

"What! in my presence dare you threaten?" roared the Vizir, stamping, in his turn, the ground. "Ali, the red-hot irons! We'll see whether we cannot extort the truth. You murdered that woman, and then tried to make me believe that it was the flowing of her blood to her head. Did you poison her or not? Give me an answer."

"Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Scoulika.

"What would you have me confess," demanded Tisiphone, "after what you have heard from that bastard of yours—that Judas?"

"It is the truth, then," vociferated the Vizir, provoked almost to madness by the audacity of this fearless woman.

"It is as true as that I see you, and you see me."

"And what was your motive, you sink of iniquity?"

"Ambition, the same that induced you to murder my parent, that you might become Vizir," was the cool and deliberate reply.

"By the Prophet, this is unbearable!" roared he, and rising up from the sofa, he seized her by the head, and, having shaken her with all his strength, he hurled her against the wall with so much violence as to shake the whole room.

A cold shudder came over all present; even Psophios was moved, and Tortolinos began to cry and entreat the Vizir not to hurt his sister.

"You may knock me about as you please," shrieked she, "brute as you are—coiner as you are! You may kill me, but your time is drawing near. Leonidas, at Smyrna, has dug your grave; it awaits you; and shortly you will be laid in it," added she, not knowing in her frenzy what she said.

"Mercy, Vizir! mercy! In the name of our father, and by our ancient friendship!" cried Scoulika, "I entreat you not to be so wrathful against my sister. She is raving; she knows not what she is saying; anger has deprived her of her reason."

"You have no spirit, Scoulika; you are a coward!" contemptuously answered Tisiphone. "I am not raving; what I say is true. Leonidas," continued she, turning towards the Vizir, "I say, Leonidas and the Mufti will ring your nose as they would a hog, and stop you in your career."

"Be not so foolish," whispered Scoulika; "think on what you are saying; consider the injury you may do our brother."

Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the Vizir's character, ferocious as it was, these words, and the air of defiance in which they were uttered, so astounded him, that he stood motionless, like an apparition, surveying the speaker in mute astonishment. This often happens; for when characters of this kind find their despotism met by effrontery, and their insulting expressions repaid in the same spirit, either a collision takes place, and then the results are awful, or else the one, conscious of his superiority over his adversary, looks down upon the other with a feeling of contempt, and apparently gives way. So it was in this instance. The language he had heard was unusual and unbearable; but it confirmed the Vizir's suspicion with regard to Leonidas and the Mufti. His voice was therefore no longer boisterous, but it was distinct and clear as he said, in reply, "Leonidas and the Mufti are, according to your statement, digging my grave—very good; and to-morrow, I hope, you will meet Leonidas." He then paced slowly once or twice up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped, "Ali," said he, "take these two women and hang them at once. I give you ten minutes; and tell my Imam* I desire to see him."

On hearing this order, Scoulika fell almost fainting to the ground, shrieking for mercy. But Tisiphone, though ready to burst with rage, addressed Psophios, with a bitter smile, "They are going to hang us, and all through you, you traitor! you Judas Iscariot!"

"You promised me, sir, you would spare my sisters' lives if I told you the truth," said Psophios, addressing the Vizir, "and so I confessed all I knew, and ——"

"Silence! It is too late. Ali, obey my orders."

Tortolinos began to cry bitterly, and drew near to his sisters and kissed them. Psophios also began to cry, and begged their forgiveness. He again asked the Vizir to pardon them.

The slaves now entered, in order to lead them away. Tisiphone, who was leaning against the wall, looked at Psophios while he was asking forgiveness, and mildly said, "Very well. You are but a child, and did not know what you were doing. This coiner, this passer of counterfeit money, has made you his tool, and induced you to speak against your own sisters. But a time will soon come when you will repent, and in sorrow recollect that you were the cause of our death. I forgive you, and so will your sister, I think. Come and take our farewell kiss."

Psophios, after a slight hesitation, went to Scoulika, who kissed him, and with tears in her eyes besought him to remember her to Malamatenia, and to tell that innocent girl how deeply she repented the cruelty she had been guilty of towards her, and how sincerely she implored her forgiveness. Psophios's heart was moved; his tears began to flow when he left her to embrace his other sister. But no sooner had their faces come in contact, when, with incredible ferocity, Tisiphone bit his nose so savagely as to take it clean off his face; and then, stepping up to the Vizir, with her mouth full of blood, like a tigress exulting in that of its victim she spat it into his face, adding, with a diabolical grin, "Now you may pride yourself on your noseless bastard."

Psophios uttered a piercing scream; he clapped his hand to his face, which was streaming with blood, and then threw himself on the floor, groaning with agony.

"Now, coiner! I am ready to meet my fate," said Tisiphone, with exultation, as she proceeded towards the door.

The disappearance of the prisoners from the English embassy causes a great stir at the time, but the circumstance, together with the mysterious murder of Lady Gordon, becomes gradually forgotten. The Grand Vizir meanwhile pursues his guilty career. Immersed though he is in licentious pleasures, he cherishes schemes of the loftiest ambition. His master the Sultan, in conjunction with his faithful friend, the Hospodar Kallimichi, is at this time busily engaged in carrying out his great plans of reform. To these the Vizir is in secret strenuously opposed; and he conceives a daring project, by means of which he hopes to

* A Turkish priest.

Digitized by Google

frustrate the views of the Sultan, and maintain the old Turkish system. Mahmoud, breaking through all Oriental precedent, had abandoned the allurements of his seraglio, and attached himself entirely to a European lady named Anika, the sister of his friend the Hospodar. She bore him a son, whom he designed as his successor to the throne; but, to his inexpressible grief, both mother and child were destroyed by poison. This was the work of a certain beautiful Circassian, the Sultana Amina, once the favourite of Mahmoud, and her confidant, the Vizir, who instigated her to take this means of getting rid of her European rival, and of securing the succession of her own child. The plot succeeds without awakening suspicion to the true quarter, and the Vizir resolves to take a still more daring step. He proposes to Amina to make away with her faithless lord, and to proclaim her son successor to the throne, by which means the old policy of the empire could be speedily restored. The Circassian, however, spurns the proposal with scorn and indignation. She had consented to the death of her rival chiefly with the view of gaining back the affections of the Sultan, whom, in spite of his inconstancy, she loves with all the devotion of her race. The scene between the Sultana and the Vizir, where the latter makes this infamous proposal, is one of the most effective in the book.

The evil deeds of the Vizir are at length, however, brought to light, and he is arraigned before the Divan. He is convicted of coining false money, of the murder of various individuals, and of high treason; and is finally condemned to labour for life at the marble mines in the island of Chios. Whether a Grand Vizir of Turkey could have been guilty of such enormities, at a period so recent, is a circumstance which many of our readers may feel inclined to doubt. The author in his preface, however, assures us that such things were, within the memory of most of us; and he informs us, likewise, that they could not now take place. He attributes this chiefly to the restoration of Greek independence, and to the sweeping reforms throughout the Ottoman empire to which that event necessarily led. In maintaining this view, he strenuously combats the notions of certain English travellers who have laboured to induce us to believe that the separation of Greece from Turkey was a grave political error. Upon this point we prefer the reasoning of Stephanos Xenos to that of Mr. Slade, or even of the omniscient Mr. Urquhart.

But where is our heroine all this time, the homeless and friendless Malamatenia? Living in all comfort at the English embassy, where she unconsciously wins the heart of a young Frenchman of rank. After a period of miserable suspense she ascertains the fate of her infamous sisters, and discovers that her mother is the inmate of a madhouse. In due time she marries her adorer.

Her brother Leonidas has in the meantime fallen over head and ears in love with the wife of the Austrian Consul at Smyrna. *La petite Adèle* is some forty years younger than her husband, and a pattern of every virtue. Leonidas, dreading the consequences of his attachment, tears himself away from the society of this captivating lady and her husband, who is his most intimate friend. The parties all meet, however, accidentally at Genoa, whither the Consul has retired for the remainder of his days. He is overjoyed at meeting his young friend once more, and invites him to dine *en famille* with his wife and her brother Emilius, who has just arrived from Germany. During dinner the following dialogue takes place between him and his guest:—

"Don't you intend to get married, Leonidas?" said he.

"Married! what, I?"

"Yes, you: and why not?"

"In all probability I shall never have the felicity of enjoying that happy state."

"For what reason?"

"Because hitherto I have never yet found a lady to inspire me with such a thought."

"Indeed! did you never love?"

"I might have loved," replied Leonidas, casting his eyes upon his plate, and pretending to be engaged in the process of cutting a piece of meat, "but obstacles interposed, and banished all thoughts of marriage."

"What obstacles? The lady you loved perhaps did not love you in return."

"She could not love me even if she would."

"Then she must have been married."

"Probably."

"Ah! she had a husband living: an awkward obstacle, I admit. But suppose he was dead, and the lady a widow—would you then marry her?"

"How can I answer for the future? Let me suggest the propriety, monsieur, of dropping this subject: I will merely observe that circumstances frequently frustrate the execution of preconcerted resolutions."

"*C'est juste*; but tell me, have you ceased to remember her who formerly took away your heart?"

"If I loved her with a true love she must ever live in my remembrance: it is only false love that soon forgets."

"Yes, yes; and I perceive you would marry her if the impediment were removed. But I am now going to put to you another question, and I beg you will answer it seriously. I had a dispute with *ma petite* Adèle a few weeks ago; I asked her whether in the event of my death she would marry a young man for whom she had formerly entertained an affection, and she said she could not; is she right in her decision?"

"Madame la Baronne will pardon me for observing that there are numerous instances of women marrying a second time without any imputation on their character. Time mitigates the severity of affliction—even of the sorrow a wife feels at the loss of an affectionate husband."

"Exactly so," observed the Baron. "But I make no personal allusions; my remark applies to the general usages of society, and *ma petite* Adèle cannot expect to be excepted from the general rule."

"Discontinue this unpleasant conversation," cried Adèle, imploringly. "Can you not find a more entertaining topic to talk about?"

"*Je vous assure, ma petite* Adèle, that it is a very interesting topic. You are scarcely twenty-three, and I am sixty-five; the age of man is limited to seventy or eighty years, and should I survive to either of those decades you will still be in the prime of life. You are beautiful and discreet; you are also rich; because whatever I possess is yours. With such attractions, what man would refuse your hand? I should say he would be too happy to obtain it. What think you, Leonidas?"

"It is very likely."

"Don't say likely, say positively yes or no."

"I acknowledge that I am of the same opinion."

"And what do you think, Emilius?"

"The same as yourself," replied he.

"Now, *ma petite* Adèle, the majority are on my side, and you will, of course, accede."

"I shall do no such thing," said she, somewhat pettishly.

"But you must, *ma petite* Adèle."

Digitized by Google

"What matters it whether I agree or not? I intend to follow no such example. The Holy Virgin forbid that I ever should."

"Now, gentlemen, I am satisfied," said the Baron, "and beg you will join me in drinking to the health of Adèle's second husband."

"Such unseasonable and unpleasant conversation is intolerable," exclaimed Adèle, rising from the table; "and as you think fit to persist in it, I shall quit the room."

"*Asseyez vous, ma petite* Adèle, *asseyez vous*; you know I don't like contradiction;" and the Baron spoke with some austerity in his tone.

Adèle resumed her seat, but her vexation was extreme: she thought her husband was deranged.

Meanwhile, the Consul coolly filled every glass, and then, bowing to the company, drank off his own, but no one followed his example.

"And now, Adèle, I wish to ask you, whether in the event of my foreseeing my death, you would marry a man of my choice, who I think would contribute to your happiness, if such were my dying injunctions?"

Adèle began to cry; and Leonidas, perceiving her agitation, gently remonstrated with the Baron, and endeavoured to persuade him to discontinue talking upon a subject so inappropriate at dinner.

"Inappropriate!" repeated the Baron. "Answer me frankly, Leonidas. If your most intimate friend on his death-bed conjured you to marry his daughter, what would you do?"

"That is quite another affair. I should of course comply with his wishes, as a matter of duty."

"And if you loved her, what then?"

"I should do so without hesitation."

"This is precisely the point to which I wanted to draw you," observed the Consul, at the same time taking a piece of paper from his pocket-book, he wrote something on it with his lead-pencil, and laid it upon the table; he then hurriedly drew a pistol from his bosom, placed it to his mouth, and fired it before any one had time to prevent him.

Adèle fell senseless on the floor, while the two gentlemen and the servants looked at each other aghast with horror.

We need scarcely add, that in due time Leonidas is united to the widow of his very accommodating friend.

Such is the "Devil in Turkey," which, with numerous defects, is nevertheless a very entertaining production. Judged by the European standard, it has many faults. It is overcrowded with horrors, and these are too often dwelt upon with far too great minuteness. The true artist may excite our terror, but never our disgust. There are, moreover, a variety of characters and incidents introduced which tend to distract the attention of the reader without aiding the progress of the tale. The author describes crimes enough without going out of his way to detail certain horrible ceremonials said to be practised by the Jews of Constantinople; nor is it necessary for the purpose of his story to paint the profligacy of the higher order of Greek clergy in that great city. We shall be glad, however, to meet "Stefanos Xenos" again; but if he again chooses to exhibit himself in an English dress, we recommend him to show somewhat more deference to the tastes and the prejudices of his readers than he has displayed in the "Devil in Turkey."

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.*

It is somewhat amusing to observe the course taken by that guide, philosopher, and friend of all mankind, the newspaper, upon the occurrence of any very heinous crime, or the execution of any extraordinarily atrocious murderer. On one side of the broadsheet we find column after column minutely detailing every particular that can be ascertained respecting the offence and the offender, but when we reverse the sheet we fall foul of a censor who rebukes us in no measured terms for bestowing time and attention upon the labours of his humble colleague, the reporter. Nay, the latter is generally accused of "pandering to a perverted taste," his readers are convicted, unheard, of "morbid curiosity;" and, from the unapproachable height of a leading article, the pitying sage will sometimes regret that "several respectably-dressed persons, and even females," were perceived among the spectators of an execution.

It is, however, sadly to be feared that all those fine phrases and sentimentalisms are nothing more nor less than mere cant—recognised and conventional, perhaps, but still pure and unmitigated cant. People have human feelings and cannot be preached out of them, be the assurance that they are deficient in a fanciful delicacy, when they indulge them, ever so perseveringly repeated by our daily and weekly monitors. Precisely the same feeling that attracted Athenians to the representation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and draws crowds, while we are writing, to witness Mr. Phelps's performance of "Macbeth," at Sadler's Wells, but far more powerful and intense in proportion as reality is mightier and more impressive than fiction, irresistibly absorbs our attention when we have notice given us of the commission of a crime of extraordinary atrocity, or of the terrible vengeance that the law takes upon a convicted murderer. In the presence of the most awful events of individual life, conventionalities such as are desiderated by the respectabilities of the newspaper press have in truth no place whatever. The mind of one that listens to the narrative of a heinous crime is lifted from its ordinary sphere, and wrapt in horror and astonishment while it contemplates deeds strange and alien to its own nature. The

* Light and Darkness; or, the Mysteries of Life. By Mrs. Catherine Crowe, author of the "Night Side of Nature," "Susan Hopley," &c. London: Henry Colburn.

Digitized by Google

culprit is regarded with admiration unmixed with esteem, and we are irresistibly attracted to observe the outward figure that envelopes a soul grandiose in the courage with which it scorns the restraint of law human and divine, and terrible in the evils which it has wrought upon mankind in the persons of individual sufferers. In such cases the imagination of every one forms the tale into an epic or a tragedy with all the fervour, though without the skill, of the artists whose composition we read or listen to unrebuked, and it is simply ridiculous to upbraid the more impulsive as cruel or sanguinary when they flock to witness the last dreadful scene of a real drama. No sane person would entertain any feeling that could be classed as pleasurable from witnessing the mere extinction of animal life. Public curiosity does not pry into the chamber of death, or revel in the carnage of the slaughterhouse. A mighty beast of prey, on the other hand, such as a lion or tiger, or a criminal whose deeds have a close analogy to those of the natural enemies of mankind, and the sight of whom recalls mingled emotions of fear and pity, and a sense of retributive justice, will always collect a crowd of gazers as long as human beings exist and are influenced by their ordinary human sympathies.

It is not, therefore, without reason, that Mrs. Crowe has selected her themes from the regions of the dark and terrible. Assassinations, murderers agonised by the reappearance of their victims, dead or miraculously alive, the inconceivable twists and turnings of circumstantial evidence, sometimes leading to poetic justice, but too often to the condemnation of the innocent, fill her pages with matter of infinite variety and interest. In all of her tales, however, a moral, and that an useful one, is unobtrusively suggested; and her skill in so doing is hardly less remarkable than the lucid and easy style with which her narrative is illustrated.

France, as might be expected of the country in which *causes célèbres* are indigenous, supplies a fair proportion of subjects to our weird-woman. The "Accusation," the "Tile-burner and his Family," the "Story of Lesurques," the "Priest of St. Quentin," "Antoine de Chaulieu's Wedding-day," the "Prisoners," the "Lycanthropist," and the "Conciergerie," show an indubitably Gallic origin. Italy, Holland, and Germany, contribute their quotas, no less distinctly characterised; but from the United States and Great Britain it would seem that the newspapers have gleaned everything that is reasonably detestable and interesting.

The "Accusation," which we have already mentioned, is a tale of earlier historical date than any other in the volumes before us. Its first important era is the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's-day, on which a Count Joachim de Chateauroux, the military commandant of Rouen, loses his first-born son in the tumultuous onslaught of the bigoted assassins of the Huguenots. A second son, however, is subsequently born to perpetuate the ancient family, and retrieve it from its impoverishment, by forming an alliance with a wealthy heiress. The lady unhappily, though wealthy and liberal, did not possess personal attractions sufficient to enchain the volatile affections of the young Count. Her not unfounded jealousy only made matters worse. His home became, in consequence, very distasteful to M. de Chateauroux, and he indulged in frequent and protracted absences. Upon the occasion of his return from one of these, his lady received him with more than her usual ungraciousness; and in the course of a violent altercation threatened him with a vengeance he little thought of. Upon separating for the evening to sleep, according to the usual French fashion, in separate apartments, her anger was expressed in no measured terms in the presence of her attendant; and she was afterwards heard by two of her servants to visit the chamber to which her husband had retired. In the morning he was gone. There were traces of blood in his bedroom and on the balustrades of the staircase; but there was nothing more that might account for the mysterious disappearance of the Count. For awhile it was, or might, be supposed, that he had absented himself from his uncomfortable home as usual, though somewhat more abruptly than he was wont to do; but time wore on, and there were still no tidings of the Count. Sinister rumours soon began to be whispered about. The conduct of the Countess when he was last seen was remembered, and commented upon with little charity. At last, in the mouths of the husband's kinsmen, they assumed a definite shape; and the murder of the Count was unequivocally laid to her charge by them. It was in vain for the lady and her relatives to remonstrate. A trial was insisted upon; and the facts we have mentioned, coupled with the suspicious disappearance of two servants, Clarice and Morel, who had slept in adjacent chambers, were sufficient, as laws then were, to warrant the court to condemn the unhappy Countess as the murderess of her husband. A day was eventually fixed for her execution; and little doubt prevailed, either among lawyers or laymen, that a great criminal had at last been overtaken by justice.

On the eve, however, of the day appointed, everybody was astonished by the arrival of a courier, bearing a pardon for the unhappy convict, and the still more unexpected intelligence that the Count of Chateauroux was still alive, and would himself appear on the following day to rescue his wife from prison, and conduct her home in triumph. The announcement was fulfilled in due course. The Count did appear alive, but looking pale and wasted, and it was said he had been long suffering from ill health—a circumstance which would also go some way to account for his having so long remained ignorant of the danger his wife incurred from his absence. The Count and his lady now dwelt together more regularly than they had done heretofore, and mixed in the society of the province with unusual frequency; but notwithstanding the dead-alive was readily enough received by his ordinary acquaintance, his own family, to the astonishment of everybody, persisted in maintaining that an imposture was put upon the world, and that the Count of Chateauroux, who now occupied the ancestral mansion of the race, was not the same as he who had so mysteriously disappeared some years before. Things went on in

Digitized by Google

this way for eighteen months, when the Count again departed, and returned no more. This time, however, there were no more rumours of himself or his substitute having been unfairly put out of the way. The Countess lived as usual for several years, and when she died, obtained the last offices of the Church without objection from her confessor or from any other quarter.

The domain of Chateauroux was now left without a master, unless M. Francœur, the agent for the deceased Countess, could be called so. There was, however, no lack of claimants. The lady, as we have mentioned, was an heiress, and the bulk of the property would, upon the death of herself and her husband, revert to her family. On the other hand, the death of the Count was still uncertain, and until that was established, it was both the duty and the interest of the Count's relatives to preserve the estate intact for him. The consequences were a protracted and expensive lawsuit between the relatives of the husband and wife, who now changed sides as to the question of the death of the Count, the former affirming his existence as stoutly as they had denied it upon the trial of the Countess, and the latter doing exactly the reverse. Matters were thus at a dead lock, when M. De la Rive, a near kinsman of the late Countess, was at Chateauroux, in earnest conversation with M. Francœur as to the possibility of terminating the lawsuit, when a heavy footstep was heard, and an elderly man entered the apartment. As he advanced towards the gentlemen, they both, with one accord, cast their eyes up towards the picture of old Count Joachim, the father of the last inhabitant of the castle. It seemed as if the picture had stepped out of the frame. Never was there such a resemblance between a living being and a picture, in face, figure, clothes, and everything. Francœur was most affected by the singular apparition. Though in the company of another, and in broad daylight, he seemed as if he were convinced he saw a being of another world.

Without commenting upon their confusion more than by observing that age had increased the resemblance he always bore to his father, the stranger addressed the two gentlemen by name, inquired after his wife, the Countess, appeared shocked and grieved to hear of her death, and then, to their astonishment, denied that he had ever been aware she had been accused of his death, or that he had returned after the mysterious absence first mentioned, and dwelt with her for eighteen months. M. De la Rive, though unable to account for the strange mystery of the whole affair, made no difficulty of recognising the Count in the aged stranger before him. Two old servants, left in charge of the chateau, and the people of the neighbouring town, were equally convinced of his identity; but M. de Francœur gave very significant indication that he was far from being convinced. "He had," he said, "been deceived by an impostor once, as it seemed; he would take care not to be so again."

To the house of M. Francœur, however, the stranger proposed to resort for the night, as there was no accommodation in the chateau, which had been inhabited by a few servants only since the death of the Countess; and to this proposal M. Francœur, after some hesitation, assented.

As they were proceeding thither the stranger observed to his host, that he had made several alterations there since he had left the neighbourhood, and "In particular," said he, "I remember there used to be a well at the end of yonder field, which seems to have been filled up." M. Francœur seemed to start at the remark, but replied, that he had caused it to be done during the infancy of his children, to whom it might have proved dangerous. Nothing further passed at the time, but in the course of the evening M. Francœur privately intimated to his guest that he knew him to be an impostor, and should not suffer him to intrude himself upon the estate of another. He knew, he said, the Count of Chateauroux was dead; but to all inquiries by the stranger as to the means of his acquiring, or being able to substantiate such knowledge, he refused to give any reply. On the next day, however, the *soi-disant* Count repaired to the chateau and took undisputed possession, and, after some time, summoned M. Francœur to render an account of his stewardship. To this the agent made no objection; for though he had all along rather ostentatiously treated M. de la Rive as the real owner, he had been unable to convince that gentleman that the present inmate of Chateauroux was an impostor, and that the real Count was dead. In the course of investigation, inquiries had been made of the old priest who had confessed the Countess on her death-bed; but now that his penitent was no more, the holy man had no hesitation in avowing that she had told him it was true she had gone to the door of her husband's room on the night of his mysterious disappearance, to endeavour to effect a reconciliation with him, but had been stopped by false pride from entering it and accomplishing that good purpose; that she was perfectly innocent of his death, and unable to account for his voluntary or involuntary departure, whichever it might be; and though the stranger, whose forthcoming had saved her from an ignominious death, had dwelt in the chateau with her for eighteen months, she was equally unconscious by what agency his opportune arrival had been secured, or whither he had gone. She was, however, certain that he was not her husband the Count of Chateauroux.

Now, about the time that M. Francœur had been appointed to render in his accounts, he was also engaged in making some extensive alterations in his house; and it so happened that M. de la Rive, to whose son it was proposed Mademoiselle Francœur should be affianced, was cognisant of these changes, and had been present at an interview with the architect who was to superintend them. The latter pointed out that the new well must be filled up to carry out the projected arrangements; and as they were generally of an important character, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the landlord previously to their being made. With the accounts of M. Francœur, accordingly, a request to that effect was sent to M. Chateauroux; and on the next day he came to view the place and discuss the matter, as a careful landlord would do, and

Digitized by Google

brought with him M. de la Rive and the architect as his companions. In the course of the conversation the subject of closing the old well was mooted; and when it was alleged that the water had been tainted and become unfit for use, the architect was desired to go down and examine it.

It was dry, as often happens when a new and deeper well is dug in the neighbourhood of another. "But," said the architect, "have you ever heard of anybody being lost hereabouts?—for I am greatly mistaken if there are not here the remains of clothes and a human body. Send down a basket." His request was immediately complied with; and when a heap of what seemed dirt, mingled with black decaying bones, together with a watch, encrusted with rust, was drawn to the surface, M. Francœur turned ghastly pale, and seemed to have received a deadly blow. And in truth it was so. For three days more he lingered on a bed of sickness; but before he died he revealed the sad and secret end of the lost Count of Chateauroux.

It had happened that M. Francœur had been suspected by the unhappy nobleman of abusing the confidence reposed in him with respect to the property of the Countess, over which he had unlimited control; and if his suspicions were not very clearly expressed, it was at all events beyond doubt that he was determined to investigate how it was the money required to purchase an estate greatly desired by the lady, owing to its contiguity to her own possessions, was not forthcoming when the property came into the market, and was snapped up by a competitor with readier resources. The fact was, that the agent had employed the funds of his client in speculations of his own, from which he could not suddenly have withdrawn them without exposing himself to great loss, and the obvious inference that he had been abusing his trust. It was on this subject that the Count had sought an interview with him before he repaired to Chateauroux for the last time, and invited him to come thither early in the morning, and then enter into a thorough explanation of the matter. After the Count had left him, Francœur was at his wit's end. At night he found it impossible to sleep; and before daybreak turned out into the open air, and paced up and down before his house, moodily imagining excuses and evasions, by which he might escape from the dreaded investigation.

Now it had happened that the Count, who had returned principally with the object of protecting the property of his lady from dilapidation (for though he had long ceased to love her, yet, as an honourable man, he still conceived it to be his duty to watch over her interests), had been so shocked and outraged by the reception he met with from her, that he had, in a fit of passion, determined to quit a place she made so distasteful to him with all speed. He accordingly rose about the same time as Francœur, and, to the astonishment of the latter, stood before him unexpectedly in the grey of the morning, and told him that he should absent himself forthwith from home. To do this he required a sum he mentioned; and the request was not an unusual one, for the Count always drew from the agent the funds he required for his ordinary disbursements. Some conversation as to the exact balance that ought to be in M. Francœur's hands was closed by an observation that the Count's hand was bleeding as from a cut, which was explained by the latter to have been caused by his having broken some glass cases in his bedroom, when he rose before daybreak. M. Francœur, as in courtesy bound, begged the Count to wait while he went into the house to obtain some rags to staunch the wound. After having found some, he was about to return, when it occurred to him that if he also took with him the money required by his guest, that troublesome inquirer might perhaps depart on his hasty journey without further question as to the accounts. In pursuance of this idea, he went to his study and took out the money; but before he could rejoin the Count, a large and powerful dog of the St. Bernard breed escaped from the study, in which he was shut as a guard to the house by night, and more especially to that part of it that held the strong box. M. de Chateauroux at this moment had drawn some water from the well, and was bending over the bucket to wash his wounded hand. The dog bounded towards him, and, before he was aware of its presence, it had, in its gambols, sprung up against his shoulders, made him lose his balance, and precipitated him into the well. For a minute or two the agent heard the Count's voice calling him by name, but Francœur remained immoveable. The voice became fainter and fainter, and soon ceased altogether. The agent might not have been able to save him, but, alas! he did not make the attempt; he felt, afterwards, that he had murdered him. Still, it might have been a truer and better policy to have divulged the death, and represented it, as indeed it mainly was, to have been the result of accident. But no; Francœur knew that the investigation of his accounts might accidentally be mooted in the inquiry, and that not merely his character and property, but even his life, might be imperilled by suspicions attaching to the strange circumstances under which M. de Chateauroux came to his end. It was with this fatal certainty in his sole knowledge that the agent heard of the impending danger of the unhappy widow; but his lips were sealed. To divulge what he knew was inevitable ruin. That the so-called M. de Chateauroux, who appeared when the Countess was pardoned, could be nothing but an impostor, he made no scruple of affirming to that person in private, though, for the sake of his lady, he pretended to acquiesce in the general recognition of the identity. But how the substitute was provided, or whither he went, he knew no more than the Countess; and equally ignorant was he of the elderly stranger who had taken possession of Chateauroux without dispute, and contributed so largely to the final discovery in the well.

It was a little before the unhappy agent had made his confession that this point was also cleared up by the stranger in conversation with M. de la Rive. His life had been strange and eventful. At an early age he remembered a town, which, in later years, he recognised to be Rouen, and a gentleman whom he called father, and heard addressed as commandant. The next recollection of his

Digitized by Google

childhood was, that he was torn from his mother by armed men in the course of a furious tumult; that, young as he was, he received a sword-cut from one soldier, but was saved by the pity of another. The latter afterwards adopted him, and settled him with a hair-dresser in Paris, from whom he learnt his trade. While thus engaged, he happened to attend upon M. Adolphe de la Rive, the brother, now dead, of Eugene de la Rive, with whom he was conferring. At first Adolphe mistook him for M. de Chateauroux; and when his mistake was discovered, persuaded him to personate the unhappy nobleman for the sake of saving the falsely-accused widow from the scaffold. After he had played the part of a substitute, as we have seen, he entered a merchant's house, and rapidly accumulated a fortune. An accidental meeting with Clarice, who mistook him for her old master, and the information afforded by her, that it was owing to the hints of M. Francœur that she and Morel had absconded, directed his suspicions against the agent more strongly than his own observations had already done. The result we have already seen. It was beyond a doubt the stranger was the elder brother supposed to have been killed in childhood during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He preferred, however, to remain in the position of a wealthy bourgeois to claiming the title and estate which had devolved upon him. The latter he surrendered to M. de la Rive without hesitation or regret. By the marriage of his daughter, however, with the son of M. de la Rive, the property which he relinquished for himself was ultimately enjoyed by his grandchildren.

In this tale, the longest and most elaborate in the three volumes, we are afraid that historic truth has somewhat suffered, as upon other occasions, for the sake of "making things pleasant." A subsequent story, that of "Joseph Lesurques," bears a more deeply marked stamp of reality about it, and is, we are afraid, merely one instance among thousands of a class of grievous accidents which occur from time to time in all ages and in all countries.

Lesurques was a country gentleman in easy circumstances, who had resorted to Paris in the year 1796 for the purpose of obtaining those educational advantages for his children which a metropolis alone can supply. But a little time had elapsed since the arrival of the family in their new domicile when the following incident took place. But we must give the tale in Mrs. Crowe's words:—

At an early hour in the morning of the 8th Floréal (a month which consisted, in the then French calendar, of half April and half May), the guard at the Barrière de Charenton observed four horsemen pass through the gate, and take the road to Melun. It was not difficult to perceive that the animals they rode, though handsome and in good condition, were on hire; whilst, from the lively jests which seemed to be circulating amongst the cavaliers, they were supposed to be leaving the city for a day's diversion in the country. A closer observer might perhaps have discovered some traces of anxiety beneath their smiles and laughter; and a slight metallic clang that was heard now and then, when their impatient horses reared or plunged, would have suggested the suspicion that they carried arms beneath their long riding-coats.

The little party reached Mongeron, a village on the road to Melun, between twelve and one o'clock; one of them having galloped forward for the purpose of ordering a luncheon to be prepared at the Hôtel de la Poste. They ate with excellent appetite, and after their repast two of them called for pipes, and smoked very deliberately till towards three o'clock, when, having taken their coffee at a neighbouring casino, they mounted their horses again and pursued their journey. The road they selected was that which leads through the forest of Senart, and as it was protected from the sun on each side by rows of elm-trees in luxuriant foliage, they allowed the reins to drop on their horses' necks, and advanced at a foot's pace, as if to enjoy the pleasant shade.

In this manner they reached Lieursaint, a beautiful village, surrounded at that period by a forest, and famous in history as the scene of Henry IV.'s adventure with the miller; and here they made a somewhat unusual stay; one of their horses had lost a shoe, and the chain which attached the spur of one of the riders to his boot was broken. This last, on entering the village, stopped at the house of a woman called Chatelain, a *limonadière*, of whom he requested a cup of coffee, and asked also for some strong thread to repair his chain withal, which she gave him; but observing that he was not very expert at the job, she summoned her maid to his assistance, during which operation they had both, of course, ample leisure to notice his person and features. In the mean time the others had ridden through the village as far as an inn kept by a man of the name of Champeaux, where they alighted and called for wine; whilst the horse that had lost its shoe was sent to the blacksmith's. They then all repaired to the widow Chatelain's, where they played several games at billiards; after which, having once more refreshed themselves with a draught of wine at the inn, they mounted their horses and started in the direction of Melun, about half-past eight in the evening.

When Champeux returned into the room they had just quitted, he found a sabre in its sheath, that one of the party had forgotten. This he immediately sent after them, but they were already too far on their way to be overtaken by the messenger. In about an hour afterwards, however, the owner returned in great haste to reclaim it; it was he whose spur had been repaired at the *limonadière's*, and, having hastily tossed off a glass of brandy, and buckled on his sword, he put his horse to its speed, and rode off as rapidly as he had come.

Precisely at the same moment, the courier bearing the mail from Paris to Lyons drove into the village of Lieursaint, for the purpose of changing horses. It was exactly half-past nine o'clock, and already quite dark. He was presently away again, with fresh horses and postilion, galloping at full speed towards the forest of Senart. The carriage which in those days conveyed the French mails is described as an elegant, light vehicle, with a strong box behind for the letters, and room within for two persons, one place being occupied by the courier in charge of the bags, and the other being let to any traveller who was willing to pay for it. On the present occasion this place was occupied by a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who had booked himself under the name of "Laborde, silk mercer at Lyons." At about two hours' journey from Lieursaint, the road sinks into a hollow, out of which it rises on the other side by a very steep ascent, and up this the postilion was slowly walking his horses, when there was a rustle in the thicket, followed by the sudden appearance of four men, two of whom seized the horses' heads, whilst the other two attacked the postilion, and in a moment separated his head from his body; at the same instant the courier was stabbed to the heart by his fellow-traveller, both murders being performed so dexterously that not a cry escaped from the victims. The coffer was then forced open, and the assassins possessed themselves of all the money the courier carried with him, amounting to a sum of 75,000 francs, in bills, bank-notes, and silver. They then returned immediately to Paris, the fifth conspirator being mounted on one of the carriage-horses, and betwixt the hours of four and five in the morning they re-entered the city by the Barrière de Rambouillet.

A bolder and more reckless enterprise than this has seldom been undertaken; and even at that period, when deeds of blood and violence were too common in France, it awakened terror and amazement throughout the country.

Digitized by Google

The assassins were scarcely in Paris before intelligence of what had occurred had reached the authorities, and the most rigorous measures been instituted for their discovery.

The first indication met with was the post-horse, which the rider had turned loose on the Boulevards, ad which was found wandering about the Place Royale. It was also ascertained that four other horses, bathed in sweat, evidently much over-ridden, had been brought into the yard of a stable-keeper named Muiron, at five o'clock in the morning. Muiron admitted at once that they had been hired on the previous day by two persons known to him; one as a Monsieur Bernard, the other as Couriol. The former was instantly arrested, but the latter, with the rest of the band, had effected his escape; nevertheless, as the whole country was on the alert, and the descriptions given by the innkeepers where the four horsemen had baited were extremely precise, there seemed little chance of their ultimate evasion.

With respect to the fifth, the people at the post-office, where he had taken his place, described his person with equal accuracy. In the mean time, Couriol had taken refuge in the house of a friend, named Bruer, who resided at Chateau Thierry, whither he was traced and arrested. In the same house was found Guesno (a friend of Lesurques), who appears to have gone there on business of his own. They however seized him and Bruer also, together with their papers; but the two latter having clearly proved their *alibi*, were dismissed; whereupon Guesno demanded back his papers.

"Come to-morrow morning," said the magistrate, "and they shall be delivered to you."

Now, Guesno was extremely anxious about his papers, the want of which was retarding some business he had in hand, so on the ensuing morning he started betimes for the police-office, and, as the fates would have it, who should he meet on his way but his old friend Lesurques! Naturally enough, they fell to discussing this strange affair, which was then the theme of every tongue, and, engaged in conversation, they proceeded arm-in-arm till they reached the office, where, partly from curiosity and partly for the sake of his friend's company, Lesurques consented to wait for Guesno till his business was concluded. They were, however, so early that Daubenton, the magistrate, had not yet arrived; so the two friends seated themselves in the ante-room, through which they expected him to pass, where several other persons were also waiting, and amongst them the witnesses who had been brought in from Lieursaint and Mongeron, to give evidence against Couriol and the others.

Daubenton, in the meanwhile, having entered his office by another door, was busily engaged in looking over the informations relative to this business, when one of his assistants hastily entered to inform him that some women in the ante-room declared that two of the murderers were calmly sitting amongst them. The magistrate could not believe it, and he sent for the women, separately, to question them; but in answer to his inquiries, they both positively reiterated their assertions. One was the maid Santon, who had served the travellers whilst dining at the inn at Mongeron; the other was Grossetete, servant to Madame Chatelain, the *limonadière*, who had mended the spur, given them coffee, and seen them playing at billiards: they were confident that they were not mistaken.

Still the magistrate, who appears to have been most worthy of his office, could not bring himself to believe that the guilty parties would so recklessly run into the lion's jaws; and he urged the women to consider well the consequences of what they were saying—the lives of two of their fellow-creatures hung upon their breath; but their conviction was not to be shaken. He then bade them sit down, whilst he called in the gentlemen separately, and conversed with them both on indifferent matters, and also on the late assassination. When he dismissed them, promising Guesno to send him his papers, he again turned to the women, whom he hoped to find ready to retract their assertions; on the contrary, they were more than ever confident of their correctness. Nothing therefore remained for the magistrate but to order the immediate arrest of Guesno and Lesurques, although himself, especially after the late conversation, was intimately persuaded of their entire innocence. What a dreadful situation for him!

The two prisoners were immediately confronted with the witnesses, who one and all swore to their persons, agreeing, without exception, that Lesurques was the man whose spur-chain had been broken, and who had afterwards forgotten his sword at Lieursaint. . . . . .

Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer, were all brought to trial, the three first as principals, and the latter as abettors or receivers, on which occasion the witnesses swore as positively as before to the persons of Lesurques and Guesno. The last, however, proved a most satisfactory *alibi*, and Bruer succeeded in entirely establishing his innocence. Lesurques was less fortunate, although his *alibi* was also sworn to by fifteen respectable witnesses, some of whom had lunched with him, others dined with him, at such hours as rendered it physically impossible he could have been at Mongeron or Lieursaint on the day in question. The porter, and workmen employed in his house, also gave testimony in his favour.

It was just as the jury were about to yield to the weight of this evidence that the well-meant zeal of a townsman of Lesurques proved fatal to him. This man was a jeweller called Legrand, who had sworn to having transacted some business of importance with the accused on the day mentioned in the indictment, which fact was corroborated by another jeweller named Aldenoff. Elated at the weight of testimony brought in favour of his friend, Legrand most unfortunately proferred his books, where, he said, a certain entry would be found establishing the fact of Lesurques' presence in Paris on the 8th Floréal. The books were accordingly sent for and examined; but an evident erasure and alteration of a 9 into an 8 overthrew, not only the evidence of the jewellers, who were very respectable men, but seems to have cast a doubt on that of all the other witnesses. The president of the court pressed for an explanation, which Legrand not being able to give, an order was issued for his arrest, whereupon the poor man, entirely losing his presence of mind, confessed that he did not know to a certainty on what day he had seen Lesurques, but that, being entirely assured of his innocence, he had made that alteration in his book with the hope of establishing what he was satisfied was true. From that moment the tide of opinion changed; the evidence of the other witnesses was looked upon as the result of a conspiracy, and a certain degree of anger and resentment took possession of the minds both of judge, jury, and audience. Lesurques alone was calm; the more things went against him, the more unmoved he appeared.

At this critical juncture, whilst the jury had retired to consider the verdict, a woman, in a state of excitement bordering on insanity, rushed into the court, and demanded to be heard. Being brought before the president, she declared, with the utmost vehemence, that Lesurques was entirely innocent of the crime imputed to him. "The witnesses are deceived," said she, "by the extraordinary resemblance which exists between him and the real criminal, for whom they mistake him. I know him well; he has fled, and his name is Dubosque."

This woman, Madelaine Brebon, was Couriol's mistress; and in making this avowal to which her conscience urged her, she admitted the guilt of her lover. Yet was she not believed, nor was her evidence investigated; the ill-effects of Legrand's confession was yet too recent. Couriol, Lesurques, Bernard, and Richard, were found guilty, the three first being condemned to death, the last to the galleys. Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, Lesurques rose from his seat, and, with entire composure, declared his innocence, adding, that "if a murder on the highway were a fearful crime, it would be well for his judges to remember that a judicial murder was no less so."

Then Couriol arose. "I am guilty," said he; "I confess it; but Lesurques is innocent, and Bernard had no part in the murder."

Four times he reiterated this assertion, and from his prison he wrote a letter, full of sorrow and repentance, to the same purpose: "Lesurques knew nothing of the affair; the names of the other parties concerned were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosque; it is the last for whom Lesurques is mistaken."

Digitized by Google

Madelaine Brebon also made another effort to convince the authorities of their mistake; but, strange to say, neither her assurances, nor those of Couriol, who could have no interest but a conscientious one, in denying for Lesurques what he avowed for himself, were sufficient to save the life of this unfortunate victim. It is true, a petition was sent into the Directory, and the Directory referred the matter to the *corps législatif*. All they asked for was a postponement of the execution. "Must Lesurques die," said they, "because he has the misfortune to resemble a criminal?"

The answer of the legislative body was, "that the process had been strictly legal; that a single case could not justify the violation of a well-considered statute; and that to set aside the verdict of a jury for the reasons advanced would be equivalent to arraigning the wisdom and justice of the law as established." Since the right of pardon no longer existed, there thus remained neither hope nor help for Lesurques.

On the day of his execution, he wrote the following letter to his wife, which, from the stoicism it exhibited, was very much admired by the Republic—at that period, in te midst of their disorders, affecting a great admiration of classical heroism:—

"My dearest Love,—No man can elude his destiny—it is mine to die on a scaffold, the victim of an error. I shall meet my fate as becomes me. I send you some of my hair; when my children are old enough, you will divide it amongst them. It is the only inheritance I have now to leave them."

Unhappily, it was so, his whole property being confiscated to the state.

After sentence was pronounced on him, Lesurques also caused the following letter to be inserted in the public journals, addressed to the real criminal:—

"Be thou, in whose place I am to die, content with the sacrifice of my life. The day will probably yet come that you will find yourself in the hands of justice—then remember me! Think of my children, and of their broken-hearted mother, covered with disgrace. Restore them their good name; repair their dreadful misfortune, which has wholly originated in the fatal resemblance betwixt you and me."

The executions took place on the 10th of May, 1797. As they went through the streets, Couriol stood up in the cart, and cried aloud to the people, "I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!" The latter died forgiving all men, and calling God to witness the injustice of his sentence.

Amongst those who were perfectly satisfied of Lesurques' innocence was Daubenton, the Justice of the Peace; and as he had unfortunately been a principal agent in the catastrophe, he felt that nothing could appease his remorse but the reintegration of the victim's fame—a tardy, but, as regarded his family, most important reparation; and as this could only be effected by the arrest of the other three criminals named by Couriol, he resolved never to relax his exertions till he laid his hands upon them.

Two years had elapsed since the death of Lesurques, before Daubenton discovered the slightest indications of what he sought; but at the end of that time, he found in the police reports, which day and night were brought to him, the name of Durochat. This was the man who, under the name of Laborde, had travelled with the courier, and he was now in the prison of St. Pélagie for a robbery. There was no difficulty in identifying him; and, accompanied by Daubenton, four gensdarmes, and a constable, he was conveyed to Versailles to be examined. On the road he expressed a wish to breakfast, alleging that he had had nothing to eat since his arrest on the previous day. They accordingly stopped at a small public-house, and there Durochat requested a private interview with the magistrate. The constable pointed out the danger of trusting himself alone with such a confirmed villain; but Daubenton, bent on obtaining the justification of Lesurques, ordered breakfast to be served for himself and the prisoner in a private room. They seated themselves opposite each other, and Daubenton took up a knife to open an egg; it was the only one on the table, the constable having cautioned the maid who waited not to put down a second.

"You are afraid of me," said Durochat to the magistrate, looking hard at him; "you arm yourself already."

"Take the knife," said Daubenton, handing it to him. "Cut yourself a slice of bread, and tell me what you know of the affair of the Lyons' courier."

He had taken the right way. Durochat savagely clutched the knife; but in a moment more he stood up, and laid it on the table. "You are a brave man, citizen!" said he, "and I am a lost one. You shall know all."

Whereupon he made a full confession, confirming in every particular the account given by Couriol. He had himself fled on the first alarm, and the name of Lesurques he had never heard till after his execution. It was Dubosque that had repaired his spur at Mongeron—Dubosque that had forgotten his sword at Lieursaint.

Some time elapsed before the other three were taken, but finally the exertions of Daubenton were crowned with success. Vidal, Dubosque, and Rossi, were arrested, and paid the penalty of their crimes. The confessions of Durochat and Rossi coincided entirely with that of Couriol; Vidal and Dubosque denied to the last, though no doubt remained of their guilt. A light wig, such as he had worn on the fatal day, being placed on the head of Dubosque, the resemblance betwixt him and Lesurques became so remarkable, as perfectly to account for the unfortunate error of the witnesses, who had also been led by a certain similarity of feature to mistake Guesno for Vidal.

The innocence of Joseph Lesurques was thus made manifest to all the world; nobody could doubt it; and his family seemed naturally entitled to the restoration of their property, and such a full and perfect vindication of his fame as a revision of his sentence alone could afford. And for these, we will not say favours, but sacred rights, they have never ceased to suplicate, backed by the support and assistance of several eminent jurists; whilst the good magistrate, Daubenton, devoted not only the latter years of his life, but a considerable part of his fortune, to the promotion of their suit. But, alas! without success: the verdict of a French jury cannot be revised!

In 1842 died the widow of Lesurques, leaving a son and daughter, from whom, on her death-bed, she required a promise that they would never relax in those duties to their father's memory to which she had devoted her life. Her eldest son had fallen, some years before, in the service of his country. During the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., a part of the property of this unfortunate family was restored to them—not as a *restitution*, however, but as a *favour!*

Of the remaining tales, the "Priest of St. Quentin," "Chaulieu's Wedding-day," and the "Bride's Journey," are perhaps those of the deepest interest. A long chapter, in which half-a-dozen lady poisoners, in France and Germany, are noticed together, is certainly the most horrible in the whole work. The cases, moreover, are all historical, and some of them of no ancient date.

Though, however, the skill of a tried artist like Mrs. Crowe makes our very blood run cold while we peruse these shocking narratives, we doubt whether even her skill would not sink under an attempt to describe faithfully what is going on around us daily. At no period, and in no country, has systematic poisoning spread to such a frightful extent as among ourselves at present—no, not even in Paris in the time of La Voisin and Madame de Brinvilliers. Hardly a week elapses that scores of helpless children are not deliberately sacrificed by their parents for the sake of the small sums obtainable from burial-clubs, and the fabled crimes of Medea and Clytemnestra find terribly frequent parallels in trials at assize towns. The public apathy with respect to these offences—an apathy existing solely because the crime and the danger are confined to the poorer classes of the population—does but little credit to an age that arrogates to itself superior civilisation and enlightenment.

Digitized by Google

THE ROUNDHEADS BEFORE PONTEFRACT.

When our great dramatist made one of his characters exclaim—

> "O Pomfret! Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!
> Fatal and ominous to noble peers—"

he dreamt not that in a succeeding age Pomfret would be the scene of civil strife, and that no less than three long, obstinate, and bloody struggles for its possession would be maintained within the space of a few years. While England was convulsed from shore to shore, and the blood of her sons was poured out like water in every county, the scenes enacted before Pontefract were characterised by an obstinacy and intensity of party rage that render the events of its three sieges episodes of the highest interest in the history of the great Civil War.

The letters which follow, now for the first time printed from the originals, contain several incidental notices of the events of the third and last siege of this castle. It is well known that the second siege was terminated by the surrender of the Royalists on the 20th July, 1645. Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had been appointed Governor of the castle, being then engaged in pursuing the scattered bands of Royalists, nominated Colonel Cotterel as his deputy, with a garrison of one hundred men. The feverish excitement which had so long existed in this neighbourhood had not abated; the circumstances of the two sieges were fresh in the minds of all; and Cavalier and Roundhead still looked suspiciously on each other's doings. Cotterel's conduct was in every way calculated to aggravate this feeling, which, like a stifled volcano, was about to burst forth again with redoubled violence.

The gentry of the neighbourhood were, almost to a man, staunch Royalists, and many had fought in the army of the King. They were watched with the most jealous vigilance by the emissaries of Cotterel; and on slight grounds, on some occasions, fined very heavy sums of money for "delinquency:" he even went so far as to act upon information, real or pretended, and summoning several gentlemen to the castle, detained them on the plea that they meditated some design against the Parliament. The Royalists resented this conduct, and secretly resolved to seize the fortress on the first opportunity, and hold it for the King.

About this time Sir Marmaduke Langdale, being informed that the Scotch meditated an invasion of England, received the King's commission, conveyed notices to his Royalist friends, and prepared for another struggle. On his way to the north he paid visits to several of his old companions in arms who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Pontefract. The Cavaliers, rejoiced at this intelligence, hinted that the possible possession of the castle might prove an important matter, since the news of the Scotch invasion would draw the Parliament's forces from London, where so many of the Cavalier party were located, while the Roundheads would certainly attempt its reduction, and, thus engaged, some of their forces would necessarily be diverted from their main army. They resolved, therefore, that as soon as the Scotch, under the Duke of Hamilton, crossed the borders, the fortress should be surprised, and held for the King. Leaving them their commissions, and urging them to execute their enterprise whenever an opportunity should present itself, Langdale took his departure, with the understanding that they would communicate with him from time to time as to the chance of success.

One of the principal actors engaged in this bold enterprise was a man of good birth, named Morrice, who had served as a colonel in the King's army. It is said that he was at first a page to the Earl of Strafford. Trained up in the service of such a man, whose genius was acknowledged by all, but of whom it was said that "God had given him his abilities, but the Devil the application of them," Morrice naturally joined the King's party on the breaking out of the Civil War. For some reason with which we are not acquainted, he subsequently abandoned the Royalist cause, and took service in the army of the Parliament. Here his courage and address made him a great favourite with the officers. There was no enterprise of difficulty or danger into which he did not volunteer, and success always attended him. But the Puritans, scandalised at the dissolute life of Morrice, and suspecting, perhaps, that he was in heart a Cavalier, took the opportunity on the remodelling of the army to get rid of him; promising him, however, that he should not be overlooked in the event of his services being again required. From that time Morrice appears to have meditated mischief to the party which had repudiated him. He came to Pontefract, and as a reduced officer of the Roundheads, for whom he had done good service, had no difficulty in obtaining access to Cotterel, with whom he soon became very intimate, eating, drinking, and, as was the custom of those times among warm friends, even sleeping with the Deputy, whose monotonous round of military duty he relieved by his wit and vivacity. But he was at the same time in constant communication with the Cavaliers in the neighbourhood, and engaged in corrupting the petty officers and soldiers of the garrison; a Major Ashby also was won over by him to the Royalist cause. The Royalist conferences were usually held at the house of the Reverend George Beaumont, who suffered death, as we shall hereafter see, for his attachment to the King's cause.

It would be tedious to detail the devices used by Morrice to cajole the Deputy-Governor, whose confidence he had so completely gained that the warnings he received of his boon companion were unheeded. General Poyntz suspected from the first that Cotterel's friend was a Cavalier in disguise, and he told him his suspicions; but the man was so besotted that he took no heed of the remonstrance, and the plot was matured. The meetings

Digitized by Google

of the Royalists now becoming known in the neighbourhood, it was, of course, concluded that the design so long meditated and known to so many persons would be discovered by the Roundheads. They wanted, it was true, the assent of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, as previously arranged, but they attributed their not receiving it before this time to some miscarriage, the country being again unsettled by the news of the threatened Scotch invasion, and the rising of the King's friends in various parts of England. Under these circumstances, fearing to delay the execution of their plan any longer, they resolved on the night of the 22nd of May, 1648, to make the attempt upon the castle. Eighty of the Cavaliers on horseback, each carrying a foot-soldier behind him, and provided with a scaling-ladder, arrived under the walls, where, Morrice had informed them, the corporal whom he had corrupted would be posted as sentinel. But unfortunately for the Royalists, the corporal, in the endeavour to drink himself up to the necessary pitch of boldness, got so drunk that another man was posted in his stead, who challenged the advancing party, and not receiving a satisfactory answer, fired upon them and alarmed the guard, which, running in haste to the walls, greeted their midnight visitors with a volley which obliged them to retire precipitately, leaving their scaling-ladder in the ditch. Morrice slept, as usual, that night with the Governor, which lulled all suspicion of his complicity; and Cotterel, the next day, being assured by the ladder left in the ditch, of the reality of the attempt, determined to call in the remainder of the garrison, which had hitherto slept in the town, unconscious that in so doing he was offering a better opportunity to the Royalists, many of whom, on the failure of the enterprise, had either separated, taken to the woods, or proceeded to the north, where they joined Langdale. By means of spies they soon learnt, however, that Morrice was still unsuspected, and in as much favour with the Deputy-Governor! Thus assured, they returned to their several homes to wait the course of events.

In order to provide for the accommodation of the additional troops now ordered within the castle, Cotterel issued warrants for the procuring of beds and provisions. This afforded an opportunity for the long meditated enterprise. On the 6th of June, Morrice and Captain William Paulden, in the garb of country gentlemen, with nine companions disguised as rustics, and attended by a guard of constables, all being secretly well armed, came to the gate with carts loaded with the required necessaries. The drawbridge was lowered without suspicion, the beds and provisions delivered to the main guard within the gate, and money given them to procure ale. On the departure of some of them, the residue were immediately made prisoners, and bundled, without ceremony, into the large dungeon beneath the castle, while the drawbridge was raised to exclude any assistance from those without. The Cavaliers repaired at once to the Deputy-Governor's chamber, who had laid himself down on the bed, with his long rapier by his side. On being told that he was their prisoner, Cotterel started up, and, unsheathing his rapier, made a thrust at Paulden, who parried it, and stood on his defence. Notwithstanding a wound in the head and arm, the Deputy-Governor resolutely continued the combat; but making a lunge at his adversary, his rapier struck the bed-post and snapped in two. Morrice at this juncture entered with his friends, and Cotterel, finding resistance hopeless, supplicated for quarter, and yielded himself prisoner. His false friend assured him that he should be well treated, and that his pardon should be procured from the King; but, for the time, he was thrust into the dungeon with his men.

The news of the capture soon spread abroad, and Captain Thomas Paulden shortly afterwards entered the castle with thirty horsemen and about five hundred foot. Thus was Pomfret again recovered for the King. It was found to be well provisioned, supplied with four thousand stand of arms and a couple of mortars, which were well plied in the siege which followed.

Morrice was unanimously chosen Governor, but he had the tact to perceive that this might excite the jealousy of some of those who now joined the garrison, and refused the office: Sir John Digby, who had recently entered with his friends, and had been a commander in this district, was therefore nominally made Governor, but Morrice in reality commanded at Pontefract.

While Lambert and Cromwell, the former in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the latter in Wales, were engaged in putting down the Royalists, the garrison of Pomfret was daily augmented by the arrival of the scattered Cavaliers and their followers. In the mean time, Langdale had been defeated and afterwards captured near Nottingham; a circumstance which tended to depress the spirit of the Royalists, who, however, determined to hold out to the last. Cromwell left Lambert in Scotland—the Scotch having been completely routed, and Hamilton taken prisoner—returned into England, and fixed his head-quarters at Newcastle, whence he despatched a body of troops to Pontefract. On the 30th of October, Whitlock informs us, all the Roundheads then in the neighbourhood of Pontefract had a day of thanksgiving for their success in Scotland. On the following day they were attacked by the garrison, who in a well-executed sortie killed many of them, and made several prisoners. The siege continued, and the same authority informs us that between the pauses of this unnatural contest the besiegers and the besieged drunk to one another as "brother Roundhead" and "brother Cavalier."

The siege being so long protracted, and the reduction of the castle being apparently as difficult as ever, Rainsborough was despatched with a couple of regiments of horse and twelve hundred foot to take the command. He reached Doncaster with this force, and the infantry were quartered in the town, while the horse lay without. The next day they were without a leader. A party of Cavaliers entered the town by artifice, and, attempting to carry him off as an hostage for Langdale, who had, in the mean time, made his escape, he was killed in the struggle which ensued.

Cromwell at length arrived before Pontefract:

Digitized by Google

his presence encouraged the besiegers, and damped the ardour of the garrison, whose excursions were now restrained by every possible means, forts being erected to command every outlet, and lines of circumvallation being drawn entirely round the castle. Cromwell, on the 15th November, wrote to the Parliament, requesting supplies; and a hundred and fifty barrels of powder, with two large pieces of ordnance, were immediately despatched for the more speedy reduction of the castles of Pontefract and Scarborough. The siege was carried on with vigour, and the garrison, spite of the force that lay before them, and frequent desertions, remained true to their cause.

The great political crisis had now arrived. The King was fast in the toils of his inexorable enemies. The demands of the Presbyterian party were urged and rejected; and the army, prompted by their officers, clamoured for his blood. Cromwell applied for "justice upon the King;" and such a demand, backed by the force at his disposal, could not be slighted by those who were averse to extreme measures. He had remained a month before the castle, which he was anxious to see reduced; but he had now a more important object in view, and proceeded to join Fairfax, having first sent into the north for Lambert, whom he charged to take vengeance on the garrison for the death of Rainsborough, a man whose loss, says Clarendon, he much regretted. The Major-General arrived before Pontefract on the 4th of December, and the siege was more vigorously pressed than ever; the garrison, in every sally, being beaten in again with loss.

Our letters commence about this period. They are all addressed to Captain Adam Baynes, who had served in the army of the Parliament, and who, subsequently, was made a Commissioner of Revenue. He represented the town of Leeds in Parliament; and appears, from other correspondence in our possession, to have been in the confidence of Cromwell. The first letter, or rather note, is addressed to him by his cousin, John Baynes, a cornet in the army of the Parliament. It appears from it, that after Lambert's arrival he had gone to reduce the militia, who at times seem to have caused them much trouble and anxiety.

TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES, AT THE KING'S HEAD, IN GRAY'S INN LANE, LONDON, THESE.

COUSEN,— . . . . There's nothing here of concernment yet happens. The Guns will be here next week. Our men are raising new batteries. I hope all will be ready for the Guns when they come. The Major-General is not yet returned to Pontefract from reducing part of the Militia. All good people here are glad, and desire to hear of speedy justice, delays being often dangerous. Nothing else at present. I rest,

Yor. assured Lo. Couzen,
JO. BAYNES.

Pontefract, Jany. 6th, 1648.

This note, though short, is full of significance. The wished-for "speedy justice" is the execution of the doomed monarch. The non-arrival of the guns, ordered seven weeks previously, shows the then difficulty and delay in transporting heavy ordnance, and will raise a smile in these days of railway transit. The next letter is from an individual of the name of Thomas Margetts. It is written in a very neat, steady hand, and with apparent care, and breathes the same spirit as the former. The writer appears to have been a subaltern in the Roundhead army perhaps a commissary. His communications are invariably endorsed "Mr. Margetts" by the receiver. The postscript is curious, as showing the animus of the Roundhead army.

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPT. ADAM BAYNES.

SR,—Being at York at the coming of the other week's post I did not receive yours till the post was gone, so that I did not write to you then; neither is there anything considerable happened in these parts since. The Ma: General is not returned from the disbanding Colonel Rodes and Colonel Cholmley's Regiments of Horse, the work having proved very difficult and troublesome; yet by this time the business is well nigh over. There is no visible disquiet in these parts, nor anything tending thereto, if this unlucky hole were but reduced, which, I fear, may be too long yet, and will be the utter undoing of this poor country, besides the continuance of our miserable hard duty in this extreme unseasonable weather, more than all the forces of the kingdom besides.

We have lately had several Councils of war here for the trial of offenders, wherein we have proceeded to the execution of exemplary Justice upon some, to the great satisfaction of the country and reformation of the army here. Enclosed is a copy of some charge against Lionel Copley: how true it is I know not, but no less is believed; and he that put it forth is an honest man.

The well-affected in these parts do greatly rejoice (the malignants are as much troubled) against [at] your gallant proceedings against Charles Stuart: you see the Lord and he are not independant: let them all fare alike; private enemies are more dangerous than publique. I think they have gone a more ready way to undo themselves than all human wit could have imagined.

Strive to answer the providence of God in this thing. 'Tis good indeed to follow or come after Providence; but 'tis as good to keep close to it as not to lag. So seasonable a blow to the many seasonable words (which sure is not far off) would set the business much forward: expedition in this would prevent many corrupt meditations [mediations] which other monarchs will send to turn Justice aside, lest it might prove an ill precedent to them in future. I think the agreement of the people needs more time to consider then this, for almost all are agreed upon this: the other relates to future settlement, and will require much wisdom and caution: the one is as the pulling down of an old house, the other is the building of a new. We would fain be doing something in these parts while we are together; when we are gone into larger quarters (as when this Castle is taken) we shall be in a worse condition to testify our concurrence with you, at least from time to time; but being at this distance, and having so late and imperfect relation of affairs, prevent our oftener appearing to you. The poor people in these parts are afraid of Jocky again, hearing rumour as if they were preparing for a second Invasion; and I perceive that is the great hope of this besieged enemy. For my part, though I am apt to believe that they are as great enemies to this late . . . . of the Army as can be, and would most willingly find a plausible way of entrance, yet I think at present they are not much to be feared. I confess I have no intelligence from thence. Their new Parliament begun the 4th of this instant, and certainly something considerable will be done, both in relation to the first engagement and also to some future service. I wish they were well watcht, both in this and that kingdom, that we may not suffer for want of discovery or true understanding of their proceedings. I pray, Sr, present my service to Cap. Bradford, and accompt me

Yr. affectionate friend and servt.
THOS. MARGETTS.

Pontef. 6° Jan.

P.S.—*We find in the list of the King's Jury there is no officer of our brigade mentioned for those of the army: Is it not a little disobligement?*

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

COLDS AND COLD WATER.

Who has not had a cold? or rather, who has not had many colds? Who does not know that malady which commences with slight chilliness, an uneasy feeling of being unwell, which does not justify abstinence from the ordinary business and occupations of the day, but deprives one of all satisfaction and enjoyment in them, and takes away all the salt and savour of life, even as it deprives the natural palate of its proper office, making all things that should be good to eat and drink vapid and tasteless? Who does not know the pain in the head, the stiff neck, the stuffy nose, the frequent sneeze, the kerchief which is oftener in the hand than in the pocket? Such, with a greater or less amount of peevishness, are the symptoms of the common cold in the head; which torments its victim for two or three days, or perhaps as many weeks, and then departs, and is forgotten. Few people take much notice of colds; and yet let any one, who is even moderately liable to their attacks, keep an account of the number of days in each year when he has been shut out by a cold from a full perception of the pleasures and advantages of life, and he will find that he has lost no inconsiderable portion of the sum total of happy existence through their malign influence. How many speeches in Parliament and at the Bar, that should have turned a division or won a cause, have been marred because the orator has had a cold which has confused his powers, stifled his voice, and paralysed all his best energies! How many pictures have failed in expressing the full thoughts of the artist, because he has had a cold at that critical stage of the work when all his faculties of head and hand should have been at their best to insure the fit execution of his design! How many bad bargains have been made, how many opportunities lost in business, because a cold has laid its leaden hand upon them, and converted into its own dull nature what might have resulted in a golden harvest! How many poems—but no: poetry can have nothing in common with a cold. The Muses fly at the approach of flannel and watergruel. It is not poems that are spoiled, but poets that are rendered of impossible existence by colds. Can one imagine Homer with a cold, or Dante? But these were southerns, and exempt by climate from this scourge of the human race in Boreal regions. But Milton or Shakspeare, could they have ha colds? Possibly some parts of "Paradise Regained" may have been written in a cold. Possibly the use of the handkerchief in "Othello," which is banished as an impropriety by the delicate critics of France from their versions of the Moor of Venice, may have been suggested by familiarity with that indispensable accessory in a cold. Colds are less common in the clear atmosphere of Paris than in the thick and fog-laden air of London; and this may account for the difference of national taste on this point. It is said of the great German Mendelssohn, that he always composed sitting with his feet in a tub of cold water. This was not the musician, but his grandfather, the metaphysician, and father of that happy and contentedly obscure intermediate Mendelssohn, who used to say, "When I was young, I was known as the son of the great Mendelssohn; and now that I am old, I am known as the father of the great Mendelssohn." But who ever was known to compose anything while sitting with his feet in a tub of *hot* water, and with the composing draught standing on the table at his side, to remind him that in the matter of composition he is to be a passive, and not an active, subject? How many marriages may not have been prevented by colds. The gentleman is robbed of his courage, and does not use his opportunity for urging his suit; or the lady catches a cold, and appears blowing her nose, and with blanched cheeks and moist eyes:—

> "The sapphire's blue within her eyes is seen;
> Her lips the ruby's choicest glow disclose;
> Her skin is like to fairest pearls, I ween;
> But ah! the lucid crystal tips her nose."

And so the coming declaration of love is effectually nipped in the bud by the unromantic realities of the present catarrh.

Napoleon, as is well known, lost the battle of Leipsig in consequence of an indigestion brought on by eating an ill-dressed piece of mutton; and Louis Philippe, in February, 1848, fled ignominiously from the capital of his kingdom because he had a cold, and could not use the faculties which at least might have secured for him as respectable a retreat to the frontier as was enjoyed by his predecessor Charles the Tenth. He might have shown fight; he might have thrown himself upon the army, or upon the National Guard; he might have done a hundred things better for his own fame, rather than get into a hack cab and run away. But it was not to be: Louis Philippe had the influenza; and Louis Philippe with the influenza was not the same man who had shown so much craft and decision in the many previous emergencies of his long and eventful life. Louis Philippe, without a cold, had acquitted himself creditably in the field of battle, had taught respectably in schools, had contrived for himself and his family the succession to a kingdom, had worked and plotted through all the remarkable events with which his name is associated, and by which it will ever be remembered in the romance of history; but Louis Philippe, with a cold, subsided at once and ingloriously into simple John Smith in a scratch-wig.

Of places in which colds are caught it is not necessary to be particular. For, as a late justice of the Court of Queen's Bench laid it down in summing up to a jury, in a case of sheep-stealing, after some time had been wasted in showing that the stolen sheep had been slaughtered with a particular knife—any knife will kill a sheep—so it may be said that a cold may be caught anywhere: on the

Digitized by Google

moor or on the loch; travelling by land or by water; by rail or by stage; or in a private carriage, or walking in the streets; or sitting, at home or elsewhere, in a draught or out of a draught, but more especially in it. Upon a statistical return of the places in which colds have been caught, by persons of both sexes, and under twenty-one years of age, founded upon the answers of the patients themselves, it appears that more colds are caught upon the journey in going to school, and at church, than at the theatre and in ball-rooms. Upon a similar return from persons liable to serve as jurymen in London and Middlesex, it appears that a majority of colds is caught in courts of justice; to which statement, perhaps, more confidence is due than to the former, as it is not known that Dr. Reid has ventilated any of the churches or theatres in the metropolis. Indeed, if the ancient physical philosophers, who had many disputes upon the first cause of cold, had enjoyed the advantage of living in our days and country, they might have satisfied themselves on this matter, and at the same time have become practically acquainted with the working of our system of jurisprudence, by attending in Westminster Hall, when they would go away perhaps with some good law, but most certainly with a very bad cold in their heads. Upon the returns from ladies with grown-up daughters and nieces, it appears, from their own statements, that more colds are caught at evening parties than anywhere else; which is in remarkable discrepancy with the statements of the young ladies themselves, as before mentioned. The same curious want of agreement is found to prevail as to the number of colds caught on water-parties, pic-nics, archery-meetings, and the like, which, according to one set of answers, never give rise to colds, but which would certainly be avoided by all prudent persons if they gave implicit belief to the other.

Of the remedy for colds something may now be said. As with other evils, the remedy may exist either in the shape of prevention or of cure, and of course should be most sought after, by prudent people, in the former. Much ancestral wisdom has descended to us in maxims and apothegms on the prevention and management of colds. Like other venerable and traditional lore which we are in the habit of receiving without questioning, it contains a large admixture of error with what is really good and true; and of the good and true much occasionally meets with undeserved disparagement and contempt. Our grandmothers are right when they inculcate an active avoidance of draughts of air, when they enjoin warm clothing, and especially woollen stockings and dry feet. Their recommendation of bed and slops is generally good, and their "sentence of watergruel" in most cases is very just, and better than any other for which it could be commuted; but when they lay down the well-known and authoritative dogma, stuff a cold and starve a fever, they are no longer to be trusted. This is a pernicious saying, and has caused much misery and illness. Certain lovers of antiquity, in their anxiety to justify this precept, would have us to take it in an ironical sense. They say, stuff a cold and starve a fever: that is, if you commit the absurdity of employing too generous a diet in the earlier stages of a cold, you will infallibly bring on a fever, which you will be compelled to reduce by the opposite treatment of starvation. This, however, may be rejected as mere casuistry, however well it may be intended by zealous friends of the past. Our British oracles were not delivered in such terms of Delphic mystery, but spoke out plain and straightforward; and even this one permits of some justification without doing violence to the obvious meaning of the words. For every cold is accompanied with some fever, the symptoms of which are more or less obvious, and it indicates the presence in the system of something which ought not to be there, and which is seeking its escape. Every facility should be given to this escape which is consistent with the general safety of the system. We may reasonably leave a window open, or a door upon the latch, to favour the retreat of a disagreeable intruder, but we should not be willing to break a hole in the wall of the house. All the remedies of hot water for the feet, warming the bed, exciting gentle perspiration, are directed to this object. Occasionally, the excitement of an evening passed in society, especially if there is dancing, and in a room of somewhat elevated temperature, is sufficient to carry off an incipient cold. So a cold may be stopped, *in limine*, by the use of a few drops of laudanum; and so, perhaps, the stimulus of some slight excess in eating or drinking may operate to eject the advancing cold before it has completely lodged itself in the system. But this is dangerous practice, and the same object may be effected far more safely and surely by the common nursing and stay-at-home remedies.

Of all prophylactic or precautionary measures (in addition, of course, to prudent attention to dress and diet) the best is the constant use of the cold bath. It is only necessary to glance at the ironmongers' shops to see that of late years the demand for all kinds of washing and bathing apparatus has much increased, and that many persons are aware of the importance of this practice. The exact method of applying the cold element must depend on the constitution of the patient. For the very vigorous and robust, the actual plunge-bath may not be too much; but few are able to stand this, for the great abstraction of animal heat by the surrounding cold fluid taxes the calorific powers of the system severely; nor is a convenient swimming or plunge-bath generally attainable. A late lamented and eminent legal functionary, who lived near the banks of the Thames, bathed in the river regularly every morning, summer and winter, and, it is said, used to have the ice broken, when necessary, in the latter season. He continued this practice to a good old age, and might have sat for the very picture of health. The shower-bath has the merit of being attainable by most persons, at any rate when at home, and is now made in various portable shapes. The shock communicated by it is not always safe; but it is powerful in its action, and the first disagreeable sensation after pulling the fatal string is succeeded by a delicious feeling of renewed health and vitality. The dose of water is generally made too large; and by

Digitized by Google

diminishing this, and wearing one of the high peaked or extinguisher caps now in use, to break the fall of the descending torrent upon the head, the terrors of the shower-bath may be abated, while all the beneficial effects are retained. It has, however, the disadvantage of not being easily carried about during absence from home, and the want of it is a great inconvenience to those who are accustomed to use it. None of the forms which are really portable are satisfactory, and all occupy some time and trouble in setting up and taking down again, unless, indeed, you are reckless of how and where you fix your hooks, and of the state of the floor of the room after the flood has taken place, and perhaps benevolently wish that the occupants of the room beneath should participate in the luxury you have been enjoying. For nearly all purposes the sponge is sufficient, used with one of the round flat baths which are now so common. Cold water, thus applied, gives sufficient stimulus to the skin, and the length of the bath, and the force with which the water is applied, are entirely under command. The sponging-bath, followed by friction with a rough towel, has cured thousands of that habitual tendency to catch cold which is so prevalent in this climate, and made them useful and happy members of society. The large tin sponging-bath is itself not sufficiently portable to be carried as railway luggage, but there are many substitutes. India-rubber has been for some time pressed into this service, either in the shape of a mere sheet to be laid on the floor, with a margin slightly raised to retain the water, or in a more expensive form, in which the bottom consists of a single sheet of the material, while the side is double, and can be inflated so as to become erect, in the same manner as the india-rubber air-cushions. Either form may be rolled up in a small compass. The latter gives a tolerably deep bath, capable of holding two or three pails of water; but it is not very manageable when it has much water in it, and must be unpopular with the housemaids. As there is no stiff part about it, it is difficult, or rather impossible, for one person to lift it for the purpose of emptying the water; and the air must be driven out before it can be packed up again, which occasions a delay which is inconvenient in rapid travelling. Besides, on the Continent at least, where the essential element of water is not to be had, except in small quantity, the excellence of holding much is thrown away. Travelling-boxes have lately been made of that universal substance, gutta-percha, which serve the double duty of holding clothes or books on the road, and of baths in the bedroom. The top can be slipped off in a moment, and is at once available as a bath; and whenever the whole box is unpacked, both portions can be so employed. But the one disadvantage which prevents gutta-percha from being adopted for many other purposes tells against it here. It becomes soft and pliable at a very low temperature, which unfits it for hot climates, and for containing hot water in our own temperate regions. There is also the danger of burning or becoming injured by the heat, if left incautiously too near the fire. But for this drawback, it seems as if there was nothing to prevent everything from being made of gutta-percha. It is almost indestructible, resists almost all chemical agents, and is easily moulded into any required form. But like glass, it has its one fault. Glass is brittle — gutta-percha cannot resist moderate heat; and but for this, these two materials might divide the world between them. It is related that a certain inventor appeared before the Emperor Tiberius with a crystal vessel, which he dashed on the pavement, and picked up unhurt; in fact, he had discovered malleable glass, the philosopher's stone of the useful arts. His ingenuity did not meet with the success it deserved; for the Emperor, whether alarmed at the novelty, and wishing to protect the interests of the established glass-trade, or wishing to possess the wonderful vase, and to transmit it in the imperial treasure-chambers as an unique specimen of the manufacture, immediately ordered his head to be cut off, and the secret perished with him. Any one who re-discovered it, or could communicate to the rival vegetable product the quality of resisting heat, would make his fortune; and although he might find the patent-office slow and expensive, would now-a-days be better rewarded by a discerning public than his unfortunate predecessor was by the Roman tyrant. But to return to our baths: a very good portable article may be made by having a wooden travelling-box, lined with thin sheet zinc. It may be of deal or elm, and painted outside. The lid may be arranged to slip on and off, like the rudder of a boat, on eyes and pintles, or on common sliding hinges; and there may be a moveable tray, three or four inches deep, to be lined also with zinc, which serves for holding the immediate dressing-apparatus, and all that need be taken out for a single night's use. This tray, together with the lid laid side by side on the floor, makes a fair enough sponging-bath; and if the box itself is placed between them, and half-filled with water, a most luxurious bathing-apparatus is at once established. The zinc lining should be painted, or, what is still better, japanned; and the lock should open on the side of the box, and be fitted with a hinged hasp, which can be turned up, out of the way, upon the side of the lid, when it is detached and in use as a bath. The lock should not open upwards in the edge of the box, or the water might enter it, and damage the wards; and the hasps sticking up from the edge of the lid would be in the way. A box on this plan has been made, and has been in use for some months with perfect success, and may possibly be exhibited for the instruction of foreigners in the Great Exposition of 1851. The only objection is the increased weight arising from the metallic lining; and this might be removed by employing sheet gutta-percha in its place, or by relying on good workmanship and paint alone to keep the box water-tight. The gutta-percha would, in this case, be supported by the wood of the box, and could not get out of shape; but it still would be liable to injury if used with warm water.

Little need be said of sponges. The best fetch a high price, but are probably most economical in the end; for a good sponge, used only with cold

Digitized by Google

water, will last a long time. There is an inferior kind of sponge, very coarse, ragged, and porous, which formerly was not sold for toilet use, but which is now to be found in the shops, and is sold especially for use in the sponging-bath. It is much cheaper than the fine sponge; and readily takes up, and as readily gives out again, a large quantity of water; and, on the whole, may be recommended. Our old friend, India-rubber, appears again as the best material of which the sponge-bag can be made. Oil-skin is efficient while it lasts, but it is very easily torn; and sponges are apt to be impatiently rammed into their bags in last moments of packing.

Armed with his sponge and his portable bath, a man may go through life, defying some of its worst evils. Self-dubbed a Knight of the Bath, he may look down with scorn upon the red ribands and glittering baubles of Grand Crosses and Commanders, and may view with that calm philosophy to which nothing so much contributes as a state of high health the chances and changes of a surrounding world of indigestions and catarrhs. With his peptic faculties in that state of efficiency in which the daily cold affusion will maintain them, he will enjoy his own dinners; he will not grudge his richer neighbour his longer and more varied succession of dishes, and he will do his best to put his poorer one in the way to improve his humbler and less certain repast. With his head and eyes clear and free from colds, he will think and see for himself; and will discern and act upon the truth and the right, disregarding the contemptuous sneezes of those who would put him down, and the noisy coughs of those who would drown his voice when lifted up in the name of humanity and justice.

LITERATURE.

Affinities of Foreigners. In 2 Vols. London: Newby.

The object of this work appears to be to inculcate the doctrine that the marriages of English people with foreigners seldom come to good. We believe the vast majority of our readers hold a similar opinion, although doubtless much might be said on the other side of the question. To those, however, who have any doubts upon the subject, we strongly recommend a perusal of these entertaining volumes. They appear to be written by a lady who has had ample experience of continental life; and the scenes and manners of foreign countries, more particularly those of Italy, are pourtrayed, we fear, with only too great fidelity.

The result of the author's experience is published in a series of tales, the first of which is entitled "Farewell to England." The heroine of this story is a young and attractive English lady, who has been long attached to a young clergyman in her native country. An ambitious aunt causes the lovers to break off the engagement, and she immediately afterwards sets out for the Continent, accompanied by her niece. The latter marries a Russian nobleman of great wealth and influence, and of course becomes the envy and admiration of her travelling countrywomen. The new-married pair take up their abode in St. Petersburgh, where the young bride is overwhelmed with flattery and with attentions from high quarters of a very equivocal description. The offended wife complains to her husband, who not only hears her with perfect indifference, but chides her for her *gaucherie* in troubling him about such a matter. The result of such treatment upon a mind possessing no strength of character it is not difficult to conceive. The amiable English girl, unsustained either by high principle or by good example, sinks gradually into a level with the women around her. The description of the change has a painful air of reality. Years pass away; and she meets at length with her first lover in Paris. She proposes to fly with him; but discovers, to her amazement, that his disappointed passion has induced him to leave the Church of his fathers, and to become a Catholic priest. So ends this tale of sin and sorrow.

"The Fatal Town" is a story of Italian life, displaying much power and a perfect acquaintance with the life and habits of the South. The plot, or rather the *imbroglio*, in which all the different characters are placed in the course of the story, is, however, so inexplicable, that we cannot at present undertake the task of elucidating it. We have a strong impression that various of the characters in this story are drawn from real life.

The next tale, "Chances and Changes," reminds us much of Miss Austin. The character of Hesketh Hamilton in particular closely resembles one of the admirable portraitures of that great novelist. Her lover, too, Captain Staunton, might very well pass for one of Miss Austin's naval heroes. The last tale in the book, "Parting to Meet," is, in our opinion, the most unsatisfactory. That any rational Scotchwoman should break her heart for a profligate Frenchman of fifty is an occurrence far too improbable to be dreamed of in our philosophy.

Digitized by Google

Black's Iron Highway: London to Edinburgh via *York, Newcastle, and Berwick.*

Black's Iron Highway: London to Edinburgh via *Lancaster, Carlisle, and Glasgow.*

Anderson's Guide to the Highlands. Edinburgh: Adam and C. Black.

The two first of these are guide-books, which give a fair and full account of the railway itself, along which the traveller is whirled at twenty or thirty miles an hour, besides a concise notice of the most remarkable places that he passes on or near the line of road. If, therefore, he holds, with Schiller's master bell-founder, that—

> "Den schlechten mann muss man verachten,
> Der nie bedacht was er vollbringt,"

he will doubtless provide himself with one of Messrs. Black's instructive volumes, and learn from them by what means it has come to pass that he travels as fast as a bird flies, and also how and why population came to settle, and still continues to live and labour, in the industrious hives he touches at.

Messrs. Anderson's work is on a still larger scale. Under pretence of being a guide-book, it gives us a copious supply of every kind of knowledge bearing upon the country it describes. The nature and state of the land, the poor, their education, and many other topics of a similar kind, are treated of with conciseness and interest. It is pemmican Blue-book, history and geography; and, by the variety of the successive subjects, well calculated to give information with a minimum of trouble and weariness. That it should have reached a second edition is not more than might be expected.

Alice Tyne, the Doctor's Little Daughter. By Eliza Meteyard. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

The "Doctor's Little Daughter" is a very pretty book, both inside and out. It is written in an easy, graceful style, and shows a far greater variety of acquired knowledge than is usually expected from a lady-writer. It is, however, far too long; and the little heroine is a great deal too intelligent and too sentimental for her years. We are afraid that the unartistic and untrue imaginings of Mr. Dickens, as exemplified in his impossible "Child," in the "Old Curiosity Shop," and little Dombey, have done the mischief. Cherubs with heads and wings only are mere symbols of heaven's grace surrounding the Madonna or Magdalene, as the case may be; but a narrative representation of an infant, combining baby simplicity with adult intelligence and sentimentality, is an untruth in art which will not stand the test of half a dozen pages.

We might also, if polemically inclined, take exception to some passages of a Romanist tendency: as it is, we shall merely enter a most decided protest against the doctrine (p. 363) that, "To admire truth, and beauty, and good, is to *pray!*"

Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. James William M'Gauley. 2 Vols., 8vo. Dublin: Alexander Thom.

This is a new and enlarged edition of an elementary work. The portion which related to arithmetic, algebra, and geometry is reserved for separate treatment. Every element of machinery, together with optics, pneumatics, and electricity, &c., is treated of in the first volume, and the second is exclusively devoted to chemistry.

Voices from the Woodlands. By Mary Roberts. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

This little volume had lain for some time on our table unnoticed, from an apprehension that it was intended for the delectation of palates much younger than our own; and though we were as hungry as reviewers should be, still bread-and-butter was not the especial object of our appetite. An accidental inspection, however, satisfied us we had been overcautious. The young, it is true, may read it, but so may their elders, and with hardly less enjoyment. Mary Roberts is a vocal Oread, or Dryad. Her trees tell their private histories by her mouth, and very prettily indeed they are told. Some of their portraits convey a better idea of the originals than we could have supposed possible to be obtained through the medium of coloured lithographs.

The Age and its Architects. By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Gilpin.

Mr. Hood's ten chapters on the English people in relation to the present time are well worth a perusal. All the great questions of the day are touched on in their turn, and some curious facts, not generally known, are adduced in illustration of the author's views. Apart from the information we obtain from it, the principal merit of the work lies in the earnest zeal with which the cause of progress is advocated in every department of our social relations, and also in a clearness and elegance of style which sometimes almost reaches eloquence. It is, on the other hand, occasionally deficient in originality, and popular views are too unhesitatingly adopted when the importance of the question treated of requires that both the writer and his reader should use their best energies to think out sound conclusions for themselves. It is assumed, for instance, that legislation originates and sustains the method by which landed property is generally distributed. But though Mr. Hood is fully aware that this is not the case, but that, on the contrary, the law leaves everything to individual will, and that will is always exercised in conformity with the public opinion of the country, we have an endless complaint of the distribution of landed estates which, if reduced to a specific legislative form, could only operate to abridge men's liberty in disposing of their property. It cannot, in fact, mean anything else; for the law of primogeniture only prevails in the absence of an appropriation of land by the deed or will of its possessor; and if that law were abrogated to-morrow, the change would, in practice, be imperceptible for ages. It is to be lamented that the energy of reformers like Mr. Hood should be wasted upon such themes, when it might be employed to advantage if it were concentrated upon palpable griev-

Digitized by Google

ances, which, by their nature, admit of a practical remedy. Many of these, indeed, he has discussed with great ability, and, we trust, will continue to do so.

The Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By THOMAS MULOCK. Edinburgh: John Menzies.

MR. MULOCK'S work is principally a reprint of several very able and slashing contributions to the columns of the *Inverness Advertiser*. They were certainly worth a reprint, as doubtless, in their present form, they will obtain a far more extensive notice than could have been anticipated for them from their appearance in a local journal, however able and well known. Our limits do not at present permit us to enter upon such an extensive subject as the policy and justice of the clearance of Sutherland property, and the means by which the ejected crofters might be disposed of; and though we have no more partiality for the Highland landowners than Mr. Mulock himself, we are by no means sure that, upon the whole case, we might not come to a very different conclusion from that which he has arrived at. On the other point, however, the *modus operandi*, we are clearly with him. Mr. Mulock has done his duty boldly and ably in exposing the reckless indifference with which the sufferings of the poor peasantry have been regarded, in the course of a financial and social experiment which should have been conducted with the greatest caution. Besides this topic, and one closely connected with it—the administration of the destitution funds collected for the relief of the Highlands—Mr. Mulock gives us two very good essays on the late Dr. Chalmers and Lord Jeffrey, and a somewhat cutting attack upon Mr. Carlyle, both on account of the sentiments and the style of his later writings. We are, however, not sure that, after all, Mr. Mulock does not agree with Mr. Carlyle a good deal more than he thinks for. If Rush, Tawell, Margaret Hamilton, or Maria Manning had fallen under the judicial cognisance of either of these gentlemen, they would have been put to death, in one case as much as in the other, as noxious beasts, *hostes humani generis*, in spite of the humanitarianism which stickles for the fraternity when it is palpably incompatible with the safety of mankind.

Spring-tide; or, The Angler and his Friends. By JOHN YONGE AKERMAN. London: Richard Bentley.

THE most charming book in the world is, we believe by universal consent, the "Angler" of old Izaak Walton. His precepts as regards fishing are now in a great measure superseded, in consequence of a longer and equally observant study of fish by an uninterrupted succession of disciples; but his book remains a kind of piscatory Koran, overlaid, it is true, with glosses and commentaries, but still possessing a peculiar sanctity and importance. "Salmonia," and other similar works, have from time to time appeared, on the same plan, and conveying much the same kind of sentiments as are to be found in the first venerable volume of the craft; and perhaps the greatest service that Izaak rendered to mankind lay in his having shown the way to his successors to make the many graceful works which treat upon angling or its cognate subjects.

Mr. Akerman, as far as we can judge from the pages before us, is no unworthy follower of old Izaak or Sir Humphrey; but besides the mysteries of rod, and line, and hook, and fly, he takes a wide range over subjects which possess a general interest. He is a naturalist and an antiquarian as well as a fisherman, and gifted with no small share of observation of men, manners, and dialect. The colloquies, therefore, of Senex and Julian embrace a variety of topics which render his little book a most pleasing pastime, even to such outrageous laymen as have never risen to the dignity of gudgeon-fishing from a punt. The following extracts, taken at random, will give some notion of the easy style and pleasant variety of Mr. Akerman; but with reference to a literary production of any kind, we should always remember, that a brick may be a good specimen of the materials, though it can never convey an idea of the architecture of an edifice.

Our first sample is a perhaps more ingenious than sportsmanlike method of taking perch:—

S. For my part, I cannot now tolerate fishing with a float, and yet I confess that that kind of angling, when the barbel are on the feed, in very deep and clear water, such as the Thames at Twickenham or Richmond, is far from despicable sport, and may afford great delight to those who cannot fish with the fly. A good perch, too, is a powerful and resolute fish, a free biter, and rarely tries your patience.

J. I never hear of perch-fishing without thinking of a contrivance of a cockney-angler, who used to fish in one of the canals in the neighbourhood of London. The old fellow having marked a good swim of perch, forthwith prepared a large glass-bottle, which he filled with water, and then introduced a handful of live Thames shrimps. The bottle being carefully stopped, was then let down by a string to the bottom of the canal, and was soon surrounded by all the perch in the neighbourhood, who, finding they could not assail the imprisoned shrimps, swam round and round the outside, rubbing their snouts against the glass, like hungry *gamins* at the steamy windows of a cook's shop. While thus engaged, the angler let down a shrimp on a hook by the side of the glass; and you may be sure he was not long without a bite.

Another anecdote almost borders on the tragic, and may figure as an exemplification of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence:—

On the 15th June, 1827, the two brothers of a man named Winter, a notorious poacher, came to the steward of the late Sir Philip Musgrave, at Edenhall, to request that a boat might be lent them that they might search in the river for their brother, who had been a short time missing. His landing-net having been found floating down the stream, it was supposed that he was drowned. The steward accompanied the men to the river Eamont, which they dragged in different places with a net, and, after some hours' toil, they succeeded in drawing out the body from a deep pool in the river, under some rocks, called the Giant's Cave; and, singular enough, at the same haul they caught one of the largest trouts ever found in that river, weighing nearly seven pounds. The men seemed more anxious to secure the fish than the body of their drowned brother; but the gamekeeper, being one of the dragging party, took the prize up to the Hall. A Coroner's Inquest was duly held on the body, and a verdict found

Digitized by Google

"Accidentally Drowned." The country people laid the homicide on the fish, which, they said, had dragged the poacher from a slippery stone into the pool as a judgment for *stealing!* And this was the moral for about three years afterwards, when an old Irishman, nicknamed Sandy, an idle character, who supported himself by any chance employment, eked out by a little poaching, was taken dangerously ill. Finding himself on his death-bed, he declared he could not die easy unless he made a clean breast, and confessed a great crime that he had been guilty of. He then stated, that a few nights before the discovery of Winter's body, he was going to fish in the pool under the Giant's Cave, and being on the top of the rocks he looked down and saw Winter there busily fishing. He halloed to him to go away from that spot, as it was his part of the river, and Winter had no right to be there. Winter refused to go, and replied he had as much right to be there as Sandy, upon which the latter threw a large stone on the poacher below, and knocked him down into the river. He then ran away; and when he afterwards heard of Winter being discovered drowned, he kept the occurrence a secret until he found himself dying.

We conclude with a fair specimen of the language and wit of the *rusticus abnormis sapiens* of the south-west counties of England, who, Mr. Akerman will have it, speaks the genuine Saxon of the Alfreds and Ælfrics before the Conquest.

Simon. Haw, about 's zlippin back, zur? Why young Joe went to school wi owld Tommy Stretch, zo one day a never coomed till amwoast night. "What's th' razon you be here at this time?" says Tommy. Joe hackered wi' vear—"'Begs yer pardon," zays he, "'twas zo uncommon zlippy, ev'ry step I tuk vorrad I went two backerds." "Ye young wosbird," zays Tommy, "if ye'd done that, ye woudn't be here at all, zo I'll gie't to 'e unmarcivul—that's what I wool, vor tellin zich lies." "Oh, dwont'e! dwont'e!" zays Joey: "I'll tell'e how 'twere. I gied up gettin here at all, zo I turned back to gwo to mother's, and I zlipped back here, so dwont'e wallop I."—Did 'e ever hear the stwory o' Joe's vather on th' bridge yander? A rum owld customer was owld Joe.

S. Well, tell us the story, Simon.

Simon. Why one marnin, many years ago, owld Joe was lukin' auver the bridge a watchin' the vishes, when a genelman vrom Lunnon coomed by. "I zay, vather," zays the strainger, "what d'ye caal this out here bruk?" Th' owld bwoy was a leetle bit dunch, and a didn't year'n very plain. "D'zay?" says he. "How d'ye caal this bruk?" says the strainger agen. "Haw,—*caal* un," zays owld Joe, "um dwont caal un at ael, um dwont: a allus cooms this woy wi'hout callin'!" Zo the cockney went off in a girt pelt, and towld un to gwo and hang 's self.

ASSURANCE OFFICES

The Gresham Life Assurance Society.—The second annual general meeting of the proprietors and policy-holders of the above Society was held at the Company's offices, in the Old Jewry, on Thursday, the 17th October. The meeting was unusually large. William Tabor, Esq., the Chairman of the Company, was unanimously called upon to preside, and having briefly mentioned the object for which the meeting was convened, called upon the Secretary, T. A. Pott, Esq., to read the following Report of the Directors:—

"It is required by the Deed of Settlement of this Society that within a certain period after the close of each financial year, the Board of Management should furnish a report of the business transacted during the past year, together with an account of the Society's receipts and disbursements for the same period, to be submitted for your information and approval. Your Directors have much pleasure in meeting you this day, and beg to submit to you, in accordance with the above-mentioned requirements, their financial statement, which has been minutely examined by the Auditors, and certified to be correct. By the constitution of the Society, three of the Directors retire annually. On the present occasion, it has fallen to the lot of Messrs. Solly, Williams, and Daviss, to retire accordingly; all of whom being eligible and candidates for the office, your Directors recommend them to the shareholders for re-election. The Auditors, both on the part of the shareholders and policy-holders, retire annually; but considering the great importance of an audit by gentlemen experienced in public companies' accounts, your Directors, in the event of no change being desired, again recommend the nomination of Professor Davies and G. H. Ladbury, Esq., to the shareholders, and George Lowe and Thomas Perry, Esqrs., to the policy-holders. The attendance-book of the Directors is submitted for your inspection, and you may observe that, upon an average, four Directors have attended at the office every day. Your Directors now proceed with the highest satisfaction to congratulate their fellow-shareholders and policy-holders upon the progressive success of the Society, and beg their attention to the following statement, which they trust will speak with sufficient clearness for itself. During the first year of the Society's operations, NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO PROPOSALS were made to the office for assurances, amounting in the aggregate to 339,724*l.*—of these, four hundred and nineteen policies were completed within that period, assuring the gross sum of 149,160*l.*, and producing an annual income from premiums of 5,615*l.* 11s. 8d. Of the remainder, the greater portion were not deemed suitable lives for this Society, and therefore declined; whilst some stood over for further investigation. During the second year, expiring on the 31st July last, the number of proposals made to the Office was one thousand and six, for assurances amounting in the aggregate to 491,435*l.* 10s. Of these, five hundred and one policies have been accepted and completed within that period, assuring the gross sum of 219,040*l.* 11s., and producing an annual income from premiums of 8,281*l.* 2s. 1d. With regard to the remaining five hundred and five proposals, the same remarks will apply as to those not completed at the end of the first year. The number of assurances in force at the end of July last, after allowing for lapsed and other discontinued policies, is eight hundred and forty-five, assuring 342,490*l.* 7s., and producing an annual income of 13,058*l.* 13s. 11d. Of these, your Directors think right to report that the majority are upon first-class lives, and are consequently assured at the tabular rates. The remaining portion pay extra rates, in consequence of the lives having been considered by your Directors to be somewhat below the average standard of health. From the above statement it will be manifest that the progress of the Society has, from its first establishment, been signally rapid and encouraging. Perhaps, however, the high prosperous state of the Gresham, and the magnitude of its operations, will be better appreciated by comparing the proceedings of this year with those of other offices; and your Directors rejoice to observe that the business transacted equals, and in many cases even exceeds, that effected by many of those

Digitized by Google

of longer standing. Your Directors have rigidly adhered to their resolution of confining the expenditure within the limits of a judicious economy, with a proper regard to the spirit of enterprise, which is absolutely essential to success, and with the due liberality requisite for securing a large business, they have, to the best of their judgment, avoided every outlay of a merely speculative character. Having regard, therefore, to the large amount of business transacted, your Directors confidently assert that few establishments of the kind have ever been more economically conducted during the first years of their existence than the one over which they have the honour to preside. A Life Assurance authority, in one of his most valuable works, in speaking of the outlay absolutely required in the establishment and management of these institutions during the first years of their existence, justly remarks, that "it would not be surprising to find the whole of the premiums received during the first years absorbed by their expenses—such as a rent, salaries, advertisements, &c., &c." Your Directors consider, therefore, that they may congratulate themselves and their fellow share and policy-holders on the monetary position of this Society—the first year's premiums having, alone, not only produced a sufficient fund to meet all demands, including the invariably heavy expenses of formation, but have been sufficient to carry a surplus to the Society's funds. Prosperous as were the operations of the first year, those of the second have not been less so, as your Directors have been enabled to add, from premiums alone, near 6,000*l.* to the Society's rest; they think it right further to remark that the entire subscribed capital remains intact, and, together with sums received for annuities, has been so invested as to enhance the general interests of the Society. The investments of the Society at the close of the first year amounted to the sum of 7,454*l.* 15s., and at the expiration of this second year to 18,172*l.* 17s. 2d., showing an increase of no less a sum than 10,718*l.* 2s 2d., which is the more satisfactory when it is remembered that the increase in the Society's capital has arisen chiefly from the premiums received during the first two years of the Society's existence. With respect to the Society's shares, your Directors have granted, during the past year, allotments to several persons of unquestionable respectability, who have required them as a *bona fide* investment, and whose co-operation it appeared desirable to secure. Your Directors believe that the interests of the Society still require that they should not restrict the issue of shares, and they assure the early friends and supporters of the institution that they are fully sensible of their interests, and that they are determined to use great discrimination in the allotment of shares to new members, now that the state of the Society makes them a desirable investment. Your Directors being fully justified in their belief that the Gresham will not only sustain its present position, but so increase in extent and importance as speedily to become one of the most important institutions in the kingdom, have given much time and anxious deliberation to the framing of rules and regulations for the government of the office, not only commensurate with the extent of the current business, but applicable to its more extended requirements in future. With respect to the comparatively small sum shown in the balance-sheet to have been required for claims during the two years, under the nine hundred and twenty policies issued up to July last, with a further small amount which was not due at the end of the year, your Directors feel that such a result shows a rate of mortality not only considerably below that which they are entitled to expect, according to the general received law of mortality, but also much below that provided for by the premiums received. Your Directors, however, cannot expect a continuance of any such deviation from the law of mortality, and now having such a number of assured lives as to constitute a fair average, they are fully prepared annually to expect claims proportionate to the number of assurances, and the rates of premium charged. Your Directors, in closing this statement, confidently rely upon your approbation of their general management of the Society's affairs, and solicit your cordial co-operation in extending the business of the office. They assure you that their best efforts will continue to be exerted towards securing the interests of every member of the institution; and, in return, they hope that both share and policy-holders will continue their confidence and support."

The Chairman, on moving that the Report and Auditor's accounts for the past year "be approved, adopted, and circulated," remarked generally on the increase of the Company's business, the careful selection of lives, the very small amount of claims that had fallen on the Society, and concluded by stating that a very general opinion existed, that the Gresham would become one of the first offices in the kingdom.

Matthew Marshall, Esq., of the Bank of England, briefly seconded the motion, and expressed his entire approval of the management, which was carried by acclamation.

John Britten, Esq., next moved a vote of thanks and 10*l.* to the auditors for their past services, and was seconded in his resolution by George Tyler, Esq.

On the motion of W. H. Thornthwaite, Esq., seconded by John Beadwell, Jun., Esq., the following retiring Directors were unanimously re-elected, Messrs. Davies, Solly, and Williams.

Mr. Sowell, of the Bank of England, proposed the re-election of Professor Davies, F.R.S., and G. H. Ladbury, Esq., as Auditors, on behalf of the shareholders. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Price, and unanimously carried.

Mr. Hillman, Actuary of the Star Life Office, proposed, and a Shareholder seconded, the re-election of George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., and Thomas Perry, Esq., as Auditors, on behalf of the policy-holders. This resolution was also confirmed unanimously by the meeting.

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1850.

"HIGH FARMING."

Various symptoms at present point to the conclusion that we are approaching a new era in the history of British agriculture; a change more extensive and radical than any that the art has ever before undergone. Formerly, agriculture has advanced here a little and there a little, as a skilful and ingenious man happened to arise, now here, now there, and according as he chanced to be in a position to give his experiments and achievements notoriety and acceptance; but it has advanced unequally, and in some places not at all. The change, however, that seems now approaching, induced as it is, not by the superior skill or activity of individuals, but by a pressure, or at least alarm, affecting the whole body of producers, bids fair to prove comparatively sudden, general, and complete. Necessity is the mother of invention; and in this case, although, in a matter so much one for professional and practical men, we shall hint possibilities and probabilities rather than presume on a decided opinion, we cannot but think that her offspring is likely to do her credit. We allude, of course, to the new topic of "high farming," or the introduction into agriculture of those expedients which do not admit of being described by any other epithet or congeries of epithets, unless we speak of them as forming the systems of Messrs. Mechi, Huxtable, M'Culloch, and others, for all these are the same in principle and in their main practices, differing chiefly or only so far as difference is necessitated by the difference of locality, soil, or climate. We know that, for a long time after Mr. Caird's pamphlet first gave the thing name and form, "high farming" has been "a sound of fear unpleasing to the farming ear;" but that this fear is now giving place, if not to hope, at least to calmness and attention, we have of late had various symptoms, and especially one in the shape of a pamphlet by a well-known Scotch Tory and agriculturist,* which forms the chief text and occasion of our present remarks.

A preliminary difficulty starts up before the mind in the shape of the question or doubt, is there a *possibility* that, in the case of an art like British agriculture, there can exist means of immense improvement universally available, and yet unadopted, untested, unheeded, save by a few individuals? A glance at the history and condition of the art tends, in our humble opinion, rather to encourage than negative such a hypothesis. The undisputed *inequality* of the progress and state of agriculture is a fact more remarkable and of more meaning than is popularly noticed. Inequality to such an extent is an absolute phenomenon, unknown in other trades. Not only is, for instance, Scotland better than England, and Norfolk better than Dorset, but in every county, at least every English county, you have the best cultivation divided only by a fence or "march" from the worst. There is no such general and marked difference between the two countries, or between different districts, in any other branch of production. Scotland does not weave and spin cotton and linen better than England, nor the West Riding better than Lancashire; a manufacturer in one street does not go on continuously producing a smaller quantity and lower quality, perhaps at greater cost, than his neighbour in the next street, whose natural and artificial advantages are no greater, or may even be less, as in the case of Scotland compared agriculturally with England. "I have this morning," said Lord Stanley, in his late notable speech at Bury, "passed over a very considerable tract of country, in which I have seen almost every variety of advancement and of non-advancement." He could not have found such a variety in any other branch of industry. The thing could not be; the small, and inferior, and dear producer would be driven out of the market. How, then, has it existed in agriculture? Mainly because agriculture has not been generally carried on as a regular trade on commercial principles. It has looked to the Legislature to keep up prices, and possesses in the item of rent an element in the cost of production capable of expansion or contraction to "suit circumstances"—too often to plunder the enterprising and protect the slothful. How delusive and injurious were the Legislative promises as to prices we have seen on former occasions, and need only add a single sentence here. Protection gave the tenants a sort of occasional protection against the foreigner, enough to raise rents, but not to give steady price and ordinary prosperity to the farmer; but it did not, and hap-

* Report of a Visit to the Farms of Mr. Rigden, Sussex; Rev. Mr. Huxtable, Dorset; and Mr. Morton, Gloucestershire. With Remarks on Agricultural Improvement. By David Milne, Esq., of Milnegraden. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Digitized by Google

pily could not, do anything to protect him from *home* competition. The most formidable competitors of the bad, or jog-trot, unimproving farmer were the good farmers who increased production and diminished cost. The Lothians, rather than Poland, have been the chief competitors of Dorset and Sussex, much as Macclesfield rather than Lyons has been the chief competitor of Spitalfields. This could not have lasted but for the other peculiarity to which we have alluded; the rent, a large element in the cost of production, was not adjusted on the commercial principle—the land's worth, when properly cultivated—as much and no more. The good farmer who increased the fertility of his land was made (he or his successor) to pay a rent proportionally increased; the bad farmer, who put little into his land and got little out of it, paid proportionally less rent to the owner. But it did not follow that under this latter state of things the tenant was well off; on the contrary, he was worse off [as well as the land worse cultivated, and the landlord worse paid] than the enterprising, and skilful, and high-rented farmer. The non-commercial or paternal system of landlordism resembled, in this respect, the paternal system of government in some continental countries, where the people really pay less taxes than the English, while the English pay to the uttermost farthing they are able; but yet where the Governments, though absolute, are still neither rich nor strong. Under the paternal system of landlordism, the tenant, though paying little, was worse off than those who paid more; and the landlord, though having absolute power over his tenant-at-will, was neither so prosperous nor so powerful as those who got more rent and gave more liberty. It need not be pointed out how striking an illustration, both of the spirit and the effects of the non-commercial system, was or is to be found in the practice of cultivation, which cannot be effectively carried on without expenditure on improvements, most of which do not cease to yield their benefits for many years, some never—having been for the most part in the hands of men with only a yearly tenure. The point, however, with which we are here dealing is, that the remarkable *inequality* in the degree of skill and success with which agriculture has been carried on, the inequality which affords a presumption that there may be room for some great and general improvement, has been induced and made possible mainly by the causes which have now ceased, or are ceasing. Protection, which led the farmer to imagine that his prices and profits had a legislative security, let him do as he liked, has departed irrevocably to the limbo of bygone follies. The paternal system of land-letting is disappearing. "The highest bidder" is now the rule, of course with reservations and exceptions, founded sometimes on prudence, sometimes on kindness. But, from the scale of rents still offered, one might almost surmise that the tenants had forgotten the change of system, and were promising what they do not think they will be made to perform—a sad mistake. Be this as it may, however, they have now more need and more inclination to listen, with at least decent patience, to suggestions coming from the more bold of their own body, as to new means of meeting new difficulties.

The spirit in which the agriculturists, or, at least, those whom they unfortunately allow to speak in their name, at first received the assertion that their trade might be susceptible of some great improvement, was very disheartening, and, we must say, discreditable. Abuse, and the ascription of all manner of bad and impossible motives, were resorted to, not only by merely Protectionist writers like those of "Blackwood," but by writers who were not, like these, entirely ignorant of the art they professed to champion; by such writers, for instance, as the Editor of the *Mark-lane Express*, who knows agriculture, and whose "carnal wit and sense" is ever and anon half-overcoming the Protectionism which sits so awkwardly and loosely upon him. Even the rather noticeable fact, that almost all the improvers who have of late months or years come prominently before the agricultural world, were, as some of them still are, Protectionists, did not gain them even a civil hearing. Improvement was regarded as Free-trade in disguise, an improver as a "Manchester man" in agricultural clothing. The first man that took the field as a controversialist, though a Protectionist, was, from the circumstance of his being not only a reformer, but something besides, in a manner open to the attacks of the captious and prejudiced. The fact of Mr. Mechi being an energetic and successful London tradesman was held as rendering his doings at Tiptree not worth attention, or, at least, very suspicious; as if a man's success in one department was presumptive of his failure in another. Although a Protectionist, he was represented as not only incompetent, but as being, from some inscrutable motive, and in some unseen way, a deadly foe to the farmer. Mr. Mechi, however, is as hard to turn as one of his own razors—about which so many bad jokes are discharged against him with paltry bitterness, and received with manly goodnature—and has kept his ground against all comers, and, what is more difficult, against those who will not *come*, but content themselves with abusing what they have not seen, and assuming what they do not know. Mr. Caird, though solely a tenant-farmer; though he voted for the Protectionist candidate of his county, and chose Messrs. Blackwood as his publishers; and though the experiments the success of which he commemorated were those of the factor and friend of Colonel M'Douall, the Protectionist candidate for the county adjoining—met no better reception. The title of his first pamphlet, "High Farming *under Liberal Covenants*;" the express disclaimer, in his preface, of all intention to discuss or judge the question of Protection; the courage with which he demanded for his brother-tenants more liberal treatment, and a more independent position as regards the landlords—all this, coupled with the fact that he was only enforcing in his pamphlet the doctrines he was known to have exemplified in his own person

Digitized by Google

and locality, did not save him from the senseless and truthless clamour of being a designing enemy of his order. The Rev. Mr. Huxtable came next; and there has been no end to the jokes about his reverence's pigs and ammonia, and the hints about Parson Trulliber—the chief joker, by-the-by, being a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who, if he does not give so much attention as Mr. Huxtable to the trade of agriculture, gives tenfold the quantity to the literature, or illiterature, of Protection. Some other improvers, such as the tenant of Myremill, in Ayrshire, have escaped a similar torrent of ribaldry only by keeping as much out of sight as possible—almost doing their good by stealth. So far was the system of ridicule carried, that some of the rawer and weaker brethren among the Protectionist scribes thought that improvers and improvements would be no more heard of. "We shall hear no more of Messrs. Huxtable and Caird," said "Blackwood," in February. Alas! before these swelling words of vanity saw the light "Donald Caird had come again" with his triumphant "Vindication," of which it will take something more than the laborious distortions and evasions of "Cato the censor"* (post-town Cupar Angus) to blunt the edge or heal the wound. Possibly, it was with some such object as giving the *coup-de-grace* that Mr. David Milne went forth to spy into the state of matters at Mr. Huxtable's and elsewhere. But, fortunately for truth, and unfortunately for croaking and despairing, he was not the sort of man for such an object. What was wanted for Protectionist purposes was just such a man as Miss Mitford describes her village demagogue, Stephen Lane: "bold, loud, and utterly impervious to conviction." But Mr. Milne, though a man stiff enough in his beliefs, turns out to be capable of seeing, and of believing what he sees. He went, perhaps, to laugh, and remained to learn. Like Balaam, he was expected to curse the Israelites of Sutton-Waldron, and Hove, and Myremill; and, behold, he has blessed them altogether. Instead of holding them up as warnings, he asks his brother-agriculturists to consider seriously, but promptly, if there are not rather good grounds for regarding them as examples.

The distinguishing features of the system acted upon on the farms visited by Mr. Milne, as well as upon those others where "high farming" is practised, may be roughly described as heavy manuring, deep ploughing, complete pulverisation of the soil, and shed feeding of stock in place of pasturing. The first and last are the most important, and are so connected with each other as almost to form one. In a word, this "high-farming," which some people insist on looking at as a new-fangled thing, has for its basis and vital principle nothing more new nor "scientific" than the old and rudely-expressed Scotch maxim, "Dung is the deacon of farming." And yet, with this bit of the wisdom of our ancestors familiar from early days to the ears and noses of those among whom wisdom from that source is accepted as the chief wisdom, how strange it is that so much of the valuable article is absolutely and wantonly wasted; that while, to get fertilising ingredients, we are scraping the rocks of the Pacific, millions' worth of such ingredients, too literally "at our own doors," is being evaporated by the atmosphere, or imbibed by unproducing earth! Hear the sober, matter-of-fact, and, we may say, reluctant, reflections of Mr. Milne on this point, as forced on him by what he saw on his tour of inspection:—

"How few farms are there in our county (Berwickshire) where there is such a thing as a tank, to collect the liquid which flows from our stables, byres, pigsties, cattle-sheds, and dung-heaps!

"How much is lost on all our farms by the practice of pasturing our cattle and horses in the open fields! So far back as the year 1811, Mr. Brown, of Markle, an intelligent farmer in the county of Haddington, in a most useful work which he published, declared, as the result of his experience, that 'If the clover break were regularly cut with the scythe and consumed at home, perhaps every farmer would manure one-sixth more ground annually than what he is at present capable of doing.' In England, where, from the want of inclosed yards or sheds to feed in, cattle are pastured in the fields, I know of farmers who are in the practice of collecting daily what is dropped there, and forming with it a heap, covered up with turf. But the waste of ammonia and other fertilising elements contained in these droppings must be immense; the value of what is thus wasted in England has been estimated by a correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* to equal the whole amount of poor's rates—viz., six millions sterling annually.

"Even as regards the farm-yard manure formed in our inclosed curtains, a very large proportion of its component parts must evaporate, and a still larger portion—all the soluble parts—must be carried off by the rain-water with which it is drenched, both while it is in the yards and after it has been formed into a heap in the fields.

"When one thinks of the enormous quantity of manure, liquid and solid, which is thus wasted and lost, or diluted and destroyed, but all of which is, by the means practised on the three English farms I have described, saved and applied to the land, the calculation of Mr. Baker, to which I referred, that every farm might, with proper management, be made to yield at least ten or twelve tons of manure to each acre on the farm, becomes quite intelligible; and the remark which I made as to our waste of what to the farmer is the most precious of all commodities must be allowed to be too true."

Of the three farms described by Mr. Milne, two are conducted on the principle of producing their own fertilisers, and one on the principle of purchasing them. Perhaps the importance of the article, and the value wasted under the ordinary system, are best exemplified or indicated by the facts of the last case—that of the farm of Hove, near Brighton, tenanted by Mr. Rigden. The farm consists of 740 acres, apparently all arable, but allocated as follows: 350 acres under corn, 110 in root crops, 240 in clover, &c., and 40 in permanent pasture—in round numbers, one half in grain and one half in green crops. The stock kept consists of 350 Southdown ewes, 20 ditto rams, 150 female lambs a year old, 21 milch cows, 12 heifers of different ages, and 28 farm-horses. But the manure procured from these sources is not nearly what Mr. Rigden thinks he needs, and finds he can profitably buy and employ. He pays in hard cash, for an additional supply, no less than 686*l.* a-year! besides providing accommodation and *straw* for a large number of pigs belonging to the townspeople, on condition of getting the manure produced. He probably thus pays not less than 750*l.* a-year for manure beyond what is procured from his own

* See "Blackwood" for April.

Digitized by Google

stock; but let us take only the sum actually paid in cash, viz., 686*l.* Of that sum, 43*l.* is for "guano, bone-dust, &c.," and all the rest for those species of manure produced at home, and naturally. He paid last year nearly 600*l.* for less than 1,000 long-waggon loads of stable-yard dung, procured in Brighton, each waggon containing about three tons; and 50*l.* for 935 loads of night-soil; the quantity of those two articles *brought* to the farm being 2,946 tons of the former, and 2,805 tons of the latter; besides, the reader will understand, all the manure produced on the farm, and also a considerable quantity of soot, ammoniacal matter, &c., all applied to a farm of 740 acres. The sum paid becomes more remarkable when viewed comparatively: it is more than one-half of the rent, and, so far as we can make out, within 150*l.* of the whole annual value of the live stock sold off the farm. Such is the sum paid on this farm for an article of which enormous quantities are, in the words of Lord Stanley, in his Bury speech, "absolutely squandered and wasted year by year."

It will be gathered from what has already been adduced that, in order to the production of the quantity of manure demanded by the high-farming system, a change is required on the ordinary mode of feeding or housing stock. On Mr. Rigden's farm, "the cows are in the house during the whole year, except for two hours daily; the lambing ewes are put into curtains and under sheds at the time of lambing, and kept there with their lambs until fine weather arrives. There is a considerable variety in the food given to the cows, the sheep, and the horses—each has three or four kinds daily. Care is taken to collect, and afterwards apply to the land, every particle of the manure, whether solid or liquid, which is obtained from the animals on the farm." On Mr. Huxtable's, where a greater quantity of stock is kept, the green crops being mostly consumed on the farm, still greater economy is exercised, and the whole feeding is done within doors. On Mr. Morton's, "the whole stock on the farm—cattle, calves, and sheep—are fed under cover, the cattle being in boxes, and the sheep in pens, which contain from eight to ten animals. There were 230 heavy sheep fed in this way last winter." There is no fact in agriculture less disputed, and less adopted, than this. Not the most obstinate stander on old ways denies that, by house-feeding, animals fatten in less time, and on less food; but, somehow, the practice remains far from general. A person having nothing to do with cattle or sheep but to eat them might suggest that the flesh and fat of animals *grown* rapidly in confinement and darkness might not be so wholesome, though more profitable, than what is the production of longer time and more natural habits; but we never heard or saw the neglect and apathy prevailing on this point accounted for on that ground, nor on any other. But however the animals are to be fed, it will at once be seen that an essential requisite for this high-farming system is a large demand for live stock, in the ultimate form and familiar name of butcher-meat. Thus high-farming cannot be without abundance of manure; abundance of manure cannot be without abundance of cattle; and abundance of cattle cannot be without large demand. The farmer must have manure in sufficient quantity, produced either by his own cattle or by those of others. Mr. Rigden, we have seen, besides the home supply, purchases enormously—purchases to the extent, so far as we can estimate, of what would be produced by keeping 150 heads of large cattle beyond the number he actually does keep; and Mr. Huxtable, though directing his efforts towards the production of manure to an extent which has seemed to his opponents to present an easy subject of ridicule, and which probably has no parallel, yet expends in cash about 250*l.* for foreign manures, the extent of his farms being only 380 acres. "But," says Mr. Milne, "Mr. Huxtable expects that every year this item of expenditure will diminish, especially after he has increased, as he intends doing, the quantity of stock on both farms." The questions then arise, can live stock be profitably reared on such a large scale as to supply the manure wanted for the "high" system?—can the present scale of production in that department be greatly enlarged without causing a heavy and crushing fall in price? In answer to these questions we do not speak in a confident tone, nor in the positive sense at all. We cannot tell, nor can any one else, at what number of pence per pound beef and mutton can, under the ever-changing circumstances, be produced at a profit, nor at what point the extent of production will get uselessly and profitlessly ahead of the extent of demand. Speaking in the positive sense, we can say no more than this; that the production of those articles has immensely increased of late years; and that so entirely has the increase been absorbed by the increase of demand and consumption, that, taking reasonably long periods, there cannot be said to have been any fall in price for at least the last thirty years. But, speaking comparatively, this may be said with confidence, that, in this important respect, we possess advantages and means of enlargement such as none of our rivals in grain-growing have or can hope for. One of the anti-Huxtable pamphleteers, signing himself "Porcius," in allusion to his grunting propensities, but in forgetfulness of his agility and want of solidity, founds largely on the assumption that other nations can resort to fertilising substances as well as ourselves. This is a great mistake, not to be accounted for save by supposing either culpable ignorance, or something more culpable still. No other country, at least no corn-exporting country, is, in this respect, in anything like a similar position. We are, taking large areas, not only the thickest and richest population in Europe, but by habit (whether induced by climate or otherwise, does not matter for the present purpose) the most flesh-consuming. It may not be within our power to enable farmers to cultivate the whole country in the style of Hove, or Whitfield, or Myremill, but we can enable them to come incomparably nearer to it than the agriculturists of any other country.

Mr. Milne states some curious facts regarding the cheapness with which work-horses are maintained in England compared with Scotland. But,

Digitized by Google

on this point, he seems to us to have omitted the important consideration that Scotch horses, if consuming more of the costlier sorts of food, perform more and harder work. The question as to the causes or necessities of the disparity has not been unconsidered by Scottish agriculturists, either in discussions or in their experiments on their farms; and the general opinion, we think, is, that, taking amount and nature of work into consideration, the Scotch horse is at least as cheap as the English.

But does or will this high-farming system pay? "Aye, there 's the rub!" In answering the question, we shall take only Protectionist data, but taking their facts as distinguished from their opinions—distinguishing, in short, between what they theorise as Protectionists and what they practise as agriculturists. Now, let it be borne in mind that all the "high" farmers we have cited, or are about to cite, happen to be Protectionists in their political principles, though self-relying and self-protecting in their professional practice. Nay, as it happens, such of them as have written, have, with one exception, chosen the Messrs. Blackwood as their publishers. Mr. Caird did so, and the tenant of the farm that Mr. Caird described makes, we are told, to this day, loud professions of Protectionism. Mr. Huxtable, of course, found a publisher nearer his own home; but he, too, expresses his desire for an import duty on cattle and *wheat*—he is for none on the other grains, because he has to purchase them for feeding. Mr. Huxtable's pamphlet and experiments are, however, connected with Protectionism in a still more notable manner. On the appearance of his pamphlet the Messrs. Blackwood published the effusion of "Porcius" above quoted, the aim of which was to be very facetious and contemptuous on "Mr. Huxtable and his pigs." On a personal and practical examination of Mr. Huxtable's farms by the Protectionist, Mr. David Milne, the same publishers send forth the pamphlet we have been mainly referring to, which, instead of affecting to find anything preposterous in pigs or amusing in ammonia, says to all farmers, Go, and, as nearly as circumstances allow, do likewise.

But, to return, will it pay at present prices? We take our facts and instance on this point from Mr. Rigden, who says, through Mr. Milne, that his farm has given him a fair return "until last year;" and that, "assuming prices to remain at their present low level, the farmers in Sussex generally will be entirely ruined." Let us see how this opinion coincides with the facts and figures he gives from his farm-books, when speaking as an agriculturist and not as a Protectionist. The following is his annual *outlay*:—

YEARLY EXPENDITURE.

Rent		£1,300
Taxes		150
Tradesmen's bills		353
Sundries (including insurance, losses, &c.)		100
Wages to labourers and servants		1,690
Stable-yard dung purchased	£593	686
Night-soil	50	
Guano, bone-dust, &c.	43	
Brewery grains for feeding cows		100
Seed account		150
		£4,529

Only one-half of his land is in grain, that is, in the sort of produce the price of which has been affected by recent legislative changes, or, indeed, affected at all. He does not tell us, or at least Mr. Milne holds it back, what he draws, or drew last year, for grain sold; but he gives us the number of acres under each crop last year, the average produce of each per acre, and the average price he obtained; and from that we work our way to the results. He had 60 acres under oats, producing from 60 to 80 bushels per acre—say 525 quarters; but as he informs us that "the farm-horses consume *all* the oats grown on the farm," of course that article is not included in our present purpose. The other items run thus:—

250 acres in wheat, giving 36 bushels per acre, and sold at 44s. 6d. a quarter, gives 1,000 quarters	£2,225
40 acres in barley, giving 40 bushels per acre, and sold at 32s. per quarter, gives 350 quarters	560
	£2,785

But as the pigs are in part fed on ground barley, and as, of course, there is home consumption for some quantity of the wheat, we are fully up to the mark in putting down the whole sum obtained on the farm from the sale of its cereal produce at 2,600*l.* Now, as Mr. Rigden's rent is 1,300*l.*, we say first, that even though prices had fallen fifty per cent., there would still have been no ruin for the tenant. But let us see what is the actual amount of the fall, and with what circumstances it has been accompanied. In ascertaining the amount of the fall in price, we shall leave out of the comparison the year 1846, as having been partly under the old and partly under the new system, and the year 1847, because, though entirely under Free-trade, it was exceptional in its circumstances, and shall go for Protection prices to the three last years of the system—1843-4-5—and for the Free-trade prices to the figures given by Mr. Rigden himself as showing what he received last year:—

THE AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT WAS IN

	s.	d.
1843	50	1
1844	51	3
1845	50	10
	3)152	2
Three years' average	50	8¾
Average price obtained by Mr. Rigden in 1848-9	44	6
Fall per quarter	6	2¾

being a fall of about twelve per cent., or more than 300*l.* on the whole quantity sold.

THE AVERAGE PRICE OF BARLEY WAS IN

1843	2	1
1844	34	0
1845	32	3
	3)95	4
Three years' average	31	9
Average price obtained by Mr. Rigden in 1848-9	32	0
Rise per quarter	0	3

Digitized by Google

The difference and quantity being both small, we shall lay this item out of the reckoning altogether, and deal with the 300*l.* as the amount of fall in the price received for the saleable portion of Mr. Rigden's cereal produce.

But, among other circumstances to be considered, comes first the question as to the *quantity* that Mr. Rigden had to sell last year. Had he only the same quantity as in the three years—the three last years of Protection—with which we are making a comparison? We cite "Blackwood's Magazine" (January, p. 125) as witness to the fact, that it was higher than any of them. How much higher, that authority, with an unwonted modesty, does not tell us; but let us suppose, in the first instance, that the increase amounted to one-fifth. It must be remembered that a farmer's horses do not require nor get more food on account of corn being cheaper; consequently, that an increase of *yield* goes all to the amount of produce *sold*. We must thus add the increase on the quantity of oats produced, not to the quantity consumed, but to the sum procured from the grain-crops sold. The additions, on the supposition of an increased yield of one-fifth, will therefore stand thus:—

One-fifth addition on 1,000 qrs. of wheat, sold at			£2,225	£445
"	350	" barley, "	560	112
"	525	" oats, saleable at	473	95
Additional price, derived from additional quantity . .				£652
Deduct fall, as above, by depreciation of price . .				300
				£352

So that, if the yield of last year was one-fifth above that of 1843-4-5, Mr. Rigden was no worse, but 352*l. better*. But it will be said that the increase probably did *not* amount to one-fifth. Then say *one-eighth;* that gives an increase in

Wheat	£278
Barley	70
Oats .	59
	£407
Deduct fall in price	300
	£10

So that, taking the lowest supposition of an increase—for, an increase being notorious and admitted, it cannot be taken at less—we still find the farmers, in the case with which we are dealing, *better* off in 1849 than in the three last years of Protection.

Again, it is more than probable that, in a cheap year, a farmer's expenses are lessened in a variety of ways. Mr. Rigden himself admits (p. 20 of Mr. Milne's pamphlet) that he has effected a saving of twenty per cent., or an annual sum of 360*l.*, or 9s. 7d. an acre, in the article of wages. On this point, however, we suspect something misleading in the comparison of "last summer" with "this February;" and we need scarcely repeat that, as there has not been, and as Mr. Rigden does not allege that there has been, any diminution in the amount of employment, a reduction can have been effected only because the labourers were formerly in an abnormal state, having their payment regulated not by demand and supply, but by the cost of the quantity of food that would afford them sustenance. We must say also that the tone in which Mr. Milne refers to this reduction is not pleasing; he does not indeed expressly commend, but he does not reprobate. What could be more natural and proper than to remark in passing, as we do here, that it would have been better to reduce the landlord's rent than the labourer's wages? But, taking Mr. Rigden's statement as it stands, we find that he saved 360*l.* last year in the article of wages; "a saving," says Mr. Milne, "which goes far to compensate to him the fall in the prices of his produce," and which really goes not only "far *to*," but far *beyond* that object.

We have thus seen, first, that Mr. Rigden was compensated for the fall in price by the increase of produce, even though that increase should be estimated at only one-eighth; and, second, that he was compensated also by the reduction in wages. In other words, he was *doubly* compensated; and, instead of being 300*l.* the worse, was that sum the better. It will be seen that we have proved more than was necessary, but nothing more than is deducible, by the simplest and fairest process, from Mr. Milne's and Mr. Rigden's own figures.

Mr. Rigden's *assertion* that cultivation cannot be carried on profitably under present circumstances has thus been sufficiently disproved by his *facts*—the facts of his own case, and his own stating; and only our having several times of late gone over similar ground prevents us supplementing the refutation by some facts and considerations of a more general nature and application. One of these, however, we cannot avoid mentioning, even in this hasty and partial view of the subject. The idea that has taken such a strong hold of the agricultural mind, that producers in that department may go on indefinitely decreasing the cost and increasing the amount of production, and that yet prices should remain the same as when the cost was greater and the produce smaller, is a fallacy and an absurdity unwarranted by common-sense, or by the history of any other branch of industry. To hear agriculturists talk, you would think that nothing had ever fallen in price but *their* produce; while the fact is, that not a single product, at least no product of any importance, has fallen *less*. Look at the immense increase that has taken place within these twenty, we might say these ten years, in the number of sheep and cattle bred and fattened in this country. It would be an immensely valuable contribution to the very meagre and neglected department of agricultural statistics, if the census of next year should supply us with the number of live-stock in the country, for the approximating guesses of Mr. M'Culloch, Mr. Griffith, &c., are now obsolete and inapplicable. But though not capable of being stated arithmetically, nobody denies that there has been an increase, and an enormous one. We could name Scotch counties in which, a dozen or fifteen years ago, sheep were almost a rarity, and that are now famous for the quality and number of their flocks; the rearing of cattle having, at the same time, also increased with rapidity. We speak here not of pastoral but arable districts, where improvements in agriculture having led to a large growth of green crops on land which, even a dozen years ago, would have

Digitized by Google

been held as utterly unfit for the purpose, a new and large supply of food has been furnished. And yet, a comparison of the Smithfield tables, for ten, twenty, or even thirty years, will show that this enormous increase in production has not been able to cause any decrease in price. And why but because of that "insatiable market," which Lord Stanley is now beginning to see is of more enduring and substantial value than all that laws ever gave or have taken away? Grain, indeed, has fallen; but fallen from what, and from what cause? It is at this moment as high as, or higher than, it was before the war, and higher than it was several times since. For the twenty years preceding 1790, the imperial average price of wheat only six times reached 50s., never exceeded 54s. 3d., and four times fell below 40s. From 1794 it rose rapidly, and after the war, bad harvests coming in aid of the corn-law of 1815, was maintained at a high point for other five years. But a good harvest, and not less the increase of production, knocked the average down in 1822 to 44s. 7d., or about the same as last year; in 1835 to 39s. 4d., in 1836 to 48s. 6d.; and in 1843, 1844, and 1845, to 50s. 1d., 51s. 3d., and 50s. 10d. This decline arose, not from foreign imports, for there were none; not from the want of Protection, for Protection was in full force; but solely from our own agriculturists having learned to grow greater quantities, and probably at less cost. Now the same process has been going on ever since, and is going on still, with a tendency to the same effects; but now-a-days it is the fashion in some quarters to ascribe everything to the want of Protection. As a specimen of the increase still going on, take Mr. Rigden's own case. When he took his farm, it was well cultivated, yielding considerably above the average of the county; but he has increased the produce 30 per cent. Of Mr. Morton's farm Mr. Milne tells us, "Before the present system of management was commenced, the farm yielded, in its arable part, from twelve to fourteen bushels of wheat per acre, on an average; its present average is thirty bushels, and there is a much larger extent of land bearing grain-crops." Is it reasonable to think that such increases can either be effected without influence on the prices, or cannot be effected even though prices fall? The experience in every other branch of production, to say nothing of the teachings of common-sense, negative such a supposition. In agriculture, as in everything else, increase of production not only has led and will lead to a fall in prices, but supplies a compensation, the only true and reliable compensation, for that fall.

A very great advantage of the high-farming system remains to be mentioned; it tends to a large increase in the demand for labour. Mr. Rigden, even at the wages to which he has screwed down his labourers, pays for labour *double* the sum per acre usually expended even in the Lothians. On Mr. Huxtable's chief farm, before it came into his hands, the labour account did not exceed 20s. per acre; it is now 4*l.* 6s. 4d. Mr. Huxtable does not seem to have reduced his labourers' wages in consequence of the reduction in the price of food; but even in the case of Mr. Rigden, who *has* done so, the labourer is no worse than he was before: he has still his payment in the same miserable measurement as ever, as much as will procure the food necessary to keep him alive and in ordinary strength. But if the amount of labour demanded were increased over the country in anything like the proportion in which it has been increased on those farms, the agricultural labourer would attain a position he never before enjoyed. And how much room, and how much need there is for such an improvement! Speaking, be it remembered, of the Dorsetshire labourers, not only as they exist now, but as they existed under Protection and dear food, Mr. Milne says, "The wages paid by Mr. Huxtable to his ordinary out-door labourers, when I visited his farm, were about 8s. a week; but this is a higher rate of wages than prevails generally in Dorsetshire by 1s. or 1s. 6d." Again: "The Dorsetshire labourers are excessively ignorant, not one in twelve being able to read." That is what Protection did for the English agricultural labourers; 7s. a week and brutal ignorance. If under the stimulus of Free-trade any considerable number of agriculturists are brought, like Messrs. Rigden, Huxtable, and Morton, to adopt a system which employs treble or quadruple the amount of labour, there would be a near, or at least reasonable prospect of seeing the English peasantry really "their country's pride," instead of her shame.

Still another advantage of the system under discussion is, that it leads to an increase of rent—at least, so it has done in the cases examined by Mr. Milne. This, however, is a point on which it would be needless, or at least irrelevant, to enter. Rent is the value of the land over and above all the expenses of cultivation; it depends on the amount of the tenant's profit at the prices of the day: if his profits can afford a larger rent, sooner or later it must be paid; if they cannot afford the present rent, the rent must come down. It is purely a matter of private, not of public interest.

Supposing it proved that the high-farming system is profitable in the cases mentioned (we say *suppose*, because we are rather citing evidence than pronouncing a judgment), is there anything in those cases distinguishing them from the country at large, and standing in the way of a general adoption of their system? We can perceive no *natural* difference in favour of the particular cases. Almost all of them, it is curious and important to note, are carried on on inferior soil; Mr. Huxtable's on very bad. None of them have remarkable advantages in point of locality; Mr. Huxtable's is sixteen miles from a railway, and at a much greater distance from any considerable market. The grand difficulty stated by Mr. Milne, under shelter of Mr. Huxtable, is neither natural nor insuperable—"the system implies a greater than the usual amount of capital and information." But there is plenty of both in existence, and plenty will be got, if landlords will set themselves to conduct their business on *business*, and not on *political*. principles, and if tenants will rely a little more on themselves, and a great deal less on legislators.

Digitized by Google

At all events, and at the worst, this proposal is a thousand times more feasible than any of the other cures that have been suggested for "agricultural distress." It is, at least, a much less hopeless affair than the getting back of Protection—to say nothing of the fact that it would be worth nothing if got back. The farmer must be, indeed, blind and deaf who believes that he will live to see another Corn-law. Rightly or wrongly, *that* question is settled for our day, and, as far as all human probabilities go, for all days. The sole question for the farmer to consider is, as to how he shall adjust himself to the existing circumstances, not how he shall alter them. It may be by reducing his outgoings, or increasing his incomings; reducing his rent, or increasing his produce. But he may depend upon it that the country will never again submit to a tax on bread, that he may be enabled to pay more for the land than it is worth; and that that is the sum of the whole matter we have seen in the case of Mr. Rigden, and in every other of which we have been permitted to get at the figures. What rent this farmer or that farmer should pay is, however, as we have already said, altogether a matter of private business. And on the other or alternative resource—an increase of production—we shall only further cite the Protectionist advices, not only identical in substance, but so similar in expression that it would almost seem that the one had been copied from the other. "There can be no doubt," said Mr. Rigden to Mr. Milne nine months ago, "that if high-farming is not remunerating, it is utterly impossible that bad can pay." "Gentlemen," said Lord Stanley to the Lancashire agriculturists assembled at Bury on the 4th of October, "at all events, I am quite sure of this; that if it don't answer to farm well, it don't answer to farm ill."

MAN AND THE ANIMALS.

"Man shall reign over all of you!"
The wise Prometheus said:
"Man, the production of my hands,
Shall be your lord and head."

"What?" said the animals in scorn—
"Set up some greater thing;
Man is not recognised by us
To be our fitting king.

"These creatures without strength or arms,
Hast thou made them our lords?"
Indignant thus the Lion spoke,
And grimly roared his words:

"I will his claim to lordship show,
When, by my talons torn,
He lies before me in his gore,
Defenceless and forlorn."

"Me!" said the Eagle, "that on peaks,
The lightning's neighbour, dwell?
Shall destiny to Man subject
The monarch of the fell?

"How shall he bend me to his will
To be his servitor?
The bold flights of my rapid wings
Above his vision soar."

"Me!" said the Whale, "to yield to Man,
Who fears the ice and flood?
Where I my lordly pleasure take,
He scarce his life makes good.

"No! thousands of such puny dwarfs,
With my vast bony girth,
Could I in pieces dash at once,
And scatter on the firth."

"Know," thus to them Prometheus spoke,
"Man, naked and unarmed,
Will rule without or fins or wings,
By all your taunts unharmed.

"Beyond all weapons, strength, or wings,
A Power he has got,
For which no animal can hope
In his appointed lot.

"The Lion will not boast his claws,
When pierced by tempered steel:
His life-blood gushes from the wound
And all his senses reel.

"The Eagle will not boast his wings,
When, in unerring flight,
Death, borne on arrows shot by Man,
For ever dims his sight.

"Thou ragest now the more to bleed,
Thou living isle, that floats
In icy seas, when man's harpoon
Shall smite thee from his boats.

"Your pride shall humbled be by men,
Whom others of their kind
More low than animals esteem
In faculties and mind.

"The Power which will give them might
The elements to chain,
Air, Earth, and Water, will to you
Unknown for aye remain.

"Too soon with you, to your dismay,
It will due honour earn;
It's name is Reason, if ye wish
How it is called to learn."

Kastner.

Digitized by Google

CRAIGALLAN CASTLE.

(*Continued from page 667.*)

CHAPTER VII.

It was now "the time of withering, the time of falling leaves," and thickly did they lie about the woods and walks of Craigallan. And as the season was waning so was the day.

"The setting sun with yellow radiance gilded all the vale,"

while at the extremity of the horizontal view the lone blue sea swept round the landscape like an ocean girdle; then came the glittering houses and steeples of Paulton; then fields of waving corn, ripe for the sickle; then belts of trees; then the clear river shrouded from the sun; then the gardens, with their flowers of all hues and scents; and then, last of all, these bring us to the towers and turrets of the old castle, majestic in its very solitariness. On such a night and in such a scene a Christian might wish to die; when, at peace with God and man, he could gently yield his spirit, and take his flight to the better land. But sea, nor earth, nor sky were heeded by the lord of Craigallan. He had been in a state of stupor for many hours; and it seemed certain that he would fall as a leaf in the forest of death, unknowing and unknown. Godfrey Graham had belied the prognosis of Dr. Anthony Fitzgibbon so far as time was concerned; the sand had somehow paused in its downward career, but it was now fast ebbing away, and life's fitful fever was all but over. As the patient breathed hard, the window was partly opened; while round his bedside was the Doctor, Ludovicko, his clerk Rankin, and the faithful Martha. The latter alone showed emotion; the physician from professional habit, the lawyer from constitutional character, the clerk from etiquette, were all silent. But woman—the first to assist man in his entrance to, and the last to desert him in his departure from, the world—she was there, uncontaminated by secular bias, to smooth the pillow of death by kindly offices, and, above all, by the looks and tongue of sympathy. She wiped the clammy sweat from the brow and hands of the sufferer, and mournfully shook her head as respiration seemed less and less to perform its office.

"Eh, sirs, its a humbling thing to see that! The like o' us in health ha'e little knowledge o' the sair fecht that he has just now. But it canna be lang, doctor—it canna be lang; nature cannot aye want meat, and drink, and sleep."

The doctor civilly mentioned silence; and nothing was now heard save the soft evening breeze, and the ticking of the hall clock. Suddenly the door bell rang with great fury, and all started; even the sick man gave an involuntary quiver.

"Wha could do that," said Martha, "in sich a time o' distress?"

A heavy foot was heard approaching, which, despite of opposition, was making its way to the door of the bed-chamber.

"Hinder me not," said a voice: "if he is dying I come with a message from the dead; and I may not be obstructed."

The door opened, and Kilbadie, the mendicant-preacher, limped in. The doctor at once walked up to him, and insisted on his maintaining the most absolute silence. Ludovicko also commanded him, with some asperity, to begin with no capers. Martha, who appeared to know Kilbadie, implored that he might be allowed to remain, as she had never yet seen a death-bed where a minister of some kind was not present.

"I have a message to deliver; and woe to those who are stumbling-blocks in the way of its delivery, and a threefold woe to me if I deliver it not. Ye that are here have earthly duties to discharge, and, having done them, ye can do no more here; but my business begins where yours ends. Not that I come here, as this woman supposes, to pray as a priest, although even that I will do if I see an open door of usefulness, for His mercy must not be limited; but I come here, I say, with a message." He went to the bed-side, and addressing the dying man, he said, "Godfrey Graham, in this, nature's last hour, listen to me. I am John Adam of Kilbadie; and if you be in your right mind when so near the judgment-seat, you will listen, for I bear tidings from her that you wot of."

Graham attempted to turn, but could not; he motioned, however, that the speaker should go on: and seeing that no obstacle was interposed by Ludovicko or the physician, "Godfrey Graham," resumed Kilbadie, "Mary Morison is no more. Ah, you may groan—and it was your hands that dug her grave; but know, miserable man, that although she died poor, and not, like you, surrounded with this world's goods, her death was not like yours. She had no trouble nor dismay. At her eventide it was light. God in his mercy restored her to her judgment ere she entered the shadow of the dark valley: and none but those whose weary brain has been scorched like mine can know what it is to be able to look up to the Eternal in his own clear light. Shall I tell you her message, word for word?"

"Do."

To the surprise of all, Godfrey had edged himself up on the bed, and, instinct with revived vitality, he gazed on Kilbadie.

"She charged me to do so, and I will do it. 'Tell Godfrey Graham,' said that now glorified spirit, 'that I lived and thought on him till a dream came over me, from which I now think I have wakened, although only to die. He little knows the strength of woman's love. Tell him, too, that going to a God of love, I forgive him; but, by all the sense of my wrongs, I charge him to own and do justice to my boy. Could I but see him before I die, I should indeed be happy!' And she died. Godfrey Graham; and if the message I deliver be too late, His will be done. I have travelled a hundred weary miles on foot to deliver it; and leave

Digitized by Google

all consequences to Him who doeth all things well."

The exertion made by the dying man was too much. He could not speak, but in answer to Kilbadie's remarks he pointed to Ludovicko, who signalled in return that all was right. Godfrey fell back, and in a brief space the death-rattle was heard, and the eye stiffened, and the countenance was changed, and an immortal spirit took its flight from earth. It is a tribute paid to mortality, or rather to life, that the onlookers gaze for some little time after the clay tenement has been robbed of its better part; and so it was in this case. At length Fitzgibbon took out his watch.

"I am afraid," said the leech, "that I must go away. There is a good deal of sickness in the town just now; and as it never rains but it pours, my lad has run off. You that are in a public way, Mr. Grant, could you recommend me to any well-educated youth for my laboratory? he would be boarded in the family. I am sorry for Mr. Graham, he must have had premonitions that there was something organically wrong, and if people in that condition would only apply in time, it is incredible what the resources of science could do for them: not, indeed, in the way of radical cure, but certainly in the shape of prolonging life."

"In health or in disease," muttered Ludovicko, "a man should never delay the legal adjustment of his affairs. Where there is property of any extent to dispose of, there are sure to be challenges, and delay, and litigations; whereas, if a man sends for his agent, and has a regular stamped document, he may die when he likes, and no questions asked."

"And, gentlemen," said Kilbadie, "the one with your ointment, and the other with your parchment, have you thought of a hereafter, when drugs and law will be of no avail?"

"By the bye, doctor," interposed Ludovicko, not heeding this interruption, "may I ask how you stand with your affairs? You say there is an epidemic in the town: medical men are greatly exposed, you know."

"Come, now, Mr. Grant, that is trying it on a little too strong. How would you like if I were to ask to feel your pulse?"

"Oh, sich discourse!" exclaimed Martha, "and a corpse lying beside them. I think the house is going round. Come down to my room, Mr. Adam, ye will need some refreshment."

As Kilbadie was about to make his exit in compliance with this kind invitation, Ludovicko called after him. "Mr. Adam, before you leave town I wish to speak with you particularly; will you call at my office?"

Now it so happened that amongst other stiff debts sent to Ludovicko for collection, were those due to Cyrus Heriot, tailor and habit-maker, one of which was against poor Kilbadie; and, according to custom, a printed threat of prosecution had been sent to him by Ludovicko, which, notwithstanding his peripatetic habits, had actually reached the wandering divine. Imagining that this was the business referred to, Kilbadie answered in wrath, "Man, I despise you! Cyrus Heriot often got my money, and I know of no balance due him, or of usury thereon."

"Tell him that it is an old account, and is prescribed," whispered Rankin.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" roared Kilbadie, who misinterpreted this friendly advice.

"Oh, certainly," said the ready Rankin; "dirt before the besom."

Kilbadie and the doctor having left, Ludovicko recalled Martha. "Mrs. Martin," said he, "I must now, as a notary public, seal up all Mr. Graham's repositories. His heir-apparent is Mr. John Graham. I shall intimate the death to him, and you will take his instructions regarding the funeral."

Martha bowed acquiescence. After the sealing process was gone through, Ludovicko and Rankin left also; and on their way home called at the office and communicated the intelligence to old Trotter, the head clerk, with instructions that he should, in his turn, call on Mr. John Graham. The old man was posting his huge ledger when the news were brought to him. He finished his entry, for your veteran book-keeper conceives that to be a sacred duty under all circumstances. "Nicol and Fleming debtor to sundries, four fifty-nine, three, ten; folio 132 M. Bless me, that's the ledger, not the cash folio. There. Ah, well, Mr. Grant, man and boy—with father, with son—five-and-thirty year! He is a younger man than me—I must soon follow. Mr. Jones, will you see the books in the safe?—and as poor Mr. Graham is no more, you may shut the office. To-morrow we will be here with the shutters on to open the letters."

The old man then proceeded to John's house. "It's all over, Mr. John," said poor Trotter, in a tone of real grief.

"What is all over?" asked John.

"Your brother's gone—died half-an-hour ago; and you are requested, as the heir-apparent and chief mourner, to take the ordering of the funeral."

"Heir-apparent and chief mourner," replied John, with bitter irony, "who has given me these names?"

"Mr. Grant, the writer."

"I thought as much, he is always insulting. I suppose I must go, Mrs. Graham?"

"Of course," said his wife.

"Well, then, hand me my walking-stick."

"Walking-stick, indeed! hire a post-chaise, and let it be included in the funeral-expenses."

"Certainly, you are right. Mr. Trotter, step across, if you please, to the Rising Sun, and order a chaise."

Trotter departed accordingly. "Now, John," continued Mrs. Graham, "spare no cost. If his money is left to other people, the more they are fleeced the better; if to us, we will be able to afford it. There's that girl crying in the corner; we shall be pestered with her lamentations all night."

The chaise having arrived in due time, John and Trotter got in, and it drove off.

"What do ye say, now, for my chance, Mr. Trotter?"

"Can't say, Mr. John."

"Would you give me five hundred for it?"

Digitized by Google

"Can't say, Mr. John, really."

"Would you give me one hundred?"

"Can't say."

"Would you give me ten?"

"Can't say, Mr. John."

"Can't say, man? What is the use of you? Have you not been beside my brother for the last five-and-twenty years, and have you never heard him say anything about me that would indicate his intentions?"

"We rarely spoke, Mr. John, except on business subjects."

"Well, but these business subjects might have turned the conversation to me."

"I believe it did once or twice; but excuse me, Mr. John, I had rather that the conversation were changed."

"But I had rather not; and that makes a difference. What did he say on these once or twice occasions?"

"Since you press me, Mr. John, I may take the liberty of remarking that when you—you—you—*paused*—that is the word—I had to draw for the dividends; on which occasion Mr. Godfrey said, since you will have it, that you were a low scoundrel."

John required no further disclosures, and sulkily threw himself into a recess. On arriving at the castle, John gave some routine orders, walked through the different rooms, eyed the seals on the desks and drawers with keen suspicion, and at last descended the stairs on his way out. On passing through a lobby he espied Godfrey's morocco slippers, brought home by one of his shipmasters from India, and hung for show, not use. John, at bottom a mean man, could not resist the paltry temptation. Nobody was in sight; and in an instant they were in his pocket. How character does ooze out in small things! Godfrey Graham could not have done this; but he was honourable in large matters, and therefore was dignified in small ones.

Again the wheels of the chaise rattled, and the two messengers to the house of death were carried back. Trotter walked home, the prey of all kinds of incoherent thoughts, and not knowing how he would now be able to check his ledger. John, musing as uncertainly as ever, also went home. Sarah was still sobbing, and was ordered off to bed; while her father and mother spent the half of the night in speculations as to the future.

Their daughter, Sarah, was differently occupied. One of the most difficult things to teach children is to give them some conception of death; and Wordsworth has philosophically made this the theme of one of his most beautiful minor pieces. Sarah Graham's ideas of the last enemy were somewhat different, however, from those of the heroine of "We are Seven," and were more akin to those of Juliet, when about to be immolated in the tomb of the Capulets. Sarah thought with horror of the nailed-down affair, the yawning grave, and the slimy worms crawling over a form well beloved; and then grinning skulls hovered over, and skeletons arrayed in shrouds walked to and fro, and terrors, vague and undefined, were conjured up in her wild dreams; and then, as if to soothe the mind of the gentle girl, and make her forget her wild imaginings, good angels smiled upon her; and towards morning she fell into a quiet sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

When a lord of Craigallan died in the olden time, there was much bustle and pomp. Armed clansmen and retainers, and the clansmen and retainers of kinsmen, poured in from all quarters. For days before, and for days succeeding the funeral, the wine-cup flowed, and beer-barrels were staved, and oxen and sheep slaughtered, and huge fires burned within the castle, and huger fires without, in order that the great accession of guests might be fed and entertained. Civilisation has shorn funeral obsequies of some of their absurdities; and as the late owner of the demesne was but a merchant, who, according to heraldry, had no grandfather, or, probably, progenitor at all, for your true armorial grubbers despise physiological considerations, there was, of course, a proportionate diminution of ceremony in committing his ashes to their parent earth. One of Godfrey's vessels happened to be in the harbour of Paulton, and her flag was hoisted half-mast high; and as she had to be painted at any rate, a blue stripe was ordered round her sides, which is the nautical colour of mourning. The office was, of course, closed; and as the hour drew near, the merchants and upper tradesmen of Paulton came out, the farmers and gentry of the neighbourhood also came, and a flock of idle boys and girls hovered about the principal entrance-gate to gaze on the novel sight. The hearse, drawn by four horses, drove up; and the mutes, in their grotesque habiliments, took their station at the door. Inside, the mourners met in the drawing-room, the largest apartment in the castle. John Graham received them; his manner presenting a curious combination of taciturnity, grave civility, and churlishness. Ludovicko, as usual, was all impenetrability; the doctor amiably indifferent; whilst Rankin put on a most knowing look when out of the range of Ludovicko's vision, and once or twice winked with a view to catch John's eye; but apparently the compliment was lost on him, though duly remarked by Messrs. Jones and Ogle. A prayer was offered up by the clergyman, a glass of wine was handed round, and then the undertaker announced that all was ready. Forthwith the guests entered the mourning-coaches, and the *cortege* was set in motion. The sun was high in the heavens, and gladness seemed to illumine the whole face of creation. Birds sang, and leaves dropped, and reapers mowed on; for it was only one man going to his long home—his turn to-day, theirs to-morrow.

After passing the boundary of the estate, the funeral pace was exchanged for a brisk trot; and in the space of half an hour the party, animate and inanimate, reached the old churchyard of St. Yarrold—a spot of surpassing loneliness and beauty, and more fitted for the last resting-place than any of our gaudy cemeteries of modern times. Originally the parish church had been there; but being in a remote position, and the building much de

Digitized by Google

cayed, a new edifice was erected several miles off, and the old one suffered to go to ruin. A new burial-ground was opened in connexion with the new church, and little, therefore, transpired to molest the solitary reign of "the auld kirkyard." Proprietary ground was held by Godfrey; and that, more than picturesqueness of appearance, determined John that there the remains of his brother should be deposited. The place of sepulture was in the middle of a natural amphitheatre, one side being scooped out towards the sea. All the objects on which the onlooker could gaze were permanent and enduring in their associations; around were the everlasting hills—above, the ancient canopy of the sky—before, old ocean, with its roar echoing on all sides, and its silver surge breaking on the golden sand; while beneath, the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept, to wake no more till that sky should roll up as a scroll, those hills melt away, and that sea give up its dead, and time be no more.

The grave was ready, the coffin was lowered, and the most solemn of sounds that the human ear hears in this world, the first shovelful of earth ringing hollow on the lid, sent a tremor to the hearts of the more sensitive; gradually the sound softened, and soon the ceremony was complete. The interested mourners drove back to the castle, the non-interested to their several homes, flung aside their crape and weepers, and, betaking themselves to their shops and farms, resumed their every-day life as if nothing had happened. Of all the crowded avenues in this world the most crowded of all is the one that leads out from it; but as there is no jostling in the path of death, its sermons are unheeded.

John, Ludovicko, Trotter, and Rankin, returned to the castle, where they were met by Kilbadie, whose presence was tolerated just because each of the parties was too intent on his own thoughts to be disturbed by any ordinary intrusion. Followed by the preacher, they went first to the library, and broke the seals on the desks and drawers, turned out their contents, and rummaged among all sorts of papers. After a long search, "Nothing there," said John.

"Nothing," echoed Trotter.

They then went to the parlour, and examined a small desk.

"Nothing there," again said John.

"Nothing," again echoed Trotter.

The whole house was searched in every conceivable place, and aid was given by Mrs. Martha, who was human enough to have allowed visions of a legacy to float before her eyes for some time back. But still,

"Nothing," according to John.

"Nothing," according to Trotter.

John looked hard at Ludovicko, but he might as well have looked on the nether mill-stone. Rankin, who had more cause to look, also stared at Ludovicko, but all to no purpose. It was not John's business to prompt the production of a will; but his suspense was getting intolerable, and he could no longer restrain conversation with one who must know something of the mystery.

"There appears to be no will here, Mr. Grant."

"Perhaps there may be one in the office," answered Ludovicko drily.

"Well, certainly if it is there we might have been told in time, and not been bothered with a wild-goose chase here all day," said John, with some asperity.

"I say *perhaps* it may be there," replied the lawyer, with provoking coolness.

"You know that it is there, sir," retorted John fiercely.

"Again I say *perhaps;* but if you speak in this way, I had better go. It is not the tone that is generally observed to professional men on occasions like this."

John was nervously anxious to learn his fate, and he saw that if Ludovicko were to go away his suspense might be protracted, and accordingly he apologised, and asked him to accompany them during their research among the archives of the office. They had already spent some hours in their investigation of the castle, and it was arranged that the party should partake of some refreshment before leaving. While this was preparing, Kilbadie came up to Ludovicko. "Sir," said the preacher, "when you were at the bed of death, you gave a certain signal as to the portion of the youth: now you only give a peradventure; how comes this? Answer me, sir."

"Peradventure, Mr. Adam, you will be good enough to mind your own business."

"Sneer not at me, sir! I am of gray hairs, and in my time have seen many men of crooked policy like you brought low. Answer me the plain question; is the boy provided for, or did Godfrey Graham go down to the grave with a lie from your right hand?"

"Mr. Adam, I am going to get some refreshment with these gentlemen, in the next room; if you promise to behave yourself, I shall take you with me."

"Man, I despise you! Were I to yield me to the dictates of corrupt humanity, I would strike thee to the ground; but I leave you to Him who will by no means clear the guilty. The cry of the orphan never yet failed to reach the ear of the Lord of the Sabbath. I shake the dust off my feet, and leave you and your money to perish."

"As you please," rejoined Ludovicko, taking a long pinch of snuff.

When the party sat down to table, John copiously helped himself to wine, and the excitement of the bottle added greatly to the feverishness which formerly possessed him. He did not seem inclined to leave the castle in any haste, and his companions tacitly waited till he should give the signal. But his excess was shared in by none of the company except Rankin, who, pledging equally with John, began at last to manifest a loquacity which required two of Ludovicko's admonitory looks to suspend. At length, John proposed that they should adjourn to the town to examine the office. In passing through the outer hall, John shivered, for evening was now coming on, and the air felt chill. Looking up to the pins where the slippers formerly were, he espied a large fur cloak.

Digitized by Google

He took it down and wrapped it round him; he noticed that Ludovicko had his eye intently fixed on him, but he offered no remark.

"This is strange," thought John; "that lawyer scoundrel is so intermeddling that the smallest trifle never escapes him. If there had been a will, he would have been sure to have snubbed me for taking the cloak."

They went out, and, in passing down the avenue, John convulsively seized Rankin by the arm. "My dear good fellow, for God's sake, do you know anything about it?"

"Mum," replied the clerk.

"For all the sakes of Heaven tell me!"

"Mum—I signed it."

"Oh, mercy!" groaned John, and he caught hold of a tree to keep him from falling.

Rankin caught him in his arms, and, pretending that it was the change of air, assisted him to the carriage. While doing so he whispered, "*Nil desperandum*, Mr. Graham—there's something very queer about all this."

They came to the office, lights were procured, and Godfrey's official repositories, which were not numerous, were speedily examined, and that most minutely. "*Nothing*," said John.

"NOTHING," echoed Trotter.

"What am I to make of all this?" stammered John.

"Whatever you like," answered Ludovicko.

"Am I my brother's heir?"

"Legally you appear to be so just now."

"*Appear* to be so just *now*? Do not torture me, Mr. Grant. Suppose I were in possession *just now*, would you disturb me, or take any of your confounded protests?"

"No," answered Ludovicko, and, turning on his heel, walked off.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated John, "can I really be owner of Craigallan—of all my brother's houses and ships?"

"Can't say positively, Mr. John," said old Trotter, who was now the alone auditor, as Rankin disappeared whenever Ludovicko took his leave. "I am no lawyer, Mr. John, but I think if Mr. Godfrey has died without a will, or having made one, and it cannot be found, I should say that, as his brother, you are entitled to all. But good night, Mr. John; allow me to wish you joy, and go home, for the wind has gone round to the east, and I feel my rheumatism coming on."

So old Trotter shook hands with his new master, and went musingly home. "Very odd," thought the old man. "Five-and-twenty years in the office with Mr. Godfrey, and there, too, with his father—man and boy, in that office. My salary has never been very large—have mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Godfrey too. He promised to keep it in view; very odd that he has not. Don't like Mr. John; the change will kill me. God help me! I am turning old and stupid; I have gone three houses past my own door." And so the old man retired for the night.

John pursued his way homewards, and had turned the corner leading to his own street, when he was aroused by a slap on the shoulder.

"All right, old youth!" quoth Mr. Rankin, who was evidently under the influence of some artificial stimulant. The new laird, already feeling dignity in anticipation, did not like the idea of being "hail, fellow! well met!" on the part of a clerk; but he had still misgivings as to the reality of his succession, and he owed something to Rankin besides. He therefore answered the rough salutation with a shade of reserve, and nothing more; and, accustomed to the check-string, Rankin modified his tone also. "I knew how it would turn out. Was not I right in saying that you should not go to Australia?"

"You certainly were, Mr. Rankin, and I was obliged to you. Will you step in for a few minutes, and take a rest before going home?"

Rankin assented, expecting that some further refreshment would be forthcoming.

"Well, what news?" asked Mrs. Graham, with eager curiosity.

"No will, Mary."

"Not possible!"

"Provable, madam," said Rankin.

"That is very extraordinary! What do you mean to do, Mr. Graham?"

"Take possession, my dear."

"But you may be prevented or put out."

"Time enough to go out, ma'am, when he is put out. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. Nobody who has an eye to possession should ever think of a title. Let him take possession, and let those who want to disturb show their title. That's the law, and no mistake. You'll see it in Shaw and Dunlop fifty times; also 3 William and Mary, cap. 70—if there be such a cap.," added the clerk, in a lower tone.

Notwithstanding these authorities, John was not fond of taking his law from Rankin, but he had no objection to take some of his facts.

"But pardon me, Mr. Rankin, did you not say that you had signed the will?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, what I *thought* was the will. When a man signs a document in connexion with a party on the eve of being defunct, it is a fair presumption, as the sheriff-substitute says, that it is that man's last will and testament; but when the man hops the twig, and his man of business produces no document of a testamentary kind, then the presumption is that none was executed, or, if executed, was afterwards destroyed. Again, Mr. Graham, take my advice, and take possession. Go to the castle, live there, draw the rents, and enjoy yourself, till somebody comes forward and shows that they have a better right."

"But they might come upon me afterward, and make me pay up; for hating me, as I know my brother did, it is not conceivable that he has died without a will."

"Well, bless me! how should that alarm you? Suppose they do come upon you; what can anybody get off *you?* It's ill taking the—I beg pardon before a lady—a certain garment off a Highlandman. *Ex nihilo*, &c., as we are used to say at school. I have been at you pretty often for money, never could get a rap; so you cannot be worse than you are by being in clover for a year or two in

Digitized by Google

Craigallan. Manage well, and you may take the case to the House of Lords; and if Providence keeps old Eldon together he will keep it there for a dozen summers. I might commence business on the head of it, and keep Ludovicko himself at bay; although a man would require an infernal long spoon to sup with him."

Mrs. Graham loved the arguments of the clerk, but not the clerk himself. She saw Craigallan within her grasp, and could not brook the idea of their poverty being broadly mentioned in the tone of impudent familiarity which Rankin assumed. That young gentleman was slow in interpreting her haughty tosses of the head, and crowned his disgrace, in the lady's eyes, by his next speech.

"Will you kindly excuse me, Mrs. Graham, but the fact is, being drugged with wine at the castle, which never agrees with me, and being melancholy at the funeral, I stepped into Mrs. Janet Findlay's in passing, and had a corrective to a stomach cramp, which I believe is hereditary; would you oblige me with a glass of water?" Rankin thought that, by suggesting fluidity, he might obtain another antidote to his stomachic derangement.

"Miss Graham," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "as Christian is asleep, and we always regard the comfort of our domestics, do you think you could get a glass of water?"

Sarah knew that Kristy, now for the first time Anglicised into Christian, was asleep, but in her mother's house; having, as the attentive reader may remember, been starved out of the establishment some time before. She therefore stared, not knowing that coming events were casting their shadows before. Rankin, seeing that nothing but the pure element was likely to be forthcoming, gallantly declined the aid of Miss Graham, and took his leave, changing his course to Mrs. Findlay's, instead of his lodgings. "I have given these people advices that a master-lawyer would have charged ten guineas for; let me see when they are to be grateful. Certainly no sign of commencement to-night. The old woman tosses her head like Macbeth's wife; by jingo! they had better not halloo till they are out of the wood. If Ludovicko has a trap for them there will be a go. That was a curious allusion that the mad preacher made about a son; and, hang me! Grant has been too amiable for some time back not to be after something. Now, here's Luckie Findlay's. Virtue says, Go to bed, and Resolution seconds the motion. Well done, Resolution! you shall have a trial. When? Mrs. Findlay, open the door! Do you hear, woman, open the door!"

"Who's there? We're all in our beds; and we daurna open the door after twal for fear o' the justices."

"How often will you women speak with superfluity and with lying tongues? As to your being in your beds, that's a whopper, for I see light between your shutters; and as to the justices, I am the depute clerk; and won't I sort you next appeal-court, Luckie!"

"If ye had but mentioned your name," said Luckie, drawing the bolt, for the appeal-court kept her *in terrorem*.

"Horror!" said the virtuous Rankin. "You, Jones and Ogle, here on the very night that your blessed employer has been buried—and you, Skipton, who have so often cheated him? Mrs. Findlay, I now see that you keep a disorderly house, and shall report accordingly."

"What is the news?" said the two clerks.

"John Graham is your master, that's all. I have been in the house with him. Mrs. G. offered me a friendly glass, but I declined."

CHAPTER IX.

Great was the surprise of the inhabitants of Paulton when they found that John Graham had established himself at Craigallan; and in due time, as we shall see, a material difference took place in the behaviour of that community towards the new laird, his wife, and his daughter. Urged by Mrs. Graham—who, in reality, was to her husband what Lady Macbeth was to her liege lord—John, on the day after the funeral, went out to the castle, and after surveying every hole and corner about the edifice, opening repositories, examining accounts, walking about the grounds, and giving orders, which he found were obeyed to the letter, he prolonged his visit, as if by mistake, till late in the evening; and having ordered a bed, it was prepared for him as readily as if it had been an inn. In his peregrinations John had not overlooked the cellar; and having marked the bin where some fine old crusted port was deposited, he ordered the coachman, who, in Godfrey's time, had been half butler, half postilion, to bring a bottle for supper. This, too, was done; and under the potent influence of the generous liquor, John's imagination warmed, and he saw before him a noble prospect of enjoyment for years to come, were fate to allow him undisturbed possession of the venerable pile where he was now enjoying himself. John went to bed, and dreamt of easy chairs, carriages, wine, and gold chains and rings.

To-morrow came, and John sat long over the newspapers in the vain hope that some intruder would come and disturb a state of felicity which he could not ever and anon help thinking was of a character too extatic to be permanent. Nobody came. At last John muttered to himself, "Mary is right; nothing like putting a bold face on it. Here, coachman, get the carriage ready, and drive to the office."

"Yes, sir," replied coachee, with a profound obeisance.

The coach rolled along the avenue, came to the public road, and soon neared the town; but, "infirm of purpose," John pulled up the windows, and leant back as he drove through the streets. Arriving at the office, he nodded slightly to Jones and Ogle, who returned his salutations with deep reverences, and then going into Trotter's room he shook hands with the old man, and finally entered Godfrey's sanctum, and took the chair. "What letters have you this morning, Mr. Trotter?"

"Several, Mr. John; but none of any importance."

Digitized by Google

"So I see. In future, Mr. Trotter, as it may not be convenient for me to come in every morning, I wish them to be sent, unopened, to the castle; and I shall make my remarks on them, if necessary. In other respects, Mr. Trotter, you will please to act as you have hitherto done."

"Certainly, Mr. John," said the old man meekly.

"Have you the last balance-sheet by you, Mr. Trotter?"

"All ready, sir, down to twelve o'clock P.M. of the 31st day of December, 18—. I have made it a point, man and boy, for the last thirty years, always to have it ready within one month of its own date."

"Ah, quite right; let me see it." And John devoured with greedy eyes the tale of property now all but within his grasp; the castle and estate of Craigallan, with the farms, mills, and fishings thereon, all unencumbered; the houses, shops, warehouses, and ships in Paulton; the bank, insurance, canal, and other joint-stock shares—all money-yielding things; together with the money itself in actual deposit in the Paulton Shipping Bank.

"I hope you find all right, Mr. John," said Trotter. "Mr. Godfrey has docqueted it, and I trust you will also continue to examine the accounts."

"No, I shall not have time for that. I mean to devote a good deal of time to the management of the estate, and shall leave your books and accounts to be examined by an accountant."

Trotter looked pale at this announcement; for in his eyes the checking of the books looked so large an item in the circle of human duty that he regarded it as little less than suicidal for any principal to delegate such a matter to another.

"By the bye, Mr. Trotter, have you any money about you?"

"Yes, Mr. John, I have fifty pounds."

"That will do; give it me."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. John; but as small accounts are always coming in, I never like to be bare. Here is the cheque-book; perhaps you will be kind enough to draw what you want, and allow me to keep this."

John did not like this. The idea of drawing on the bank was a feat which he intended should have been the last of his achievements; but then there was no help.

To the Managers of the Paulton Shipping Bank. Debit my account with One Hundred Pounds sterling.—JNO. GRAHAM.

"There; send out one of the clerks, and tell him to get four twenties, and the rest in small notes."

Jones was the bearer of the interesting document to the bank.

"Humph!" said the teller; "new name. Take it to the accountant."

The accountant said nothing, but took it to the manager.

"It's a queer business, Mr. Compound," said the dark head of the establishment, "but Mr. Grant, who latterly had the charge of Godfrey Graham's affairs, told me at the mineral well, this morning, that no will could be found; so that there is no help for it. How he could die intestate, knowing who was to succeed him, will astonish everybody. But give the money."

And the money was given; and John, after desiring the coach to wait at the office till his return, proceeded to his own dwelling.

"What has kept you?" said his gentle mate in no amiable tone. "How could you keep the people in doubt all this time?"

"My dear, I have purposely put off time, in order that if anybody was coming forward they might have an opportunity for doing so."

"Is that any reason why I should all this time have been kept in doubt, thinking at one time that you had run off to America, and another that you had been put in gaol?"

"Oh, woman, do not torment me; it is enough that I have suffered by you in the days of adversity, without having my life embittered now that all is right. Be friends, Mary. I have ordered wine from the cellar; I have—"

"Of course that would be your first consideration."

"Be quiet, will you? I have slept at the castle, ordered the carriage, and, what is best of all, have had my drafts on the bank honoured. Look here; it is long since we saw notes like these. Now butcher and grocery stuffs are getting low in the castle, take some money and order some out. Cash in hand, no fear of the larder."

"Of course. Give me the money; but not one farthing Dips or Cleaver get."

"Why not?"

"Why not? How stupid you men are, to be sure! Here are you not sure if you are heir or not, and yet going to pay ready money to your tradesmen, as if you were a two-penny-half-penny unemployed cobbler, in bad credit—doing the very thing to make you suspected. If the bank trusts you, won't every other body do it? Come over with me to Dips's shop, and I will show you how to manage these sort of things."

John obediently followed one who literally was his better half. Arrived at Dips's, the dame at once exhibited the strength of woman's mission. "Mr. Dips, send out to the castle three of your best hams, a hundred-weight each of rice, sago, and tapioca, and some lump and brown sugar, and six pounds of tea; everything of the best, Mr. Dips—and I forget if the pass-book be with you or me."

"The pass-book, madam?" said Mr. Dips, who coloured to the very crown of the head, for, being a bald man, his blushes were visible in the highest cranial regions.

"Yes, the pass-book. We owe you something at present, don't we?"

O Mammon, what lying and dissimulation dost thou cause in this sinful world! Mrs. John Graham had been owing Dips, for teas and groceries, the sum of five pounds ten shillings and threepence, with interest thereon, for three years. His shopmen had dunned her with their tongues, and he had dunned her with letters, and had set Ludovicko Grant on her to boot, and yet, wonderful forgetful-

Digitized by Google

ness: both parties seemed oblivious of their previous transactions.

"She is going to be my customer still," thought Dips, "and I must humour her cursed impudence."

"If this hypocritical rascal trusts us," thought madam, "the news will be over all Paulton, and everybody will do it."

"Pass-book, madam?" continued Mr. Dips. "Oh, yes, to be sure; well, exactly; yes, I do recollect there was a small balance due by the *castle family*. I hope none of my people (casting an indignant scowl at his shopmen) troubled you about it."

Mrs. Graham did not deign any reply, but enjoined superiority of quality and promptitude of despatch, and took her leave. The party now went up the street, in the direction of Mr. Cleaver, the butcher. But what excuse could this poor man devise? He had often molested John in the streets; and tradition had it that, on one occasion, when fresh from a fair, he had seized the future laird by the collar, and called him a cheating humbug. Cleaver had not the face to speak to John, but having by dint, as Mrs. Cleaver afterwards confessed, of a well-turned calf, induced an upper nursery-maid to leave a good place, and marry him between terms, he concluded, on this occasion, as he had often done before, that he was not without influence amongst the gentler sex. He accordingly left his shop door, and ran up to the lady. "Mem, Mrs. Graham—if you please, leddy, I came past the castle to-day, and the lambs there are no very big yet; but I have some frae the south country twice the size—they are earlier there, you ken—just new killed. Will I send out a leg in time for the day's dinner, or would you like it better the morn?"

"To-day, by all means, Mr. Cleaver."

"Yes, mem," said Mr. Cleaver; and he retreated with all imaginable diligence, for John was clearly looking on him with an evil eye.

"Don't you see now how I manage things, Mr. Graham?"

John admitted what clearly was undeniable, and they turned back to their own house, and summoned Sarah to accompany them to Craigallan.

"We require some new dresses and bonnets, Sarah and I; but really the dressmakers and milliners in small towns are such horrid monsters. I must wait for the next number of the 'Lady's Magazine,' and order those things from Edinburgh or London; but the bore then is that we cannot get them tried on before they are fairly made up."

In proceeding to the office the party encountered Mr. Rankin, who politely touched his hat, and was about to pass: but John, with dignified courtesy, held out two fingers to him, with a view, as usual, to sounding as to Ludovicko's intentions. "I hope Mr. Grant is quite well to-day, Mr. Moffatt?"

"Rankin, sir, is my name."

"Ah, yes; you are quite right. I have such a short memory. Did you say Mr. Grant was well?"

"I said nothing, sir: and since your memory is so very short there is little use in saying much."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Rankin, you are easily offended. How is Mr. Grant?"

"He is from home, and I know nothing about him," said the clerk doggedly; and he walked on.

During the brief interview, Mrs. Graham was suddenly seized with a fit of meteorological research; for she gazed so earnestly on the sky that she never even saw Mr. Rankin. But she heard him; and Ludovicko's absence inspired her with fresh courage.

"Any more letters, Mr. Trotter?"

"None, Mr. John."

"You will recollect to send out those that come by the morning's post."

"Yes, Mr. John."

When seated in the coach, Mrs. Graham found fault with her husband for allowing Trotter to call him "Mr. John."

"He knew my brother and me when we were in my father's office, and the distinction was then necessary."

"But it is not so now, and I would not put up with it."

On arriving at Craigallan, Mrs. Graham found fault with everything. The park-gate was shabby, the trees old and rotten, the castle dingy, neither fish nor fowl—too near Paulton to be in the country, and not near enough to be called in the town. If one wing was at the sea-side, and the other twenty miles up the country, it might be tolerable; but, as it presently stood, she had as lief go to jail. John made a wry face at this allusion to an establishment which had occasionally troubled him in his dreams, and he begged his wife would not excite unpleasant reflections. Poor Mrs. Martha Martin was sadly put about by the many complaints of her new mistress; but her chafed spirit well-nigh burst into absolute merriment when, on entering the drawing-room, the lady complained of the shabbiness of the furniture, and proposed that its deficiencies should be made up from her own chattels. Even John, who recollected Martha's visit, was ashamed at this sally. "I have not made up my mind about servants," said Mrs. Graham.

"I dare say that, mem. When Lord Sulkysnout died, his sister, Lady Mary Sulkysnout, telled me to carry on my ain arrangements for six months till she had time to think about it."

That speech saved Martha. To have a housekeeper who had been a housekeeper to a lord was something. Mrs. Graham could pick up hints about aristocratic usages which might be serviceable; and then she could put Martha about her business any time after. "Her ladyship was quite right, as real ladies always are; and I shall do the same. You have a cook and kitchen-maid; that might do very well before, but it won't do now. We shall require a lady's-maid for miss and me, and a footman, or say a tiger at first; and will you see, Mr. Graham, that they have something like livery put on them? I declare the man that drove us out to-day was so ill-dressed, that the people on the road must have taken him for a hackney-coachman. When we are out of mourning, Mr. Graham, I think the livery must—Miss Graham, will you keep your shoulders back?—if you stand that way we must get dumb-bells for you—must

Digitized by Google

be, I say, green coats and red plush breeches, with gold hatband; that will be stylish." And so on gabbled Mrs. Graham. As for Martha, she slipped off to meditate. "I never can live wi' that woman, it's clean impossible. An upsetting, prideful limmer, that, come frae poverty, forgets herself the very minute o' her exaltation. It's the auld story: tak' a beggar frae a dunghill, and put him on a throne, and what will he no do? And what will I do? I am no auld enough to retire; and I am no young enough to tak' a new place. I'll just fecht on for a time; it 's the will o' Providence, and may I be granted grace to keep frae braking out with such a madam. And there's her puir bairn; I wish she may na be spoiled with the evil example."

Sarah wandered among the flowers, and painfully recalled the first interview she had with her uncle. She stopped out much longer than she intended, vainly trying to conceal traces of her grief, knowing well how displeasing tears would be to her mother. On returning to the castle, preparations were already making for an early supper, and two bottles of the crusted port were on the table. A tempting repast was spoken of to Sarah, but she excused herself; and saying she was not well, petitioned that she should be allowed to go to bed. Mrs. Martha appeared for the purpose of conducting her to her new apartment. On passing up stairs Martha moodily motioned the candle towards a door: "That is where poor Mr. Graham ——"

"Don't mention it," said Sarah, who trembled from head to foot. "Mrs. Martin, dear Mrs. Martin, will you do me a favour, a very great favour?"

"Me, hinny! I'll do onything ye like."

"Will you let me sleep in your own room? for I could not sleep here alone. I would be dead with fright before morning."

"But what would your mother—I beg pardon, Mrs. Graham—say?"

"I cannot help it. When I am older I may sleep by myself; but I cannot do it just now. Come away. I think I see somebody; it is so dismal here."

(To be continued.)

MY MAY.

Old Winter with his icy hand
  Has quenched the poppy's glow,
Has stripped the hedge-rows of their pride
  And laid the blossoms low:
The flowers all, white, blue, and red,
Under the snow lie buried.

Yet, pretty flowers, do not hope
  That I shall mourn your doom;
I know a lovely countenance
  In which ye always bloom:
Her brow with lilies' whiteness vies,
Her lips are red, and blue her eyes.

What care I for the nightingale,
  Who fills the leafy grove?
A song a thousand times more sweet
  Is sung me by my love:
Her breath is like the air, what time
The hawthorn scents it in the prime.

Full from her mouth, and fragrant is,
  And tastes deliciously,
And like the purple strawberry,
  The kiss she kisses me:
O May, why should I care for thee?
In her Spring always lives for me.

Burger.

Digitized by Google

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.*

In the remarks on Mr. Laing's work which appeared in our last number, we considered the question of the sub-division of landed property according to the law of equal inheritance exclusively in its *economic* aspect. We discussed merely its operation on the material condition of a people. Our object being to place in a clear light the natural, necessary, and (so to speak) *logical* operation of this law, we were content to consider it as it is displayed in those countries where it presents itself to our notice under the most favourable form which it is capable of assuming. We now proceed to inquire into its social and political results; and in doing so we shall examine it chiefly as it appears in France, because in that country its operation is more completely unchecked than in any other by the yet lingering influence of those counteracting institutions which elsewhere serve to conceal its inevitable tendencies, and to postpone the period at which these will be fully consummated and exposed to view. We shall, of course, glance at other continental countries as we go along, for the purpose of showing that the same cause operates everywhere in the same manner, in exact proportion as its tendencies are allowed their free and unrestrained development.

The desire to possess land, to become actual proprietor of a portion, however small, of the globe that we inhabit, seems natural to all classes, and prevails in every country. In England it has shown itself in a thousand ways, and in none more clearly than in the eagerness with which thousands of our industrious and saving artisans rushed forward to immolate themselves to Feargus O'Connor's Land Scheme. In Ireland the same feeling leads to daily bloodshed and murder. In Norway, in Flanders, in Switzerland, in Prussia, the desire for land among the peasantry prevails over almost every other wish. But it is chiefly in the Frenchman that this desire becomes an absolute and blind passion, the stronger that it is complicated with, and confirmed by, his political affections. Even when the property is too small to admit, without mischief, of further sub-division, the co-heirs are, each of them, so unwilling to lose their hold upon it, that the one who ultimately retains it has to buy out the others at a price very disproportionate to the real value of their shares. Often this arrangement is not effected at all; and the consequence may be seen as we pass in a diligence along the road. "A property (we are told) which has been divided between two or three heirs, may not, after its division, consist of only two or three distinct portions, but may very probably be divided into six, eight, or a dozen such. This arises from the fact of the co-heirs being all anxious, when the land is of various qualities, and devoted to different purposes, to have a share of each variety; that is, to have equal portions of rich land, meadow, woodland, vineyard, &c. The extent to which this sort of sub-division is sometimes carried would hardly be credited, except upon the highest authority. It appears, for example, from the returns under the official survey, that the commune of Argenteuil, comprising 3,830 acres, is distributed into the extraordinary number of 36,883 separate parcels! This, we presume, may be taken as a specimen of what M. de Tocqueville calls, 'grinding the land into the impalpable powder of democracy.'"

The degree in which the natural desire for land has, with the French peasant, degenerated into an unreasoning passion, is well-described by several French writers, but by none more vividly than by Michelet in the opening chapter of his wild and absurd rhapsody called "Le Peuple:"—

"Si nous voulons connaître la pensée intime, la passion du paysan de France, cela est fort aisé. Promenons-nous le dimanche dans la campagne, suivons-le. Le voilà quis'en va là-bas devant nous. Il est deux heures; sa femme est à vêpres; il est endimanché; je réponds qu'il va voir sa maîtresse.

"Quelle maîtresse? Sa terre.

"Je ne dis pas qu'il y aille tout droit. Non, ce jour-là il est libre, il est maître d'y aller ou de n'y pas aller. N'y va-t-il pas assez tous les jours de la semaine? Aussi, il se détourne, il va ailleurs, il a affaire ailleurs. Et pourtant, il y va.

"Il est vrai qu'il passait bien près; c'était une occasion. Il la regarde, mais apparemment il n'y entrera pas; qu'y ferait-il? Et pourtant, il y entre.

"Du moins, il est probable qu'il n'y travaillera pas; il est endimanché; il a la blouse et chemise blanches. Rien n'empêche cependant d'ôter quelque mauvaise herbe, de réjéter cette pierre. Il y a bien encore cette souche qui gêne, mais il n'a pas sa pioche; ce sera pour demain.

"Alors, il croise ses bras et s'arrête, regarde, serieux, soucieux. Il régarde longtemps, très longtemps, et semble s'oublier. A la fin, s'il se croit observé, s'il aperçoit un passant, il s'éloigne à pas lents. A trente pas encore, il s'arrête, se retourne, et jette sur sa terre un dernier regard, regard profond et sombre, mais tout passionné, tout de cœur, plein de devotion."

The first consequence of this overweening desire for land, is to run up the price to an inordinate degree. Estates which naturally, and sold as a whole, would only bring twenty-five years' purchase, will, if divided into small plots, fetch readily forty years' purchase. So well is this known, that if a property of any considerable size comes into the market, it is almost always purchased by some notary or attorney, who then re-sells it in small lots to peasant proprietors at an enormous profit. But as his customers are seldom or never able to pay him the whole of the purchase-money, he retains a mortgage upon all the petty properties for the unpaid portion; the sum that he receives from them in ready money generally repaying him the whole original outlay, and leaving him still the legal and gratuitous possessor of the soil. Then, as Michelet says, the small landed property of the peasant has this dangerous and fascinating quality: "it is always *incomplete*; it always wants enlarging—a little corner here, a little addition

* Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the second series of "The Notes of a Traveller." By Samuel Laing. London: Longmans, 1850.

Digitized by Google

there, to make it perfect." For this enlargement the peasant sometimes lays by, but far oftener *borrows;* and this process continues till his debt makes his proprietorship little more than nominal. He has no idea of any other mode of investing his savings than by buying more land. Even in Auvergne, where the properties are larger, and the proprietors often prosperous, whatever can be earned, or laid by, is spent in the purchase of an adjoining field, at a price often far beyond its real value. The habit of borrowing at five or six per cent. to purchase land, which will not yield above *two* per cent. of return, is very general, and can end only in ruin.* The property must in the end come into the hands of the mortgagees, and the proprietor must become a labourer, a pauper, and a malcontent. This passion has not only the effect of turning the attention of the agriculturist from all other investments, and so starving other branches of industry, but it leads him to regard the purchase of land, not as a mode of employing his money which is to yield him a return, but as an outlay for the gratification of fancy; he buys a field as a wealthy Englishman buys a picture, as the indulgence of a luxurious taste.

We see the same effect in other countries, though scarcely in so excessive a degree. Mr. Banfield informs us that along the Rhine such is the rage of the peasants for land, that they do not scruple to give 120*l.* and 150*l.* an acre for it, and this in a country far poorer than ours. They never, he says, bestow a thought on the interest or the profit to be made by such investments. They look only, like the Irishman, to the means of subsistence it may afford them, however wretched and inadequate this subsistence may be. In fact, it is this exclusive attention to the soil as the sole, or the most agreeable, mode of livelihood, that leads alike to rack-rents in Ireland, and to the absurdly extravagant price of land in many parts of the Continent; and, in both cases, the misery and disappointment of the peasant must equally ensue. Sismondi gives the same testimony as to Switzerland:—

> Le paysan a vivement le sentiment de ce bonheur attaché à la condition de proprietarie. Aussi est-il toujours empressé d'acheter de la terre *à tout prix. Il la paie plus qu'elle ne vaut, plus qu'elle ne lui rendra peut-etre.*

Now, it is quite impossible that the disappointment and discontent which must result from this habit of giving more for land than it is worth, and, of course, expecting more from it than it can yield, added to the embarrassment and dependance consequent upon the general "indebtedness" inseparable from the mortgage system we have described, should not produce some of the worst social and political effects—effects which, as we shall see, will meet us at every step of our inquiry.

There is no point on which the advocates of the sub-division of land dwell more strongly, or with greater confidence, than on its supposed tendency to promote among the people reverence for property, and a spirit of political conservatism. No author makes more of this than Mr. Kay. "Wherever," says he, "this system prevails, we find a general and profound respect for that property in which they are themselves sharers, very different from the habits of injury, waste, and dilapidation so often manifested by the English poor; and, in addition, a great disinclination to political agitation, and all rash and ill-considered political changes." Mill and Sismondi hold the same opinion. It seems, on the face of it, natural and certain that the possession of property should bring along with it respect for the institution of property, as well as regard for what belongs to others. It seems almost equally clear that the more property is spread among the community, the more all classes will be interested in the maintenance of that internal peace and tranquillity by which alone the security of property can be insured, and its resources fully developed; and that revolutions will be less probable and less frequent in exact proportion as the number who may gain by a convulsion is diminished, and the number who must lose by it is increased: in other words, in proportion as the class of *proprietaires* multiplies, and the class of *prolétaires* dwindles away. That such results will ensue from the sub-division of land seems, at first sight, so obvious, that we feel disposed to concede the point without examination, and to take for granted the accuracy of the statement. But we are met by the startling fact that, in England, the land *par excellence* of aristocracy and primogeniture, not only is the highest ground taken by all our writers as to the sacredness of property as an institution, but the most sensitive respect to it, as a fact, is manifested by all classes of our people; and at the first rumour of an attack upon it, either in the abstract or the concrete, the whole population is up in arms. An almost slavish reverence for property distinguishes our law, and pervades our national character. Whereas, in France, where sub-division of land is carried to its highest point, where *five-sevenths* of the families are proprietors, either of land or other real property, not only have the most outrageous and indefensible assaults on the property of individuals and classes been perpetrated in the most recent times; not only have the Savings' Banks been robbed and the wealthy mulcted in forced loans, but doctrines the most subversive of the rights and even of the institutions of property have been preached without reprobation, and have been hailed with transport by hundreds of thousands of admiring votaries, prepared to carry them into instant practice. The levelling and despoiling theories of Socialism and Communism have taken a hold on the popular mind of France, unparalleled in any other country. Emile Thomas, in his national *ateliers*, robbed the rich to lavish on the poor, and the poor to lavish on the still poorer, while Proudhon proclaimed that "all property is theft;" and instead of being punished as a public enemy, or incarcerated as a madman, he is hailed as the founder of a sect, and adored almost as a saint.

The supposed conservative and tranquillising tendency of the law of equal inheritance meets also, apparently, with a similar surprising contradiction. In Switzerland, where the peasant pro-

* See Michelet, p. 24.

Digitized by Google

prietorship had prevailed for centuries, and was imagined to have been crowned with the most complete and unalloyed success, the year 1847 witnessed a series of servile insurrections, miniature revolutions, and, at last, actual civil war; the pervading feature of the fermentation being a conflict between the better and more comfortable classes and those who had little or not enough, and who hoped to mend matters by seizing on the Government themselves. Then, in France, in Sardinia, in Austria, and throughout Germany—in almost every country, in fact, where the subdivision of land has been carried to any great extent—the most complete and often bloody revolutions occupied the whole of 1848; revolutions, be it observed, less political than social (for we have put aside those cases where popular feeling was complicated with hatred towards a foreign domination)—revolutions which consisted not in rebellions against an unpopular dynasty, but in discontent with, and insurrection against, the arrangements of society. During this whole series of political convulsions, Spain and Russia—the lands of magnates and grandees—were undisturbed save by Cabinet quarrellings and Ministerial intrigues; while England, where a peasant proprietor is as rare as a black swan, and where even the old class of yeomen is nearly as extinct as the mammoth or the dodo—England, full of refugees from every continental country, and swarming with native agitators and Chartist malcontents, saw the storm pass over and around, and yet scarcely raise a ripple on the surface of her tranquil waters.

These respective phenomena—so different from what would have been predicted—so inconsistent with the supposed conservative tendencies of landed sub-division—will lead us to look a little deeper into the question, and may aid us in arriving at the truth. Indeed, the explanation of the apparent anomaly does not seem difficult to discover. The sub-division of the land among the community interests in the security of property and the preservation of order *all who inherit and retain a sufficient portion of this land;* but upon those who are exceptions to this rule—upon those whose parents were too poor or too unfortunate to have land to leave them—upon those younger branches who, not being able to extract a maintenance out of their fraction of the patrimonial estate, have parted with it for money, and then perhaps spent that money—upon all those the operation of the system is diametrically reversed. They find (as we showed in our examination of the economical working of the law) almost every avenue to wealth, or even competence, closed to them, or already choked up by other competitors; they find all branches of industry and commerce contracted and curtailed under that want of a home-demand for luxuries and manufactured articles, which we have seen to be one of the most certain of the secondary consequences of the law of equal inheritance; they find the Government obliged yearly to diminish its expenditure, and reduce the number or the remuneration of its servants, as the taxes become more and more difficult to levy from a community of peasant proprietors, whose *nature* it is to have no surplus available either for the merchant or the tax-gatherer. Unless, therefore, population becomes stationary, the claimants on all the secondary means of livelihood increase, as these various means contract or are starved to death by an enforced economy. Year by year these disappointed claimants swell the numbers of that class who are enemies of property because they have none, and to whom any change, any convulsion, offers a prospect of advantage, and can scarcely place in a worst position than before. Thus the ultimate tendency of the law of sub-division is to make the peasant proprietors the *only* class in the community who are interested in the sacredness of property, and in the preservation of order and existing institutions. It increases the number of those interested in *this kind* of property, it is true; but at the same time it strikes at the root of all *other* property, by destroying the value of all other kinds of labour. It multiplies and satisfies one class, but damages and dissatisfies every other; and can therefore be wholly safe only when the satisfied class comprises the whole community. If there are two sons to inherit a small property, it leaves the one, *perhaps*, comfortable and contented, but sends the other forth—a malcontent by necessity, because otiose and resourceless—to swell the ranks out of which Socialists, insurgents, and Red Republicans are recruited, when the day of opportunity arrives.

But *is* even the peasant proprietor himself so uniformly contented and conservative, so imbued with the reverence due to *all kinds* of property, as he is represented to be? Let Michelet—a Frenchman, and a fanatic in this cause—answer the question. We shall see that he is at issue with Mr. Kay, with Sismondi, and with Laing; but we have little doubt he is, in the main, correct.

The peasant proprietor, we must remark, is always pinched, and generally embarrassed in his circumstances. We have seen that he is almost always mortgaged, having had to borrow (in order either to add to his farm, or to pay off the portions of his brothers and sisters) "at seven, eight, and ten per cent.," says Michelet; but we will be content with assuming the usual interest at six per cent. To meet so heavy a drain, his work and his frugality must both be excessive. We quote from Michelet: "Watch him before daylight; you will find him at work, with all his family; even his wife, scarcely out of her confinement, creeps along the dewy earth. At noon, when rocks split with the heat, when the planter's negro gets repose, the volunteer negro takes none. Behold his food, and compare it with the artisan's; the latter feeds better every day than the peasant on Sunday. This heroic man thinks that by the power of his will he can do anything—even make war with Time. But Time is not to be vanquished; the struggle continues between usury, which time accumulates, and the strength of man, which it diminishes. The land brings him in two per cent., and usury demands eight. . . . . Are you now surprised that this Frenchman, this merry singer of former days, no

Digitized by Google

longer smiles? Are you surprised if, meeting him on the land which devours him, you find him so gloomy? In passing, you salute him cordially; he will not see you; he slouches his hat. Do not ask him the way; if he answers he may misdirect you. . . . . Thus the peasant becomes more and more bitter and reserved. His heart is too much oppressed to open it to any sentiment of benevolence. *He hates the rich, his neighbour, and the world.* Alone, on this miserable property, as on a desert island, he becomes a savage. His insociability, proceeding from the feeling of his misery, is irremediable."

A man such as Michelet here describes, proprietor though he be, will be no strenuous defender of institutions under which he is what he is. He is exactly in the state to lend a ready ear to any wild theorist, any millenial preacher, any designing agitator. He is just in the frame of mind when "the Devil, out of our melancholy and our weaknesses, abuses us to damn us." He is precisely fit to be the easy prey of the socialist emissary or the secret conspirator—of the Proudhons, the Louis Blancs, the Fouriers, the Cabets, and the Blanquis. Accordingly, we find in his advocate and admirer the following direct assault on the sacredness of property and the first principles of common honesty. It is M. Michelet, a writer of no small influence, an historian of no mean reputation, a professor of established rank, who is not ashamed thus clearly to intimate that the interest of money, when inconveniently burdensome, ought not to be paid, because it is the peasant who borrows, and the Jew and the banker who lends. "The people is noble; Europe has remained plebeian. But we must take serious measures for defending this nobility; it is in danger. The peasant, becoming the serf of the usurer, will be not only miserable, but will lose heart. Think you that man, a sad, restless, trembling debtor, afraid to meet his creditor, and skulking about, can preserve much courage? How would it be with a race thus brought up, in awe of the Jew? . . . . *The laws must be altered;* law must undergo this high, moral, and political necessity. . . . . If the present state of things continues, the peasant, far from acquiring, must sell, as he did in the seventeenth century, and become once more a hireling. That would be the downfall, not of a class, but of our country. They pay 500 millions (francs) yearly to the state, *and* 1000 *millions to the usurer*. . . .

"If you were Germans or Italians, I should say, 'Observe the rules of civil equity.' (!) *But you are France;* you are not a nation only, but a principle, a great political principle. *It must be defended at any cost.*"

Is it possible to say in plainer language, "Defraud your creditors, repudiate your debts, rob the bank, trample public and private faith under your feet?" Truly it does appear to us that property, however widely it may be diffused, is neither safe, nor much respected, nor greatly merited in a country where doctrines such as these can be promulgated, in works addressed to the masses by eminent writers and metropolitan professors such as M. Michelet. And he is far from being single in his misty notions of integrity. Language almost as indefensible may be found in Louis Blanc, and in Eugene Sue and George Sand, the most popular and brilliant novelists in France.

The subdivision of land, then, it would appear, may strengthen the reverence of property in one class (though even this is by no means, as we see, uniform or certain), and may augment the numbers of that class, but it weakens this sentiment in all other classes, *as long as these classes continue to exist.* If there were no younger children; if all individuals in the community were proprietors of land, and if all these proprietors were unencumbered, then the system would unquestionably promote respect for the institution of property. But these are three vital, immense, and probably impossible postulates.

If the sub-division of the land introduces one conservative element into the constitution of society, it must not be forgotten that it extinguishes another. If it multiplies peasant proprietors, it destroys the aristocracy. Now, whatever be the various opinions we may entertain as to the use or desirableness of an aristocracy, we shall none of us be disposed to deny that, where its privileges are not excessive, and where its power is not abused, it is emphatically *the* conservative element in society—the most conservative of all the ingredients of which society is composed. Whether, therefore, the law of equal inheritance is to be regarded as favourable or unfavourable to the stability of political institutions, will depend upon one division of the question, whether a multitude of small proprietors, or a smaller and more combined number of great proprietors, are likely to be most hostile to change and most powerful to resist it. A numerous body of small proprietors, spread over the whole country, and dividing among them the entire surface of the soil, will, no doubt, where they are prosperous and contented, form a substantial barrier to any violent or sudden changes in the national government and institutions. But even this proposition can only be admitted with considerable modifications. In the first place, the class of yeomen are seldom distinguished by any extraordinary intelligence out of their own immediate department; they take little interest in political questions, nor do they care about the solution of them, except in as far as they directly and manifestly affect their own position, and come into contact with their daily life. For speculative or party politics they will trouble themselves but little; they neither feel the vivid interest in these matters that distinguishes the restless, intellectual, and exciteable population of the towns, nor have they any of that tenacious devotion to old ideas and associations which forms the main strength of conservatism among the adherents and dependants of a beloved and respected feudal aristocracy. They do not respond readily, nor awake easily, to any but mere material considerations. Any public convulsion which would imperil their property or augment their taxation they might be relied upon for resisting, strenuously and doggedly, *as soon as they perceived its bearing;* but if they had nothing, or thought that they had nothing, to fear on this head, the expulsion of a

Digitized by Google

dynasty, or the change of one form of government for another, are matters which regard and would disturb them in a very slight degree.

Again, their resistance to any political changes will seldom be more than passive. They may manifest on occasion wonderful *vis inertiæ*, but they will rarely rouse themselves to vigorous and aggressive effort. They are not a body who are accustomed to combined action, or to whom either action or combination would be easy; on the contrary, their whole condition is essentially one of unsociability, self-containment, and isolation. They have nothing of that prompt and energetic *esprit de corps* which belongs to parties trained by long usage, and compelled by their position to associate for self-defence against other powerful and conflicting interests. Hence they are no match for the restless and intelligent citizens of a metropolis, full of mental activity, masters of the whole science of political organisation, devoted to their leaders, and fanatical in their attachment to a watchword or a principle. The conservatism of the class of peasant proprietors will seldom be more than *selfish* and *inert*, and, in consequence, limited and ineffectual. It is obvious how inferior in effective strength, in adequacy to meet and hold in check those elements of turbulence and movement which always exist in such vigour and abundence among the inhabitants of large towns, this conservatism must be, when compared with that of an hereditary aristocracy of vast possessions, living on their estates, surrounded by attached dependants, who respect them for their individual virtues, as well as for their ancestral name, sharing in all the intellectual activity of the age, versed in political science, trained to public life, to combined action, and to the invigorating discipline of party. It is true that an oppressive aristocracy, one which has alienated the affections and trampled on the rights of its vassals, which has neglected its duties and abused its powers, has a revolutionary as well as a conservative operation; but the same may be said of an unprosperous and discontented class of peasant proprietors which, as we have seen, may exist. To form a fair relative estimate of the political tendencies of the two institutions, we must compare them under circumstances in which both have been successful—in which both have duly discharged their functions and attained their ends.

Recent events in France have been strongly confirmatory of these views. The last revolution was effected in Paris without the slightest opposition from the supposed conservative element; it was accepted by the *country* without remonstrance, almost without indifference; and it was not till property was attacked, till the whole social structure was threatened with destruction, and *till new taxes were imposed*, that the rural population, the class of peasant proprietors, began to rouse itself, like a strong man after sleep, and march to the rescue of society, which, after all, they might have proved inadequate to save, without the exertions and fidelity of the standing army. "It was the old policy of France and Spain," says Mr. Laing, "to draw the nobility from their estates and country residences, where they were powerful and might be formidable, and to introduce them to the expenses, honours, and dependance of a court life. The Revolution proved in France that this state policy had been carried too far. *No intermediate body with social influence had been left in the country.* Brittany and La Vendée alone had a resident class of nobles or country gentlemen, who were too poor to be attached to a splendid and expensive court; and there alone was found a class to support the throne. A similar body of landed proprietors spread over France would have mediated as a third element between the throne and the people, and might have averted the horrors and anarchy of the Revolution. Every succeeding movement in France proves the want of some third element in the social body, between the executive power and the people. To this want must be ascribed the influence of Paris in all its social action in France. The country has no third element, in its present social structure, between the governing and the governed. Paris alone is this third element for all France."

This extinction of an hereditary and powerful aristocracy, and the substitution of a numerous class of small proprietors, consequent upon the establishment of the law of equal inheritance, has generally been represented as favouring the interests of freedom. We question whether this is not a superficial, or, rather, a partial view of the matter. Thus much, at least, is certain; that those monarchs and statesmen, like Louis XIV., Frederick II., and Cardinal Richelieu, whose systematic policy it was to weaken, humble, and impoverish the nobles of their respective countries, did not act thus out of any tender regard for liberty or individual right. Their aim in sweeping away the aristocracy was to remove a barrier to the establishment of their own despotic power. This also is certain; that, of all old-established States, aristocratic England is the one where personal freedom is the most complete, and the most diffused among all classes; and that liberty of individual action is fettered and usurped in Republican France and in subdivided Germany to a degree which to a Briton would be scarcely distinguishable from slavery. This, finally, is certain: that in the two great crises of our national history, the two great epochas when English liberties were threatened, defended, and enlarged—the reigns of John and of Charles I.—it was our aristocracy and our country gentlemen who stood forth in the front ranks of the cause of popular rights. The Magna Charta was won by barons; the question of ship-money was tried by a Buckinghamshire squire; Pym, Hampden, and most of the leaders of the Long Parliament belonged to what was then termed the country party.

The truth we believe to be, that the extinction of an hereditary nobility, by removing the barrier between the people and the Government, lays each of these parties more open to the assaults and encroachments of the other: the people will be more easily oppressed, and the Government more easily overthrown. Where an aristocracy has been overbearing, cruel, and unjust, as has too often been the case, its destruction is the overthrow of a tyranny.

Digitized by Google

but not necessarily the substitution of freedom: it may be, and often will be, a mere change of oppressors, and the new oppression may be more galling than the old. The stability of the Government, as well as the liberty of the subject, depend upon other arrangements. The amount of personal freedom enjoyed by the individual depends, as we shall presently see, almost entirely upon the question whether municipal or beauraucratic institutions, self-government or functionarism, pervade the nation. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to increase the number or rivet the hold of these functionaries, is, *ipso facto*, unfavourable to individual liberty; and this is equally true whether the State is termed a Republic or an Empire. Now, the law of equal inheritance has a direct and most powerful tendency to increase the number of those public functionaries, who already swarm to such an extent in both Germany and France as to interfere with freedom of action in almost every moment and every transaction of daily life. It is true, as we showed in our last article on this subject, that the difficulty of levying a sufficient revenue on a community of small proprietors has, by starving the resources out of which these functionaries are paid, a strong counteracting tendency —a tendency which may, in the end, overpower the other. But the first effect is what we have stated; the difficulty of finding remunerative employment in trade or handicraft, on which we have already dwelt so fully, creates such a multitude of claimants—of mendicants, in fact—for the poorest post under Government, that any reduction in their number has practically been found impossible. The French are compelled to retain their intolerable system of puppets, because its abolition would deprive a large number of functionaries of their bread, and cause an outcry which no Government dare to face. In the same manner they dare not revise their restrictive commercial policy, because such revision would entail a diminution of their vast army of *douaniers;* and those who would thus be thrown out of work would go to swell the already formidable ranks of the turbulent and discontented, because unemployed and unfed, population of the towns—the *classes dangereuses* of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux. Thus no reduction in the number of the public functionaries can safely take place in France; while in Austria one curious but very natural consequence of the Revolution has been actually to augment the pay of many of the officials, and thus very greatly, but also again very naturally, to disgust the tax-paying peasant proprietor.

But functionarism must be considered in another paper; our only concern with it here was in so far as it was fostered by peasant proprietorship and was inimical to freedom. The following remarks of Mr. Laing have much weight; though we would not be understood to indorse them all. "Whatever be the form of government, a third element between the power of the State and the physical force of the people is indispensable for the security of freedom, and the stability of social institutions. The aristocracy, or the clergy of the Church of Rome, or both, formed this third element in the middle ages. With us, the class of capitalists, of men of high intellectual and moral character displayed in situations of importance, and the strong prestige in favour of birth, fortune, and manners, and of what we call the nobility and gentry—a class very different from the feudal aristocracy of the Continent, and depending for social influence on popular esteem, and not on royal favour—constitute this third element in our social structure. But no equivalent class, with social influence to stand between the monarchic and democratic elements in the social body, has formed itself, or can form itself, on the Continent, where the property of land, which is almost the only kind of property, is universally distributed into small and almost equal portions. Where all are equal, or nearly so, no pre-eminent social influence is accorded to property; and the only influence remaining is that of military or civil authority held under the Crown or the executive power. The people have no independent representatives; no leaders or defenders of importance and weight, either with their own body or with their rulers; no influential organs of public opinion; nothing, in short, to oppose to misgovernment and oppression but physical force. This is a social state much nearer to a military despotism than to a free constitution. If we sit down, and try to sketch that social condition which practically must be, of all others, the least favourable to the establishment and permanence of free institutions, and to the liberty of a people, we come unexpectedly and unwillingly to the conclusion that it is the social condition which approaches most nearly to a perfect equality. Liberty and equality! These are two elements which cannot co-exist in society .... A military [or civil] aristocracy is the only Government applicable, or perhaps possible, in this social state of agrarian equality."

Mr. Laing states his conclusions somewhat broadly, but thus much we must admit as unquestionable; that in almost every country where the aristocracy has been extinguished or sapped by the subdivision of the land, the interference of the civil authorities with individual action is most oppressive and intolerable, and wholly at variance with English notions of freedom; and that the very same characteristics of inertia, unintellectuality, and uncombiningness, which we have noticed as rendering the class of small proprietors powerless against the energetic and revolutionary population of the towns, will render them equally defenceless against the encroaching and compressing influence of the governing powers.

But, at all events (it will be said), whether the law of equal inheritance be or be not favourable to political stability and civil liberty, there can be no question that it operates powerfully to spread pacific dispositions among the people, and will in time, if persevered in, put an end to international wars. Nearly all writers, except Mr. Laing, have taken this view of the subject. "They suppose that war never can be the choice of a people generally possessed of property, and having a preponderating influence and voice in their own public affairs; because property, especially landed property, which

Digitized by Google

cannot be concealed, suffers in war equally from friend and foe, by taxation or devastation; and where the great mass of the people are landed proprietors, having this obvious interest in avoiding war, the most self-willed Government must be constrained, they conceive, to maintain peace." The view appears plausible at first sight, but we shall see reason to question its soundness when we look a little more closely into the secondary operation of this cherished law. The common error of the writers who have treated of this subject has been to look only at the operation of territorial subdivision upon one class of the community, and to ignore its effect upon all other classes. We are again driven back upon the inquiry, *What becomes of the younger sons?* Of those who receive their portion in money because the patrimonial inheritance will not admit of further *morcellement*, and who go forth to seek their fortune, many flock to the towns to engage in some branch of industry or trade, and, on arriving there, they find, as we have shown, all these branches not only already overstocked, but narrowed more and more every succeeding year by that peculiar operation of peasant proprietorship which we last month traced out in detail. Many more flock to the towns in the hope of obtaining some appointment under Government, appointments against the number and the remuneration of which, as we have seen, the same peasant proprietorship necessarily wages an unceasing war. Michelet, in his work called "Le Peuple," draws a most pitiable picture of both these classes—of the disappointment which attends most of the aspirants, and of the paltry pittance on which even the successful competitors must be content to live. It is among these two classes that the war-party find their readiest recruits; it is these who are loudest in echoing the war-cry, whensoever, by whomsoever, and on what pretext soever, it may be raised. Nothing can be more natural, nothing more inevitable; all other avenues to occupation and to wealth have met their advances with an impassable barrier or a rude repulse. Unless they see a chance of carving their fortune out of civil commotion, military service is the only thing left them to fall back upon. War opens to them a vista of the most brilliant possibilities. Behind them lie penury, obscurity, a hopeless struggle against adverse destiny; before them a career, bright and beckoning, of advancement, victory, and renown. Even in those cases where the patrimonial estate is large enough to afford a prospective inheritance to all the members of the family, the same result ensues, though by a rather different process. "In almost every peasant proprietor's family (says Mr. Laing) there are one or two grown-up young men, the sons and heirs of the labouring proprietor, who have no employment at home till the small estate becomes vacant by the death of their parents. Their additional labour is not required for its cultivation while the parent is able to work. It is, however, a secure living to look to, and to fall back upon after the parents' death. This mass of population includes a large proportion of all the youth of France and Germany, of an age and habits suitable for military service. In France alone there are 10,282,946 landed proprietors. If we allow one-third of these to belong to heads of families with sons grown up while the parent is still able to work and cultivate his little property, what a vast body of young men do we find, in this social state, ever ready and eager for military service and warfare! To learn a trade or handicraft which cannot subsist them until they have acquired it, and which they would have to abandon as soon as their little heritages fall to them, is by no means so suitable to their position in life, even in a prudential view, as to enter into military service, in which they are fed, clothed, and lodged from the very first day, are engaged for a term of years which they can very well spare, and are then free to return to their little heritages, or to re-engage, according to their prospects. . . . . War would thus seem to be a necessary sequence of the social state of those countries in which landed property is generally and almost equally distributed—war abroad, or tumult and revolution at home. This is clearly shown in Switzerland. The Swiss youth are scattered over Europe and America in various temporary employments, as servants, innkeepers, adventurers. Switzerland manufactures, also, to no inconsiderable extent, for foreign markets. Yet with all these outlets and employments for her youth, Switzerland furnishes regiments to Naples, Rome, and other Italian States, and keeps, in reality, a very large standing army, in proportion to her population, always on foot, but always in foreign pay. . . . . This social state—a state, namely, in which temporary employment is more suitable than life-long application to one pursuit; this social element—the youth of a country *living in present idleness, yet in certainty of future subsistence*, has, in every age and nation, and even in every family, impeded industry and application to the useful and peaceful arts, and engendered a spirit of temporary exertion, and a wild craving for excitement which warfare only can gratify. . . . This prodigious development of an element of warfare in the new social state of Europe, may well make the observer of our times pause before he admits that universal and perpetual peace is a necessary result of a universal diffusion of landed property."

It is, moreover, a mistake to suppose that even the peasant proprietors themselves—the actual holders and cultivators of the soil—are *necessarily*, by interest and position, hostile to war. Not only do they often share the notion that war is a provision for their younger brothers and younger sons—and we know how, even in this country, many a sturdy and reluctant tax-payer is a vehement opponent of any abolition of sinecures, or reduction in the army or the navy, if he has a son to be provided for, or a brother to be promoted—but the idea that *war may be waged at the enemy's cost*, as in the early days of Napoleon, is firmly rooted in the minds of a large portion of the community, and is fostered by men from whom better thoughts might be expected. Even M. Michelet, who ought to be ashamed to pander to the selfish and malignant passions of his countrymen, did not scruple to write thus, two years be-

Digitized by Google

fore the Revolution of 1848:—"I never saw, in any history, a thirty years' peace. The bankers, who have never foreseen any revolution, reply that there will be no stir in Europe. The first reason they give is, that peace is profitable to the world. To the world! Yes: *and but little so to us.* Others are running, we are walking; we shall soon be the hindmost. Secondly, they say, 'War can only begin with a loan, and we will not grant it.' But what if it be begun with a treasure such as Russia is accumulating? What *if the war be made to support the war*, as in the time of Napoleon?" Here is M. Michelet, a Frenchman, a philosopher, an advocate of peasant properties, stimulating his countymen's passion for war, suggesting it as a means of promoting the prosperity of France, and intimating that it can be carried on at the expense of her neighbours.

Our survey of this great question, then, has shown much ground for believing that the prevalent opinion as to the social, political, and economic consequences of the subdivision of land, is partial, incomplete, and therefore, of necessity, erroneous; that the law of equal inheritance is by no means as favourable to peace, to freedom, to political tranquillity, or to the *general* prosperity of the community, as it is commonly represented to be; that these happy results can only ensue when the possessors of land shall have become the sole class of the community, having absorbed or superseded every other class; that, in fine, a nation *consisting* of small proprietors may ultimately be peaceful, prosperous, conservative and free, but scarcely a nation merely *comprising* such a class, especially if that class be preponderating, and artificially fostered and increased; and that the system of peasant proprietorship therefore, if persisted in, must lead to, and if successful must involve, a population stationary in numbers, and, as we shall shortly perceive, stationary in civilisation also.

But we shall not be in a position to pronounce a definite judgment on this mighty question, till we have considered what would be the effect produced on the general tone and character of society by the subdivision of land, when the system had attained its full development and worked out its final issue—what would be its operation on *civilisation*, using the word in its widest signification, that is to say, on the progress of humanity in the elaboration of its highest capacities, and the achievement of its noblest destinies.*

Now, in order to see our way clearly towards a reply to these inquiries, we must assume the law of equal inheritance to have completed its work; we must imagine the perilous and painful process by which the class of peasant proprietors is to starve out and absorb into itself every other class to have been undergone and overpast; we must suppose the population to have become almost, or altogether, stationary, and the whole community to

---

* The following is Guizot's admirable analysis of the idea comprised under the word "civilisation:"—

"Pour commencer cette recherche, je vais essayer de mettre sous vos yeux quelques hypothèses; je decrirai un certain nombre d'états de société, et puis nous nous demanderons si l'instinct général y reconnoitroit l'état d'un peuple qui se civilise, si c'est là le sens que le genre humain attache naturellement au mot 'civilization.'

"Voici un peuple dont la vie extérieure est douce, commode; il paie peu d'impôts, il ne souffre point; la justice lui est rendue dans les relations privées; en un mot, l'existence matérielle, dans son ensemble, est assez bien et heureusement réglée. Mais en même temps l'existence intellectuelle et morale de ce peuple est tenue avec grand soin dans un état d'engourdissement, d'inertie, je ne veux pas dire d'oppression, parce qu'il n'en a pas le sentiment, mais de compression. Ceci n'est pas sans exemple. Il y a en un grand nombre de petites républiques aristocratiques où les sujets ont été ainsi traité comme des troupeaux, bien tenus et matériellement heureux, mais sans activité intellectuelle et morale. Est-ce là la civilization? est-ce là un peuple qui se civilise?

"Voici une autre hypothèse: c'est une peuple dont l'existence matérielle est moins douce, moins commode, supportable cependant. En revanche, on n'a point négligé les besoins moraux, intellectuels; on leur distribue une certaine pâture; on cultive dans ce peuple des sentimens élevés, purs; ses croyances religieuses, morales, ont atteint un certain degré de développement; mais on a grand soin d'étouffer en lui le principe de la liberté; on donne satisfaction aux besoins intellectuels et moraux, comme ailleurs aux besoins matériels; on mesure à chacun sa part de vérité; on ne permet à personne de la chercher à lui tout seul. L'immobilité est le caractère de la vie morale; c'est l'état où sont tombées la plupart des populations de l'Asie, où les dominations théocratiques retiennent l'humanité; c'est l'état des Indous, par exemple. Je fais la même question que sur le peuple précédent: est-ce là un peuple qui se civilise?

"Je prends une troisième et dernière hypothèse. La liberté de chaque individu est très grande; l'inégalité entre eux est rare, ou au moins passagère. Chacun fait à peu près ce qu'il veut, et ne differe pas beaucoup en puissance de son voisin; mais il y a très peu d'intérêts généraux, tres peu d'idées publiques, très peu de société, en un mot; les facultés et l'existence des individus se déploient et s'écoulent isolément sans agir les uns sur les autres, sans laisser de traces; les générations successives laissent la société au même point où elles l'ont reçue; c'est l'état des tribus sauvages; la liberté et l'égalité sont là; et pourtant, à coup sûr, la civilization n'y est point.

"Je pourrais multiplier ces hypothèses; mais je crois que nous en avons assez pour démêler quel est le sens populaire et naturel du mot civilization.

"Il est clair qu'aucun des états que je viens de parcourir ne correspond, selon le bon sens naturel des hommes, à ce terme. Pourquoi? Il me semble que le premier fait qui soit compris dans le mot *civilization*, c'est le fait de progrès, de développement; il réveille aussitôt l'idée d'un peuple qui marche, non pour changer de place, mais pour changer d'état; d'un peuple dont la condition s'étend et s'améliore. L'idée du progrès, du développement, me parait être l'idée fondamentale contenue sous le mot de civilization.

"Est-ce là tout, Messieurs? Avons nous épuisé le sens naturel, usuel, du mot *civilization?* Le fait ne contient-il rien de plus?

"C'est à peu près comme si nous demandions: L'espèce humaine n'est elle, au fond, qu'une fourmillière, une société où il ne s'agisse que d'ordre et de bien-être, où plus la somme du travail sera grande et la répartition des fruits de travail équitable, plus le but sera atteint et le progrès accompli?

"L'instinct des hommes répugne à une définition si étroite de la destinée humaine. Il lui semble, au premier aspect, que le mot civilization comprend quelque chose de plus étendu, de plus complexe, de supérieur à la pure perfection des relations sociales, de la force et du bien-être social. Il démande le développement de la vie individuelle, de la vie intérieure, le développement de l'homme lui-même, de ses facultés, de ses sentimens, de ses idées. Il démande un état où, Si la société y est plus imparfaite qu'ailleurs, l'humanité y apparait avec plus de grandeur et de puissance. Il reste beaucoup de conquêtes sociales à faire: mais d'immenses conquêtes intellectuelles et morales sont accomplies; beaucoup de biens et de droits manquent à beaucoup d'hommes; mais beaucoup de grands hommes vivent et brillent aux yeux du monde. Les lettres, les sciences, les arts déploient tout leur éclat. Partout où le genre humain voit resplendir ces grands images, ces images glorifiés de la nature humaine, partout où il voit créer ce trésor de jouissances sublimes, il reconnoit et nomme la civilization.

"Deux faits sont donc compris dans ce grand fait; il subsiste à deux conditions, et se révéle à deux symptômes; le développement de l'activité sociale et celui de l'activité individuelle, le progrès de la société et le progrès de l'humanité. Partout où la condition extérieure de l'homme s'étend, se vivifie, s'améliore, partout où la nature intime de l'homme se montre avec éclat, avec grandeur, à ces deux signes, et souvent malgré la profonde imperfection de l'état social, le genre humain applaudit et proclame la civilization."

Digitized by Google

be one uniform body of small, but comfortable and *well-to-do* land-owners. How or at what cost this transition state can be got through, we confess we do not clearly see; the problem may prove practically insoluble; but we will suppose the difficulty successfully surmounted, and the social condition so much desired to be finally achieved; and we have now to ask ourselves how it will operate on the deeper interests and higher prospects of our race?

It is not to be denied that a state of universal competence, in which there shall be no inordinate wealth and no sordid indigence; from which extravagance and pauperism shall be alike excluded; where a redundant population and excessive competition shall no longer condemn the child to premature, nor the man to overwhelming, labour; where industry and temperance shall be sure of their reward; where every man shall be happy,

> "——whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,
> Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground;"

where every man shall "sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid"—it is not to be denied that a state such as this is, even in prospect, full of fascinations for those who, like ourselves, have been long saddened and perplexed by the multitudinous anomalies, the startling extremes, the sore moral maladies, the grievous physical sufferings, which disfigure the actual society around us. We regard with a sense of unspeakable relief the picture of a social state from which are banished nearly all the evils which have so long baffled and amazed us here—which have driven the philanthropist to despair, the wretched to rebel, and the religious man to seek refuge in another life against the sorrows and sufferings which seem incurable in this. The mere idea that such a comparative Paradise is attainable disposes us to listen with impatient indignation to the doubter who throws cold water on our enthusiasm, by calling upon us to pause and inquire whether this apparent Eden may not have some counterbalancing disadvantages which, in our zeal, we have overlooked, and whether it may not have to be purchased at a price which it would be shallow wisdom and sorry economy to pay. Even gold, it is said, may be bought too dear.

There is, no doubt, much, very much, to admire in the social condition of the Swiss and the Norwegian, and much, very much, to deplore in our own. It is sad to see the intensity of pursuit which with us, in every line, seems essential to success; it is sad to see so many thousands, *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, whose whole existence, from the cradle to the grave, is one breathless hurry—a race, a struggle, and a strife; it is lamentable to see one class who live only to toil, side by side with another who live only to squander; and we are tempted to think how far more enviable is that nation where every one has something, and nobody has much.

> "Tutus caret obsoleti
> Sordibus tecti
> Caret invidendâ
> Sobrius aulâ."

But a state of material comfort, though embellished by content and free from the grinding anxieties which too commonly beset a struggling existence, is not the highest position, nor the sole good, for humanity to aim at. A society composed of one uniform class, enjoying a universally diffused competence, will be stationary, not progressive in its character. Now, progress is the very essence of civilisation. Contentment is a blessed thing; but the content which arises from having achieved much, and the content which consists in being satisfied with little, have very different influences on national, as on individual development. There is a content which rests in a lazy and unambitious mediocrity, which buries its talent in the earth, acquiesces in a stagnant vegetation, and aspires after no higher life; and there is a content which flows out of a just estimate of the objects of exertion and the ends of life, the result of having aspired after attainable and worthy aims, not of having been devoid of aspirations altogether. The one is the last and noblest victory of the ripened mind; the other is the most fatal enemy to the amelioration and maturity of the race. There are two sources which foster in the bosom of a nation the elements of the higher civilisation; the stimulus of necessity, and the stimulus of leisure. *In a community of peasant proprietors both these will be absent.* Men who are secure of finding in the quiet culture of the soil a maintenance adequate to their few requirements, and who see no prospect and no motive for rising above the level mediocrity of their neighbours, are wholly without that spur to strenuous exertion which works such miracles in less monotonous and less comfortable communities, which so often makes the poor man fight his way to wealth, and the industrious man to leisure, and the uneducated man to the loftiest heights of poetry and science. An assured competence, however small, is, of all the foes to energy and success, the most fatal, and the most paralysing. Accordingly, we find that sameness and stationariness characterise nations among whom peasant proprietors predominate and give the tone. "This state of society (says Mr. Laing) is necessarily stationary at a certain attainment of well-being. It is not, and cannot be, progression. It admits of no advance in the means and ways of living, acting, or thinking, beyond a certain fixed hereditary standard; and one generation cannot afford to acquire or to gratify any higher tastes or wants than those of the generation which preceded it. In the countries or districts in which this social state has been established for ages, as in Switzerland, the Tyrol, Norway, Flanders, the man of the 19th century is the man of the 14th. His way of living, his way of thinking, his diet, dwelling, dress, his tastes, wants, and enjoyments, his ideas, his civilisation, are stereotyped. . . . . The having enough for the most simple wants and

Digitized by Google

tastes of a working agricultural life, the contentedness of a whole population with this enough, and the legal impediment, from the equal division of property among the children, to any class in the community attaining permanently more than this enough, may be a very happy social state, and altogether in accordance with the spirit and precepts of ancient philosophers; but it is a philosophy of barbarism, not of civilisation—a social state of routine and stagnation, not of activity and progress. . . . . Hereditary wealth is too rare for the individuals possessing it to form a class in society. . . . The want of such a class with more than the bare means of living, and with the leisure to apply to higher material or intellectual objects than the supplying of their household wants by their own household work, is not favourable to the progress of society. The material objects and interests must predominate over those intellectual and moral ones which dignify man as motives to action, but which must remain almost dormant in society if there be no class free from the cares of daily subsistence, and with the education and leisure which only an opulent class can command, to cultivate and act on them. Education of an ordinary kind may be widely diffused in this social state, reading, writing, and useful acquirements may be imparted to all the population, and yet education may be very defective and uninfluential, and may lose in depth what it gains in breadth. Few in this social state are in a condition to enter into those higher studies and sciences which not only elevate the individual to a high pitch of mind, but give society itself the language, ideas, and spirit of a higher intellectual condition."

In fact, without necessity to stimulate talent in the mass, and without an opulent and leisure class to cultivate and to reward scientific and literary eminence, the very elements and conditions of the nobler civilisation will be wanting. Intellectual cultivation will be monotonous and mediocre, even if it do not become wholly utilitarian: the abstract, the profound, and the poetic, will be in imminent danger of being starved out of existence by want of the encouragement on which alone they can thrive. Moreover, a society of equals, with no hierarchy of gradations to cement them into one mass, will be a mere aggregation of independent units, isolated and self-contained, with no mental collision, and little varied interchange of thought. All being occupied in the same pursuits, and living in the same intellectual and moral atmosphere, there can be little of that diversity of view and opposition of ideas by which truth is elicited and intelligence aroused. It is not out of a nation of peasant proprietors, though it may occasionally be out of their *class*, that poets, artists, philosophers, or astronomers can come forth. Where, among such, could Shakspere or Dante, Phidias or Canova, Plato or Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, or La Place, find the appreciation upon which they live, the reward to which they aspire, or the sustenance and stimulus without which they could not struggle into being? No! Material well-being, the absence of want, a diffused uniformity of comfort, are valuable attainments, and amply worth much effort to compass; but there is something beyond and above all these—something for which a portion of these may wisely be emperilled and sacrificed; that perpetual progress namely, that ceaseless aspiration, that illimitable striving after loftier and still loftier heights in knowledge, in wisdom, in conception, in achievement, which constitute at once the nobility of the individual, the glory of the nation, the hope and the grandeur of the race.

Even the favourable picture which we have adopted from the advocates of peasant proprietorship of the state of material comfort, steady industry, and security of social position which it engenders, has its reverse side. Security has its injurious as well as its serviceable action on the character and habits; and men who do not strive to rise will not always be able to prevent themselves from falling. There is much truth in the following remarks, though we are not prepared to adopt them without allowance. "The security afforded by the possession of a patch of land is often worse than insecurity. Granting that its owner is aware that, in ordinary seasons, its produce will suffice to support himself and his family, he cannot fail to be at the same time impressed with the conviction that his destiny is fixed and irrevocable; that he has no means of advancing himself; and that he and his successors must continue to pass their days in the same unnoticed obscurity and poverty. And it is scarcely possible that he should have this conviction without being listless, and the slave of routine practices. The happiness of peasant proprietors seems very much akin to that of oysters: they are ignorant and satisfied. . . . . Their security is not a source of activity and wealth, but of indolence and poverty, and goes far to extinguish that desire to excel and to rise to a higher station which is the origin of all improvement, and of whatever is refined and exalted. 'The small proprietors and farmers of France (says Dr. Birkbeck) having no means of improving their condition, submit to necessity, and pass their lives contentedly.' It is customary at this moment, in several of the southern departments of that kingdom, as it was 3000 years ago, to thresh corn by treading it out by horses and oxen." * The fact is, we fear, that, from the law of our imperfect nature, content and progress can rarely go together, nor competence and laborious ambition. The fate of the yeomen class in England—especially of those "statesmen," as they are termed, who still linger in Cumberland and Westmoreland—is a confirmatory comment on this text. Their fifty or sixty acres of hereditary land, though amply sufficient to maintain them in homely abundance, is not enough fully to employ their time, or arouse their dormant energies. In a deplorable proportion of cases they become dawdling and inactive, suffer dreadfully from the *tedium vitæ*, take to drinking, get into difficulties, and are ultimately compelled to sell their patrimonial estate to some wealthier and more energetic neighbour. The class is fast dying out.

To set against these considerations, we must

* Mc Culloch, "Treatise on Succession," p. 90.

Digitized by Google

observe that there is one kind of intelligence which will usually be more highly developed in a community of small proprietors than in one where civilisation is more systematic, and where division of labour has been carried to perfection; that kind of intelligence, we mean, which consists in fertility of resource, and a wide range of *adaptability* of the faculties possessed. The result of the system of division of labour, when carried to that height at which it produces the most astonishing miracles of industry and art, is to *confine* the faculties of the individual, as the price paid for their perfect development in one direction. The continental peasants—and the same is true to some extent of their artisans also—can do a little in many lines, but can do nothing in a first-rate style. Hence they are very inferior to the English labourers as ploughmen, as blacksmiths, as carpenters; but they make better colonists. They are more *miscellaneously* clever, and can make themselves more "generally useful." Mr. Laing observes with much justice, "The exercise of the faculties by the application of the mind to a variety of operations, the invention, the ingenuity, and judgment called forth, the resources to be found for want of skill, tools, and co-operative aid, make the production of an article by single-handed or by family work much more intellectual and improving, although the article produced be very much inferior and more costly than if it had been produced by factory-work. The product in the latter case is better, but not the producer. His mind is less exerted, his faculties less exercised, by his day's work, than the man's who has to apply himself every day to various occupations; who perhaps has to make a nail, forge a horse-shoe, nail it on, yoke his cart, mend it, drive it to market, and sell a load of corn of his own sowing, reaping, and threshing. The individual doing one single operation all his life, in the sub-division of work to which he belongs, will scarcely be a man of such mental powers—*at least his work will not make him so*—as this individual of multifarious occupations. The working peasant proprietor in Switzerland, who sits down in winter, after his crops are reaped, to make a clock or a gun, will not certainly produce a time-piece like Dent's, or a fowling-piece like Smith's; but his faculties and thinking powers are more exercised by his work than those of any one operative employed by Mr. Dent or Mr. Smith in making the one separate part of their more perfect machines which he is bred to make. . . . As far as a man's daily occupations influence his mental condition, factory-work tends to lower, not to raise, his intellectual powers."

This is very true: confinement to one fractional division of industry has an unquestionable tendency to cramp and dwarf a man's intelligence; and the counteraction must be sought in that general mental cultivation for which the superior productiveness of assorted and combined labour ought to purchase leisure and means.

We have now gone fully into the consideration of this momentous and deeply-interesting social problem; and we will sum up the results in a few brief sentences. We believe that the compulsory (or universally customary) partition of land would, in the end, lead to a state of society which neither the philosopher nor the statesman could regard with complacency; a state which appears attractive only where its *first* operation is exclusively seen, and its ultimate consequences are kept out of view; a state which, after the effects of its incipient and incomplete application have been reaped, must be hostile in its further progress to peace, to freedom, to political tranquillity and permanence; a state which, when entirely reached (if this be ever possible), would be fatal alike to the multiplication and the progress of mankind. At the same time, it is monstrous that industrious men should be unable to obtain land, and to rise into the position of proprietors; not only should all obstacles in their way be removed, but every encouragement should be given them to attempt and to succeed. The subdivision of land should be left wholly free—should be neither impeded nor enforced by legislation. Entails should be abolished; the law, which in England confers the real property of an intestate upon the eldest son or the nearest male heir, and that which in France compels the division equally among the children, should be both abrogated. Legislative restrictions once removed, variety of individual opinion would then operate to produce a varied social state; there would be large estates, and wealthy proprietors, and a leisure class, to supply the conservative element and encourage the higher civilisation; and there would be peasant properties to form the stepping-stone and the reward for those among the labourers who had the desire and the capacity to rise. There would be an educated class to cultivate the nobler fields of intellect and science; there would be an aristocracy to stand between the people and the Throne; there would be a peasantry contented even when striving and ambitious, because conscious of no injustice, and irritated by no insuperable obstacles; and there would be a yeomanry to complete and consolidate the social hierarchy.

Digitized by Google

ALIANORE.

A CHRISTMAS-TIDE BALLAD.

Alianore in her chamber knelt,
  Down by her bedside lone;
And agen she made her frequent prayer—
And mighty her beseechings were,
  If prayer be sigh and moan.

"O Mary queen, who reign'st in heaven,
  Return my lord to me,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
  Ev'n as it willeth thee.

"Six days agone, Childe Waters he said,
  'I hunt a deer of prime;
And his dainty flesh shall feed my poor,
Who sit in the hall, or sing at my door,
  In the coming Christmas time.'

"Farewell he said, and a kind kiss gave—
  God speed I bade the giver:
But we said Farewell for the merry deer hunt,
  And not for aye and ever.

"O virgin queen, the Christmas morn,
  It breaks upon the morrow;
Now, for thy blessed Babe his sake,
  Let it not come in sorrow."

A weary horse is at the gate,
  He bears a yeoman bold,
And a little child with feet all bare,
  Spite of winter cold.

"What news? what news?" cried the servitors all;
  The rider nothing said,
But sad and slow he trod the stair,
  As with a lady's tread:
For his heart of hope aweary was,
  And doubt had grown to dread.

"What news dost bring?" cried Alianore;
  "Oh, let it happy be,
And I will kiss thy broad brown hand,
  And richly guerdon thee!"

"From dawn to dark I sought i' the wood,"
  The yeoman made reply,
"And saw Red Robin lie dead with cold,
  And the fox go hungry by,—

"A little child in the wood I found,
  Mid wintry dangers rife:
Save these, I saw no thing that lived,
  Or ever yet had life."

Alianore nought answerèd,
  Nothing answered she;
But laid her head on her pillow so white,
  Weeping piteously.

"A little while since, and my pretty boy died—
  My dear lord now is gone;
Oh, now whose heart shall nestle to mine
  These dreary nights and lone?"

The little child through the wood that came,
  He sat by the kitchen fire,
And stedfast looked on the burning brand—
One holly-spray in his little hand,
  And one in his jetty hair.

They brought him a cup of sweet warm milk,
  And a cake of wheaten bread;
"Now eat thy fill, thou pretty boy,"
  A kindly maiden said,
"And give me a kiss in thankfulness:"
  But he never turned his head.

He ate not of the wheaten bread,
  Nor drank he of the cup;
But bent his eyes on the burning fire,
  And never once looked up.

Another came: she kissed his cheek,
  And cried 'twas icy cold;
And, Lord! to look on his baby eyes,
They were so hard, and sad, and wise,
  And he scarce four years old.

At length from his fireside seat he leapt,
  And crossed towards the door,
His white feet, like uncertain lights,
  Flickering over the floor.

He clomb the stair as a shadow goes,
  Nor pause nor halt made he,
Till he came to the door of Alianore,
  Still weeping piteously.

His hands he crossed upon his breast,
  The holly-bough atween,
And stood on the threshold as dumb and still
  As if he stone had been.

"God's mercy on me!" cried Eleanor then,
  As she raised her eyes to see,
"Sure this is my babe, Childe Waters his babe,
  Returned from death to me.

"Yet no, for *his* mouth had ever a smile,
  And his eyes were purely blue:
Thy face is the face of a weary man,
  And thine eyes are black of hue.

"Yet hither to me, my pretty boy,
  And tell me thy sorrows all:"
All wordless then to her side went he,
Kissing her hand right prettily,
  And on his knees did fall.

"Nay, climb to my knee," said Alianore,
  "Poor babe, so sad and young,
And tell to me, with those great black eyes,
  What thief did steal thy tongue;"
For she felt a love in her heart that rose,
  Sudden, and strange, and strong.

Digitized by Google

The little child sate on the lady's knee,
He kissed her on the cheek,
His little arms round her neck he clasped,
Yet never a word did speak.

But the holly-spray that he held in his hand
He placed in her bosom fair,
The while he looked into her eyes,
With fixed and hungry stare.

Now saints above! but how it was
I dare not seek to know,
But true it is that holly-spray green
Did melt on her heart like snow—

Upon her heart, and into her heart,
And grew to this knowledge grim:
"Childe Waters thy lord is dead in the wood,
And the snow lies over him."

That strange boy gazed into her eyes,
The growing thought to see,
And when it flashed beneath the lash,
He murmured, "Verily."

Her mantle and hood he laid at her feet;
"Oh, come, dear lady, come!"
But now the child had utterance found,
'Twas Alianore was dumb.

But she shrouded her head in her hood of fur,
Her mantle dight she on,
And when the boy from the window leapt
She followed: fear was gone.
Strange! though the leap was twenty feet,
Yet bruised was never a bone.

A stalwart horse, as white as milk,
Beneath the casement stood:
"Ride, lady, ride!—there's many a mile
To journey through the wood."

So Eleanor leapt to the saddle high,
Trapped so fine and brave:
But sad and slow the horse did go,
As bearing one to the grave.

Mile after mile they travelled on,
And mile and mile again:
But the little child walked every rood,
Holding the bridle rein.

Their shadows, and they, and the lady moon,
They journeyed all silently,
Until they came to an open place,
Where grew one only tree.

The pale horse stood at the old tree's root:
"Dear lady, light thee down;
For here beneath great treasure is hid,
And it is all thine own."

Then Eleanor leapt from her saddle seat,
And down upon her knees,
And wrought in the snow with her lady hands
Till they were like to freeze.

And as the heaps, on either side,
Still higher grew and spread,
So grew a longing at her heart,
A longing and a dread.

"O God! I fear—it is so cold!—
The snow to my heart hath crept."
Then did she weep, while John-a-Frost,
He froze the tears she wept.

But faster and faster her hands she plies,
As faster her tears do fall:
"Dear lady, dear lady, a little while yet,
And thy labour is ended all."

That strange, strange child, with his eyes so black,
A dreary truth he said,
For a minute more, and poor Alianore,
She found Childe Waters dead!

Straight and stark, with his face to heaven,
A last prayer still in his eye,
A bloody brand in his bruised hand,
And a bloodier one thereby.

The wail of Alianore, God wot,
Had cleft the heart of Cain;
"Yet will I not ban the vengeful man
Thy precious life hast ta'en—

"For yonder comes the Christmas morn,
Creeping over the hill,
And He was born this blessed day,
Will purge thy sin and mine away,
And his who wrought this ill."
Her pallid cheek to his cheek she laid.
And then she grew quite still.

Now rest the soul of the good Friar John,
Who tolled the matin bell!
He ever, unto his dying day,
This frequent tale would tell,—

How Alianore in the wood he saw
Yclad in garment white,
And a little child, his feet all bare,
With heavenly wings bedight.

And he marked that his mouth had a holy smile,
And his eyes were purely blue,
And in his hair were holly-leaves green,
With berries red of hue.

And how together they trod the hill
Whence rose the morning bright,
And stretched their hands towards the sun
Like prisoned birds, for flight;
How then, like mist, they faded dim
And slowly from his sight.

Peace to the soul of Childe Waters,
And eke of Alianore;
And blessings on him who in Christmas cold
Remembereth Christ his poor!

Digitized by Google

THE ROUNDHEADS BEFORE PONTEFRACT.

(*Continued from page* 702.)

It should be mentioned that at the time Pontefract Castle was surprised by the Cavaliers, the garrison had not within it more than a single month's provisions. The first care of the successful Royalists was, therefore, to obtain supplies, for they well knew the place would soon be invested by the troops of the Parliament. The Roundhead force, under the command of Sir Henry Cholmley, was insufficient to restrain the excursions of the garrison, so that in a very short time the castle was amply supplied with every necessary. The Royalist enterprises, at this time, show their surprising daring. Hearing that three hundred head of cattle were under a guard of Roundhead horse at Knottingley, they resolved to capture them; and this they effected in the most gallant manner. "Having noticed," says Paulden, "that there were at Knottingley three hundred head of cattle from the north, going south, under a guard of five troops of horse, we marched forth at night with thirty horse, and half-a-dozen foot, with half pikes to drive the cattle. We faced the troops that guarded them, while our foot drove the herd towards the castle; then we followed and kept betwixt them and danger, the enemy not daring to charge us, and we all came safe to the castle." A second party made excursions as far as Lincoln, where they actually remained for some days, levying contributions on the Roundhead adherents. They were joined in their progress by many Royalists, but in their way back they were attacked by Colonel Rossiter, a Parliament officer, and sustained a signal defeat, though there were but few slain on either side. We return to the correspondence of the besiegers. A second letter from Margetts attests the resolute bearing of the besieged.

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"Sr.—The Ma. General lately returned thither from the disbanding of two Militia Regiments of Horse, and is now again gone to the disbanding of Coll. Bethel and the foot regiments lately before Scarborough, wherein 'tis hoped there will not be much difficulty, unless want of money retard the work. He is very active and painful upon this public service, and if affairs succeed well in the south, these miserable destroyed parts and the whole kingdom will reap the fruit thereof. This enemy is yet resolute and keeps us upon hard duty, but I hope in a short time he will appear but foolhardy. Our guns and mortar pieces, together with the ammunition, is now come into this Town, and they will play very shortly. They now and then drop away out of the Castle, but are still very active with their great and small shot to prevent our work.

"The proceedings in relation to Charles Stuart are well enough resented by the well-affected in these parts, and are glad the business goes on so fast, as it probably tends to the preventing of malicious designs and less of Justice: 'tis true they are upon a very tickle and high point, and had need of a great deal of caution, though you are upon a sure foundation; and so long as you continue upon these principles you will keep the enemy in a maze, for they know not what to do, in regard they can never act but where they have corruption for the ground. Constancy in the work, and tenderness as to those not altogether (yet near) satisfied would gain advantage of more complying interest. I received yours this week and thank you. The post was late before he came. The Ma. General gone before about disbanding to York. Coll. Lilburne gone to London and most of the other officers out of town, except Coll. Bright (who you know dissents), so that your other letter to the Council is not yet delivered, but I shall get it delivered and considered as (soon as) I possibly can; indeed we never had a Council of public affairs since you went, we have so few actors. Our news here is very little at this time, therefore, I remain,

"Your most affect. friend,

"Tho. Margetts.

"*Pont.* 13, *Jan.* 1648."

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"Sr.—I received none from you this post, but that by the last post I received two days ago, it being sent from the Major-General, in whose it seems it was enclosed, and for which I thank you. We have little news here; only Wednesday the enemy made a sally upon our nearest guard to them, beat them up, took 14 prisoners and killed 3 or 4, and then were forced in again.

"Mr. Beamond, Parson of Kirby, is apprehended for holding secret cypher intelligence with the enemy in the Castle; the matter is clear, and I think the gallows will shortly have him. The Major-General is yet upon his troublesome disbanding work of Col. Bethell, is expected the beginning of the next week, but it may be longer first. For that you wrote concerning Ma. Rokeby, I confess it was the first I ever heard of it, but upon enquiry since, I perceive there hath been such a rumour (but they arise many times upon slight grounds), and I cannot conceive any good grounds for it, nor do I believe it. I shall enquire further, and in what you desire in relation to that business I shall be ready to serve you, as Sr.,

"Your very affectionate friend and servant,

"Thos. Margetts.

"*Pont.*, 27 *Jan.*, 1648."

This letter shows that the besieged Royalists were not content to remain merely on the defensive. The "Mr. Beamond" here mentioned was the Reverend George Beaumont, Rector of South Kirby, near Pontefract. He was cousin to Sir Thomas Beaumont of Lascelles Hall. Lambert had at this time discovered that some people in the neighbourhood kept up a correspondence with the garrison, and that Mr. Beaumont was in constant communication with the besieged, by means of

Digitized by Google

letters in cyphers. It was at the house of this gentleman that the plan for the surprise of the castle was discussed; and this, together with the other circumstances, coming to the knowledge of Lambert, he caused the unfortunate man to be seized and loaded with irons. To the everlasting infamy of the Major-General, he was tortured, to force him to discover the characters he had used; and failing in this barbarous attempt, for he resolutely refused to name any of his friends, they hung him before the walls of the castle. It is said that one of his relatives was compelled to assist at his execution. He left a wife and four infant children.

The horse-racing details of the following letter, from Robert Baynes to his brother, contrast most strangely with the incidental mention of the death of Charles the First, but four days previously; nor should it be forgotten that, a few days before this, Lambert and the officers under him had addressed a letter to the Parliament, expressing their opinion that, "The present proceedings of the army was the work of God alone."

ROBERT BAYNES TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"Brother,—I have received two letters from you, the later by Lieutenant Leavens, wherein you give me answer concerning your horse. There is 7 or 8 horses to run, but we shall (I think) come in a good place at the worst. Your man Henry hath nomind to ride, for he is above weight; so I think I shall get Corp. Rooke. Your old gray gelding is dead, being almost rotten with colds. Gilbert Cowy desireth me to pay him for his Tythes; he saith though they be put down, yet he hopes you will pay that which is by past. I desire your answer. My uncle desires you would send him some garden seeds, according to this note enclosed. I would know what I shall do with the young horses when it is time to . . . . . the ground. I heard something of your letter to me and Mr. Allott, but I shall speak to him the first opportunity I have. I need not write any news because you have better intelligence; only this, that the King's death is very harshly digested by most, and almost all the country. Thus hoping of your health and welfare, desiring much to see you, I remain,

"Yours in all brotherly affection,

"Robt. Baynes.

"*Pont., Feb.* 3, 1648."

The next letter is from the Cornet to his cousin. The death of the King is considered a matter of course; the Royalist cause was crushed, and men of that party were prepared for the worst.

CORNET JOHN BAYNES, TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"Cousin,—Yours, by Capt. Bradford, I have received, but none yet by the ordinary post. That the king is executed is good news to us; only some few honest men, and all the Cavaleirs bemoan him. It will be well if the Court proceed to execute justice upon Hamilton, Goring, &c. I am persuaded that when that is done, if it be not deferred too long, it will be so far from provoking the common enemy that they will be altogether discouraged, and will not dare to appear in tumults any more. They of this Castle do us daily some harm: one of our morter-pieces has begun to play, and I hope hath done some execution. All our guns are not yet in a capacity of battering; only one or two play now and then at the battlements. The rogues within have no shells for their morter-piece, but yesterday they shot out of the same piece a very great stone, which fell into the next chamber to the Major-General's but hurt none. Yesterday also they made a little sally, (after they heard that the King was beheaded), but were forced in again: they slew us one man. When you have received the money of Dr. Slane, and what you receive, I pray you let me hear. Mr. Dawson is well, and hath received of Mr. Welburne £40, as your proportion of the benefit of the voyage: it came to more; but in regard some hazard was passed ere the bargain was perfected and the money paid, he hath only allowed that. Thus letting you know that all friends are well, I rest,

"Your assured Lo. Couzen,

"Jo. Baynes.

"*Pontefract, Feb. the* 3*rd*, 1648.

"I pray you excuse me to Dr. Slane. Present my service to him. I should have written to him this post, but am just now going to muster one of the Militia Regiments."

The foregoing is confirmed by what follows, and further shows the feeling in the north on the news of the King's death.

THO. MARGETTS TO CAPT. ADAM BAYNES.

"Sr.—On Thursday last afternoon, Capt. Bradford came to this Town, by whom I received your letter, but by the post I received none from you; neither have I yet received the agreements. I perceive Capt. Bradford did leave some memorandums with you at his coming away, wherein there was something concerning my particular: I only request you careful remembrance thereof.

"Little news here. Malignants talk much of the King's death: well affected are well satisfied. Malignants plot privately to relieve this Castle, and gather together in woods as we are informed, but we have sent Parties to apprehend and prevent them. The enemy hold out resolutely in hopes of relief, but I believe would come to fair terms for they would have another summons. The Ma. General hath now done disbanding, and returned hither, but at present is saluting his Lady at Corbrook. Yesterday the enemy sallied forth to beat us out of our Trenches near Swillington tower, killed us one man and were beaten in again. Our Mortar pieces have made some work among them, and I believe will make more. They have heard of the King's death, and seem to be more resolute upon it, but I believe it will make some of them slink.

"I remain, Sr.,

"Your assured friend and servt.

"Thos. Margetts.

"*Pontef.* 3 *Feb.*"

In a newspaper of the day, "The Kingdome's Faithfull and Impartial Scout," Feb. 2 to 9, 1648—is the following notice of the siege operations corrobo-

Digitized by Google

rating the foregoing letter, and giving also a contemporary account—the only one we have—of the *Pontefract siege money*. "Munday, Feb. 5. The Intelligence from Pontefract is this: the beseiged have lately made two sallies forth, but repulsed without any great losse to us; in the last they killed but one man of ours, and we took two of theirs prisoners, one of which had a small parcell of silver in his pocket, somewhat square; on one side thereof was stampt a castle with P.O. for Pontefract, on the other side was the crown with C.R. on each side of it. These pieces they make of Plate which they get out of the country, and pass among them for coyn. They cry they will have a king whatever it cost them."

Examples of these siege pieces still exist in the collection of the British Museum, and in many private cabinets. They are of two forms, octagonal, and lozenge or diamond-shaped. The obverse of some bears the figure of a castle with three towers, a standard flying from the topmost, a gun—sometimes a hand holding a drawn sword—projecting from the side. The legend is CAROLVS SECVNDVS 1648. In the field ons . P.C. and the value XII pence. The reverse has the letters C.R. crowned, and the legend DVM SPIRO SPERO. Another variety has POST : MORTEM PATRIS . PRO. FILIO., while the reverse bears the name and titles of Charles II., whom the garrison proclaimed king, with the motto HANC DEVS DEDIT 1648, as soon as the news of his father's death had reached them. The existence of these pieces corroborates the account of Whitelocke, who says that the prince was proclaimed king as soon as the news of the fall of Charles I. had reached the besieged. The spirit which animated the Roundheads at this period was evidently quickened by the gallant resistance of the garrison of Pomfret. The bloody tragedy enacted before Whitehall had caused a thrill of horror throughout the land,* shocking and confounding all but the extreme party, whose malignity is well expressed by the following letter of Margetts. Like the cornet, he blames the tardy proceedings against the chief adherents of the fallen monarch.

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"SR.—We perceive there are long demurs in the execution of Justice upon the rest of the great and notorious offenders, but hope by this time some of them are past demurring. These parts are yet quiet, and we hope will be kept so till this Castle be taken, which, though it be not certain, yet now we hope will not be long. If Jocky will not be quiet, we fear the late disbanding of forces, particularly in these northern parts, and the design of sending so many out of England into Ireland, may give advantage to the enemies' designs in these two nations, especially in so tickle a time as this, wherein (as I conceive) we have more need have all the wellafected of the kingdom, either in arms or in readiness, and put in a posture of defence. Besides the standing army, I think likewise it would much conduce to the preservation of the peace of this nation if an act of Parliament were past for the calling in and seizing on of all malignants' arms, and for the preventing and punishing all disaffected priests that, in their preaching, meddle with civil affairs, thereby stirring up and provoking the people to contention, division, parties, and factions, and so demonstrating themselves the greatest (by their advantage of preaching) Incendiaries of the people.

"I have written several times to you, but have received none from you these month or 5 weeks.

"I am, Sr.,

"Yo. servant,

"THOS. MARGETTS.

"*Pont.*, 24 *Feb.*, 1648."

The next letter is from the same individual, dated a week later. The brave little garrison grows weaker, and surrender is talked of. Morrice takes the lead in negotiation, but the enmity of the Roundheads cannot be appeased. Terms are offered to all but six persons within the walls of Pomfret, Morrice, of course, being one of the excepted. Dissensions "at home" are now the topic of conversation among the Parliament troops.

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"SR.—I received yours this post, and perceive yours hath failed to me, as mine to you. This enclosed if you please to peruse and take the pains to deliver to Mr. Cox, will give you satisfaction what I have received by assignment; viz., 6 weeks pay (as you inform me) in Mr. Mabbot's hands, and the assignment of a month's pay, brought down by Capt. Bradford. And beside that, I never had any Assignment from the Committee for the Army. The Marshall Generall, Mr. Mather, is likewise in the very same case with me. Pray Sr. assist to get an assignment for us both together for our whole arrears, to make us up equal with the general affairs of the Army. If you please deliver the enclosed to the Judge Advocate of the Army, and receive his answer thereto, and return it to me, you will do me a great favour, for if I have had assignments it may be he hath received them. I pray you enquire likewise of the Marshall General of the Army, whether he have not from time to time received our Marshall's Assignments: therein you will do us both a great respect.

"This day we enter into a Treaty for the surrender of this castle. They were not summoned: the overture was made by them; so that it will come the easier, though I believe there will be some tugging before any be agreed, to be delivered to mercy. We cannot give a certain judgement what the issue will be, but we believe if the Treaty break, they will be broken within, too. Morris, in his letter of overture saith, they are not ashamed to live, nor afraid to die, and they give out they will die with their swords in their hands like men, but certainly they are brought into a low condition. We are all quiet in the Country yet, till next storm come. I am sorry to hear of differences beginning at home; we shall never cease

* "When the King's head fell," says Oldmixon, "the soldiers and rabble gave a great shout, but all sober people that saw it wept bitterly; and the lamentation over the whole kingdom was deep and universal, *excepting the actors in this tragedy and their adherents*;" very remarkable testimony from one who abuses the Stuart policy throughout.

Digitized by Google

till we have destroyed ourselves. The will of God must be done.

"Sr. I am,
"Yr. very affec. ser.
"THOS. MARGETTS.

"*Pontef.* 3 *Marc.* 1648."

The next letter shows that the Royalists are suffering from "hope deferred," and that the "six excepted persons" are the only impediment to an honourable surrender.

ROBERT BAYNES TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"BROTHER,—I recd. yours the 6th Instant, with some colleflower seeds, but I heard nothing yet of Capt. Beare, but shall enquire of him. Gilbt. Cowper hath been about me again several times, and saith he hopes you will not hold his right from him by the sword, and such like expression. For the young horses, I ride the bay colt. I have taken up the white colt a month ago, and I have sold two other, so there is but 4 of the worst left, which, if you think good, I shall get to run upon the common at Eastfield, because they scarce deserve cost of grassing. For Joseph there is moneys and Clothes sent him already. The horse course at Clifford was put off for a month by the Maj.-Gen. order, therefore is not altogether resolved to run, because we shall run upon great disadvantages. Coll. Bright was about me 6 weeks ago to be his Ensign; but in regard I must have neglected all other occasions to have attended the place, and the pay being so small, I desired to be excused, but he is yet very importunate with Cornet Baynes to have me, of which I thought to inform you. They are this day to parley for the surrender of the castle; I hope they will agree about it, for the soldiers and gentlemen will have good terms, they surrendering 6 to mercy. Thus, hoping you are in health, as all our friends are here, god be praised, I remain,

"Yor. ever lo. brother,
"ROBT. BAYNES.

"*Pontefract, March 9th*, 1648."

The six excepted persons here mentioned, as we learn from the letter of Captain Thomas Paulden, who survived the events of this time, and was alive at the beginning of the eighteenth century, being then 78 years of age, were Colonel Morice, the Governor, Allen Austwick, Captain William Paulding's lieutenant, who had been engaged in the attempt to carry off Rainsborough as before noticed, Cornet Blackburne, for the same reason, Ashby, the Major, who had been seduced by Morrice, an ensign named Smith, and a Sergeant Floyd, who had regularly corresponded with the Cavaliers before the castle was surprised. These were required to surrender unconditionally; but as it was well known what treatment was reserved for them, the garrison resolved to hold out to the last. The following is a *postcript* to a letter relating to the tardy payment of the Roundhead forces.

THOMAS MARGETTS TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

". . . . I acquainted you by the last that we were upon treaty with the Castillians then, but 6 being excepted to be delivered to mercy, they refused to treat any further, since which time we threw some papers tied to stones over their walls, to put all the unexcepted persons upon a way to redeem themselves by delivering up the castle and the 6 prisoners within 14 days. This paper coming to the Governor's ear, he sent out two gentlemen, viz.: Colo. Roger Portington, and Capt. Thomas Paulden, to the General about it, and after the delivery of their message, and some discourse, they agreed to treat again this day. They pretend honour and conscience will not let them deliver up any: it will be murder, they say, in them, and the first precedent of that kind in England; but I believe the thought of self-preservation will make them deny their honour, forget their conscience, and put them upon some way of satisfying us and accepting of reasonable terms. What the issue will be, God knows; but I think the business will be done, though indeed they are able, if resolute, to hold out a great while still. I pray you present my humble service to Col. Lilburne and Col. Rokeby, and acquaint them with this case of the castle."

CORNET JOHN BAYNES TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"COUSIN,—Yours of the 6th February and your last are come to hand. . . . This day the Castillians' commissioners and ours do treat about a surrender: what the event will be I know not, and therefore I will not so much as conjecture, knowing, withall, that Colonel Bright and others will give you more certainty in it. I only wish that some of these cavaliers may go the same way (living and dying) with Goring, &c.; for that they have loved a life to be with their comrades rather in Hell (as some have said) than in Heaven with the Roundheads. I should have, may be, said more, but that I now am going to the muster Ma. General's regiment: therefore I rest.

"Your assured Lo. Couz.
"JO. BAYNES.

"*Pontefract, March* 10, 1648.

"I have writ by this post to Dr. Slane, and have renewed my desire to him to pay you what moneys he hath received for me, which by letter yesterday to me he promised."

COLONEL BRIGHT TO CAPT. ADAM BAYNES.

"GOOD CAPTAIN,—I have received yours by this post, and do really approve of those deductions for those uses, and conceive therein you have been as good a husband for us as we should have been for ourselves. I have sent the Bill of Exchange this day to York to get it accepted. Collo. Maulyverer is fully acquainted with what you writ concerning his business. It's hoped this castle will not hold out: some papers were thrown in which have begot some divisions amongst them. This day we are to meet and resolve to insist upon six persons to be delivered up to justice. Both our Mortar pieces have played this week; little execution to any within the castle, saving the ruining of some Rooms, by which means firing is more plentiful among them than usual; in truth, so extreme strong is the castle timber, that if our

Digitized by Google

granadoes break through one story it goes no further. This is all the news that these barren parts affords. Many thanks for your care in the managing of our affairs. I rest,

"Y. faithful friend to serve you,

"J. BRIGHT.

"*Pontefract*, 10 *March*, 1648."

CORNET JOHN BAYNES TO CAPTAIN ADAM BAYNES.

"COUSIN,—This is the last day of treaty with this enemy. Yesterday they concluded upon a surrender upon Monday next, but could not well agree about delivering the six excepted persons to mercy. The Castillians propound to leave the said six in the Castle, and our Commissioners plead to have them delivered into our hands; for if they be left in the Castle they may, before we can be possessed of them, do us more harm than we can imagine. They are not yet nominated to their Commissioners, but it is concluded that, after the Sealing of the Articles, they shall know them by names. How they will this day agree I know not; but our Commissioners are resolved to keep close to what we have propounded, and not to yield to their Terms. Morris is one of the excepted. . . . . Next week I shall be at York, whither you may please to direct your next. I rest, "Your assured Lo. Cousin,

"Jo. BAYNES.

"*Pontefract. March* 17*th*, 1648.

"This day the Ma. Gen. meets the Scotts Commissioners, and invites them to dinner."

(*To be continued.*)

YOUNG ITALY.*

THERE are few people in this ungrateful world who know their real friends; especially when it becomes the painful office of the best friends to communicate the most disagreeable truths. But the probability of meeting a thankless return must not deter us from performing the duty of the critic, and eradicating the habit of bad writing before it has become inveterate. If the attempt fail from the obstinacy of the patient, we shall at any rate have liberated from remorse our professional and friendly soul. The object of these remarks, Mr. Alexander Baillie Cochrane, perpetrated, not long ago, a novel entitled, "Ernest Vane." After undergoing the severe labour of perusing the said novel, we felt a sincere conviction that Mr. Cochrane, like many other well-meaning persons, had made a great mistake in supposing himself to possess a talent for novel-writing; but as it was a first fault, we tacitly passed it over, in the hope that it would not occur again. Mr. Cochrane has since broken out in a new line. He has descended into the arena of history. Not content with portraying unreal personages among *ad libitum* scenery and incidents, he has attempted an accurate delineation of the real flesh and blood actors in a genuine historical drama. The perusal of "Young Italy" leads us to the same result as the earlier experiment; that Mr. Cochrane has again mistaken the bent of his genius, and that he is no more fitted for writing contemporary history than novels. If he has succeeded in any one respect, it is in making fact stranger than fiction. When a gentleman, appearing for the first time on any stage, finds that the ungrateful public cannot restrain their laughter at his expression of sentiment or tragedy, he naturally turns his attention to the comic branch of the profession; when a sagacious artist discovers that there is something or other about all his portraits which dissatisfies their originals, and while all his historical sketches have a tendency to run to some exaggeration of feature or attitude which is not *quite* sublime, he will do well to take the hint, and try caricature. We hope that we may do good service to the State, and especially to the theatrical audiences of the Surrey theatres, by recommending Mr. Cochrane to follow the real bent of his genius, and take incontinently to melodrama. The mere titles of the chapters before us will of themselves illustrate our meaning, and justify our confidence in the powers of the writer. There is great capability for an attractive spectacle in what reads flatly enough in the study. There is the rich copiousness of unconnected incident foreign to the plot of the drama, but available for bringing out "the whole strength of the company," with which the playbills of Astley's circus and the Surrey overflow.

CANNES—Introducing the celebrated Lord Brougham, "one shape of many names," under the classical title of Lælius.

The First of March—A romance of the Hundred Days; or, the return of Napoleon from Elba, Piedmont, and the Battle of Novara.

The Madonna of Genoa—A story of the sixteenth century.

The History of the Roman Republic—With entirely new decorations and scenic effects expressly invented for the occasion.

The Two Artists—Revived from the eighteenth century, introducing a great variety of *poses plastiques* and picturesque costume.

The Mount Quirinal—By the kind permission of Melvius, *alias* Sir E. L. B. L——.

The Feast of the Golden Rose—A scene at Mola di Gaeta during the *villeggiatura* of Pio Nono.

The Temporal and Spiritual authority of the Pope.

The Murder of Rossi—Introducing thirty-six real conspirators, with slouched hats and long cloaks, drawing lots for the fatal blow.

The Convent of Monte Casino—The milk-and-water of Catholic kindness.

The Prisons of Naples.

Concluding with the grand equestrian, military, and religious medley of the Pope's return to Rome.

A small amount of judicious "cutting," a slight attention to the necessities of carpenter's scenes,

* Young Italy. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P. London: Parker.

Digitized by Google

and the proprieties of stage business, will, we are convinced, make a very delightful and instructive spectacle out of these materials. Mr. Cochrane, whose intensely Catholic sympathies lead him to assert that "no one form of a Christian creed, whatever that form may be, can suffer without all Christianity feeling the shock," would no doubt be happy to lend his support to Christendom in general by exalting any form of a Christian creed, whatever that form might be; and would gladly prepare the way, and smooth the path, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, by familiarising the rude heathens of Southwark with the gorgeous theatrical splendours of the restored Papal hierarchy.

Should, however, any unforeseen obstacle prevent this dream of our affectionate partiality from being realised; should no "spirited proprietor" be willing to undertake the production of so costly a spectacle, or the Lord Chamberlain and the Bishop of London forbid so dangerous a politico-religious demonstration, we must beg Mr. Cochrane (among a few other trifling alterations) to change the title of the volume for the second edition. Let him call it "Gazpacho," or "Olla Podrida," or "Tutti Frutti," or any of the hotch-potch names consecrated to this class of vagrant literature; it really is something like a fraud on the public to baptise so large a family of the creations of the writer's brain with the historical name, "Young Italy."

Mr. Cochrane is an indiscriminate eulogiser of the Austrian rule in Lombardy. We do not agree with him; but we are willing to allow that the Lombards enjoy one blessing under the mild, paternal sway of Austria, of which even Mr. Cochrane, we fear, hardly appreciates the value—the rudiments of a good education. As far as *istruzione primaria* is allowed to go in Lombard schools, it is undeniably excellent. It was a Lombard schoolboy whom his enthusiastic teacher praised in these terms: *Parla divinamente, e scrive meglio!* We wish we could say as much for Mr. Cochrane. It is the concern of his political constituents and his fellow legislators whether or not he speaks divinely; but he must undergo severe application to the dictionary and syntax of the English language before we can conscientiously pronounce the crowning laudation that he writes even better. Incorrect Latinity we are ready to put down to his enthusiastic admiration for Sir E. L. B. L——; for mis-spelling and mis-punctuation we will, of course, hold the printer's devil solely answerable; but we cannot allow Young England to escape without indictment for maiming, wounding, bringing into contempt, and otherwise maltreating the Queen's English.

As a specimen of the manifold misdemeanours of this order which we are obliged to lay to Mr. Cochrane's charge, we may take a sentence or two from his character of the Prince de Teano; who, if he deserved praise at all, certainly deserves to be praised in words to which some sense can be attached. We are told that his "character is worthy of his illustration, and his illustration worthy of Rome." By whom was he illustrated? or what did he illustrate?—in woodcuts, lithographs, or engravings? We know that some German celebrities are called transparencies; but we have not been accustomed to connect the name of the *Illustrated London News* with its widely-spread reputation. The Prince de Teano cannot, however, complain, as he is in very good company; for we learn in "The First of March" that the name of *l'oncle de son neveu* "illustrated not France alone, but Europe, because he was the proudest type of human greatness;" which is nonsense of a very brilliant order of illumination. The merits of this transparent *Principe* are enveloped in a somewhat misty halo. "The only praise which can be bestowed on the Roman history of 1848 is, that for a short time *they* were capable of appreciating such a man as Prince Teano; and the severest comments on these events *is*, that he was unable to control them."

In fact, in this and in many other cases, Mr. Cochrane's writing is not unlike a letter which he somewhere describes: "of questionable grammar, much laboured in parts, but passages scattered through it full of nature's eloquence—that eloquence which no study and convention can ever give." It is a great and happy power, rarely attained by study or "convention," to be able to say the most inappropriate thing in the shortest and most pointed way. The following is a character of Lælius, Lord Brougham, of which his lordship himself has, perhaps, never equalled the audacity.

ONE WHOSE EVERY WORD IS WORTH REMEMBERING.

In one sense, indeed, all the words of Lord Brougham well merit remembering; but, fortunately, every man has not his deserts; and Lord Brougham's worst enemies would hardly wish to inflict upon him so rigorous a measure of justice as is suggested by his cruel admirer. Use Lord Brougham after his deserts, as estimated by Mr. Cochrane—that is, remember his every word—and conceive the self-inflicted flagellation that would follow; conceive the castigation of statements by counter-statements, opinions by contradictory opinions; conceive the frightful amount of vituperation exchanged between the Lælius of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; conceive the scarification of which the myriad-minded orator would be the object in every pitilessly recording memory!

A novel form of description, at once more picturesque and more true, is employed by Mr. Cochrane elsewhere. Garibaldi is described as a man "not altogether unworthy of—" what does the reader think? Garibaldi's deserts have been, as most people are aware, very variously estimated. Some of Mr. Cochrane's friends would fill up his sentence shortly with "the gallows;" but Mr. Cochrane is more indulgent to the hero of Monte Video and of Rome than to some of his comrades. A civic crown, then? No. An honourable place in future story? No. The position which he held, and the partial success which he attained? Not that. Mr. Cochrane's notion of Garibaldi's merits is far more explicit and pointed. He pronounces him—we must presume, after gravest deliberation—to have been "not altogether unworthy of the picturesque costume which he assumed."

Digitized by Google

Garibaldi, it appears, was entitled, all things considered, to wear "a green blouse turned up with red, with slashed sleeves; red trousers which buttoned up the sides; a low hat with a large plume of black feathers; the collar of his shirt turned down to show his neck; an embroidered pelisse thrown across his shoulders," with lances, carbines, swords, belts, pistols, daggers, and beard, *ad libitum*. We are ready to accept as a testimony of considerable merit Garibaldi's admitted worthiness of a green blouse turned up with red, and a shirt collar turned down; and we recommend this novel standard and exponent of merit for general study and adoption. We trust we shall be forgiven for suggesting that it cannot be better applied than to Lælius, a man "not entirely unworthy of the picturesque costume which he assumed," including the immortal plaid trousers. It strikes us as, if possible, a better description of the piebald politician of *Punch* than of the gallant Free Corps leader.

The test might be applied to the members of the Lower House also. Mr. Muntz is considered by the electors of Birmingham worthy of their confidence; but a more serious question arises, whether he is unworthy of wearing a beard, a very large stick, and very large trousers; or whether he is, as we are inclined to believe, "not altogether unworthy" of those marks of distinction. It were curious, but perhaps invidious, to inquire into the degree of picturesqueness which may be lawfully assumed on the strength of the confidence of the electors of Bridport. We prefer cheerfully to admit that Young England is "not altogether unworthy" of the unobtrusive white waistcoat which whilcome characteristically embodied its modest pretensions to individuality.

We must give yet one more personal sketch, drawn in stronger outlines, in the Hue-and-Cry style. The notorious types of all runaway apprentices and unconvicted felons are a villanous squint, red hair, sinister aspect, and an unpleasant limp. In accordance with these principles, Zambianchi was "one of those wretched beings bred in foul places and obscurity, who crawl out, vampire-like, from their fetid lurking-places when the times are dark and confused, to fatten on the decay of their fellow-men. His ghastly, vulgar countenance, sodden and sordid habits of life, and free, brutal, and disgusting language, at once procured him a high place amongst those men with whom such qualities are esteemed as virtues. These *financieri*, under the command of this demagogue, were in the immediate service, and under the immediate patronage, of the triumvirs: the extreme treachery of the character of these men, the secret nature of their assassinations, has been urged in their defence. 'It is not possible,' say the defenders of the Republic, 'to give a list of the murdered.'" Mr. Cochrane calls this an "impartial *résumé*;" we might, with equal justice, take a few words out of his own mouth, and call it a ghastly, vulgar, vampire-like, sodden piece of penny-a-lining. But whatever truth there might be in the character of such a pot-house ruffian as is here described, there is not the smallest shadow of foundation for attributing to the leaders of the revolutionary Government any connexion with, or connivance at, these hypothetical atrocities. In the meantime we should be glad, as pyschologists, to become acquainted with that singular class of men among whom a ghastly vulgar countenance is esteemed as a virtue. An almost equally singular species of criminals must those be in whose defence has been urged the extreme treachery of their character. We are anxious not to misrepresent Mr. Cochrane; but we ask our readers to look at his words, and see whether he does not explicitly state that what was urged in the defence of these *financieri* was—not their innocence of committing assassinations, but—the *secrecy* of the assassinations which they did commit.

Before we follow Mr. Cochrane into the maze of his Italian politics, we must remind our readers of a character who no doubt still lives in their memories, the oracular Jack Bunsby. "My name's Jack Bunsby, and what I says I stands to. Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast, then. Do I believe this 'ere ship 's going down, my lads? Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? The bearings of these observations lies in the application of them—that aint no part of my duty." Mr. Cochrane has probably not undergone the same system of intellectual training as the captain of the *Cautious Clara;* we do not take him to be "a man as has had his head broke from infancy up'ards, and took in a new opinion at every seam as was opened;" but he appears to coincide in the views of Bunsby as to the extent of his moral obligations. He frequently lays down what are meant for, and sometimes are, undeniable positions; he is very guilty of what partial irony might call brilliant observations; but as for the working out their bearings upon his own theories of history, that apparently "aint no part" of Mr. Cochrane's duty. We cannot yet say that he imitates his great master in standing to what he says, or in the caution of his oracles—being infinitely careless and often hopelessly contradictory. Perhaps even Bunsby was prone to commit himself before he tumbled the hundredth time down the hatchway. Mr. Cochrane's intellect, unrepressed by the stern logic of innumerable tumbles, preserves as yet a singular elasticity, which makes it capacious enough to entertain at once, with equal faith, two absolutely antagonistic propositions. He will tell you that the Pope did nothing for his people—yet his people repaid him for what he had done by the blackest ingratitude: that the Pope made professions which deceived the people, yet the mistrust of the people was inexcusable.

A few extracts from the chapter on the history of the Roman Republic will exemplify the lucidity of Mr. Cochrane's ideas on the connexion of cause and effect. Beginning by the undeniable assertion that Gregory XVI. was quite unfitted for the great office which he filled, and for the times in which he lived; that, like many inferior men high placed, he managed to do great evil; that the government of the Papal States had, under him, attained an almost incredible pitch of mal-administration, cor-

Digitized by Google

ruption, tyranny, and weakness, and consequent odium—he places in bright contrast the grateful change from the worn-out opponent of progress to the young and enthusiastic reformer, Pio Nono, who ascended the throne at the age of fifty-six; "who, at the moment of his ascension, himself suggested the necessity for studying the happiness of the people; *who possessed the rare talent* in a Sovereign Pontiff of making himself believed." A rare talent indeed, if an enduring one, in the history of Papal Rome—a talent residing rather in the credulity of the subjects than in the sincerity of the Sovereign. If, however, Mr. Cochrane will take the trouble to consult Ranke's "History of the Popes," he will find it a matter of historical experience (we might almost say of historical necessity), that the later government of each individual successor of St. Peter has seldom corresponded with his early promises; that the new broom is invariably worn out or thrown aside before it has swept clean; but that the new Sovereign ever ascends the throne *auspicio melioris ævi*. "The rare talent of making himself believed" is hardly to be counted among those which the reigning Pontiff can be said to possess *now*. Pledges given which, as Mr. Cochrane allows, were not redeemed; hopes excited which were never to be gratified; "everything conceded piecemeal, but nothing really granted;" "no fixed plan of government" in the mind of the Pope, who was only "dragged blindfold down the rough and dangerous passes of progressive reform," soon brought on the crisis, when "it must have been apparent to the slowest intellect that the days of the Papacy were numbered."

History, which credits what is done, but

"Is cold to all that might have been,"

cannot say whether the labours of Rossi might have given a different solution to the problem, or, at any rate, modified as well as retarded the final outburst. The only Minister who had the courage to look necessities in the face; the only Minister who had the energy to attempt to realise the promises which Pius IX. had so largely made, to be so uniformly nullified; the only Minister whose views reached beyond the mere administration of palliative reforms, and who was ready to devote himself to the difficult and dangerous task of really governing a population disorganised by the excitement of repeated concessions, and rendered preternaturally suspicious of bad faith by successive disappointments—was (whether under the sheer impulse of republican fanaticism, blind and unreasoning hatred, or from some other personal motive) basely assassinated. We cannot accept Mr. Cochrane's highly-spiced narrative of the conspiracy as anything beyond a melodramatic imagination; but the fact is there, undeniable and indefensible. Mr. Cochrane speaks in another place of the expiation of the weaknesses of one man (Pius IX.) by the blood of the many. In the case of Rossi, we should rather say that the weaknesses and crimes of many were paid for (*not expiated*) by the blood of one and the wickedness of a few.

The Pope, alarmed (reasonably or not) for his personal safety, fled from Rome, verbally declaring himself entirely irresponsible for, and unconnected with, the new Government, at the same time that he left a written document quasi-confirmatory of their position, and recommending to them the safety of his own suite and domestics, and the tranquillity and order of the whole city. "Then," as Mr. Cochrane says, "began a series of protestations on the part of the Pope, and of assertions on the part of the revolutionary party. His Holiness appointed a Committee of Government, consisting of loyal and well-tried men." Of these loyal and well-tried men (seven in number), three were absent, and remained so, three more refused to accept the nomination, and immediately left Rome, whereupon the seventh naturally stops in the matter. "On the other hand, a *bonâ fide, de facto* Government was formed in Rome, consisting of Prince Corsini, Signor Zachini, and the Marquis Camerata." That is to say, after a deputation, requesting his Holiness to return to Rome, had been refused access to him, a provisional *Giunta di Stato* was nominated by the Chambers, to exercise in his name all the functions belonging to the head of the executive power, and to be dissolved immediately on the return of the Sovereign, or whenever he should depute, in a legal manner, some person to execute the duties of his office.

"On the 23rd December, an unmistakeable republican Government was formed; . . . on the 29th, the Constituent Assembly was proclaimed, with the bells ringing, bands playing, and all the paraphernalia of republican festivity; and on the 6th January, the famous interdict and excommunication were thundered against Rome. . . . On the 6th February, the Constituent Assembly met. Prince Canino and Garibaldi were in favour of at once proclaiming the Republic, that very same day; but, on consideration, it was thought desirable to discuss the measure a little; so that, after a number of the worst, most specious, and licentious speeches, it was proclaimed on the 9th February."

The shallow *naïveté* of our chronicler reminds us of the schoolboy themes of ingenuous youth; but he ought to have balanced his facts and his sentences by stating that, as early as December, the Pope had written to his "tres cher fils," the Emperor of Austria (and later to all the other Catholic powers), entreating their armed assistance against his rebellious subjects; and that the same document which, on the 9th of February, proclaimed the Republic, decreed to the Roman Pontiff every guarantee for the independent exercise of his spiritual power.

Mr. Cochrane's ENVOY:—

"Not merely the crown, but the triple mitre was trodden under foot and desecrated. Religion and order were struck by the same parricidal hand. But if the rebellion is without parallel, so likewise is the example. They who would learn how anarchy grows with what it feeds on should study, not the history of the Revolution of Paris, but of modern Rome. There they will see *how poor an arm is good intention*, when opposed to stern purpose; how weakly to yield is greatly to err; that of all fanaticism, the least excusable is to rely on the good intentions of a mob."

Digitized by Google

These sentiments are equally recommended by their depth and their novelty; the world has, undeniably, yet to learn that edge tools are not to be played with, and that the infernal regions are paved with good intentions. We ought not, in justice to Mr. Cochrane's consistency, to omit the "memorable sentence," with the quotation of which he winds up this chapter, but which he must unfortunately have forgotten before the conclusion of the volume:—"It is not the business of other countries to interfere with any kind of Government which a country may choose to give itself."

After the proclamation of the Republic, and the nomination of the famous Triumvirate, there commenced, according to Mr. Cochrane, "a system of wanton spoliation, of unbridled excess, of cruelty, perhaps without parallel. It is true that the guillotine was not erected in the public places; there was no Place de Grêve, no Abbaye, or Carmes. No prison vomited forth every morning tumbrils of miserable victims devoted to the scaffold. But those human tigers of the French Revolution, were they much worse than the base *faineans* who now assumed the authority of the Papal purple—men whose ambition appeared to grow with the weakness of their capacity—men who throughout never performed a great action, or pronounced a great word—men to be classed amongst those who 'are willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike'—who, when they did strike, invariably did so under a cloak, and persecuted, not indeed in the name of the Goddess of Reason, but in the name of the Deity?'"

Consider the variety of ideas, propositions, and judgments, confusedly massed into a conglomerate inconsistency in this passage of puddingstone policy. In the first place, Mr. Cochrane's wrath against the republican party leads him to assert that the cruelty of the Roman revolutionists was, perhaps, without parallel—that is, that it perhaps exceeded all previous cruelties of men in parallel positions. This vague language carries him on to the appropriate ideas—guillotines for aristocrats, and tumbrils of victims; and it occurs to him that there were none of these things in Rome. Instead of taking the judicious step of striking out his vague, declamatory, and untrue assertion about cruelties without parallel, he puts down the contradiction which has suggested itself. "It is true," that of those atrocities which especially marked the French Revolution no fraction was committed, no semblance existed, in Rome. It is true, therefore, that the "cruelty, perhaps without parallel," has certainly been greatly exceeded on former occasions. The only method which occurs to Mr. Cochrane of harmoniously fusing the two inconsistencies is through a parallel between human tigers and base *faineans*.

We have the misfortune to differ from Mr. Cochrane on this as on other matters of taste. We think the particular human tigers to whom he refers were greatly worse than the men whom he designates as base *faineans*. We decidedly object to his assumption, and entreat him, in common prudence, to reconsider it, that a *faineant* legislator is little better than a carnivorous monster of cruelty. We know many men whose ambition appears to grow with the weakness of their capacity, whom we should decidedly prefer to Marat, not only as acquaintances, but as members of a legislative assembly. We regret the glaring, yet too common, probability that some of these may never perform a great action or pronounce a great word; but we think Bridport better off in being represented by a bad author than by a human tiger. And we think that his sketch of the men who governed Rome, considered as a portrait of Mazzini, is worthy of a place in the historical gallery which includes the picture of Lælius Cannensis.

But we must allow Mr. Cochrane to conduct the siege.

"The 30th of April was the occasion of the memorable attack of the French army under Oudinot, when they were ignominiously driven back, having attacked with an army unprovided even with a chart or a telescope, with scaling-ladders, or more than two pieces of artillery, and mistaken both the gate by which they proposed to enter the city, and the road which they were to take to reach it. As the result was fatal to the character of the French army, and the conduct of the general, the Romans were not unnaturally elated at this triumph, although in truth it was not attained by any merit of their own; then the ordinary vices of corruption, cruelty, and ignorance, displayed with tenfold vigour their diseased imaginations."

We shall not expatiate on the distressed and ignominious condition of an army unprovided with a single chart or a single telescope. We do not exactly see why, because the result was fatal to the character of the French army (that is to say, because the French were shown to be bad soldiers, and their general a blockhead), *therefore* the Romans were naturally elated at their victory, as the contrary inference would have been more natural. But our whole attention is fascinated by the display of that singular *lusus naturæ*, the diseased imagination of an ordinary vice. The consequences must indeed be awful, whenever the ordinary vices of corruption, cruelty, and ignorance, display with tenfold vigour their diseased imaginations.

As a distinguished anti-revolutionist, Mr. Cochrane necessarily looks with an evil eye on barricades; and the so-called Commission of Barricades at Rome comes in for a share of his castigation.

"It was intended that these gentleman were to place themselves prominently forward at the barricades. They quite misapprehended their duty, and always took post immediately behind them."

We must own that till now we had always supposed that the natural position of the defenders of barricades was where this cowardly committee took post—immediately behind them. We thought these ramparts of irregular warfare, as well as more regular ramparts, were of use to defend their defenders; to make defence more easy and safe to them—attack more perilous, and success more difficult, to the enemy. It appears, on the con-

Digitized by Google

trary, that the defenders of a barricade ought to stand between it and the enemy, stopping with their bosoms the balls which might otherwise have reached the impassive mass. Now that Mr. Cochrane has given us the key, we have no doubt that the true reading in Macbeth is—

> "Behind my body
> I throw my warlike shield."

General Cavaignac, it was said, had discovered the secret of street warfare in discovering the way to turn barricades. Mr. Cochrane goes far beyond General Cavaignac in tactical skill; for he makes the defenders turn their defences inside out themselves.

The same commission, according to Mr. Cochrane, quite misapprehended their duty in another matter. He gives an interesting but greatly exaggerated account of "the principal acts of wanton mischief for which the city guardians are directly and immediately responsible, premising that the excuse of destroying any houses which might serve as outworks for the enemy could only apply to one side of the town, that which lies in the direction of Civite Vecchia, where the only serious attack was made, and where at last the practicable breach was effected." That is to say, the Austrians being expected on the north, the Spaniards lying on the south, and the Neapolitans ready to attack from the east, if the human tiger, Garibaldi, had not almost devoured them at Palestrina, there was no excuse for increasing the defences of the city on any side except the west. No doubt Mr. Cochrane would be perfectly satisfied if his domestic barricade committee or butler told him any morning that the plate was gone, premising that the burglars had entered the house through a window which had been wittingly left open, because it did not lead directly to the pantry.

In spite of the ruined character of the French army outside, and the unfair conduct of the barricaders within, Mr. Cochrane at last takes Rome. His song of triumph thereupon is a magnificent specimen of the figure of speech which the schoolmen entitled Anacoluthic Metabasis, and the vulgar call stray drivelling. We have seen a Sapphic ode, written by a pious Maltese, on the same subject, which boldly commenced with "Concidit tandem Babylon!" ignoring the fact that Papal Rome had anticipated republican Rome in the possession of that scriptural *soubriquet*. On the whole, we much prefer Mr. Cochrane's.

"So fell that miserable mock republic, consigned, amid the ignominy and contempt of all, to the dust of ages. Let us be thankful for one thing, that we, who cried on the hounds at first, were not in at the death; that although we cheered and hallooed till the game was almost run down, that fresh scenes, fresh excitement, fresh revolutions, took Lord Minto from Rome before the Pope fell." "The death," ought to refer to the poor republic, which fell under such peculiar circumstances; all the world being (in Mr. Cochrane's opinion) simultaneously wrapped in ignominy and scorn. But as the republicans re-appear as the hounds, and the Pope, as in the great controversy with Father Tom Maguire, is made the hare, it is hard to say what did happen, and why we are called upon for gratitude. As a general rule, it is disappointing in any chace not to be in at the death; however, as we cheered and hallooed till the game was nearly run down, and then quitted the field only for fresh excitement, no doubt we have a great deal to be thankful for.

With Mr. Cochrane's unqualified admiration for the system of out-door relief practised in the Benedictine monasteries we do not altogether sympathise. We are accustomed to regard indiscriminate charity (though it may literally fulfil one of the "elementary doctrines of all Churches") as by no means an unmixed blessing. We fear that the many hundreds of pilgrims who entirely live upon the convent of Monte Casino, earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows in walking up and down a steep hill of not less than three miles and a half, may be entrapped into regarding as a truth the (especially for the "young and healthy") dangerous fallacy, which is *not* an elementary doctrine of all Churches, that man is to live by bread alone. Mr. Cochrane says, "Sovereign princes in Italy may not grant constitutions to the people, but they may do better. They may, like the universally beloved and esteemed Duchess of Parma, pass their lives in the active superintendence of such admirable charities." We heartily wish that Mr. Cochrane's friend, the King of Naples, instead of granting and revoking constitutions, had spent his valuable life in the more bloodless and wholesome occupation of personally administering bread and cheese.

Of the dungeons of Naples, Mr. Cochrane says with Cæsar, "I came, saw, and overcame." Having heard that the prisons were choked with 15,000 political prisoners, he goes, with a noble Quixotism in search of truth, straight to M. Fortunatos the premier; he demands and obtains an order for visiting the prisons on the instant; he visits the prisons, and goes straight to the King. Of political prisoners, tried and untried, Mr. Cochrane finds six hundred and fourteen, pent up in the most loathsome dungeons, indiscriminately, with felons of every description, "the foul refuse of the galleys." To Mr. Cochrane's frank expostulations with his Sicilian majesty, "nothing could be more noble, more generous, more sensible, than the King's language. He explained the fact of the prisoners of state being thrown into the same prisons with the ordinary offenders by the circumstance that, until 1848, there was not one political prisoner, and that the Government never contemplated such a terrible necessity; but at the same time his majesty admitted the evil, and promised that it should be immediately remedied."

It is easy to explain a fact by a downright lie.

"The result of this interview was, that in a few days the political prisoners were separated from the general mass. Some few, I believe, were released. . . . . So far, so well; but, to my very deep regret, I have heard from Naples that the political prisoners have been only removed to a much worse place; . . . that the few who were released were men quite unimportant, and would have been released at any rate." Our readers will

Digitized by Google

remember how upon a time the noble Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, finding a cruel master ill-treating an idle servant, attacked the tyrant and rescued the victim. So far, so good; but unfortunately, after the knight-errrant's departure the cunning and vindictive master tied up the servant tighter to the tree, and flogged him all the harder. Such is the good of the simple-minded bleating of powerless interference. "Sic vos non vobis *verbera* fertis, oves!" We honour Don Quixotism in any shape; we honour it especially in this heroic exploit of the Knight of the Sorrowful Volume; but we are rather taken aback with the quiet conclusion of his Neapolitan experiences: "A great deal may be done with persons like the King of Naples, by tact and judgment."

Mr. Cochrane sees no hope for Italy in graceful "visions of Italian unity and Italian independence." Everybody hates everybody else. Piedmont is, in his eyes, hopelessly ruined and revolutionised. The very waiters in the *cafés* of Turin assert the rights of communism by snatching the newspaper from his astonished hands.

"There is only one way in which Italy can be united in one common bond, that is, by one common conquest: it is only by the intervention and conquest of some great power that broken animosities can ever be consolidated. Our Norman conquest broke up the congestion of Saxon hatreds, and the petty rivalries of provincial princes; the conquest of the Moors was the foundation of Spanish greatness; the tyranny of Turkey the source of Greek independence. Why multiply examples? By judging from these examples, it is not irrational to believe that, if Austria once possessed the whole of Italy, people who are now so entirely divided in feeling would be united in interests as they are geographically; *and well does Austria know that she will one day possess the greater part of Italy.*"

Why multiply examples, indeed? History may be read in many ways. England owes her greatness to her having been for centuries a dependency of Normandy, and still owing allegiance to the Channel Islands; if the Spanish empire was ever a sound of fear, the credit is due to the Moors, who bloodily conquered a large portion of Spain for the purpose of being bloodily expelled; if Greece is independent, all praise to the Prophet and the true believers. *Allah Ahkbar!* If Austria does know that she will *one day* possess the greater part of Italy, she must, in deference to Mr. Cochrane's historical parallels, already tremble for the day after: she must feel the presentiment of a bloodier struggle with a stronger foe, rising in more universal revolt with a closer union, and the concentrated force of a deeper hate. It is Mr. Cochrane who has said it, not we. We wish him joy of *his* method of realising the dreams of Italian unity and independence. If we were Italian republicans, we should accept the omen.

Our readers must not think that we have been breaking a butterfly on the wheel. It is not in the spirit of captious pedantry that we have shown up Mr. Cochrane's defective grammar, bad English, and one-sided and ignorant rhapsodies. It is because incoherency of language is apt to imply (and, in this case, is undeniably conjoined with) incoherency of thought; it is because incoherency of thought strongly tends to, and is generally united with, inability to appreciate principles, and indifference as to the distortion of facts; it is because chapters displaying incoherency of thought, want of principle, and distortion of facts, are treated by leading reviews as striking and valuable historical commentaries; it is because the foreign correspondence of the leading journals of this country is the main channel which supplies most of the community with information on continental topics as despotically and irresponsibly as Lord Palmerston directs our foreign relations; it is because that foreign correspondence is marked with incoherency, want of principle, and perversion of truth, more glaring than anything noted here. We have but gently scarified the individual in this general castigation of the class. Having done so, we are willing to consign Mr. Cochrane's book, amid the melancholy silence of all, "to the dust of ages."

THE SONNET OF SONNETS.

I MUCH admire that Italian gent
  Who first invented sonnets, for his sense
  In keeping them so short; a sure defence
Against prolixity, and vast extent
Of long drawn verses, by which nothing's meant,
  And empty verbiage. For no pretence
  Of subject, or of energy immense
In treating it, or ill-deserved content
  With what has gone before, can ever spin
The sonnet's length beyond twice seven lines:
  Which is a great advantage, too, to one
  Who has not much to say, and spreads his thin
Thoughts far as possible; and him who pines
  For that blest moment when his task is done.

Digitized by Google

O'DONNELL'S PENANCE.

LEGENDS OF ULSTER.—NO. X.

The small town, or rather village, of Donegal is situated in the centre of a large and wild county of the same name in the north-west of Ulster. It lies surrounded by hills that tower up, as they recede, to rugged and barren mountains at the mouth of the small river Esk, and the head of a deep bay running fifteen miles inland from the broad Atlantic, and remarkable for winding coasts, green islands, and revenue cutters. The place, though of considerable antiquity, has, like the greater part of Irish towns, neither trade nor manufacture, except a rope-walk, an occasional shoal of herrings, and a few American ships in the emigration season, might be so denominated; but it possesses some history and much tradition connected with two remarkable ruins in the immediate vicinity. One of them, which stands on a rising ground almost among the village dwellings, is the remains of a feudal fortress, once the stronghold of the chiefs of Tyrconnel, but now a gray and ivy-covered mass, with weeds growing thick in its roofless banquet-hall, and its courts converted into potato-gardens for the surrounding cottagers; the other is a Franciscan monastery, situated nearer the sea, on the opposite bank of the river. It was evidently of considerable extent, but only the great skeleton now remains. Turrets, roof, and partition-walls are gone, and the interior has long served the purpose of a village cemetery; but cloisters, arches, and pillars, carved in the richest style of old church decoration, niches from which the saintly images are gone, and shattered monuments of ancient prelates and princes, attest the former purpose and splendour of the building. Both these edifices were founded early in the fifteenth century, by a chief of the once royal line of O'Donnell; and for two hundred years after, in the fashion of their faith and times, the one continued to be the high place of temporal power, and the other of spiritual consolation, for that proud and princely family, and, like them, stand prominently forth in the troubled pages of their country's history throughout that luckless period.

The castle was regarded as the Tara of Ulster, and the justly celebrated Chronicle of the Four Masters was written in the monastery; but about the time of James the First's memorable confiscation, half the abbey was laid in ruins by the explosion of a powder-magazine belonging to an English garrison, which then occupied the place; and Red Hugh, the greatest, though most unfortunate, chief of his line, after having stormed it in vain, and seeing, as he said, that the Saxon would prevail, blew up his own castle, and departed on an expedition to Munster, from which he never returned. The rest of his relations left their country and possessions, and sailed for Rome on the same day, leaving only a distant branch in Ireland, and their inheritance was conferred on a Scottish colonist. Time, and change, and strangers' steps have passed over it; but the remnant of that family long remaining in the district, though believed to be illegitimate, were said to retain not only the Milesian features of face and character, but much of the ancient pride and fiery resolution of their race; and both they and the surrounding peasantry, to whose level they gradually sunk, still connect their memories, aye, and their hopes, with those noble ruins; a remarkable instance of which is yet related by the legend lovers of that wild locality.

"Did yez hear the news, boys?" cried Con Callaghan, the hawker, bounding into the large and now well-filled kitchen of the Spa-house, where a considerable company of friends, relations, and servants together, as the owner expressed it, "wid all luck sent that way," had assembled to celebrate the most primeval of the world's festivals, the gathering in of the harvest, which had been happily accomplished on the twenty acres rented by Farmer Flannigan, the master of the mansion. "Good evenin' to you, Mistress Flannigan, an' good luck to the work yez hive on hands, ladies!" continued Con, whisking off his hareskin cap, as he addressed a handsome matron in a dark green gown and clean white apron, who, assisted by two young girls in the gayest coloured calico, was busily arranging the table for the feast. "But didn't yez hear the news? Shure ould Rodger More O'Donnell 's dead at Glashagh!"

"Murther!" vociferated Frank, the farmer's only son, a tall, rosy youth, dropping the oaten cake he was most industriously buttering, by way of prologue to the coming scene. "Is he dead at last? Thin we'll have a wake in ernest."

"Devil a wake nor wake ye'll hive! To my sartin knowledge, ould Norah 'll not let in a Christian."

"Nivir a wake!" screamed all the company in a breath.

"What will Irelan' cum till, or what will becum of it, whin the last of the real ould O'Donnells is let go till his grave widout a wake!" ejaculated Mrs. Flannigan.

"He disarved it, the ould sinner!" said Frank, "if it was only for his hard-heartedness to Katey Flood's mother, the craytor!"

"Aye, an' the pride of him," chimed in the father, as he lighted his pipe and looked round on the glories of his kitchen. "Sittin' wid his hat on him in the chapple, an' saying Irelan' didn't hould the priest that wis good enough to confess him!"

"Don't forget makin' the neighbours call him Sur Rodger, an' the wife Lady Nelly, an' all the capers he cut at the Bawn," responded his eldest daughter.

"They were all as bad as himself," resumed Con Callaghan. "Think on his two daughters goin' away to the convint in Limerick, an' his

Digitized by Google

sons to search for their grand cousins in Room, wid shame at their sister's match. God save us! wisn't it strange that ivery soul of them died before the ould man? May be it wis a judgment."

"Whisht, Con," said Mrs. Flannigan, turning from the table. "Wern't the O'Donnells kings in their time? Didn't they own all the land that lay between Lough Erne and Snashowen? And didn't the heretics take their grand castle and blessed convint, where one of them never got rest or peace for the curse of Red Hugh on thim that made him and his people strangers? An' how did ould Rodger stand his daughter marryin' a Prodistan? Katey Flood is a good girl, and a purty girl," continued the dame, with a warning look at her son; "but if a lady's child wis to do as her mother did, whin wud they get over the disgrace? Frank, a wid like to know what ye'r signing to the doore for?"

The youth for whose edification her last remarks had been made, answered, with an additional point at the entrance, "Katey Flood's comin' up, mother; I see her bonnet passin' the windy. An' mother, dear," he continued, in an earnest whisper, "ax her to stay, for her uncle 's a Prosbetarian, and the craytor has no fun. Rimimber, she 's an orphan, mother."

The matron's brow relaxed at the last observation, and brightened into a glow of joyous hospitality peculiar to the faces of her country, as a fair slender girl, in a bright crimson gown, dashing shawl, and gaily-trimmed straw bonnet, from beneath which a quantity of long black curls fell on all sides, stepped lightly in, with a curtsey to the company, and "Good evenin', ladies and gentlemin."

"Ye'r jist in time, Katey, avourneen," said Mrs. Flannigan, seizing the strings of her bonnet, of which she proceeded to divest the visitor; "jist in time to give us the pleasure of yer company. Aff wid ye, Frank, an' tell her dacent uncle that Miss Flood's going to stay wid us till the mornin', bekase it 'll be late afore the fun's over!" Frank was out of the door before his mother's explanation was finished, and Katey, after many faint apologies, which called forth further pressing, permitted her shawl to be removed by the active hands of the two Misses Flannigan; while Con Callaghan, with much less persuasion, agreed to deposit his basket in the corner, and the feast proceeded.

The individual whose decease had occasioned these various comments was, according to his own account, the last lineal descendant of the Tyrconnel chiefs in their native land, and known throughout the country, in right of his tall stature and high pretensions, as Rodger More of Glashagh, such being the vernacular name of the locality which he inhabited, a bleak ridge of that continuation of heath and sand sloping down from the mountains to the sea some miles to the east of Donegal, and being topographically known as the Barony of Boylagh. The last of the O'Donnells differed little from the Irish peasantry of the period in the matter of property, except that he occupied a long old house, called in that neighbourhood the Bawn, with a front entrance in its gable, and every household office, from the kitchen to the malt-kiln, granary and cowhouse included, under the same roof; and some hundred acres of scanty pasture and unreclaimed heath, to which the thousands once possessed by his family had dwindled; not to speak of a matchlock musket, said to have done good service at the Battle of the Blackwater, an old cross-hilted sword, and a silver-rimmed horn decorated with the family crest; yet never did Red Hugh himself, in the grandest of his feasts, which tradition says preceded the blowing-up of his castle, exhibit more tameless pride of lineage than the master of the Bawn.

As long as the surrounding peasantry could recollect, there had been an unalterable line of demarcation drawn between the O'Donnell family and their neighbours. They wore the same gray freize and rarely renewed stuff, attended fairs, wakes, and merry-makings of all kinds, but never either fought or danced with any of inferior descent—and having no equals, there was little opportunity for these then favourite exercises—always expected the best seats, and never answered any who did not address them with becoming reverence and appropriate titles.

Rodger had been his father's only son, and when a very young man was sent forth, mounted on the only horse in the barony, in the spirit of chivalry, to search for some of the old Milesian stocks worthy to share his name. His path was towards the south; and in two months he returned, carrying in triumph behind him a tall, handsome girl, with the broad white brow and fine but melancholy countenance so common amongst the peasantry of Munster and Connaught. The neighbours discovered that she was even prouder than himself, though her noble lineage was never correctly ascertained in Donegal; but her dowry consisted of an old gown with a ten-foot train of saffron-coloured satin, and a massive gold ring said to possess a charm against the evil-eye, which were forthwith laid up among the archives of the Bawn.

The "infair" or home-coming of the bride was celebrated with those remnants of regal hospitality in which the last of the O'Donnells delighted to indulge; there were potatoes, butter, and whiskey, not forgetting tobacco and dancing, *ad libitum*, during three days for all comers, and the festival was by no means slighted by non-attendance. The decease of Rodger's parents, and the multiplication of his family, were attended by wakes and christenings on a scale of no less liberality, which, together with a constant and gratuitous entertainment of all travellers, from the wandering pauper to the benighted sportsman, and the fact that none of the O'Donnells would be seen engaged in manual labour, made regular and ruinous inroads on the family finances.

The moorland farm gradually diminished, and the number of the sheep and cattle lessened, as Rodger and his helpmate grew old and their children grew up around them; but the man still continued to wear his indescribable hat at all times and places, the mass not even excepted, and preside over his company at the kitchen table, though the fare was only potatoes and buttermilk, with

Digitized by Google

the air of Nial Garne entertaining the Spanish princes in the banquet-hall of his castle, where Rodger repaired with his whole family every Easter-night, in order to claim possession of the hearth in the name of his ancestors, and pray that it might never be lighted while in the hands of strangers; after which they proceeded to pour forth their prayers over the family burying-place still retained in the site of the chancel of that ruined monastery.

Neighbours were still expected to know, and strangers quickly admonished of their duty in the matter of styling him Sir Rodger, his wife Lady Nelly, and all the other members of the family accordingly; such as Master Murtagh and Miss Allien. Even their only female servant, who boasted that all her name had served the O'Donnells, expected to be known as Mistress Norah. These distinctions had been claimed for many generations, and were conceded partly to the ancient rank and partly to the exacting pride of the family. But funds are the sinews of human dignity as well as war; and as they unfortunately decreased, while Rodger's demands on the respect of his neighbours continued in all their ancient exorbitance, these requisitions came to be grudged, then quarrelled with, and finally regarded as a public nuisance.

Rodger's family consisted of two sons and three daughters; their father declared all Ireland hadn't their equals for either blood or beauty, and they were quite as proud of themselves, though all were grave and dark of countenance, except Unagh, the youngest, who had shown from her childhood a wild flow of free and boundless spirits, varied at times by moments of most dreary thought, like the sunbursts and deep shadows of her native mountains. The father said it had been so with the bravest chiefs of the race, and wished his daughter had been born in Spain, that she might find a match among the descendants of the great O'Neal, who still claimed to be princes of Ulster. But Unagh found a different match for herself; to the astonishment and almost horror of the whole neighbourhood, the girl, in her twenty-first year, married the son of a small farmer in the locality, said to be of Scottish descent and a Presbyterian.

The project was executed with the characteristic promptitude and determination of her people. Unagh had no confidant, and none could tell how the courtship was carried on; but, early one summer morning, while the household slept, she rose and equipped herself in a dress provided for that purpose by her lover, who waited outside, and deposited her ordinary garments, with a rosary and a small crucifix she had always worn, beside her mother's bed, left her home, and repaired with him to his father's house, about six miles off, where they were married the same day by a Presbyterian clergyman; and from that day she conformed to the fashions of his faith and people. The glory of a conversion, and the respect which still lingered round the name she had given up, reconciled the young man's family to the match. They had but two sons, one of whom was already married, and the parents divided the farm between them. Unagh and her husband were industrious, and prospered accordingly. They seemed happy in the affection of each other, but the flashes of wild merriment for which the girl had been remarkable never returned upon her wedded life. She had never expected nor sought to be forgiven, and, indeed, appeared to forget her former kindred and name. She never spoke of them, nor they of her; but the effect of that marriage in the household was strange and terrible. With the consent of all, the father disposed of half his land, and on the proceeds his sons set out for Rome to a monastery endowed there by some of their wandering ancestors, and the two remaining sisters next day took their departure for a convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Limerick. Sir Rodger and Lady Nell also started southward, it was said to the seat of her ladyship's relations, and Donegal lost sight of them for some time; though such extraordinary demonstrations of their sense of the disgrace were thought more than sufficient for marrying even a Presbyterian. The neighbours railed against them till they were tired. Unagh never seemed to observe their absence; but her husband said she spoke of them in her sleep, and the woman grew thin and pale, and died at the birth of her first baby. The young widower took to drinking by way of consolation, and sunk from one step of reckless degradation to another; but his more prudent brother took charge of his orphan child and farm, when at length, in a fit of intoxication, he enlisted in a regiment bound for the West Indies, and it was said closed his career in that fatal climate by means of the yellow fever.

Years passed away, and made swift ravages in that scattered family. Death after death was announced by Mistress Norah, who still kept possession of the deserted Bawn. First the young monks at Rome died, as the abbot's letter declared, one by a visitation of God, and one by malaria caught in the marshes of the Campagna, where he had been sent to preach; then the two sisters, of typhus-fever, caught in the discharge of their duties in the Limerick Hospital; and, last of all, the decease of Lady Nelly was made known, with the additional information that, by her own desire, she was interred in the saffron-coloured satin, train and all. Scarcely was this sufficiently wondered over, when Sir Rodger himself arrived at the Bawn, which he continued to inhabit in a style of solitary magnificence, entertaining all travellers as long as his potatoes lasted, and, as he boasted, never taking off his hat to any man.

For more than fifteen years did the desolate chief reside in his empty halls, much feared and little liked by the neighbourhood; but time at last did its work on him also, and on the night whose events we have related, in the year 1789, his decease was announced in the kitchen of the Spa-house—the said fabric being so-called because of its proximity to a fine sulphurous spring near the village of Donegal, still celebrated for many medicinal virtues. The family by whom it was occupied were regarded as well to do by their neighbours; and having no rank but some prosperous industry to boast, they had naturally enrolled themselves in the number of those to whom

Digitized by Google

O'Donnell's assumption was the most obnoxious. This feeling contributed to strengthen an old intimacy subsisting between them and the Floods—the family into which Sir Rodger's daughter had married—in spite of the difference of religion, which, fatal as its effects have been in Ireland, can rarely overcome the social disposition of the peasantry. Besides, they shared the interest felt for the motherless girl, as Kitty was called; though her want of parents had been well supplied by her Presbyterian uncle and his wife, who, having no family, had brought her up as heiress to the tenant-right of their five acres, besides that formerly occupied by her father. Yet misgivings had lately crept into the minds of the Flannigans touching their son's attentions to the heretic girl, for Kitty had been educated in her uncle's faith, and showed no inclination to change it; but she was lively and good-natured, and they could not break off the acquaintance.

We will not particularise the songs and dances in the performance of which Frank and Kitty were associated that night; suffice it to say, that the harvest-feast was as merry as most assemblies, whether in hut or hall, of the land; and it was half-past twelve, old Flannigan said, by his "watch—that niver wint well widout a shakin," and he had given her a rousing one that morning—when, after singing "Erin-go-Bragh" in full chorus, and drinking a parting glass to "thim that wis far off an' thim that wur gone," the company rose to separate. At that moment there came a low quick knock at the door. "Bless us, who can that be?" said the mother; but Frank opened it, and two tall men, clothed in long black mantles and hoods which covered their faces and figures like the pictures of old monks, with staves in their hands, as if from a long journey, presented themselves. "Is Rodger More O'Donnell of Glashagh dead?" demanded one of them in a deep but foreign tone.

"We hear so," said Frank. "But won't you walk in, gentlemen?"

"Good night," said the other; and both turned away in the direction of the old castle, moving so quickly that Frank lost sight of them in the darkness.

Half the company had crowded to the door, and withdrawn again, before the strange scene was over. Great was the wonder and many the speculations it created among them; but in spite of the spirits so lately consumed, and all the hilarity of the evening, a sudden fear and depression fell upon the a, and they parted in quiet groups, old Flannigan seeming in considerable haste to bar the door for the night.

On the following morning there was gathering and gossip in the village, for the last of the O'Donnells was laid among his oft-mentioned ancestors, where once rose the chancel of the monastery. None of his household rested by the old man; all had died far away but Unagh, and she was laid among the dead whose faith she had chosen. So they made his grave, under the direction of the priest of the parish, close beside a deep-sunk block of granite, sculptured with mitre, and crozier, and chalice, and traditionally said to cover the resting-place of an exile of his line, who, after gaining great honours and wealth in the Spanish service, had renounced the world, and died an abbot of the monastery just before its ruin.

Of the strangers who had knocked at their door the Flannigans could learn no intelligence; no one besides had seen them, nor had they called at the Bawn, as was testified by Mistress Norah, who still kept possession, till the county magistrates could decide whether the tenement reverted to the priest or the O'Meighans of Dooran, whose rival claims by this time threatened the parish with a faction war; but both were determined on the exclusion of "Prosbetarian Katey," and the Floods were too prudent to oppose their feeble interest to such a formidable array. "I hive enuff, wid God's blissin'," said the girl, "and I don't want the leavins ov thim that niver acknowledged me;" and her Catholic neighbours remarked that, "if she belonged to the thrue ould Church, the boys wud make Donegal too hot from the man that wud ax it off her; but she didn't, and the more wis the pity."

"Mary, dear, a'm goin' to ax a favour off ye," said Frank Flannigan to his sister, as they stood together at the door on the ensuing Sunday, when the red September sunset was fading from the hills, and through the keen, breezeless twilight, now bright with the rising of the harvest moon, shone gleams of ruddy hearthlight from the windows of the village.

"Out wid it, Frank," said Mary. "Shure there's nothing in life I wouldn't do for ye; an' maybe it 's not to tell that your goin' down to the Prosbetarian meetin'-house to see Katey Flood, and walk home wid her from the night preachin'."

"More nor that, Mary," responded Frank. "A want you to say ye forgot yer rosary this mornin' at Father O'Cleery's, an' ax me to go down for it. Mind what a did for ye and Neal Dougherty last Sunday at the chapple."

"Well, here's the beads for ye," said Mary, after a pause. "God help us, Frank, I wish it wis another place ye wur goin'; but mind, be back soon, an' I'll go in and tell the story for ye."

The story was told, and Frank, not without some well-affected hesitation, touching the length of the way and his own fatigue after digging potatoes all the week, was despatched, blackthorn in hand, to bring back the rosary from Father O'Cleery's. Hour after hour passed away; Mary talked, laughed, and sang with the various droppers-in who gathered round her father's hearth; but one after another they went home, even Neal Dougherty himself departed, and the father and mother began to wonder what could keep Frank so long.

"Go, all of yez, to bed," said Mary, "an' I'll set up for him; maybe him an' Neal Dougherty his met, an' wint to rumble the burn for trouts." Though but half satisfied with this surmise, the parents retired to rest; but Kathleen would not leave her sister, and the two sat and talked by the fire. Another hour passed away; Kathleen grew impatient, and Mary terrified, when, without, they heard a slow coming step, and both sisters ran to the door; it was Frank. The young man entered

Digitized by Google

like one worn out; his blackthorn and hat were gone, and as the firelight fell upon his face they saw it was ghastly pale.

"Frank, dear, what's the matter? an' what kept ye? Hive ye got the beads?" said Mary.

"A think a hive, Mary," said her brother, in a hoarse whisper. "But I'll tell no more lies, an' I'm sorry a iver axed you to tell them for me. Girls," he continued, "I hive seen a queer sight, an' one I'll not forget in a hurry. Whisht! an' I'll tell it to yez while the sinses is left in me. Instead of goin' to Father O'Cleery's, a went to the Prosbetarian meeting-house, to see Katey, portendin' to hear the night preachin'. A said the Creed an' the Ten Commandments till myself all the time of the sarmin, and a long sarmin it wis; after that, to be sure, we had tay at Katey's uncle's, and Katey spoke wid me a while at the doore, an' a was comin' home like a lamplighter, maybe three hours ago. Yez know a had to pass the ould monastery, but there ris no fear in my mind, when through one of its great arches there came a glare of light, an' out walked, as I'm a livin' man, wan of the very monks that spoke to me the night of ould Rodger died. 'Come in, young man,' sais he, catching me by the skirt. 'This is the night of O'Donnell's pinnince, an' a mass 'll do ye no harm afther a heretic sarmin.' A had sinse to crass meself, but the monk didn't heed that, and he led me in by the skirt where a company was stanin' round an open grave, an', bless us all! it wis the grave of ould Rodger, wid the ould abbot's tombstone covered like an alther, candles an' all. It wis as light as day; but, Holy Vargin! what a congregation they wur! I saw ould Rodger, jist as he used to be—but, Mary, he hadn't his hat on him—kneelin' beside Lady Nelly wid the yalla satin gown, an' the thrain yards behind her; an' two dressed in quare black clothes, wid the dark, sorrowful faces of the girls that wint to the convint in Limerick; the two monks, for the other wis there; and whin their hoods fell back, a saw they had shaved heads and long black beards. Wan wis sayin' mass, an' the other was clarkin' it; and close beside the alther, wid all the light fallin' on her, wis a woman, but, girls, a couldn't see her face for the winding-sheet. Down I wint on my knees, and tried to pray, for they were all prayin' roun' me, an' ould Rodger the loudest; but, God bliss us! when a looked up to see the raising of the Host, who walked in but ould Norah. A cud stan' no more, an' what a did a can't tell yez; but a mind to be runnin' wild over hedges and ditches, till at last a cum to meself on the very shores of Lough Eske; but, Mary, dear, a hive got home to tell you, any way."

The scream of wound-up terror that burst from the sisters as he concluded roused the parent pair; but the family slept no more that night. Early next morning they repaired in a body to the house of Father O'Cleery, where Frank related with the same accuracy what he had witnessed in the chancel of the old monastery. His reverence was at first disposed to treat the whole as an imaginary tale; but while engaged in persuading Frank that he had drunk something stronger than water before quitting the house of Kitty's uncle, intelligence arrived that old Norah had been found dead in bed by a traveller who had called at the Bawn; and the grave where Kitty Flood's mother had reposed for so many years in the Protestant churchyard had been opened during the night, the tombstone overthrown, and the mouldering remains removed.

The story had by this time roused the whole locality; and a considerable number, under the direction of the priest, proceeded to the monastery, where they discovered old Rodger's grave had been evidently disturbed, and, on examination, the coffin of his long-disowned daughter was found placed beside his own. How the whole business had been effected was never satisfactorily explained; there were traces of steps about the grave, but all were the impressions of the old monastic sandal. The peasantry still believe it to have been the work of the dead, who were thus obliged to expiate in some measure the unforgiving pride of their lives. After the occurrence, the priest and the O'Meighans of Dooran, with one consent, renounced their claims in favour of Kitty Flood; the objections of Frank's family to their son marrying a heretic were gradually softened, until at length the Bawn was inhabited by a generation of Flannigans. It is even said that the story contributed to diminish the party hostility existing between Protestant and Catholic in that district, which was, after all, the best effect of O'Donnell's Penance.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

Our life rolls on, through weal and woe;
Time ever doth his harvest mow;
Hope ever doth a fresh one sow;
Clyde, foaming, ever falleth so.

All changeth in man's world below,
What now is high, now sinketh low;
All things unto their fate do go;
Clyde, falling, ever foameth so.

The birds their times appointed know;
In forest depths the great trees grow;
In winter duly comes the snow;
Clyde, foaming, ever falleth so.

The flowers aye in season blow;
In rain aye hangs the promised bow;
Ordered events in sequence flow;
Clyde, falling, ever foameth so.

Digitized by Google

LONDON AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.*

Our English Solomon's dread of witches and tobacco is well-known; but there was a third subject which disturbed the royal equanimity sadly—and no marvel, since it had already disquieted the masculine heart of his predecessor—namely, the increasing size of London. There was, to be sure, the old prophecy of Mother Shipton—

> **Before the goode Folk of this Kingdom be undone,**
> **Shall Highgate Hill stand in the middest of London;**

but then the utterer was a sort of weird-woman, and it was the wont of such hags, as the royal demonologist well-knew, "to palter with us in a double sense." The prophecy was disregarded, and legal enactments forbade any further building in London, which was then beginning to dilate itself in a manner quite alarming to people who liked things as they were, and thought progression and innovation synonymous.

We leave the fabulous history of London—Geoffery of Monmouth's "iniquitous romance," as Maitland styles it—to be discussed by Welsh archæologists, by those who cling to old traditions of the *extermination* of one portion of the Ancient Britons, and the retreat into Wales of the remnant undestroyed; we leave to these such fondly-cherished fables, merely requesting them to bear in mind that our Anglo-Saxon charters are sometimes attested by men whose names betray their Celtic origin, and that a portion of our rustic population have still the small features and sloe-black eyes of another and an earlier race. We do not meddle with London before the invasion of Cæsar, and of its history a long time subsequently we confess ourselves profoundly ignorant; but we hold with the author of a most sensible paper which appears in the last volume of the *Archæologia*, that Roman London at first embraced but a small portion of what at a later period was inclosed within the city walls. Following his suggestion, there appears to us the best reason for believing that the *castrum* of the invaders, however it may have been enlarged subsequently, was a parallelogram, bounded on the south by the Thames, a natural bulwark, and on the north by that marshy land which of old time gave the name to *Fenchurch-street*, and watered by the little stream the memory of which is perpetuated in the ward of Langbourne; that its western limit was Walbrook, where stood Dowgate, not—as the old chroniclers state, following each other like sheep leaping after the bellwether through a gap in a hedge—not on the banks of the river, but close to this stream, for nearly three centuries shut out from cockney view, though, as honest Stow tells us, in his time so swollen occasionally by the rain as to become dangerous to pedestrians. The Roman *castrum*, we agree with our antiquary, terminated eastward near the Custom-house; and here we find Billingsgate, not a water-gate, but, like that at the other end, an approach by land. The obvious Saxon name of this erection invites a more plausible illustration than that proposed by the chroniclers. If these conjectures as to the first Roman station in London be admitted, we may suppose that Eastcheap and Cannon-street, in which we find *London Stone*, was the high street or principal thoroughfare. The pulling down of the building on the south side of Cannon-street at this time may elicit further proofs as to the correctness of this hypothesis, since it will doubtless bring to light the foundations of many vestiges of Roman London. Many traces of the buildings of the masters of the world, and many minor objects, were discovered in Eastcheap at the time of the demolition of the houses for approaches to the new bridge; and while we write, the ground behind Budge-row, which has just been cleared of houses, affords good evidence of the Roman occupation.

One of the most curious evidences of the Roman sway in Britain is the discovery, from time to time, in the vicinity of the oldest churches, of vast quantities of the bones and horns of animals; a fact which favours the conjecture that the Christian churches were founded on the ruins of the Pagan temples. Sir Christopher Wren, when digging for the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral, found many relics of the same description, and had good reason, as it appears to us, for his hypothesis that a Pagan temple once occupied this site.

What London was in the decline of the Empire, and in Christian Saxon times, can only be conjectured. It must have contained many considerable public buildings which the great fire, more than a hundred years before the Norman Conquest, could not have utterly destroyed. Nor could all traces of the Roman city have been obliterated in the like calamities which befel it in 1087 and 1135. In the Saxon times some idea of its importance may be formed from the circumstance of there being no less than eight moneyers employed in it, while to Canterbury seven, and to Winchester only six, were assigned.

In the reign of Henry the Second the city had seven gates, Aldgate being evidently one of the oldest. It is mentioned in a charter of Eadgar, in the latter half of the tenth century. Fitz Stephen tells us that a wall extended along the banks of the river—an assertion which Salmon disputes; but Maitland maintains that there must originally have been such a defence, grounding his belief on the

* Anecdotes of London and its Celebrities. By J. H. Jesse. Bentley. 1850.
Tradesmen's Tokens current in London, &c., between the Years 1648 and 1672. By J. Y. Akerman. J. R. Smith. 1849.
Handbook for London, Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham. J. Murray. 1850.
Westminster: Memorials of the City, St. Peter's College, &c. By the Reverend Mackenzie E. C. Walcott. 1849.

Digitized by Google

rapid destruction of the banks of the Thames by the action of the tides for a long period. Ludgate, according to Cambrian romance, took its name from King Lud; and so firmly had this fiction been engrafted in the popular mind, that when the gate was rebuilt, in the reign of Elizabeth, the figures of King Lud and his two sons were set up over it: "the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." There is an anecdote of this gate, however, which appears well authenticated, and which has an air and charm of romance about it that contrasts pleasingly with the harsher features of a rude age. In the fourteenth century Ludgate was a wretched prison for debtors. One Stephen Forster, the victim of ill-luck and impecuniosity, was incarcerated here, and begged, with its other denizens, at the grated windows looking on the footway, like some of the late wretched inmates of the Fleet in our own times. A buxom widow one day passed this den of misery, and, struck with his appearance, took compassion on him. "How much," inquired the dame, "will procure your release from this place?" "Twenty pounds," was the reply. Stephen Forster found a friend in the widow: she paid his debts, released him from prison, and took him into her service. The sequel may be guessed; "pity is akin to love"—the freed debtor married his benefactress, became a prosperous merchant, grew rich, and served the office of mayor with great credit. To his eternal honour, Stephen Forster forgot not the abject state in which his partner had found him. He could not pay the debts of every unfortunate fellow-citizen, but he could alleviate the squalor and wretchedness of the prisons of those days; and in compassion for the less fortunate victims of debt and disgrace, he, with the concurrence of his wife, enlarged the limits of the prison, made the rooms free to debtors, and settled a salary on the chaplain. According to Stow, a brass plate, inscribed with a memorial of this act of philanthropy in the doggrel of the time, was affixed to the wall of the chapel.

The walls of London before the invention and general use of artillery, must have afforded a sufficient defence to its citizens,* who were well trained to the use of arms, and, though engaged in trade and merchandise, could, at any emergency, be called into active service. No better proof could be given of this than in the reign of Henry the Fourth, who, when the rebel lords had assembled with the intention of falling upon him at Windsor, posted to London, and, arriving at night, marched out at daybreak the next morning with an army of ten thousand well-armed citizens.

The length and breadth of old London, in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, may be seen in the map by Ralph Aggas. East Smithfield was then, indeed, a field and nothing more; St Katherine's had its church, its gardens, and its large trees. Without Aldgate there was a goodly row of houses on either side of Whitechapel, beyond which, northward, were gardens, laid out in the prim and formal style that delighted our forefathers.* Westward was a row of houses flanking Houndsditch, beyond which, meadows, including Spitalfields—in the days of Roman occupation a burial-ground, as remains there discovered amply testify—stretched away to the distant hills, across a country now densely inhabited by a squalid and wretched population, of whose existence the denizens of the "West-end" are scarcely cognisant, and of whose mode of life they can form no conception. Bishopsgate-street had then its houses, stretching, though straggling, as far as Shoreditch, fields and gardens flanking it on the west, and extending as far as Finsbury. "Cripplegate-without," was even at that time more thickly populated, and so were the neighbourhoods of Little Britain and Smithfield up to Clerkenwell, though occupied by straggling rows of houses. Westward of the last, the fields and hedges, intersected by the highroad then called Gray's Inn-lane, stretched away to St. Giles's. Not a single house appears in St. Martin's-lane reaching from this spot to the Mews at Charing Cross. Drury-lane and Covent-garden were not then misnomers; and the Strand, though an almost continuous row of houses, had its gardens and its orchards.

Such was London in the days of the Lion Queen, and such it remained for nearly a century later, unpaved, ill-ventilated, ill-drained, and, within the walls, densely populated. No marvel that the plague, which hovered over it so long, at length obtained the mastery, and had a fearful triumph. A glance at the various maps produced considerably within a century of that executed by Aggas, will show how London had gone on increasing, since the days that its enlargement was forbidden by royal veto. It seems probable that this commenced when the great troubles of the whole nation had absorbed the attention of those who might otherwise have interfered with local innovations. Evelyn says, in his "Diary," 1659, June, "To see the foundations laying for a street and buildings in *Hatton Garden*, designed for a little towne, lately an ample garden." This is good evidence that London had begun to expand even at some distance without the walls, and that dread of its dilating was no longer entertained by the Government or its citizens. The "great fire," while it devastated a large portion of the city, probably tended to permanently drive some of its population without the walls. The local tokens issued between the years 1648 and 1672, show that the extramural inhabitants of London had become numerous. The list of those preserved in the British Museum, of which an

* At the commencement of the twelfth century the Londoners, for their further defence, made a deep ditch outside their walls, upwards of two hundred feet wide. Two years were occupied in this work.

* It is some years since our curiosity tempted us to explore the purlieus of Petticoat-lane, a locality of which many have, doubtless, heard; but of its precise whereabouts more are, doubtless, ignorant. "It is near unto Whitechapel Bars, and runs northward towards Saint Mary Spittle," says Strype, who tells us that "in ancient times there were hedgerows on each side, and elm-trees, with pleasant fields to walk in." When last in that neighbourhood we were shocked and disgusted with its excessive filthiness: never in England have we seen so foul a spot. Doubtless the "sanitary movement" has done something for the denizens of Petticoat-lane, though it may not yet be cleared of its abominations. We have heard a tradition of this place, that during the great plague the makers of horn lanthorns, who carried on their trade here, were exempt from the pestilence which raged around them.

Digitized by Google

account has been published, clearly exhibits a vast increase of tradesmen and dealers of all kinds without the walls; and these, though composing a large number of families, could not have included more than a portion of the inhabitants dwelling without the verge of the old city.

"If," says Mr. Akerman, "we were without other evidence, this *pseudomoneta* would give us a tolerably accurate idea of the length and breadth of plague-hunted London in the seventeenth century; but it does more; it shows us very clearly what neighbourhoods, before the great fire, abounded with shops kept by dealers in small wares, and the changes made in certain localities on the rebuilding of the city. In this way we learn how a tavern of some repute, and also a coffee-house, could have existed on Dowgate-hill, or small shops have been clustered about Puddle-dock."—*Preface*, p. vii.

To the stranger unacquainted with its history, London as it now stands is a riddle, and presents fewer objects of antiquarian interest than any city in Europe of the same age; but this deficiency is readily explained. The tremendous conflagration in 1666 laid its most venerable monuments in ruins. The heat of the fire, fed by innumerable heavy-timbered houses, was so great, that even the vast stones of the principal buildings were destroyed. Evelyn, in his "Diary," tell us "the stones of Saint Paules flew like granados;" while "the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storme." Sir Edward Atkyns, in a letter to his brother, dated the 8th of September, says: "Yesterday I went from St. Dunstan's church to Bishopsgate-street, and there is not one house standing betwixt those places; there are only within the wall but part of these three streets remaining, viz., part of Leadenhall-street, Basinghall, and Bishopsgate-street; all ye rest burnt to ye ground, and not soe much as a considerable piece of timber, as I could see, secured from the fire. It is impossible, almost, to conceive the total destruction; all the churches burnt, nay, some of the churches, as Bow church, &c., have not so much as the walls standing." This, though slightly overdrawn—for there were some nooks that escaped, as certain ancient tenements within the walls still testify—explains why London, in our days, wears a less venerable aspect than that of the old cities of the continent.*

London, however, quickly rose from its ashes, and swarmed again. Charles Patin, writing a short time after the rebuilding of the city, says of it: "C'est cette grande ville qui fait tant de bruit dans le monde. Il est vray, tout ce qu'on en dit; on s'y égare, on s'y perd, on ne sauroit assez s'imaginer où va la multitude du peuple et l'abondance des richesses. *L'endroit de cet effroyable incendie qui brula onze mille maisons, est aujourd'huy toute la beauté de la ville.*"† Fire and pestilence did little, however, to correct the morals of its inhabitants; and what Cowley had said of it in its former state was as applicable to its new:—

> "Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
> And all the fools that crowd thee so,
> Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
> A village less than Islington wilt grow,
> A solitude almost."

Let it not be supposed, however, that London retains the same features as at the time of its rebuilding, or that fire alone has wrought the changes which may be traced in those quarters of the metropolis which the "devouring element" has not laid waste. For nearly a century the *signs* of its tradesmen have disappeared; pavements—not *trottoir*—have been laid down, and sewers formed to carry off the foul streams of the kennels, now on each side the carriage-road, and not in the middle. At the present time, shop-fronts change their aspect every season, especially those of some of the linendrapers. It is only in the few bye-streets that we trace the dull brick house of the Restoration, or the once red but now smoke-begrimed front, heavy lintel, and iron rails with their *link-extinguishers*—the latter significant relics of London when dimly and imperfectly lighted with oil.

Still London, though denuded of its most ancient and curious remains, abounds in numerous recollections and associations; and these have been the constant theme of several writers during the last century. The volumes now before us afford good evidence that the subject does not pall; anecdotes and traditions of the metropolis of England find, it would seem, a ready sale, and are still greedily devoured by old and young. This may be in some measure accounted for by the fact, that its older districts are comparatively little known, and that many men of information and intelligence are yet ignorant of the localities which genius, or worth, or misfortune have consecrated. The idle guardsman or the lounger in the district of Belgravia will stare if asked where the cavalier poet Lovelace, once one of the handsomest and smartest of his day, pined in misery and died neglected; nor will he care to know where Marvel ate his mutton-bone, and Johnson dogmatised. But there are minds for which such spots will always have their attractions, and for such there is an ample store. The stranger to London will effect his object in much less time than heretofore with the aid of Mr. Cunningham's "Handbook," a compilation which, while it necessarily gives us a good deal of that which was known before, affords it in a condensed form, and often accompanied by information from sources inaccessible to most people. Everything that can make a ramble through London interesting is here brought together in a form the most convenient that could have been devised for such a book, seasoned with scraps topographical, biographical, moral, and political. Nothing that could render such a guide attractive has been neglected; and the author appears rather to have been oppressed with the overburthen of the *materiel* here brought together, than to have been for one moment at a loss for relevant matter. If we were disposed to complain of any portion of the "Handbook of London," it would be with some of the

* London suffered from the same element to a great extent in the latter half of the seventeenth century. In a circular headed "Arguments for Insuring Houses from Fire," issued about 1680, it is stated that since the great conflagration—i.e. within a space of fourteen years—seven hundred and fifty houses had been destroyed by fire in London and Southwark.

† Relations Historiques, &c., 12mo. Lyons, 1674. Pp. 167.

Digitized by Google

quotations from the old dramatists, and a few extracts from books in which the language belongs to a coarser age. These, though striking and characteristic of the manners of old London, are ill-suited to the tastes of the present day, and may, without any injury to the book, be easily expunged.

In an introduction, Mr. Cunningham points out the notable things which the stranger, whatever may be his vocation, should endeavour to see. The best way of entering London, he observes, is by its noble river:—

"Our ancestors understood this thoroughly. An ambassador to the court at Westminster or Whitehall was, on landing at Dover, received by the governor of the castle and the mayor. His next stage was to the great cathedral city of England, Canterbury, from whence the route was to Rochester, where the noble castle, with the ships in the Medway, would fill his mind with lofty ideas of our strength. His third stage was to Gravesend, the entrance to the port of London, where he was received by the lord chamberlain of the King's household and by the lord mayor; here he took water in the royal galley-foist, or barge, was rowed towards London, and landed with careful ceremony at the Tower, where the chief nobility, who were waiting to receive him, conducted him in great state through the chief streets of the city to the King at Westminster. The house assigned to him was generally in the Strand; and when his embassy was over, he was attended out of London in the same observant manner. Now it is somewhat different; Englishmen and foreigners enter London by the five main thresholds of the place—the London-bridge Station, Paddington, Waterloo-bridge Road, Euston-square, and Shoreditch. The traveller, on reaching London-bridge, obtains an admirable and almost instantaneous view of the Thames, with its busy shipping and noble bridges; the bustle of streets crowded with carriages, carts, and foot-passengers; the noble dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, the massive grandeur of the Tower of London, the well-proportioned Monument commemorative of the Great Fire, with the fine steeples of Bow Church, St. Bride's, St. Magnus, and St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, four of Wren's most famous works. A drive of less than five minutes will take him across one of the noblest bridges in Europe, and throw him at once into the heart of the richest and largest, best-lighted and best-drained city in the world. This is the only station affording a favourable view of London at first sight. The others are very bad."

Mr. Jesse, in his preface to "London and its Celebrities," remarks that much of his work has been anticipated. The same may be said of nearly every book which treats of the history and topography of an old city. The following extract may serve to show that he has at least been a visitor to some of the localities he describes, though not a partaker in the unhallowed revels which have succeeded: it serves, besides, to show how spots the most consecrated may be defiled and desecrated:—

"St. John's-gate (Clerkenwell), with all its interesting associations, has been long since converted into a public-house. When the author of these 'Memorials' recently paid a visit to the spot, he was struck by observing a copy of MS. verses, framed and glazed, hanging up in the tap-room, purporting that in that apartment Dr. Johnson used to dance attendance on Cave, the bookseller. The principal apartment he found hung with tawdry banners and tinsel armour; and, on inquiry, was told that it was used as a refectory by a modern order of Knights of St. John, consisting of tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, who, entitling themselves Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, elect their prior, or grand master, drink beer and smoke tobacco, and are not too proud to admit strangers to their social board, on payment of twopence a head!"—Vol. i., p. 414.

Let us not weep over this pollution of these sacred precincts. "When things arrive at the worst they mend," says the proverb: Cardinal Wiseman will, of course, look to the matter at once, and whip these ill-omened intruders from the hallowed spot! Of Clerkenwell and its former attractions, Mr. Jesse thus speaks:—

"In the days when Fitzstephen wrote, the Clerk's Well bubbled in the midst of verdant meadows and shady lanes, the richly-wooded uplands of Hampstead and Highgate rising behind them. Such was Clerkenwell when, in 1390, the Clerks performed here, during three successive days, in the presence of Richard II., his Queen and the nobility, and again in 1409, in the reign of Henry IV., when the creation of the world formed the subject of their drama, and when, in the words of Stow, there flocked 'to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England.' Close to Ray-street, Clerkenwell, are some houses which still retain the rural denomination of Coppice-row."—Vol i., p. 424.

He gives us, however, no view of the reverse of the picture—of Clerkenwell in 1850, deeming, perhaps, that a description of the squalor and wretchedness of a neighbourhood defiled by the abominations of the knacker and the dust-contractor would be no ornament to his pages, and with this we do not find fault; but we perceive, in the conclusion of the foregoing quotation, that Mr. Jesse has not always exercised that diligence which is looked for in writers of books involving matters of fact in history and topography. "Coppice" is a corruption of a name once given to an outrageous peculiarity in male attire, most ostentatiously displayed in the days of our eighth Harry, and, applied to the row of houses in question, cannot be traced to any rural associations, as Mr. Jesse supposes. This may be seen by reference to a well-known map of London and its environs, with which our chronicler of London's celebrities ought to be acquainted. Mr. Cunningham, with all his diligence and accuracy, appears to have overlooked the locality and its original designation, an omission which he will doubtless supply in a future edition of his "Handbook."

Thus much, or rather thus little—for the theme is endless—of London as distinguished from Westminster, to which it has long been united, and of which Mr. Walcott's book affords us many pleasant anecdotes; yet, in the desire to give his readers an agreeable volume, something beyond "mere antiquarianism," he has committed several blunders, and ventured on some unsupported statements; but as these have been most sensibly and goodnaturedly commented upon by a forbearing contemporary, we will not dwell on faults which may easily be expunged from a second impression. What we most dislike is the writer's obtrusion of his orthodoxy on every occasion. As curate of St. Margaret's, we consider this perfectly gratuitous, as well as the abuse of men whose motives and actions require the calm consideration of those who discuss the events of the great Civil War. We are no apologists for the violence committed on either side in those strifeful days; but we protest most strongly against indiscriminate abuse such as that which Mr. Walcott considers himself "as in duty bound" to deal out to some of the actors in those sad scenes. Hugh Peters was a fanatic, nobody doubts that; but he belonged to a

Digitized by Google

party whose very fanaticism rendered them anything but "coward." Cook and Peters suffered together; and the latter being hung the due time, was cut down, and the process of quartering commenced, when, at the suggestion of Colonel Turner, Peters was brought forward that he might be witness of the horrible mutilation. The hangman, rubbing his bloody hands, asked him *how he liked it.* "*I am not terrified; do your worst,*" was the reply; and a few minutes afterwards his strangled body was quivering beneath the knife of the executioner. If Mr. Walcott will take the pains to read *all* the accounts of the last moments of the daring men who suffered at this time, he will soon perceive that their determined bearing on the scaffold clearly showed that, whatever crimes might be laid to their charge, the guilt of cowardice could not be imputed to the regicides.

From the registers of St. Margaret's, Mr. Walcott gives us some curious extracts. In 1563, a plague similar to the influenza visited Westminster, and the inhabitants were compelled to perform quarantine. Under this year, there is an entry as follows:—

"1563. ITEM.—To the paynter of Totehill Streete for payntinge of certeyn blew crosses to be fyxed upo sundrie houses infected, vj "

A century later, a *red* cross was the mark of an infected house. Thirty years afterwards the dogs were supposed to carry the plague about in their coats, on which the inhabitants commenced a crusade against them, and resolved to abide in their filth and carelessness. In the next ten years the persecution was renewed, and in 1603 a plague devastated the parish, when among the entries is the following:—"Payd for the graves of CCCCLI. poore folk xxxvij$^{s.}$ vij$^{d.}$"—doubtless a *contr ct* job. There are also items for "pitch and tarre for the visited houses, 12$^{d.}$," and for "papers with 'Lord, have mercy upon us!' 12$^{d.}$" The dogs were again assailed, and 500 were slaughtered as a propitiation to the demon of pestilence.

We have lately heard of a startling proposition; namely, that the site of the ancient British city, Lun *Dîn*, or the city of mud or clay, was Westminster, and that London as now known was that of the first Roman *castrum*. We can only exclaim, with the poet,—

"This is the age of new inventions."

GUSTAVE AND HIS DOG.

A TRUE TALE.

TALK of the solitude of an American forest!—the intricacy of an Indian jungle!—there is no forest so desolate as the valley of the Thames, no jungle so intricate as the jungle of houses which springs up rankly on its shores.

I left my chambers the other day at the dingy hour of four in the afternoon, and wending my way past St. Clement's Church, turned up Wych-street. The morning had been fine, and rather frosty; one of those treacherous days that tempt you out in thin boots, and send you home as if your feet had been in wet wash-leather gloves. The evening was closing in, dark and drizzly. It was a Saturday. The gas flared out from butchers' shops and coal and potato sheds, and shone on hard-faced men and haggard women, who had come out to make their markets for the Sunday. The doors of gin-palaces flashed as they swung backwards and forwards. The black dolls hung limp, damp, and disconsolate over the rag-shops. Slatternly mothers scolded unwholesome-looking children who lingered to play in the sloppy courts. Single candles glimmered in the windows of questionable print-shops in the narrow alleys behind the theatres. I had no umbrella, and was glad when I reached the friendly shelter of the Piazza n Covent Garden. I had an errand at the book-shop at the corner; and as I put my foot on the step, I felt some one touch my arm. I looked round, and saw a man with two or three children round him.

"I never give anything in the street," said I. There was something in the man's face told me he was not a beggar "Pardon me—" I began.

"If you please, sir," said the man, interrupting me, and, with natural good manners, not noticing the mistake I had made, "I wish you would speak to this here little chap. He's lost hisself; and he can't say nothing but Covent Garden. I've brought him all the way from Brunswick-square."

The boy was undeniably French. A little jaunty cap like a powder-puff, or the bellows of an accordion, was cocked over his right ear; he had a tight cotton blouse, wide puckered trousers, and a little pair of cloth boots, twisted into inconceivable contortions with the wet; his face was smeared over with a mixture of genuine London "blacks," and tears of undoubted home manufacture. Now, though poor old Mons. La Grenouille landed me safely, years and years ago, on the hither side of "Telemaque," and I flatter myself that a previous perusal of "Les Horaces" qualifies me completely to criticise Rachel when performing in it, somehow or another my French is like a pickpocket, who is never to be found when he is "wanted."

"Où vivez vous?" said I, making a great effort.

"M'sieur."

I must try again, thought I. "Où êtes vous quand vous êtes chez vous?"

It's no use, he does not understand me, and no wonder. "Here, you little chap, petit garçon, come along—venez entrez, come in here—suivez moi."

He followed me into the shop, and stood wiping

Digitized by Google

his eyes on his sleeve, whilst I ordered some books and cogitated with myself what on earth I should do with him.

I imparted my perplexity to the shopman; he was a good-natured fellow, stuck his pen behind his ear, fixed his hands firmly on his knees, placed himself in the attitude called at leap-frog "setting a back," brought his face to a level with the boy, and came out slowly by drops as it were. "Votre pere—où demeure 't il?"

"Covent Gardene."

"Quel est votre nomme?"

"Gustave Pr—r—r"—all the rest was an unintelligible gurgle, which debouched in a sob.

We tried the names of all the streets round Covent Garden. It was all in vain; he knew none of them. We made out that his father was a "commis," but further we could not get; he rang the changes on "Covent Gardene," "Gustave," and the name which began with a P and ended with a burst of tears, and "mon pere," who was a "commis."

"Is there any place about here where these French fellows lodge, and be— (something unpleasant) to them?" said I, getting savage with my perplexity.

"Yes, sir," said the shopman, pointing with his pen, which he had removed from his ear; "first turn to the right round the corner, straight on, eight or ten doors past where the street narrows."

"Beyond the tool-shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before you get to the cheesemonger's?"

"Over it, sir. Thank you, sir. It shall be attended to, sir. Very much obliged to you, sir."

These latter passages related in no way to Gustave, whose history I am writing, but to the order which my old master, Dr. Polyglott, had commanded me to give in anticipation of his coming battle with the Pope of Rome.

"Come along," said I; "Gustave, mon ami, venez après moi."

As we crossed the street I missed him. Has the little imp vanished? thought I. No such luck. He came running after me with a little black dog in his arms.

"Mon pauvre Mirza, si je te perds je mourrais de chagrin."

The dog licked his face, which was all the better for that expression of his attachment.

True to the shopman's directions, I saw, projecting over the causeway, from the cheesemonger's shop, a board with the words, "Pension Bourgeoise," inscribed thereon. We, that is Mirza, Gustave, and I, turned down the passage. The place was evidently new both to the boy and dog, and my heart sank within me. I felt as if they were a nightmare I should never shake off. I cursed my errand and Dr. Polyglott who sent me, and the Pope, who was the *fons et origo*.

A grim-looking fellow in a steeple hat, with a pair of moustachios, and bristles about a third of an inch long over his chin and the top of his head, appeared at the end of the passage.

"Vous êtes le mayter?" said I, interrogatively.

"De vaiterre? Oh, yees!"

This was hopeful; but at last I made out that there was a master upstairs who was reported to understand English.

Up we went.

I have always wondered where those strange figures which one meets all over London, with their conical hats, their *coiffure au malcontent* (Anglicé, "gaol-crops"), their flexible pipes depending over their bristly beards, their pinched-in waists, their hips, which, by the aid of puckered trousers and full coat-skirts, seem to emulate the proportions of the other sex, their utter absence of linen, and their virgin innocence of soap and water, take up their abode for the necessary purposes of eating and sleeping. Here I was in the very thick of them. They poured in at every door. I felt as if I had found a kingfisher's nest.

The master's English was about on a par with my French; but I made out that he knew nothing of Gustave or *son pere*; and then I set him to interrogate the boy, and to get out a more intelligible story, if he could.

Our success was not great. The poor lad had been in London about two months; he had not stirred from his lodgings till that morning; he did not know where his father worked, nor for whom; and then came the "commis" and "Covent Gardine" over again, and that was all. Whilst this inquiry was going on, the boy stood leaning his back against a table; he did his best to be intelligible, but now and then a sob would come and stifle his words. Little "Mirza" had established himself on the table, with his head on his master's shoulder, looking wistfully up in his face, now and then giving him a kiss, accompanied by a low whine and a slight wag of his tail, as much as to say, "It is a bad job, my dear master, but keep a good heart."

One of my friends with the beards was touched. "Ah, voilà le petit chien comme il est tendre, c'est touchant!" and he turned round to me with his eyes full of tears. "Ah, le collier!"

It was a ray of hope; there might be an address. No; the collar was no collar: it was a frill!

The room was set out for dinner: a clean, white cloth, bright glass, beautiful rolls by each plate. The strange men with puckered pantaloons expressed their sympathy in puffs and shrugs; and Mademoiselle Jeanette stood looking on with a pair of very bright, good-natured eyes, till she was roused by a shrill "Jeanette!" from the lower regions, to which she responded by a scream of "Oui, madame!" and plunged down, like a rabbit, into its burrow.

The master of the house suggested to me, with a shrug, and in an under tone, "De polecsh!"

"Inspector A for a dry nurse," thought I. "I'd rather, if I were he, be handed over to Mademoiselle Jeanette there." The suggestion was not a bad one, however; I might get information, at any rate, at the police-office.

"Sweevay moy," said I, giving the word of command once more, and we turned out into the street again.

It was darker, wetter, and dirtier than when we went in, and the gas was more flaring.

Digitized by Google

"Je coucherai dans la rue!" exclaimed Gustave, clasping his hands in a paroxysm of terror.

"If you do, I'll be—" I conveyed the idea to him, and it seemed to be consolatory.

"Cet homme m'a eloigné, il n'y a pas une halle, comme çà pres de nous.'

"No market near you?" thought I. "We may be on a wrong scent, after all. Covent Garden—Temple Garden—Whitehall Gardens—lots of gardens!—Hatton Garden?"

"Ah, oui, *Hatton* Garden!" exclaimed Gustave, joyfully.

It was a lucky hit.

We turned away from Bow-street, thought no more of Inspector A, passed by Lincoln's-Inn-fields and through the Turnstile into busy Holborn. When we reached the bottom of Gray's-Inn-lane, both Gustave and Mirza began to show signs of knowing where they were. We turned up Hatton Garden, crossed it; Gustave bounded up the steps into the lobby of a house, the door of which stood open.

"Hollo! I say, Gustave, here's a pretty go; vot 'ave you been arter?"

This friendly inquiry came from a boy as decidedly English as Gustave was French—thick-set, rosy, with the whitest possible teeth, and a laugh that showed and set them off. I did not hear the answer; for the master of Gustave's *pere*, a good-looking young Frenchman, came down, and promised that his *gamin*, as he politely called the laughing boy, should see Gustave safe home. I parted from him with the following piece of advice, which I consider so valuable for all fathers of families, aldermen and other persons of an apoplectic habit, unprotected females, gentlemen of an absent, contemplative, or convivial turn, country curates, nursemaids and young children, and especially foreigners of distinction visiting the great Exhibition of 1851, that it is solely for the purpose of rendering it immortal that I have penned this true tale of Gustave and his dog Mirza.

"Gustave, mong ahmee"—it was thus I spoke—"jer voo donneray ung pittee morso d'avees. Ler prochane fwoar ker voo prennay oon promenard mettay dans voter poshe oon morso de pappyer avvek voter nome, et ler nome der voter pare et song mettyer, et ler nomber de lar masong oo il veeve, et ler nome der lar roo ecreet lar dessoo allor see voos ate perdoo voo trooveray voter vwoar ancore ploos aisemang."

LITERATURE.

Publications of the Arundel Society for the Year 1850. P. and D. Colnaghi, Pall-mall East.

The Arundel Society has presented to its members, as the fruits of their first year's subscription of one guinea, a line engraving of large size, and an octavo volume of letter-press with twenty illustrations in lithography. These are works of a character, interest, and excellence, which we imagine could not have been produced otherwise than at a cost very far exceeding that for which the subscribers receive them, except by means of co-operation in a society like the Arundel, which devotes itself to advancing the knowledge of art, in the same way that the Camden, the Parker, and other similar societies of longer standing, pursue their respective objects. The painter whose life and works have been selected to form the subjects of the present year's distribution, is Fra Angelico da Fiesole. The large plate is taken from one of his celebrated frescoes, in the Chapel of Nicholas V., in the Vatican; it is well engraved and printed, and may be advantageously studied as a fine rendering of the pure feeling and exquisite sense of beauty which distinguished this master. The volume which accompanies it contains a good translation of the life of Fra Angelico, from the great work of Vasari, with notes and information on the present state and locality of his principal paintings. The lithographic plates are taken from various pictures, and are sufficiently numerous to give any person not already acquainted with the master a good notion of his subjects, and the general manner in which he treated them. Probably they are not intended to convey more than this; but in execution and fidelity they are superior to anything of the kind which has been attempted in this country.

Popular Mineralogy; comprising a familiar Account of Minerals and their uses. By Henry Sowerby. London: Reeve and Benham. 1850.

We are disposed to agree with the author of this very pretty volume, that "mineralogy has been less generally studied than the kindred departments of natural history, more from the want of elementary teaching than from any lack of inviting interest in the subject." "Inorganic substances," he observes, "do not, perhaps, awaken so ready a sympathy in the observer as the development of animal or vegetable life, with its varieties of form and function; yet an interest almost equivalent to this is presented in the study of their combinations and uses." Our author has certainly supplied this want by a work which, while it displays in a very attractive form some of the most curious and beautiful varieties of the mineral kingdom in coloured plates, executed by his own hand, is accompanied by descriptions divested of technicalities which alarm and disgust the beginner. Thus illustrated, the book is in itself a cabinet of minerals and a catalogue combined; and though inviting the attraction of the young, may interest and detain those of more mature age. At page 105 is a hint which may be useful to the farmer

Digitized by Google

or the country gentleman, though it regards a substance which makes no figure in the mineralogist's cabinet:—

"Slate that is used for roofing, should, of course, be impervious to the water; there are, consequently, several methods of ascertaining its quality and fitness for the purpose. The most simple is as follows: the slate is placed perpendicularly in a tub of water, about half a foot deep, and allowed to remain for twenty-four hours. It is then examined, and should it be found to have drawn water not more than half an inch above the water in the tub, it is considered to be good slate; but should it be saturated with water up to the very top, it is a spongy, defective slate."

With regard to the nomenclature of crystalline forms, as used by Phillips, we have reason to believe that it is susceptible of revision, and that a distinguished mineralogist meditates a work on the subject.

Illustrated Ditties of the Olden Time. Brighton: R. Folthorp, Royal Library, North-street. London: D. Bogue, Fleet-street.

Most of our readers must have seen some of the works illustrated with those drawings which have been christened *Randzeichnungen* by their German inventors. Those who have not, we may inform that this word, which looks so terribly difficult to pronounce, is highly expressive of the thing signified, and may in our language be literally, though imperfectly, rendered by "border-drawings." The illustrations themselves consist generally of one, two, or more designs, the conception of which is taken from the accompanying letter-press; and, besides these, a fanciful symbolic decoration often festoons down the side and the lower margin of the page.

These beautiful ornaments were doubtless suggested by the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, and their successors, the coarse, heavy typographical decorations long used, and only within the last fifty years abandoned, by the Dutch and other printers. It is almost needless to remark that, with reference both to design and execution, modern art has far outstripped the happiest efforts of earlier times in this department. For some time since, very first-rate German artists have thought it not beneath them to employ their talents in thus giving additional interest to the pages of their brother-labourers, the poets; and we are glad to see that, though rather late in the day, something like a spirit of emulation has been awakened in this country. Of this new home manufacture we can honestly say, that the little volume before us is one of the very best specimens we have seen.

To begin with the outside, the binding is first-rate, as might be expected; for in this department, though not unrivalled by the French, we flatter ourselves we are still nationally unsurpassed. Upon opening the book, our glance is arrested by a considerable number of designs full of talent, and, for a lady amateur, really wonderful productions. "The song of sixpence, a bag full of rye," is capital. Never was royal astonishment at a most unexpected phenomenon more cleverly conceived than in the drawing of the "four-and-twenty blackbirds" emerging from the pie, at the solemn festival of the mythic king. The monarch himself, his consort, and their courtly attendants, are obviously struck dumb with horror at the development of such a practical joke upon princes; while the vivacious birds are hopping about as unceremoniously as creatures which had survived the oven might be expected to do in any presence, however august. Better still is the king enjoying the truly regal entertainment of "counting out his money." His brow is thoughtful, and he is evidently keeping a sharp look-out for light weight in the coins, while he bends over the table upon which he is emptying his money-bags. There is a world, too, of expression in the bent fore-finger of his right hand, with which he pushes away the pieces, one by one, to aid his calculations. The tragic and unmerited catastrophe that befalls "the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes," finishes the ditty and the page with a no less masterly portrayal.

King Arthur's plum-pudding is imagined with equal, if not superior, power; and, but for the merit of the designs, we might be disposed to enter our most decided protest against the version of the immortal ballad given in the letter-press. It runs thus: "He was a *goodly* king; he *stole* two pecks of barley-meal, to make a bag-pudding." The moral is absolutely shocking. Let modern mock charitableness confound right with wrong as much as it pleases in other matters, the preposterous application of the epithet "goodly" to the perpetrator of an audacious act of thievishness is not to be tolerated in the pure regions of the nursery. Even if it be alleged to be intended ironically, it does not mend the matter. We verily believe that even Socrates himself, when just emerging from long-clothes, took everything in the most literal and straightforward sense. There is, however, yet an escape; and, from a minute inspection of the face of King Arthur, we have come to the conclusion that the designer means to represent the delinquency in question as one of those slight escapades which would leave the royal and knightly character of the king unblemished—a practical joke, in short, upon *his own* cook or pantler at Camelot, the *dénouement* of which will be the consternation of the unsuspecting domestic, when called upon to account for the deficiency in the royal meal-tub. Upon this supposition—Horace, by the by, having attributed a somewhat similar *espiéglerie* to Mercury in one of his addresses to that deity—the shade of the son of Utherpendragon may retain its equanimity.

To return, however, to the sketch—the monarch moves on tip-toe, with face half-turned, as though he listened for pursuers. Its expression is that of triumph at the success of his stratagem; and his ample ermined robe flying open as he steals along, reveals the purloined bags of meal, one under each arm.

The conclusion of the ditty—"and what was not that evening eat, the queen next morning fried"—gives an opportunity for introducing as graceful a sketch as ever was traced on paper. Her Majesty Queen Guenever, with regal diadem upon her

Digitized by Google

brow, and flowing robes concealing, but suggesting, a lovely, well-grown figure, rests the tips of her left-hand fingers upon a dwarf altar, while her right holds the pan, with its precious contents, over a sacrificial-looking fire. The ease of the attitude, and the treatment of the figure and the accessories, are delightful. It is the "sublime and beautiful" of cookery—the ideal of the exquisite process which makes the characteristic difference between man and the lower animals.

On the whole, perhaps, we may say that it is in her conceptions of the female figure and drapery that our artist shows her greatest excellence. "The farmer's wife, who cut off the tails of the three blind mice with a carving-knife," is a singularly handsome Clytemnestra; her agricultural sister, who looks from the window after the fox who has carried off the gray goose, is no less prepossessing, and has her appropriate expression of alarm and dismay equally strongly marked. These, and indeed all the other ladies delineated, are remarkable for pretty arms and hands, and the grace with which their heads are set on their shoulders. The animals introduced are the failing point; the horses are wooden and conventional, and the fox and the dog are very indifferent specimens of their respective races.

Væ Victis, Duty, and other Poems. Calcutta: W. Thacker and Co. London: Smith and Elder.

With the exception of reports upon matters connected with local subjects, and an occasional work upon local scientific subjects, we see in general but few productions of the India press; but Panchouree's capital squib against the system of Bengal police, and the little volume before us, are amply sufficient to show that European humour and poetic feeling will bear transplantation, in spite of a sultry climate, hard work, and the floods of pale ale which all true Britons deem it their duty to imbibe in the East, as a sentimental reminiscence of their native land.

"Væ Victis" is, as its name implies, a kind of lament for the fortunes of the Hindoo, subjected by the craft and courage of the foreigner; but the general reflections have but a slender connexion with the tale they accompany. The substance of the latter is as follows:—"Alfred G—— arrived in India in the year 18—, and for two years occupied himself with travelling in Bengal and Upper India. Being a perfect master of most of the native dialects, he became acquainted with a young Rajpoot, who was engaged to be married to a Persian girl, whose parents, having migrated from their native land, died and left her an orphan at the mercy of strangers. The unsuspecting Rajpoot introduced his friend, contrary to the custom of the country, to his *fiancée*, and soon after this was compelled to travel to a considerable distance to perform his father's funeral rites. His friend took advantage of his absence to seduce his bride and carry her off. Time passed on, and the European got tired of his Indian mistress and forsook her; the poor girl drowned herself. Not long after G—— married, but was murdered in the arms of his bride on his wedding-night."

The facts of themselves are poetical enough, but we cannot honestly say that they are much improved by the poet. His style is easy enough, but he is sadly deficient in power and originality. Even the local colour, of which we find plenty in Southey's "Curse of Kehama," is sadly wanting, in spite of the introduction of Oriental names and descriptions of Oriental scenery.

The following poem, which bears the very repulsive title of "Duty," is sadly unpoetic, both in conception and treatment. A story is introduced here also. A young lady sacrifices her affections to filial obedience, and her lover sacrifices his life, as a sailor naturally does, for the honour of the national flag. Very noble and proper conduct in both, no doubt, but still by no means poetry of themselves, and the bard does not help them. On flows the easy but careless versification of conventional poetic phrase; but it bears along nothing calculated to excite interest while we read, or to leave any strongly-marked recollection in our minds when we lay down the book. That the author has read and admired real poets is clear enough, and not less so that he has mistaken the habit of mind so produced for the possession of power of his own. It may be a consolation to him to remember that Warren Hastings was in much the same predicament.

Spiritual Heroes. By John Stoughton. London: John Snow.

We are glad to see a second edition of Mr. Stoughton's admirable work upon the early Puritans. Few books could come more seasonably at the present time. The high-sounding assumptions of the Vatican have done incalculable harm in England, though not perhaps in the manner it was intended they should. They have evoked a storm of so-called *religious* violence, for which the only apology is its absolute insincerity and hollowness. But the sentiments, so disgraceful to entertain in earnest, and so damaging to display to the world, have given an opportunity to the Roman Catholics to contrast their calculated moderation with the senseless clamour that assails them; and such moderation, though certainly resulting only from the fact that they are in a minority, is always graceful and captivating to witness, and may eventually prove of considerable advantage to them. On the whole, however, no man can honestly deny that the controversy is a mass of sham on both sides. The Roman Catholic does what every other large sect has done; and no member of the Church of England has eaten a less hearty meal, or passed a less tranquil night, in consequence of the alarm and indignation he professes to feel about the Queen's ecclesiastical supremacy having been invaded.

Widely different are the contemplations that suggest themselves upon the perusal of the pages before us. Of the great and good men commemorated by Mr. Stoughton, many sealed their sincerity with their blood, and by that blood the vestments of the Church of England are not unsullied. With the exception of the brief Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, persecution was rife against the best and holiest men of the realm from

Digitized by Google

the reign of the first Defender of the Faith to the end of that of James II. Since then happier times have ensued. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, seemed to give earnest that men had agreed that they might live together in harmony as citizens, while each might without molestation worship God as seemed good to him; but the recent explosion would appear to show that the old leaven of sectarian rancour is still fermenting, and the lesson of reciprocal rights and duties had been far from thoroughly learnt either by the educated or uneducated classes of the country.

As we have above hinted, in such a state of feeling there could hardly be a better "medicine for a mind diseased" than the volume before us. The "heroes" belong to a class which has had no grateful posterity to venerate their memories. A Church of England martyr, or a Roman Catholic martyr, easily finds annalists and admirers. The Puritans strove each man to satisfy his own conscience; they fought for religion, and not for a Church; they suffered to gain heaven, and their names are nearly forgotten upon earth.

We regret that our space does not enable us to give a sketch of Mr. Stoughton's collection of biographies and martyrdoms, beginning from the time of "bloody Mary," and continued down to that of James II.; the following scanty extracts, however, will show the skill with which he works up his narrative, and the just and liberal tone of his historical criticism.

Many of our readers may remember the couplet in "Marmion,"—

> "'Twas levelled when *fanatic* Brooke
> The fair cathedral stormed and took,"

without entertaining a very clear notion of the gallant warrior Lord Brooke of Warwick Castle, so summarily and not very creditably characterised. Mr. Stoughton thus supplies the deficiency:—

"On the 2nd of March, the festival of St.Chad, to whom the magnificent cathedral was dedicated, the gallant soldier prepared for an assault upon the enemy. He was standing under the porch of a small house, and was directing a battery on the east gate of the close, when a gentleman of the Dyott family, standing on one of the towers of the cathedral, aimed a musket at the unsuspecting nobleman, and killed him on the spot. His unimpeachable character, inflexible opposition to all tyranny in Church and State, warlike skill and courage, and great popularity with his own party, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the adherents of Charles, and it was therefore to them an object of anxious desire to be rid of their formidable adversary. The treacherous plot at Stratford failed, but the expert marksman on Lichfield Cathedral succeeded. The death of Lord Brooke created a great sensation.

"The royalist party sought to blacken the fair fame of Lord Brooke, in which attempt they have been followed by a large class of writers. For him to assault a cathedral close was represented as an act of awful profanity; though it may be difficult to distinguish between his conduct in this respect and the conduct of his adversaries, who had previously invaded the sacred precincts by turning them into a garrison. That the death of Brooke should happen at Lichfield on the day of the patron saint whose cathedral walls he had dared to beleaguer, was too striking a coincidence to escape the comments of superstitious persons among his enemies. It was a judgment on this impious Puritan, they exclaimed. . . . Dr. South so interprets the event; and adds the idle story, that the man who shot the bullet was deaf and dumb, and that Brooke that morning begged of the Almighty to give him a token of his favour or disapprobation; which statement the preacher concludes with a heartless jest, regardless alike of the dignity of the pulpit and the spirit of Christianity.—'As he asked of God a sign, so God gave him one—signing him in the forehead, and that with such a mark as he is like to be known by to all posterity.'"

Short as our space is, we cannot refrain from giving the following incidental remarks upon the greatest monarch and one of the best men whom England ever saw, though the fortunately squeamish sensibility of modern courtiers has spared him the degradation of a statue between those of the hypocritical Charles I. and his yet baser successor, Charles II., in the new Houses of Parliament. Speaking of Cromwell as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Mr. Stoughton tells us that—

"Cromwell had something to recommend him for the post beside his military renown and political power. He was anything but an illiterate and tasteless fanatic. Waller, the poet, who was his kinsman, says he was very well read in the Greek and Roman story; and Whitelocke informs us that he was capable of holding a discourse in Latin with the Swedish ambassador. Cromwell was a lover of the fine arts. He saved the painted windows of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, from spoliation; carefully preserved the cartoons; and would permit no injury to be done to those noble specimens of architecture, Hampton Court and Windsor Castle. The man who employed Milton to draw up his state-papers, and Simon to engrave his coins, could not be destitute of taste. He was fond of music; and when the organ of Magdalen College was, at last, taken down, he ordered it to be conveyed to Hampton Court, where he had it placed in the great gallery, and was accustomed to soothe his mind, amidst the cares of politics, by listening to the tones of that noble instrument. Nor should it be forgotten that Cromwell proved himself a patron of literature. His well-known permission to Walton to import paper for his noble Polyglott duty-free is an example. So is the following circumstance, mentioned by Dibden in his "Northern Tour." "An inventory of sums contributed to the College Library at Glasgow is preserved. The first leaf contains this memorandum: 'His Majesty's contribution was graciously granted at Setoun, the 14th of July, in 1633. Charles R. It is our gracious pleasure to grant for the advancement of the library and fabric of the College of Glasgow the sum of two hundred pounds sterling.' So much for the *promise* of Charles. The *performance* was from the privy purse of the Protector, twenty-one years afterwards, and is thus denoted: 'This sum was paid by the Lord Protector, A.D. 1654.'" . . . After the election of Cromwell to the office of Chancellor of Oxford, he sought to promote the literary welfare of the University. He bestowed on the Public Library twenty-five ancient MSS., of which the greater part were Greek; and he established a private divinity reader, with a stipend of a hundred pounds per annum."

Peter the Whaler. By W. H. Kingston, Esq. London: Grant and Griffith.

Mr. Kingston's name is so well-known in the literary world that we have no occasion to introduce him to our readers; but that he fully maintains his previous reputation may not be unnecessary information to those whom we have anticipated in perusing "Peter the Whaler." The story commences by Peter, like Robinson Crusoe, getting into a sad scrape with his father, an Irish clergyman—the young gentleman having shown a tendency to poaching, which excites the paternal solicitude; he is, therefore, sent upon his travels, and makes his *debût* as a ship's boy on board an emigrant vessel. How the vessel was burnt at sea; how

Digitized by Google

Peter escapes; how he afterwards has the ill-luck to be taken on board a piratical ship, and narrowly escapes hanging in consequence; how he subsequently goes to the North Pole, and comes back again after undergoing hundreds of dangers and hair-breadth 'scapes—like *Grumio*, in the "Taming of the Shrew"—we shall forbear from telling. The following story, however, of what befell a ship of war that ran upon an iceberg, is too tempting to pass over; it is, moreover, vouched for as true in the preface:—

"The sergeant of marines, a rigid disciplinarian, had, at the first alarm, collected his men; and, by the command of the captain, brought them, with their arms in their hands, on the quarter-deck, ready to enforce his orders. No sooner was the cry raised that all was lost, than many rushed forward, with the intention of getting on the iceberg.

"'Let no man quit the ship,' shouted the captain, through his speaking-trumpet. 'Beat to quarters, marines; fire on any who attempt to leave the deck.'

"Andrew Thompson, O'Connor, and Stokes were close to me, just abreast of the foremast. Andrew looked round, when he heard the bows of the ship being stove in. 'My lads,' he exclaimed to us three, 'the ship won't be many minutes more above water; so, if you'd have a chance for your lives, follow me.'

"This he said just as the captain had ordered the marines to fire on any who should quit the ship. We did not stop to see whether they would obey or not; but, jumping on the forecastle, ran along the bowsprit and down by the dolphin-striker—a spar which hangs perpendicularly under the bowsprit—from whence we dropped down, one by one, on to a part of the iceberg which the waves did not reach. The ice was very rough, and we were thus enabled to scramble up perfectly clear of the sea. Several others attempted to follow our example; and the marines, even at that awful moment, obedient to their orders, commenced firing on them. . . Can I ever forget the dreadful, despairing shriek which rent the skies, as the bow, lifting high in the air, it seemed, the stern sank down, even at the instant the marines fired their last volley: it was a volley over their own graves."

The Mission of Sympathy. By W. S. V. Sankey, M.A. London: Pickering.

"The Mission of Sympathy," in four cantos, is a book, though published in 1850, of clearly not less than three generations ago. It is a work of a scholar and a gentleman, who has read the poets of the eighteenth century, and brought away from their perusal a copious supply of conventional poetic phraseology, and a very fair ear for the flow of ten-syllable verse. Unfortunately, he has also brought away a tameness and frigidity, and a turn for prosing, that makes the poem intolerably heavy. The frequent invocation of an abstraction, as in the line—

"Hail, Sympathy! blest source of all our joy!"

is not calculated to remedy this defect.

Adventures in Australia. By Mrs. R. Lee. London: Grant and Griffith.

One of the most distinguishing features of the present age is the comparative facility, not merely with which "a sigh is wafted from Indus to the Pole," but also heavy human bodies—though, as Adam Smith wrongly supposed, "the most difficult luggage to carry"—set a girdle round about the earth, and never fail to give an interesting account of their peregrinations to those who remain at the antipodes. In Mrs. Lee's little work, though her hero is, of course, a fictitious character, for the sake of giving additional interest to otherwise unconnected narrative, there is plenty to amuse and instruct the stay-at-home public. Her descriptions are uniformly effective; and of their general accuracy there can be little doubt, when we compare them with those of Gray, Sturt, Eyre, and other explorers. Though in general her lively anecdotes need nothing but a perusal to excite the imagination of the reader, she has of her great bounty given us some very capital illustrations into the bargain, from the pencil of Mr. Prout. The efforts of both artists, the novelist and the draughtsman, make the book a very charming pastime.

Horace translated into English Verse. By G. J. Whyte Melville, Esq., late Coldstream Guards. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

Mr. Melville has tried the almost impossible, and, in spite of the fears expressed in his modest preface, has succeeded far better than he seems to think he has. We say "impossible" advisedly: the closer to the original the version, the less likely is it to be tolerable English poetry; and even happily as many of Mr. Melville's odes are turned, we doubt whether they would much interest those who are unacquainted with the originals. With those, however, who have some recollection of their youthful studies the case will be very different. The translations show not merely an accurate acquaintance with, but also a full appreciation of, his author. They are written in good vigorous language, of which, it is clear, the author has plenty at his command. Their versification is flowing and sonorous; and the variety of metres introduced is as happy a *cy-pres* as the language admits of.

The Burden of the Bell, and other Poems. By J. Westwood. London: Edward Lumley.

This is a very pretty book, with infinite variety of lyrical songs, ballads, and indescribable bits. All of them can be read with pleasure, for they are all graceful and easy; but sometimes the terrible is not attained in the graver poems, though desperately striven after, and sometimes the poet is almost trivial in the lighter ones. In spite of these defects, however, the book is a decidedly good book on the whole; and as we shall doubtless see Mr. Westwood in print again, we shall heartily welcome him when we do.

Crime and Punishment. By R. Hovenden. London: C. Gilpin.

Mr. Hovenden, though in moderate language and with apparently a sincere conviction, maintains that the right of men to punish has no existence, and that in this denial he is borne out by Scripture. It would be unfair to cite a particular text, to show how he has completely misapplied them; but there is a class of misapplications of a singular nature. He cites innumerable passages from the New Testament, bearing upon different offences in

Digitized by Google

the infant community of Christians; and, because charity, reproof, and forbearance, and not punishment, are enjoined, he would fain infer that it forms no part of Christian practice. The flimsiness of such an argument as this is obvious at first sight. The early Christians were not invested with the powers of civil government, and it would be unreasonable to expect precepts upon the subject from their pastors; but it is infinitely more unreasonable to suppose that the legal punishment of malefactors was discountenanced, because it was not enjoined on those who could have no part in administering it. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Hovenden made his theory first, and then set about putting together any arguments that he could invent to support it.

Eidolon, or the Course of a Soul; and other Poems. By W. R. Cassels. London: Pickering.

What is a poet? We had rather not undertake the definition. Archilochus was one, he lampooned his father-in-law till he drove him mad; Anacreon was one, *he* quizzed nobody but himself, and that so pleasantly that everybody loved him the better for it. Pindar, Theocritus, Saadi, Ariosto, Beranger, Longfellow, &c., &c. The indubitable population of Parnassus is incalculable. But how are poets made? Does the motley multitude all undergo the same training, or is the old adage, "nascitur non fit," the truth of the matter—a truth embodied in the homely rhyme:—

> "A man can never make himself a poet,
> More than a sheep can make himself a goat."

We confess we incline to accept this as a verity. Certain we are, the laborious process described in "Eidolon" has nothing in the world to do with it. A gentleman who comes to the "last scene," in which, according to Mr. Cassels' "Introduction," "the Spirit and the Man have become one—he is truly a poet. His prayer maintains the direct and divine inspiration of the Poet-Priest"!!! will be very far from that clear-sightedness as to what he is about that is necessary for an artist of any kind. "Eidolon" is, in short, essentially wrong in conception and treatment; it means nothing, and it is nothing but wordy dreaminess. This is a great pity, because Mr. Cassels has considerable talent, of no mean order, as he shows in a subsequent poem, called "Alcesté," the story of which is taken from the tale in Boccacio, where a young lady, on the day of an unhappy marriage, is buried alive, and rescued from the grave by an earlier and accepted lover. The following lines are quite in the spirit of, and will bear comparison with, the best Elizabethan poets:—

> "Shame on thee, false Alcesté, most of all;
> Shame on thy gentle face, so frank and fair;
> Shame on thy tender eyes, whose light did fall
> Softly upon the soul, like blessings there;
> Shame on thy voice, so low and musical;
> Shame on the clusters of thy golden hair;
> Shame on them that make thee so bright and sweet,
> Yet but an angel-temple for deceit!"

Imagination. A Poem, in two Parts. By Spero. London: D. Bogue, Fleet-street.

What can Spero hope for? That we should painfully read through this book, we suppose, and be so struck with the terrible catastrophe that he anticipates for his poor muse, in page seventy-four, that we should pour balm into her wounds, or, at all events, refrain from stigmatising her "damnable mediocrity." Alas! our duty to mankind forbids it. A shaft fledged with his own plumage is the missile we are compelled to discharge at Spero.

> "Rise, spirit, rise!
> Throw off this mortal fear—Doubt prostrate lies,
> And, pale and trembling, calls on me to pause;
> While sinking Fear, Dismay's keen horny claws,
> Fix on my frame; now vivid Hope glides past,
> With hair dishevelled, loosened to the blast,
> With wringing hands, with lacerated heart,
> Her life's blood oozing from th'envenomed dart
> The critic's hand hath thrown."

Nineveh. By Rev. John Blackburn. London: Partridge and Oakey.

At a time when Mr. Layard is pursuing his excavations, and the bodily results are set before us at the British Museum, it is natural that there should be some investigation at home of the early history of Nineveh from the records now available. Mr. Blackburn has taken this in hand, and performed his task with great learning, industry and ability. The little volume before us is the result of a series of lectures on the subject, which well deserve their present more permanent form.

The Foundling. From the German of Gustave Mieritz. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

This is one of a series of children's books, published by Messrs. Paton and Ritchie. We believe that there is a great demand for good literature of the kind, and in such case the little volume before us will go some way to supply the deficiency. We are not acquainted with the original, but can testify to the translation being a very pretty story, told in simple and idiomatic English.

ASSURANCE OFFICES.

Professional Life Assurance Company.—A meeting of the shareholders, assurers, agents, and other gentlemen interested in the Society, in Manchester and the surrounding district, was held at the Mechanic's Institution, Cooper-street, on Thursday evening, 17th ult., to receive a deputation from the Board in London, whose object was to explain and recommend its novel and valuable principles, to show the prosperous working of the Company, and to assist in the formation of a local board for Manchester and neighbourhood. The Deputy-Chairman, having been unanimously called to preside, opened the business of the evening by expressing the great pleasure he felt in meeting so respectable a company, residents of Manchester and its vicinity, and members of the valuable corporation whose interests they had met to promote. It was his happiness to be the holder of more than 3,000 shares, which he would be glad to double if he could obtain them; he had also a relative holding 1,000. He had been connected with this Company for upwards of two years and a half; and it gave him much more pleasure to be associated with a

Digitized by Google

young, a vigorous, a rising society like this, especially considering the new and excellent principles upon which it was based, than to belong to one that had been long established. However excellent they were, here was one more so; however great the amount of their success, and the benefits they had conferred, here was one likely to attain still greater eminence, inasmuch as it contained such superior elements of good in the provision it made for the benefit of all its living members. In the old societies vast sums had accumulated, which had proved not merely useless, but absolutely injurious. He was connected, as director, with a London Banking Company. In such companies a large capital was considered to be indispensable—but even they had found too much accumulated capital a drag and an injury: he believed that this had even proved the cause of failure in a bank at Manchester. He stated this, because it had been objected that the Professional Life Assurance Company had not a large paid-up capital. What did they want with it? With only 10s. per share paid up, this corporation was doing as much business as many others who had drawn largely upon the pockets of their shareholders, for which they had to pay interest, in some cases exceeding what they themselves could obtain. In proof of this, he would refer to the "Equitable," with its nine millions; and contrast with that the "Rock," which called up only 10s. per share, each of which was now worth 6*l*. Yet that society had not the features of which the "Professional" can boast, and their success comparatively was not equal to ours. He would have them consider their position and their prospects; with upwards of 1,400 shareholders, among whom the 40,000 shares were divided; those shares being already at a premium of 30 per cent., at which price numbers were willing to buy, but none were willing to sell. The income of the Society was, when he joined it, 500*l*. a year, now it was upwards of 10,000*l*. per annum. In these times of competition, with the approaching grand Exhibition, all being now active in the improvement of trade, science, and every other means of benefiting society, this institution stood forth in the excellence of its principles, it courted the investigation of a discerning public, it offered its advantages to the world; and he felt persuaded that in Manchester, a place of so much intelligence and enterprise and benevolence, it would receive the attention and support to which every one present must feel it to be entitled. It was only necessary for him to add, that the great object of the visit thus paid by this deputation was to assist in forming a local board of management for this corporation in Manchester, which he felt convinced would be a matter of no difficulty, out of the number of gentlemen whom it was his happiness to see before him.—The remarks of the Chairman were received with the special attention and cordial approbation of all present.—Mr. J. Teulon next addressed the meeting, by saying it had been his privilege to be connected with this Society from its earliest days. He had seen it in its infancy, and had with daily increasing pleasure watched its growth. What it would become; how great; how eminently productive of good, it was impossible to say: but if all its members were its friends, and did their duty, he believed it would be unrivalled. He had taken shares for himself, for his children, and for his grandchildren; in addition to which he had recommended all his friends, as far as possible, to follow his example. It had been his happiness to prevail with many. Let them strive to bring others to share in similar benefits.—The Chairman having then stated that should any one present wish to ask any questions, he should be happy to hear and reply to them, some were proposed, and answered to the satisfaction of all present.—Mr. Baylis, the able actuary of the Society, then addressed the meeting. He would not conceal from them the great interest and pleasure he felt in the proceedings of that evening. In passing through the spacious street of their vast and wealthy town, he had admired its splendid buildings, its Exchange, its halls, its banks, its manufactories, its warehouses. But he remembered everything must have had a beginning; and great things had often arisen from small beginnings: the oak of the forest was once an acorn; and so as to the most splendid edifice, the largest fortune, the most extensive and beneficent institution. The good done had been done by a few. And in Manchester this had eminently been the case. A small number assembling together in a room had originated designs of wisdom, and enterprise, and goodness, which had benefited thousands. Such, he was confident, would be the happy result of the Professional Life Assurance Company. All life offices were good; all offered their peculiar advantages; he rejoiced in the prosperity of all. But he earnestly desired that the excellent principles of this Company should be well understood in order that its benefits might be widely extended. It was easy to spend money, but not so easy to spend it well. We had been reminded of an office with its nine millions of money. What an immensity of good might be achieved by appropriating the interest arising from one-tenth of that amount to the relief of human want and suffering! What is the use of a mountain of gold while it remains such? But he that took a part of it, made it into sovereigns, scattered it around, was a benefactor to his race. This was what this institution sought to do. There was nothing stationary in the Professional. It looked forward with the philosophical, the philanthropic, the Christian eye. He admired the mutual principle: and this Society possessed all the elements of a Mutual Society. But the public had a right, in the first instance, to expect and to insist upon a guarantee; such a guarantee this office, by means of a sufficient and undoubted subscribed capital, afforded. They had plenty of money; and were laying a safe and solid foundation for the benefit of prosperity. By taking care of the living, sure provision was made for survivors. Mr. Baylis concluded, by expressing his fervent hope and firm conviction, that the inhabitants of Manchester, and the districts around, would set an example worthy of themselves, in advocating and supporting the universally useful and vastly important subject of Life Assurance, thus introduced and recommended to their kindest and ablest consideration and support. The following gentlemen were then severally nominated, and unanimously elected, to constitute a local board for Manchester, viz.—*Directors:* Mr. Thomas Myerscough, Bolton-le-Moors; Mr. William Pegg, Clayton Bridge; Mr. Duncan Macdougal, Manchester; Mr. John Whittaker, Newton-heath; Mr. John Pickersgill, Manchester; Mr. Wm. Hanson, Littleborough; Mr. John Walker, Manchester; Mr. George Barker Brockbank, Little Bolton; Mr. James Hulme, jun., Manchester; and Mr. Richard Harwood, Bolton-le-Moors. *Medical Referees:* Walker Golland, Esq., F.R.C.S., George-street, Manchester; and R. F. Snape, Esq., M.R.C.S., Bolton-le-Moors. *Solicitor:* John Hewitt, Esq., Princess-street, Manchester. *Agents:* Mr. James Hulme, jun., 2, Angel-yard, Market-street; and Mr. W. S. Walker, 77, Market-street. *Manager and Secretary:* Mr. W. S. Walker, 77, Market-street, Manchester. The cordial thanks of the meeting were then given to the deputation; and also to James Andrew Durham, Esq., for the kind and able manner in which he had presided on the occasion.

Colonial Life Assurance Company.—Report of proceedings at the Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Colonial Life Assurance Company, held within the Company's head Office, 22, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on Friday, the 1st day of Nov., 1850. On the motion of George Moir, Esq., advocate, James Hay, Esq., merchant, Leith, was called to the chair. The Chairman stated that the meeting had been duly convened by advertisement, in terms of the Company's Deed of Constitution, and the Act of Parliament under which it is registered. He then called upon the Secretary to read the minute of last general meeting, which having been done, the balance-sheet and Auditor's report were submitted. The following Report by the Directors was then read:—"On 25th May, 1850—the period at which the books were closed with reference to the present Report—the Colonial Life Assurance Company had been in operation for nearly four years; and the Directors are satisfied that they do not give undue expression to their appreciation of the progress of their business, when they state that it has exceeded their fullest expectations, while the operations of the institution generally, as far as they have been developed, have proved clearly the judicious arrangement of the terms and conditions adopted for the various classes of assurances which it undertakes to transact. It affords the Directors much pleasure to meet their

Digitized by Google

co-proprietors with so satisfactory a statement at so early a period of the Company's career, and they are confident that the meeting will coincide in these views when the results on which they are founded are communicated. The Directors have pleasure in stating that the new business of the past year has amounted to the large sum of 162,492*l.* 8s., yielding annual premiums to the amount of 6,734*l.* 17s. 10d.; the whole assurances offered to the Company during the period being 204,292*l.* 3s., leaving 41,799*l.* 15s., the amount of proposals declined as ineligible. The number of policies issued was 241, being the largest number of policies issued by the Company hitherto in one year. The position of the entire business, at the date of balance, was as follows:—Sum assured, 460,504*l.* 7s.; annual premiums, 18,976*l.* 9s. 5d. These results are satisfactory evidence of the active prosecution of the business; but the Directors can point with no less satisfaction to the internal progress of the institution. The funds continue to increase rapidly, a large sum having been added to former accumulations during the past year. The investments of the Company yield a high rate of interest on good security, notwithstanding the diminished value of money. The expenses of management are kept within moderate bounds, and economy in this respect has the anxious attention of the Directors, in evidence of which they may state, that the expenses have not increased with the increasing business of the institution. The claims on the Company, by death, have been very few, and but of very small amount; but it may be well to quote the words of the Actuary under this head:—'The results of the business hitherto have been very remarkable. Assurances have been granted by the Company on the lives of parties resident in India and Ceylon, China, West Indies, South America, Cape of Good Hope, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand—other parties assured being resident in Great Britain and different parts of Europe. 112 lives were on the books at the end of the first year; 307 lives at the end of the second year; 473 lives at the end of the third year; 635 lives at the end of the fourth year. The average premium paid for assurance has been upwards of four per cent., while the average age of the lives assured is not greater than obtains in home business. Now, the result to which I have made reference as remarkable is, that eight lives only have fallen by death, being less considerably than one-half the mortality which might have been expected on *lives in Great Britain.* I do not wish you, however, let me impress on you, to draw any rapid conclusion from this statement. It is, no doubt, satisfactory to find the first years of the Institution so successful, and the results go far to bear out the views I have all along expressed, as to the value of lives abroad, among the native or settled population of a country, being more valuable than the class on which past observations have generally been made; but we must be cautious in drawing conclusions from limited experience, and let us therefore only congratulate ourselves on the present prospect of a favourable result in the undertaking.' The Directors beg to submit, along with this report, the balance-sheet of the Company's affairs to 25th May, 1850, certified in the usual manner; also the Auditor's report given after the usual examination of the Company's books and vouchers. At the outset of the Institution, it was stated that the Company would declare no dividend for at least three years; that period has now more than expired, but the Directors think that the proprietors may wisely defer seeking profit till the first investigation of the Company's affairs in 1854, when the policy-holders participating in the profits are also promised their first benefits. Meanwhile, however, the Directors think it but fair that the proprietors should receive interest on their capital stock, and they propose to allow 5 per cent. for the past year (which is actually the return on its investment), allowing the interest which has arisen during the previous three years to be placed in account with the preliminary expenses of establishing the Institution. If the meeting approve, the interest at the rate of 5 per cent. will be paid to the proprietors on application to the Secretary. This closes the report of the Directors, as far as their actings and intromissions are concerned, but they cannot let the opportunity pass of bringing forward their views as to the prospects of the business. It is the opinion of the Directors, that successful as the Colonial Life Assurance Company has been, and great as the patronage it has received from persons of all stations in or connected with the Colonies, the importance of its operations, the liberality of its conditions, and the sound basis of its constitution, have not yet attracted that attention which they deserve. One fact, perhaps, with reference to the constitution of the Company, concentrates in it more than could be otherwise expressed, viz., that the Directors have not had occasion to remodel their conditions of assurance, as originally published, embracing rates and terms for residence and voyages in all parts of the world. Furthermore, the Colonial Company's prospectus has been the groundwork on which the alteration and reduction of foreign rates in many home institutions has of late years been based, and is, to a great extent, the text-book of the British offices in settling the terms on which they permit British assurers to go abroad. This, the Directors beg it will be observed, is not advanced in any boastful spirit, but merely in evidence of the grave attention which was paid to the framing of the constitution of the Company, as an earnest of its future satisfactory progress. It appears to the Directors that the time at which the Colonial Company was established was most opportune, when such a company, in fact, was called for by the extension of rapid communication throughout the world. Every year since 1846 has brought India, the Colonies, in fact most parts of the world, nearer, in point of time, to Great Britain; and a few years more will add greatly still to facilities of communication. The junction of the Atlantic and Pacific, and the steam routes to the East, which will soon be opened up, cannot fail to give important results; and in a few years means of transit by steam will no doubt exist interlocally in all parts of the world. The Colonial Company have taken up a position of great importance with reference to these prospects of extended means of communication, and the consequent necessity of extended facilities of travel. They have taken a step in advance in granting the facilities they do for mercantile men, and all others not locally established, even the man of pleasure will hesitate in assuring when he does not possess, as is the case in the Colonial, a distinct statement as to what parts of the world he may visit, conditionally or unconditionally, and on what terms he can go abroad. The subject of an "untrammelled assurance" will, no doubt, soon force itself on public attention, and the Directors are adopting means through which an extended knowledge of the benefits of the Institution cannot fail to be afforded. In conclusion, the Directors beg again to congratulate all connected with the Institution on its continued success." The Report having been unanimously approved of, and its suggestions adopted, the meeting proceeded to the election of new Directors, in room of those who retire by rotation, in accordance with the Company's Deed of Constitution, when the following gentlemen were unanimously elected: Alexander James Russell, Esq., C.S.; William Stuart Walker, Esq., of Bowland; James Duncan, Esq., merchant, Leith; and Henry Davidson, Esq., merchant, Leith. Charles Pearson, Esq., accountant, was unanimously elected Auditor of the Company for the ensuing year. Votes of thanks were then presented to the Boards of Directors in London and Montreal, and to the other local boards, for the care and attention bestowed by hem on the business of the Company. A vote of thanks was also presented to the Actuary, Secretary, and other office-bearers. On the motion of Hugh Hope, Esq., a vote of thanks was presented to the Board of Directors at the head Office; and on the motion of Harry Maxwell Inglis, Esq., to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

SEP 30 1912

SALISBURY, PRINTER, PRIMROSE-HILL, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google